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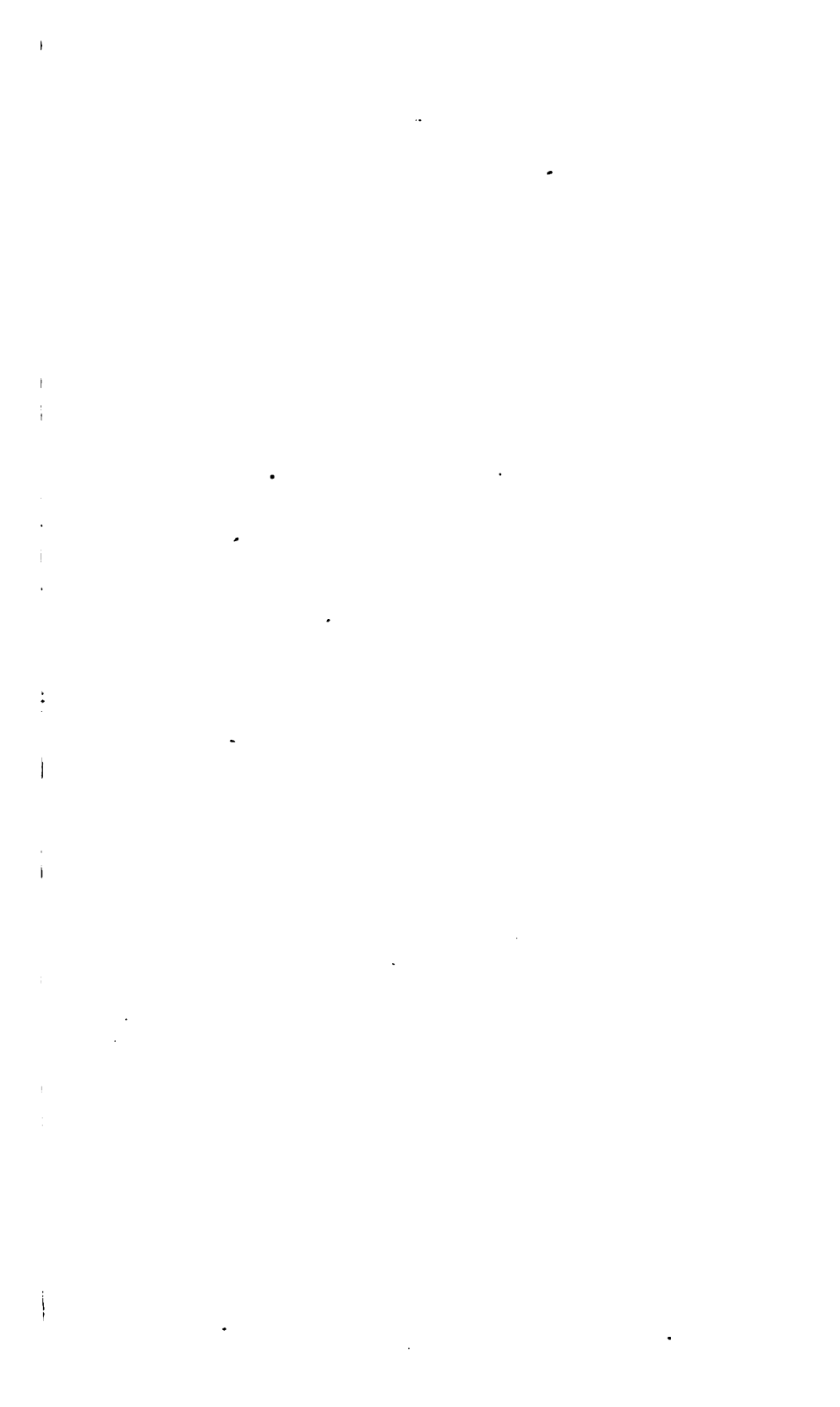
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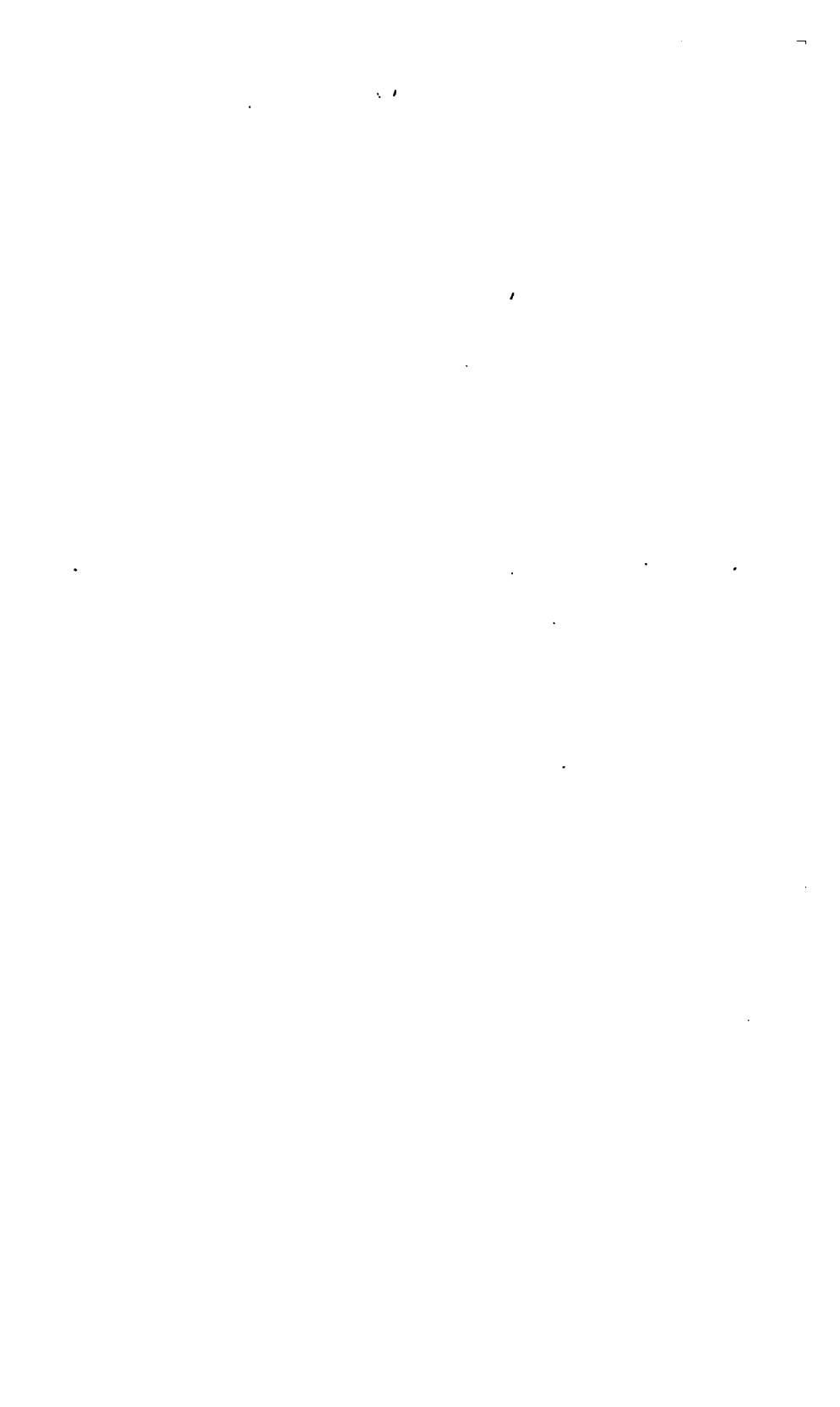


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LONDON.

Published by M.A. Pittman Warwick Square.

1834.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.
SECOND SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1833.

No. XLIII.

CONTENTS.

Portrait of T. J. Phillips, Esq.	1	A Sober Song, by a moderate Tippler.....	43
Heaton Park Races	3	A few Words from <i>Burcot</i> as to the late	
A Bacchanalian Ode	8	Doncaster St. Leger, &c.....	45
Continuation of "Cursory Remarks on		Doings in Leicestershire, by <i>Will Care-</i>	
the Breed of Asiatic Horses:" together		<i>less</i>	49
with a Reply to <i>Stud</i> —by <i>Javelin</i>	9	The Wounded Pheasant and Retrievers ..	52
The Cockney Sportsman.....	16	Rearing Young Stock in Germany, No. II.	
Spaniels, by <i>A Quaraguarian</i>	17	—the Stud at Trakehnen	53
On the Improvements in Hunting and		Epsom Autumn Races	56
Sporting of every kind.....	23	Newmarket First and Second October	
The Game of Pallone	26	Meetings, by <i>Observer</i>	58
The Winner of the late St. Leger.....	28	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:—	
Mr. Mules, and the Essex and Suffolk		Turf Intelligence Extra—the Chase—Stud	
Border Hounds.....	29	Sales, &c.—Natural History—Sporting	
Howth Park Races	30	Obituary	68
A short Account of the Warwickshire		Settings at Tattersall's.....	71
Hounds, Men, and Country.....	33	NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS	72
Sports of the Ardennes—Dinant, &c.	35	RACING CALENDAR	1
Letters from Cowes, No. VI.	40		

Embellished with

I. PORTRAIT OF T. J. PHILLIPPS, ESQ. ON HIS CELEBRATED HORSE FOSTER.

II. THE WOUNDED PHEASANT, AND RETRIEVERS.

PORTRAIT OF T. J. PHILLIPPS, ESQ.

Engraved by GREIG from a Painting by SCANLAN, of Plymouth.

WE present our subscribers this month with the portrait of T. J. PHILLIPPS, Esq. of Landue, Master of the *North West Devon* Fox-hounds, on his celebrated horse FOSTER. To the Sportsmen of the West we are well aware that it will be, for various reasons, particularly gratifying.....to the many, on account of the estimation in which that individual is held as a sportsman.....to the few, as a memento of the happy hours of which he has been the cause, and of the pleasures they have mutually shared. Mr. PHILLIPPS does not date very far back as a Master of Fox-

hounds, having only succeeded Mr. Russell, better known as the "*celebrated Jack Russell*," in 1829. Since that period he has been indefatigable in his exertions to meliorate his pack, and having somewhat suddenly received the country at the hands of his friend and intimate associate, THE DEVONIAN, he determined to prove, alike to friend and foe, that he was worthy the confidence reposed in him. As a proof of the satisfaction he gave, when it was known that the establishment of Sir Rose Price was about to be given up, the Subscribers to the Hunt, *four or five* in number, im-

mediately purchased the hounds, and presented them to him as a token of their regard, and of their gratitude for the liberality he had displayed to ensure them sport. But we will not enter too far into detail, as a Correspondent has offered, at the conclusion of the present season, to forward an account of the establishment from its commencement to (*we trust not*) its termination. In it, we do not hesitate to affirm, justice will be done alike to the honorable supporter and the traitorous delinquent; and we are the more assured of this, as it will proceed from the pen of one who has long since delighted to unmask *patriotic* guilt, and to laud, in contradistinction, the upright actions of the less nobly born.

As a rider Mr. PHILLIPPS is of the first class, considering his weight, which is (*when on his horse*) above fifteen stone; nor have the two Western Counties alone witnessed his performances; for in Dorsetshire, during his early onset, he found it no very difficult task to be first and first. This is not intended to be said, in the most remote degree, in disparagement of the Dorsetshire workmen; since a very good judge, who was asked in *Northamptonshire*, after a brilliant run with "the Squire," where his Western allies would have been? quietly replied, "*Phillipps on Foster* would have been in the front rank, and any one who could have seen his nether habiliments gleaming over the next fence would have declared he had been in a good place." So much for the Rider.....now for the Horse.

This remarkable animal was bred in the South of Devon, and is by Gainsborough out of a half-

bred mare—her dam a reputed Exmoor pony, and purchased of J. C. Bulteel, Esq., of Lyneham, at a figure moderate enough in other counties for a four-year-old, but somewhat more than an average price in that remote hunting district. The discerning eye of Mr. PHILLIPPS, however, easily detected his extraordinary powers, and, nursing him for a couple of seasons, brought him then out unconquerable, and even as yet unconquered. He is a very clever fencer in every way; but his qualities are more particularly conspicuous at water in cramp places, for he never hesitates, much more refuses, even when to get a rush is impracticable, to plunge into the deepest pools of the Tamar, as it were perfectly confident of and relying on the scientific judgment of his rider to land him well on the other side. In his gallop he is fast, considering the weight he carries; but in the heavy his powers are of the highest order, and many a light weight over the deep moors of Tetcott has been obliged, however unwillingly, to confess his unrivalled superiority. FOSTER now is not what FOSTER was, which may be easily explained by the simple fact of having carried fifteen stone brilliantly for six seasons: yet, notwithstanding this, he is still as blooming as ever in his appearance, and prepared to encounter the toils of a seventh.

We here conclude our remarks; but we cannot help adding, that whenever this celebrated hunter departs from the scenes of his glory, the same simple epitaph,

INVICTA VIRTUS,

would be equally applicable to the Horse and his Rider.

HEATON PARK RACES.

SIR,

AT the conclusion of the Doncaster Meeting, with an unallayed thirst and insatiable appetite for the pleasures of the Course, I steered my way to Manchester, that emporium of everything that bears the name of Sporting, and took up my abode at friend King's, of the Bush, with very sanguine expectations of enjoying for the first time an exquisite treat in witnessing the Heaton Park Meeting: and certainly, although I must confess that I went there with buoyant spirits and great anticipations, which too often make disappointment the more severe, yet all that I had conceived, every pleasure that I had held in prospective, I must acknowledge fell far, very far short of even my most sanguine hopes; and I can truly say, that if the genuine love of racing pervade the soul of the Sportsman, let him but visit Heaton Park, and there I am sure he will, he must find his true ELYSIUM—the most beautiful and excellent triangular course, formed with great judgment in the park of the splendid domain of the most liberal and generous Sportsman and Nobleman the county possesses—a temporary and convenient Stand, in an advantageous situation, for the accommodation of the assembled thousands—and a countless multitude of the most orderly and respectable individuals, who are only admitted to the ground at the entrance lodges by tickets, and conveyed in carriages—that ever graced any race-course in the kingdom. Amid all these charms for sportive minds, a private Stand for the accommodation of the Noble Proprietor, the Earl of Wilton, was also erected on the ground, and presented a bouquet of the fairest flowers that this

"Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,"

could boast, in the personages of the amiable Countess and her fair visitants. The grace and loveliness of the beloved Countess, added to her

courteous manners and her apparent pleasure and interest in the passing scene, appeared to draw all hearts in admiration at her shrine, and stamp each eye a willing captive to her peerless charms: and where is the Sportsman, stoic though he be, whose heart would not rebound to witness such

"A lovely being, sweetly formed or moulded,
A rose, with all its sweetest leaves unfolded,"

gracing the course, and enjoying with apparent transport the soul-inspiring sport! The enthusiastic cheers that announced the arrival of the Noble Lady and her friends at, and departure from, the course each day, was truly enough to make an anchorite forget his solitude, and join the heart-stirring plaudits of homage and respect to the loveliest of Nature's works—it was, indeed,

"A sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth."

The Speculator, too, found not any want of field whereon to exercise his judgment; the betting circle teemed with numbers ready to accommodate with taking or laying the odds, as fancy might draw, to any amount; and Crockford, and many others of celebrated name, were ever ready to contribute to your pleasure—for it is said,

"In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing."

The course was admirably kept by the dependents of the Noble Earl, each wearing as an insignia a rosette of their Lord's colours, purple and white. Indeed, as regards course-clearing, it needed but little exertion on that score; for when the bell was rung by the Judge for starting, each and all appeared to consider himself enjoying, through the liberality of the Noble Owner, a high gratification, which to abuse by any act contrary

A. B. Machie JAN 26 '44

to proper conduct would condemn him in his own eyes as one of the most ungrateful and despicable of characters.

To add still farther to our gratification, our friend King, "mine host" of the Bush, must not be forgotten, for he substantially contributed to our corporeal wants at his immense booth, and for which privilege he generously gave a handsome Gold Cup, value 100l., as a prize for contention—a pretty good proof that the muster of his visitants during the three days was not either few or far between; and although our friend might be said to enjoy a *monopoly*, yet I much doubt if the *most liberal free trade* system would have administered to our comfort with better viands, or at a more reasonable cost; and even the spectator could not but feel enraptured by a visit to his busy camp, to witness

"The sparkling glass go round,"

as oft it did, to the prosperity of the sports of the Noble House of Wilton.

Having now given you a somewhat lengthened preface to my tale, permit me to open my book of sports, which commenced with (Wednesday, September 25) a tolerable fine day, which however was interrupted by a few slight showers of short duration.—It may be not improper to observe, though most sportsmen are aware of the case, that all the several horses at this meeting are ridden by Gentlemen riders, professional jocks being prohibited, except as spectators.

The Stanley Stake for all ages, Across the Flat, opened the ball, with four figurantes—

Falconbridge, rode by.....Earl Wilton.
Circassian.....Mr. Kent.
Caractacus.....Capt. White.
Fitzdictor.....Mr. Burton.

The betting was not so brisk on this race as on the subsequent events: Circassian, however, was backed at evens. On starting Fitzdictor took the lead and kept a-head, Circassian being alongside, and on coming near home a most beautiful struggle en-

sued between the two, who only had any interest or chance in the race, Fitzdictor winning at the end by only half a head. Had Mr. Kent (who if he likes can ride as well as any man in the kingdom) made his last effort a few strides sooner, there can be no doubt but Circassian would have gained "the laurels," and Mr. Houldsworth, what some think still better, the cash. Falconbridge was a good third, but Caractacus was beat a great way.

The Heaton Park Stake, a handicap, one mile and a half, followed, and presented a field of three—

Isabel, 9st. 4lb., rode by.....Mr. Burton.
Westport, 10st. 6lb.....Earl Wilton.
Windcliffe, 11st. 3lb.....Capt. White.

The mare the favorite at even. Windcliffe made the running, followed by Isabel to round the A. F. start. Here the mare shewed dead beat, and Windcliffe came on, something like a winner. Earl Wilton, however, followed, kept creeping up, though with extraordinary patience, and after measuring his ground to the finest possible nicety, challenged in fine style, and just landed his horse in by only half a head, after a most beautiful struggle. The riding of his Lordship in this race was certainly admirable, and whether as regards his patience, or his exquisite measurement, each call forth the meed of praise. Had his Lordship either commenced operations sooner, or delayed his exertions even a single stride later, he could not by any possible means have won: indeed, I may truly say, that Mr. Townley gained the race entirely through the excellent riding of My Lord Wilton.

The next event was the Grand Junction Stake, for three-year-olds, colts 10st. 7lb., fillies 10st. 4lb., a mile: three appeared—Mr. Barrow's filly, by Whisker out of Alecto (since named Catherine), rode by Squire Osbaldeston; Theodore, rode by Earl Wilton; and Ostrich, by Mr. Kent.—Here was another favorite (Theodore), like the two former ones, backed at evens, and like them defeated. Theodore and Catherine kept pretty fair company till about a distance from

home, where Theodore went in front. The Squire, however, brought the mare again at the end, and after a short but pretty struggle, she won by only half a head from Theodore, who at the last did not go straight. Ostrich was defeated several lengths.

Mine Host's Gold Cup, a very pretty article, of an Etruscan shape, with a stand or pedestal of Scagliola marble, the base of which was made of embossed gold, and the side inscribed "Heaton Park, 1833"—the whole a specimen of exquisite and splendid workmanship—was next exhibited on the private Stand. It was for all ages, weight for age, and some extras for winning, as the *Racing Calendar* will shew, St. Leger Course, about a mile and three-quarters. For this appeared six competitors:—

Lawn Sleeves,
rode by Lord Robert Grosvenor.
Lady Elizabeth.... Mr. Kent.
The Saddler..... Mr. Osbaldeston.
Dame Durdan..... Mr. Molony.
Giovanni..... Captain White.
The Chancellor... Earl Wilton.

The Chancellor was the favorite at even; 33 to 1 agst Elizabeth, and 6 to 1 agst Giovanni. Just before starting considerable betting took place, and no small sums were put upon the several candidates. Lady Elizabeth on starting took the lead, and made running, followed closely by the Chancellor, and the others pretty well up: in this way they went to round the winning turn, on turning which Dame Durdan's girths slackened, the saddle turned round, and her rider fell, but fortunately was not hurt. Lady Elizabeth continued leading down the sloping ground to the rise at the A. F. start, where The Chancellor and Giovanni defeated her, and the two came away in front past the distance to the Ladies' Stand, where My Lord brought away The Chancellor, and won cleverly by two lengths; Giovanni second; The Saddler, by perseverance and Elizabeth giving over, going in third. His Lordship, on turning round to go to the scale, was loudly and enthusiastically cheered by the immense populace assembled.

A Handicap Stake, once round, for horses not thorough-bred, then concluded the day's sport, and brought out half a dozen nags, as under:—

Conservative, 11st. 10lb.,
rode by Mr. Codrington.
The Guardian, 11st. 11lb.... Mr. Sirdesfield.
Donnington, 11st. 10lb.... Mr. Kent.
Sister to The Admiral,
10st. 10lb..... Mr. Burton.
Tommy Tickle, 13st..... Mr. Postle.
Witley, 10st. 10lb..... Captain White.

Conservative the favorite at 2 to 1 agst him, and 5 to 2 agst Donnington, who took the lead, made all the running, was never headed, and won easy by a length, Witley running in second—thus ending the first day's entertainment.

The conclusion of the sport brought us some pretty fine amusement in witnessing the various jehus' skill at driving, steering, and so forth, and in endeavoring to get first out of the Park. The several mistakes, blunders, and dilemmas, which numbers got themselves awkwardly into, presented a fine subject for the pencil of Cruikshank, our modern Hogarth, and tended no little to the merry moments of the spectators.

THURSDAY.—Beautiful weather, and an extraordinary great attendance, the number of carriages, vehicles, &c. being nearly double those of yesterday.

A Match between Lord Robert Grosvenor's Quartetto, own Brother to Chorister, 10st. 7lb., rode by Capt. White, and Lord Chesterfield's Isabel, 10st., rode by Mr. Molony, for 50 sovs., one mile, commenced the sport. Quartetto was the fancy at 6 to 4 on him. The two came together to within the distance, where Quartetto came away, and won easy, shewing that he, although no flyer, could give this Isabel near a stone instead of seven pounds.

A Handicap Stake, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, one mile, next brought out the following nine, the whole that were engaged, at the post:—

Protopenes, 9st. 11lb.,
rode by Sir J. Gerard.
Theodolite, 9st. 7lb.... Mr. St. George.

Tommy Tickle, 12st...Mr. F. Gerard.
 Eaton Nun, 10st. 7lb...Mr. Burton.
 Conservative, 10st. 12lb., Mr. Codrington.
 Donnington, 12st.Mr. Kent.
 Wiley, 16st.Mr. Sirdenfield.
 Brother to Dunton, 11st.

3lb.Captain White.
 The Guardian, 9st. 9lb...Mr. Molony.

Donnington, from his yesterday's performance, was the favorite at 6 to 4 agst him; 3 to 1 agst Protogenes. Just before starting a slight shower of rain came down, at the conclusion of which the bright rays of Sol shone forth in all his meridian splendour, and one of the most beautiful rainbows ever seen presented itself, embracing within its grasp the enlivened and animated throng, with the horses and their party-coloured riders, forming in the whole one of the most enchanting sights ever witnessed.

On starting the whole went away together, and preserved good society by keeping with each other until the commencement of the Flat, when Donnington came away; Brother to Dunton, Protogenes, and Eaton Nun, also following him close in front. The latter, however, soon cried out "enough!" and Donnington went in a victor easy by three-quarters of a length; Brother to Dunton second, and Protogenes (a grey horse, blind of both eyes) third—the three being quite apart from their companions.

A Selling Stake of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. and handicap; the winner to be exchanged for 70 sovs., if demanded, &c. (eight subscribers). Across the Flat, followed, and brought out five salesmen, who on starting all *bid* fairish with each other until within the distance, when Mr. Burton, on his own mare Catlap, carrying 10st. 9lb., with only 4 to 1 against him, came out, and *licked up* the good things, by winning cleverly three-quarters of a length from Sir T. Stanley's Miss Lytham (rode by Captain White), and three others. No one fancied the bargain, and so Mr. Burton retained his Catlap for future purposes.

The Forfeits of a Sweepstake of 15 sovs. each, 5 sovs. ft. (5 subs.), weight for age, one mile, was next

received by Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, not one of the other four daring to show.

Four horses, as under, next appeared for the Manchester (Handicap) Stake (7 subs.), a mile and a half.

Lady Elizabeth, 11st.

10lb., rode by.....Mr. Osbaldeston.
 Miniature, 9st. 5lb.....Mr. Burton.
 Ostrich, 9st. 2lb.Mr. Molony.
 Quartetto, 10st. 5lb.....Captain White.

My Lady Bess was the favorite *belle* at 2 to 1 agst her; 5 to 2 agst Quartetto, and 5 to 1 agst Miniature. The Squire sailed her Ladyship away at the rate of *not a few knots an hour* round the winning turn, and down the descent at the far side of the course, keeping the fun to himself; but on turning to come straight home, her Ladyship shewed she had gone so very fast that she required some little breathing time, and going on without it was impossible. Mr. Burton then brought out his pretty Miniature for the inspection of the Squire, and whether he admired it or not, Burton soon put it out of his reach by going away on her, and winning easy by a length and a half; Quartetto being second, and the other two being far in the *back ground*.

Mr. Osbaldeston next won a Fifty Pounds, once round, on Mr. Barrow's Catherine, having it all his own way, beating Mr. Trafford's Unit, and Mr. Hobson's Picturesque, who previous to getting home bolted, and went a wandering in search of the "sublime and beautiful:" and thus ended the second day's sport and diversion.

FRIDAY.—Most beautiful weather, and the attendance far more numerous than either of the two preceding days. Indeed the appearance of the assembled throng brought our thoughts back again to Epsom Downs on a Derby day, where only we could find a parallel to the gay scene.

The first go was the Steward's (the Earl of Lichfield) Plate, and it was undoubtedly a superb article, in the shape of a Gold Flagon, or Claret Jug, with a massive stand, both richly chased. To this splendid prize the subscribers contributed 20 sovs. each,

or half forfeit, once round and a distance, and half a dozen shewed up as under :—

Circassian, 12st., rode by...Mr. Kent.
Colwick, 11st. 6lb.....Mr. Singleton.
Giovanni, 11st. 4lb.Mr. Sirdefield.
Fitzdictor, 10st. 4lb.....Mr. Burton.
Lawn Sleeves, 11st. 7lb.....Earl Wilton.
Westport, 10st. 12lb.....Capt. White.

Colwick was the favorite at 5 to 4 agst him; 3 to 1 agst Circassian, and 5 to 1 agst Giovanni. On starting Fitzdictor took to the fit of running away, and all his rider's exertions to restrain him proved like nothing; so the fit continued until a little of his fire had expired, and he was compelled to come back to his horses, from want of that necessary article, wind. At the commencement of the Flat the others came up, and almost all gave him the go-by, Lawn Sleeves, Giovanni, and Circassian being each prominent, and promising: the ordeal of the distance post, however, left the Sleeves in the rear: one of the very finest and most difficult struggles then ensued between Giovanni and Circassian, which continued to the end, when the mare was defeated by only half a-head, and the two being clear of all their companions.

Conservative (a half-bred one), 10st. 12lb., rode by Mr. Kent, next took the lead, was never headed, and won some half-dozen lengths a Match against Isabel, 11st., rode by Captain White, with the odds only 4 to 1 on her!

"Isabel, Isabel, Isabel,
"Twere a profit to give, or to sell"

such an animal as thee, if it were even to draw the sand cart. She is truly a *bad mare*, and as a racer *dear at a gift*.

The next Stake was the Lion of the whole three days' sport, the favorite apple of contention, and was termed or called a *Cup*; but why such a name should be given to the prize I cannot tell, for it proved, instead of a *Cup*, to be an elegant gold ornament for a table, representing a prancing steed, held by a female figure, with those flying attributes, wings. It was the gift of the gude folk o'

Manchester, and cost two hundred. To it was added a Stake of twenty each, five forfeit, and the second allowed to save his stake (25 subs.), the St. Leger Course. The following eight turned out, as under :—

The Chancellor, 12st.
10lb., rode by.....Earl Wilton.
David, 11st. 3lb.....Mr. Kent.
Lawn Sleeves, 12st....Count Matushevitz.
Ossian, 11st. 1lb.....Mr. Hobson.
Quartette, 10st. 9lb.....Mr. Poole.
Dams Dardan, 9st.
7lb.....Mr. Burton.
The Saddler, 12st. 3lb., Mr. Osbaldeston.
Theodore, 10st.....Captain White.

After the different Gentlemen had weighed, considerable betting took place, and each and all were backed by their several partizans for pretty heavy sums; The Chancellor being the favorite at 2 to 1 agst him; 5 to 2 agst Theodore, and 4 to 1 agst David.

After effecting a good start, Ossian took the lead, Lawn Sleeves second, The Chancellor third, and the others well up. In this order they went round the winning turn, where David went in front, and The Chancellor pulled a little in the rear. Ossian, however, still preserved his lead, and went on the fore horse of the team round the far side of the course to the rising ground at the commencement of the A. F. start, and here David, The Chancellor, and Theodore defeated him, and came away together; and on dipping in the distance, The Chancellor came out, and appeared to have won this beautiful prize: but, alas! as an old Turfman, who I well knew, used to say to his jocks, "you know nothing's safe until you get first at the post;" for within the last few strides Captain White brought Theodore again, and by a sound and hearty good thrashing managed to send the young 'un in staggering against the Lord of the Woolpack, and just getting his youthful head in first at the post, the two being several lengths before the others. The end was one of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed.

A Claret Handicap Stake, a mile, was next won by Falconbridge, 10st. 1lb. rode by Lord Gardiner, beating easy The Saddler, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Os-

baldeston); Westport, 10st. 5lb. (Capt. White); Ossian, 10st. 8lb. (Mr. Kent); Miniature, 10st. (Mr. Molony); and Catlap, 9st. 10lb. (Mr. Burton): The Saddler being the favourite at 7 to 4 agst him.

A Free Handicap Stake, made at the moment, one mile, then concluded this charming Meeting. It was won cleverly by Mr. Barrow's Catherine, 10st. rode by Squire Osbaldeston, beating Ossian, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Kent); Falconbridge, 11st. (Earl Wilton); and Protogenes, 9st. 7lb. (Mr. Burton):—six to 5 on Falconbridge.

In conclusion, it is but justice to add, that the several Handicaps, as the detail will shew, were excellent, and whoever the individual may be who made them (and who he is I know not), the greatest praise is due to him. They gave the most striking proofs of

his great abilities in that rare good quality. Indeed, speaking of praise, I turn me round in vain to find a theme whereon to censure, merely as a shadow to my picture; but, with pleasure I say it, you must have it, Mr. Editor, with what little light I can give it and no shadow whatever. To the Clerk of the Course for his excellent arrangements, which in every point shewed the trait of personal experience and great knowledge; in fact, to every one, I say thanks are offered, and due, for contributing to one of the most delightful three days' sports ever enjoyed, and which will be treasured up in my memory in future years.

"Dear as that schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are
forgot."

FRIEND NED.

Scarborough, October 9, 1833.

A BACCHANALIAN ODE.

FILL the Cup, the ruby Cup,
With the vine-flood fill it up;
Grape-blood by the gods was given
Mortals to uplift to Heaven.
Laughter, Mirth, and wreathed Smile,
Be our jocund guests the while!
Cull the blanch'd rose from the bush,
Let it glow true maiden's blush,
Launch it on the crimson river,
Love and Bacchus mingle ever.
Love and Bacchus! glorious twain,
Spirits of the heart and brain!
We are sovereigns all this hour,
Bacchus' sceptre is our power;
Wreath'd with tendrils of the vine,
Every heart holds blood divine.
Oh that ocean we could turn
Into vine-blood!.....gods! we'd burn.
Some love arms, the dazzling shield,
Beamy spear, and plumed field:
So do we.....we jocund fight
With the vine-spear sunny bright;
Cased in grape we join the fray,
Bear the prize—the Cup away.
Honour to such honoured men,
Who fight, fall, and fight again,
Cheering, whilst through heart and brain
Blood flows like enchanted rain:
Ours the banner'd host whose fame
Immortaliseth Bacchus' name.

H. C. D.

CONTINUATION OF "CURSORY REMARKS ON THE BREED
OF ASIATIC HORSES,"TOGETHER WITH A REPLY TO *STUD*.

BY JAVELIN.

SIR,

IT would be uncourteous if I did not notice an article in your September Number, signed *STUD*; and I am the rather inclined to do so, from an anxiety to convince the writer—whose articles generally shew him to be a person acquainted with *his craft*—that he has in some measure misapprehended my meaning on some points, or rather put a construction thereon somewhat too "taking for granted." *STUD* says, "going merely upon *known facts*," I said that our blood was principally compounded of Barbs and Turks, &c. &c. Now, what I meant to convey, and hoped to have done so, was, that these said Barbs and Turks are all derived from the old Arab Desert blood; and in ages gone by the same practice probably prevailed as doth even in this time (for in the East they respect much the laws of the Medes and Persians which change not), that of sending mares of high blood to celebrated horses in the Desert—a practice prevalent from the borders of Egypt, Syria, and from the studs of the Persian Shah. I should say that a very erroneous impression hath long prevailed touching the knowledge which the Arabs themselves have been supposed to possess of the purity of their breed of horses; at least in the acceptation of the word in which we understand it—that is, the pedigree of the thorough-bred horse, which experience has convinced us, in the affair of racing, outrivals

all doubtful gentry. In Arabia there are no races, no betting, and no stud-books; but the different breeds of horses are esteemed from the performances of some of the family, who, in predatory excursions, or in flight from the battlefield, have carried their masters untired, untamed, and uncaptured by the pursuing foe. It is usual among the Arabs to send their mares to stallions who are celebrated in the Desert, not for speed, but for endurance and *supposed caste*: but it must indeed be greatly supposition; since, in the tents of the wandering Arabs, where no particular precautions are taken, mares must frequently be covered by Yahoos, or coarse-bred baggage carriers.

STUD thinks that the pedigree of Eastern horses in former times, when obtained by Monarchy from Monarchs, must have been scrupulously kept and given with them. I should be more disposed to think that nothing was known of them beyond the horses themselves being celebrated according to their manner, which is not after the manner of the racing mania Angles.

With regard to the Godolphin Arabian being peculiarly African, I shall not gainsay, further than I conceive all the Africans, from the earliest ages, have derived their strain from the Fathers of the Desert, more particularly since the time of the conquest of the Roman province of Africa, extending along the fertile sea-coast from the

old Greek colony of Cyrene up to ancient Carthage, what time Zobeir, Mirza, Tarik, and Abdallah, under the Caliphate of Omar, wrested that fine country in the early days of Muhammedan proselytism from the Byzantine Empire, when the daring valour of the Children of the Desert, under their enthusiastic and talented leaders, defeated in every encounter the disciplined legions of Heraclius, and founded in the space of an hundred years the splendid but fleeting empires of the Caliphs of the House of Ommeyah, and they of the "Black Banner."

There can be little doubt that the Arabs in their days of conquest, when they over-ran and settled in Syria, Persia, and throughout the ancient kingdoms of Massanissa and Jugurtha, imported the breed of their most famous horses; and I take it that all the Barbs, &c. &c. are of the original *caste*. The pedigree of the Darley Arabian, proving him to be a Syrian, bred in the Desert of Palmyra, proves him, in my opinion, to be probably of the very best breed among the Arabs from the Hauran, since the tribe of the *Ænezes* are wont every summer to pasture their flocks amidst the shattered temples and falling columns of the famed city of Zenobia, Queen of the East, ere Palmyra sunk under the arms of Aurelian in the unequal contest with Rome. In all diffidence I cannot think that the superior size of the Godolphin proceeded from the rich pasturage in the oases of Zahara, but from his peculiar nurture by the hand, and with the plentiful supply of camel's milk, upon which all the horses of the *Æneze* tribes are reared, and which, among the Arabs, is considered the cause of

the superior size of the Hauran Arabian horses: and although it is utterly impossible to prove, yet I am of opinion that the Father of the Turf and the Darley obtained neither their superiority nor size from luxurious pasturage, but from being of noble race, and tenderly cared for. No horses taste of less herbage than those reared in the tents of the Bedouins.

The Ariosto of the North—he who sung of Knightly feats and Lady love—hath beautifully imagined, in his beautiful tale of the *Talisman*, the perfection of the Desert breed, where the Hakim on his untiring mares gallops away with Sir Kenelm through the boundless sands, laughing to scorn the pursuit of Frankish steeds.

In an article of mine, written in the October Magazine of 1828, I adventured some remarks on the qualities of the Arabian horses, and therein particularly specified the utter futility of any dependence upon the concocted pedigrees of the Eastern horses, proving, from actual cases, the entire ignorance of the Arabs themselves on the subject of any knowledge of their various breeds; and I therein instanced that Buckfoot, Shamrock, Don Juan, &c. &c., who had proved themselves so vastly superior, were purchased at insignificant prices from batches, wherein the dealers had sold horses with vaunted pedigrees at large sums that proved utterly worthless, not only for the turf, but for all purposes. The horses for the Bombay market, the great emporium for the Arabian horse in our Eastern possessions, are brought down in dhows, a sort of capacious boat used in the navigation

of the Red Sea and Persian Gulph, tied together and closely confined with ropes by the head and heels. They are for the most part landed between the months of February and June, very generally crippled, and with raw unseemly wounds, and in that state dragged or driven to what by old usage are called the bomb proofs—a name possibly derived from their original standing within the Fort, though God knows now a well-lighted Havannah would set the most of these thatched stables in a blaze. At Bycullah and Dungaree, the stables of the great dealers, Moola Hatchen, Cock-eyed Jaffier, and Abdulrallan, the horses are fastened up together by head and heel ropes, and the connoisseurs pass judgment on the likely skeletons, for they are little more; and in my experience I have often selected my best horses from the nobleness of countenance. I may particularly instance "Blackfoot" as having been purchased in this way by a friend of mine, from whom I bought him soon after, a three-year-old; and in one of our hog-hunting expeditions, in the plains of Hunwedgaum, he carried me in such style, with some of the first riders of that day, William Chamier, Esq., Spratt Boyd, Wyndham Malet, and some others, whose sociability and kindly feelings I shall ever remember with feelings of fond friendship—that

"Mid festal times in other climes,
I'll think of days so dear,
And fill the cup and drain it up
To bridle, spur, and spear:
But while I sit, Time's rapid wing
This lesson seems to teach—
The joy and bliss of sport like this
Will vanish from our reach!"

The foregoing is part of a very spirited hunting song, written by an old Deccanite.—Well, from the performance of Blackfoot on that occasion I was so convinced of the capabilities of this colt, that on my return home from ill health, I sold the Negro, afterwards called Blackfoot on the Turf, to my friend Mr. Wyndham Mallet, with the assurance that he would turn out a racer.

With regard to the Montafique Arabians, I have never seen *one* otherwise marked than I previously specified—all chesnut, and all singularly and invariably stamped with the white blazed face, and white legs (generally three) up to the knees. Of these horses I could enumerate several capital racers, and an infinity of the most fearless and best as hunters. Captain Spiller's Talons, Mr. Baillie's Shylock, the Cole Arabian, and Col. Churchill's Bedouin, immediately recur to me. These Montafiques may *perhaps* have been the ancestors of the great Eclipse, or of the Darley Arabian; and I see no reason why they should not, forasmuch as we know colour runs back to ancient generations. I hope, however, STUD will perceive I intended this remark merely as a conjecture.

I have laid, and must ever do, the greatest stress on the cause to which I ascribe the principal blood-like features that distinguish the Desert horse from every other racer:—he is bred upon a *barren sandy soil*, and never luxuriates in *green herbage*. STUD has very much misunderstood me in supposing I recommend confinement; far otherwise: but I do, *for race horses*, for the rearing of *racing stock*, a *warm sandy*

soil, plenty of milk, all sorts of good dry meat, and the finest turf grass, sufficient to act as a gentle diuretic. In fact I would recommend for the nurture of blood stock, that they should be brought up as much as possible by hand, which has been for ages the practice of the sons of Ishmael, and is, in my humble opinion, one great cause of the blood-like appearance of their horses. I cannot at this moment recollect from whom I heard that the blood horse, turned into the rank marshes of Flanders, would in a few generations lose the traces of noble breeding: but it was probably in some discussion I may have heeded on breeding in my boyhood, previous to my sojourn in the East: but as to the general bearing of the remark, I make no doubt it would on trial nearly accord with the observation. Even in one generation I have seen thorough-bred horses show extraordinary coarseness when brought up in low marshy grounds.

That our horses can beat the Arabs in racing I have never denied, most perfectly admit, and am not surprised at. The Arab horse is not brought up to race—he is early thrown on his haunches, and taught to wheel, to stop, and bound forward with sudden spring; besides, they have neither the size nor length of stride of the English horse; and I fancy no one looks upon an Arabian in these days farther than as an occasional strain to renovate our own blood; and although it is unfashionable, I am still of opinion that a judicious use of such stallions as Orelia, Harlequin, Pet, and Signal—the last now the property of the Hon. Arthur Cole—would be of advan-

tage in the second or third generation. There may be other Arabs equally valuable to breed from—Muscat, for instance; but I only speak confidently of those I have known from personal observation. Champion is a horse I never fancied.

With all deference, Stud has somewhat erred touching the breed of Cape horses. Cape-bred horses that race are almost invariably of pure English blood, but bred at the Cape, or with a cross of Arabs, imported at various times from our Eastern colonies. The Barbs or Numidians are only to be found along the shores of the Mediterranean, from Cyrene to Tunis, and along the edge of the Desert, bordering the ancient kingdoms of Syphax and Jugurtha. An English horse, Wokingham, imported by Lord Charles Somerset, has got some of the best stock at the Cape.

The best breed of horses in the East, and which may rank almost equal with the Desert horse, of whom he is a noble descendant, is the Turcoman; they are coarse, and shew much more bone than the Arab, being usually plain headed, with a crabbed countenance, and widehipped, what we called ragged. For ages they have been justly celebrated throughout the East as the first horses for predatory warfare, going long distances at a rapid rate, from sixty to eighty miles, without a halt; they abound in the countries called by the Persians Touran or Tartary, and always formed the van of conquest with a Zenghis and a Timour Leng. "What are the arrows of the flying Tartar compared with the battle-axes of my Janissaries?" said Bajazet, in his insulting letter to Timour. But in the battle

of Angora, the Ottomite Sultan perceived too late the rashness that had provoked so formidable a foe. When Mahmoud of Ghaznè, the conqueror of India, and the destroyer of the celebrated Temple of Sumnaut in Guzerat, demanded of his captive (one of the Princes of the House of Seljuk) "what succour in horse his countrymen could aid him with?" the Prince laid an arrow at his feet: "Send this, and fifty thousand horse will obey the summons."—"And if I should want more?"—"This other arrow will bring you fifty thousand more."—"But supposing I required," said the Ghaznevide Sultan apprehensively, "the whole force of your hundred tribes?"—"Despatch this quiver, and two hundred thousand horsemen will gallop to your assistance!" In a few years, and these very Tartars, under Togul Bey, Alp Arslan, and Melek Shah, conquered all Asia; and the breaking up of the Empire of the Seljukians gave rise to the small kingdom of the Turks under Orehan. For a most perfect delineation of the habits of these people, and a beautiful graphic sketch of their predatory expedition, I would recommend the perusal of that interesting tale, the *Kuzzilbash*.

We have doubtless lost much by the death of Mr. Moorcroft, Superintendent of the Company's studs in India, a Gentleman in every way qualified to have thrown much light on the state of that extraordinary people, the Eastern Tartars. He had penetrated through the country of the Afghans, the ancient Bactria, and had reached Bokhara, when he fell a victim, whether to poison or fatigue has never been clearly ascertained. There is every rea-

son to suppose he would have furnished us also with some useful information with respect to the horses of those countries.

I am well aware that my opinion is at variance with many breeders in this country, and, would also appear, with Stun, that everything in breeding depends on the mare, and very little on the horse. I do not think that "the qualities and influence of the male generation prevail," nor do the Arabs. With them the mare is of every consequence, the horse is secondary; and so convinced are they of this their useful, and, if you like, obstinate custom, that money will not tempt them to sell their mares, unless under the full conviction that barrenness, or some other curse, is upon them. A Correspondent, in your last (September) Magazine, mentions having obtained a mare of true caste, *Furhah*, from Sheikh Hussein Nujm, but it will be seen in what way, bearing out my assertion; and, save captured in battle, as some were at Byssel by the Egyptians, when Mohammed Ali defeated the Wahabees, and I believe one or two taken by our troops when engaged with the Zoamees, no one has obtained a pure Desert mare—at least such is my impression. In the Company's stud many of the best country-bred horses are traced back to Arab mares, but this is a term given to all mares that come down from *Bussorah*, and may be Persian or three parts Arabian, as are the Bagdad Arabs. If I might so suggest, I would obtain a filly by Orelia out of *Furhah*, and then cross with the Whalebone blood, and no other. I would even keep clear of an Eclipse strain, and certainly of all the Buzzard blood.

It is a curious fact, that the English horses bred in India from English thorough-bred mares and stallions, are very inferior to those crossed with the Arab blood, and in the studs at Poosah (Pultah Ghaut, a private one), and several others, the colts that were blessed with an Arab ancestor were by far the finest. I regret that the death of my friend, Edward Majoribanks, Esq. has deprived the Bengal Turf of one of its most spirited supporters, and I fear that the colts from the stud of Pultah have fallen into hands who know not their value. The last time I was there most of the mares were stinted to Shamrock; and should any of your Eastern readers perchance fall in with this in distant lands, they would confer a peculiar favour on me by stating, through the medium of your *Magazine*, what became of the produce of Arabella, by Cato out of Omphale, in foal to Shamrock.

The horses in the Indian settlements are fed and trained much after our own manner, excepting that some prefer giving them the roots of grass dug up by the grasscutters from the beds and banks of mollahs and rivulets, and dried for two days in the sun. The horses thrive and certainly run stoutly with it, and when put into the manger it sendeth forth a most fragrant savour. With the natives they are much in the habit of drugging their horses with stimulating food—but remember, *they never race*. Boiled sheep's heads, barley cakes, &c. &c. are in common use, but the Europeans stick very much to the oats. All the races in India are timed, which, however deceptive it may be as any sure

guide, possesses at least this advantage, that it establishes the improvement or falling off of horses annually. Judging from performances of late years, Goblin Grey appears to possess the galloping gift above all competitors at all distances.

I should be sorry to advance any dogmas, for I have not sufficient knowledge to warrant me in so doing; and in my "Cur-sory Remarks" I did no more than adventure some conjectures, which I had hoped others might have improved upon; and generally my object was to shew the various breeds of Asiatic horses, so far as had come under my observation, and to trace their descent, almost without exception, from the father of all noble breeds—the Desert Arab horse—of whom some writer hath written these spirited verses:—

Gomorrah is a dainty steed,
Strong, grey, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known.
Fine his head, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

See around his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops thro' his veins.
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasted heart of man:
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire—
Douglas—Guzman—or the Guelph—
Or O'Brien's blood itself.

He who hath no peer was born
Here upon a red March morn,
And his famous sires dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trode like one of race divine.

And yet he was a friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fring'd with green;
Wit' him a rovin' Bedouin
He lived (none else would he obey),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balk amidst the Desert stands!

Grey, but with the black skin, is the prevalent colour of the *high caste* Arabs; then chesnuts, and a few bays, and very rare indeed a brown. Buckfoot was white with the black skin: the very celebrated Mercury and the Cole Arabian were chesnuts: Don Juan, of whom I spoke in an article in 1828, was a bay, and so is Orelia. I never saw a brown or black Arab race-horse, nor did I ever behold a dun, or fancy coloured Arab. In Kattywar, a province bordering on Scind, there were at one period a choice breed of dun horses, particularly adapted for war and show, large and very lofty carriages, with good heads, flaming nostrils, and fiery eye, often wall-eyed, strong loined, and what we term ramping-actioned. These, with the milk-white horses of Kutch, an adjoining province, were preferred by the Muhammedans to all other horses for war-like purposes, and the Patan and Mahratta horsemen in the present day value them beyond all: but since the great famine in Guzerat, together with the destruction of the predatory horsemen of Holhar, Ameer Kahn, and the Pindarries, the horses of Kattywar and Kutch have become very rare, and I believe the breed to be nearly extinguished. The best in repute among the country breeds are the little Deccanee horses, bred principally on the banks of the Beemah, Seena, Godavery, and holy Kishnah: they are the best hacks of the East, and are a race produced by Arab stallions out of common ponies. They owe this breed to

Nana Furnavuz, the Minister of one of the Peishwahs; and the Pindarrie bands were principally mounted on these enduring little horses.

Although I quite admit the entire superiority of the English race-horse over every other, yet I feel satisfied that the Arab horse can undergo fatigue better, and is of a more untiring nature than the generality of our horses. Look at the road match, done from Poonah to Pauwell on common horses*; and I could cite many cases nearly equal, done by my personal friends, and at far greater distances.

The true hog-hunter of the Deccan, and in fact throughout India, is a hardy fellow that hath nerve, pluck, hand, judgment, seat, careth not for sun or shower, for deep ravine or torrent's roar; but with his glittering spear flashing far, he bestrideth his Arab steed, and descendeth full on the mighty boar, rejoicing in his strength. Oh ye Meltonians and men of fox-hunting fame! if ye could meet the monarch boar gnashing his tusk, and rushing on your levelled spears, ye would indeed know what was a soul-stirring sport.

Another charge the monster makes—the hunter
Spurs his weary steed to full career:
Dire is the shock—upon his haunches
backward borne
The horse is thrown unhurt.....not so the boar—
The lance with vigour sped pierced quite through
His brawny neck, and quivers in his heart.
Without a groan he sinks—he dies,
And e'en in death his glaring eye
Still seems to lour upon his enemy.

JAVELIN.

* See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. vi. *Second Series*, p. 286.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN.

No. I.

SEPTEMBER 2—FIRST DAY OF PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

"LONDON now is out of Town"—
 Clerks are gone a shooting,
 Beating coverts up and down
 From Islington to Tooting.
 Watling-street and dear Cheap-side
 Threaten execution
 To pig and goose on common wide:
 Oh! what a persecution!
 Holborn-hill and Bishopsgate
 Shew half empty houses,
 Husbands being all elate
 To send some game to spouses.
 Counter-coxcombs trim and gay,
 Book'd by vans and coaches,
 With dog and gun now pick their way
 Where hare or bird approaches.
 List awhile the murderous sound
 Of gun fired in a hurry—
 Fright'ning poultry all around—
 In West-Kent and in Surrey.
 Dangerous to friend or foe,
 The publican and sinner,
 Lets fly again; but 'tis no go,
 And so he goes to dinner.
 Night comes on and gas-light burns,
 When now from hills and valleys,
 With game the wily Cit returns,
 Which came from Dieppe or Calais.
 Wives and daughters in amaze
 Cry "law who'd have thought it?"
 And both the skill and game they praise
 Of him who just had bought it.
 But one cross wife was heard to swear,
 And 'gainst her lord to mutter,
 "He ne'er shot bird, nor found a hare... (hair)
 Unless 'twas in his butter."

No. II.

OCTOBER 1—FIRST DAY OF PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Hir or miss went the Cockney, still firing away,
 'Till the sport became rather unpleasant,
 The pheasant he miss'd, but he found—well a day!
 That he'd pepper'd the back of a peasant.
 "I've wing'd him!" he cried, "and his plumage so bright
 In my lily vite beaver shall float:"
 So he crept through the hedge, but oh! terrible sight,
 He pick'd up the tail of a coat.
 The sigh of the Cockney was borne on the gale,
 And he wept for the mischief he'd done;
 "I'll go home," he exclaim'd, "to my wife, Mrs. Wale.....(Vale),
 And I'll give up my dog and my gun."

SPANIELS—BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,

October 6, 1833.

ON the origin of setters sportsmen differ, as they were more or less, let them be derived how they might, an artificial animal, if I may be justifiable in making use of such a term. On the origin of spaniels the old authors too are at issue—some asserting that they were indigenous to Britain; others, more rationally (for its appearance decidedly denotes it a Southern animal), that they were brought into these islands by the Romans. In nearly all the old works on hawking I have seen, they are stated to have been brought over in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, and it is alluded to as an æra in that ancient and scientific sport: it being moreover specified, that although these conquerors were ignorant of the art, which they first saw in practice among the ancient Britons, yet that they greatly improved it, and particularly so by the introduction of these dogs from Spain. What these dogs (we have not the slightest memorial or cause to imagine them otherwise), I think a distinct species, then were, it would not be very easy to determine, had not the sport continued so long that it has been handed down to us in detail and by the pencil. If, then, the spaniel, which was in use among those we familiarly term our ancestors, was the same species as that of the Romans, we have only to consult our eyes to assure us that he was that dog which is still prevalent in Kent and Sussex—namely, the very largest kind of what we now term springer or cocker; though, perhaps, in common acceptation, the

last will apply to a smaller species of animal, as, in point of fact, it is any kind of dog used in cock-shooting. A Correspondent of yours some time back, in an article "on the Blood of the Setter," quoted an old work, *The Countie Farm*, to shew that setters, spaniels, &c. were all one and the same animal: yet how can they who think thus reconcile the difference of size between our large setters and small rabbit spaniels and cockers? Did these animals produce setters and cockers promiscuously, I could conceive it; but as they do not, and like only produces like, this assertion certainly falls to the ground. I have before stated my own opinion as to the probable derivation of the setter: I will now endeavour similarly to express what I imagine to be the descent and crosses of our present breeds of springers, cockers, &c.; and having been a spaniel-fancier and breeder from eighteen up, I may be excused, perhaps, for offering an opinion.

It is probable, while hawking continued in vogue, that the breed continued as to size, to use a commercial term, the same as imported, as hawking could have little to do with anything where a smaller dog was required; unless, indeed, the caprice of fancy or accident suggested the experiment of breeding a smaller animal. Following up my own hypothesis, therefore, I take the large spaniel or springer—the best idea of which I can generally give is the present large Sussex dog—as the Roman importation from which both setter and cocker have

descended: of the derivation of the former I have elsewhere expressed my humble conception. Dr. Caius, in his *Synopsis of British Dogs*, classes the *melitæus* or *factor*, spaniel *gentle* or *comforter*, as a distinct animal, said to have been introduced from the Mediterranean; and old Hollinshed, in his *Chronicles*, is more severe than civil to the ladies of his day (the reign of Queen Elizabeth) on their fondness for these animals. As it would appear, that it was about this time when these same spaniel gentles or comforters came into this country, I think there are no unfair grounds to suppose that it was not long after that the cocker, or King Charles's dog, was introduced by a triple cross between the original spaniel, this said comforter, and the little rabbit or basket beagle. Elizabeth's successor, James, was one of the keenest sportsmen that ever lived, and his *Charge d'Affaires* in all such matters, Leonard Mascall, proved himself, both by his deeds and written works, a man eminently qualified for such a situation. I look upon his equestrian match to York and back, taking the state of the roads and the inferiority of the horses of those days, as equal, *at the very least*, to anything on record; and his works, though tainted with the quaint imagery and laboured conceit of the times, and clouded with the dogmatical ignorance which obscured even to absurdity all physiological matters, more especially as related to the brute creation, are nevertheless the works of a master of the craft he treats of and a man of intellect. James's own temperament, too, was likely to lead to such experiment. At all events we

know that this dog originated in this family, as, though the sanguinary troubles of the times would leave but little leisure, one would suppose, for such trivial matters, the unfortunate Charles I. is generally represented with some of these dogs; *ergo* they must have been a variety before his time: and as Dr. Caius and Hollinshed, in Elizabeth's time, while they notice the comforter, take no heed or mark of this animal, it is probable, as well as possible, that they were of the *æra* I suppose. But, indeed, the cross might have originated in accident; for what could be more probable, natural, or sympathetical, than, "like master like man," My Lord's spaniel should have had a strong inclination towards My Lady's *comforter*. Even in this our day, I have seen some fair dames as solicitous about the husbands of their comforters being of the right sort, as if they were engaged in that important selection for themselves; and as the Court of the *peace-loving* Monarch was (unless it be foully belied) anything but a *tight-laced* one, it is likely enough that the Ladies might have seriously inclined to assist their Lords in the arts and mysteries of breeding. As one of the distinguishing marks of these animals is their colours—brown and black tans—I imagine no source so likely as the basket beagle; and as the hound cross with the setter even yet succeeds, there can be no question but this would also.

Hoyland, the head keeper and forester at Glengary, whom I had occasion to mention in the August Number, informed me, that when he went there out of Yorkshire, he took a remarkably well-bred

setter bitch with him: the dogs he found there were in all respects objectionable, so he had recourse to a very fine fox-hound which belonged to the tod-hunter at Dingwall. The whelps from this cross were black and white, and, though much smoother in the coat than the setter, were fanned in the tail, slightly feathered on the legs, and with good silky ears: they were remarkably hard to break, but he had plenty of scope and persevered. They proved not only good but superior, especially one dog, the precision and truth of whose nose, and capability of sustaining fatigue, he had never seen equalled. From this dog and a sister he bred again, and they were more setter-like, easier broken, and excellent. I have elsewhere mentioned Lord Hereford's well-known dog Lash, of this cross, and have had and seen others. Of its success with the pointer I have also seen, and had, many capital specimens, and I have one now in a black dog of great size and power, and almost faultless symmetry, action, and conduct. Why I mention these facts here is, to shew that if such crosses have answered incontrovertibly in such instances, it is not overmuch to surmise, that from the cross with the small black tan beagle the real King Charles's dog derived much of its peculiarity. But to come to the thing at once, I have tried it myself, and found it answer.

Of *Buffon's Etymology* I am no admirer. It may be all true. If it be, however, his retrospective powers must set all other human ones, even the prospective ones of the great Newton, into the shade. Harriers and hare-hunting were

in common use in the days of Xenophon, who wrote on hunting: Arrian's account of the greyhound and coursing might almost answer our own day: and Strabo and Grotius have both given a particular account of the British mastiff as a distinct species of animal: the spaniel was also known in Vespasian's time as another separate kind of dog: so, from what data the Count found out that all originally came from the shepherd's dog, is, I believe, or rather was, best known to himself. It will suffice for plain sportsmen, I should imagine, that all these existed as distinct animals long before the time I am speaking of. Nothing to my ideas can be more shallow devoid of common probability, or inconclusive, than his definition of this very King Charles's dog, which he calls the pyrame, and says that they are only the lesser and smaller spaniel, which on being brought into Britain have changed their white colour into black, and become, by the influence of climate, the great and lesser King Charles's dog. It may be so, and perhaps I am overpresumptuous in questioning the dicta of so celebrated a pheelosopher; but as a sportsman I will take upon me to say, that he might with as much propriety aver that the Barb and Arab, on being brought into Britain, would change into the cart horse by the influence of climate, or the large Flanders draught horse into the hunter. Has the Jew lost his characteristics of feature and appearance by centuries of residence in Britain? What an endless number of crosses does it not take effectually to whiten the first produce of the European and

Negro? For my own part, as regards dogs, I have seen and tried for such a number of years so many experiments of this kind, that my own confirmed opinion is based on more than mere speculation. I bred last summer from the black pointer above mentioned, who has a strong cross of the fox-hound, and a beautiful bitch of the Dalmatian kind, and am rearing two whelps, which have been admired by the best judges: how they may turn out as to performance remains to be proved.

That any sportsman now a-days can breed his spaniels of any size or colour cannot be questioned: it may be laid down as a principle, however, to a certain degree, if you wish to enlarge your style of dog, breed from a larger bitch; and, *vice versa*, if you want to lower, breed from a bitch smaller than your own stock.

The principal kinds of spaniels current now in Britain and Ireland are the large brown and white springer, chiefly in use in the large wet clayey woodland coverts in Sussex, Kent, &c. The smaller black, black and white, and black tan (the latter are to be met with more frequently in Scotland than elsewhere), the brown, and brown and white, and brown tan, the large red, and red and white, and the smaller ditto—every one of these can be, and are constantly crossed into one another; so that any kind or size of dog can be got or obtained by breeding. Their characteristics are much the same, except that the larger they are, from their greater power, the harder are they to get or keep under command. Dogs of this kind should be got to work as soon as possible, and

great care should be taken, that when young, and at walk, or bringing up, they are not suffered to get out self-hunting. If this is once confirmed, they frequently baffle all attempts to subdue them, and are consequently useless. As it is impossible to put a log or chain on an animal who has to work in covert—and a spaniel should never hunt much out of shot—tying up a leg is the only method I know to take with a wild young one. The common plan is to strap the animal's fore-leg to his collar; but here he will be very apt to lame himself. The best one (though some may denounce it as cruel, though I never saw a dog who paid the least attention to it, so as to give cause to conclude it so) is to tie a thong or string around the sinew or ham-string just above the ham-joint of the hind leg, sufficiently tight to prevent his putting that leg to the ground; it should be shifted from one leg to the other every hour or so. This puts him on three legs at once, yet he runs no chance of foundering, or shaking himself in the shoulders, which he does when the fore-leg is in jeopardy. As the worst thing a spaniel can be guilty of is chasing any distance after anything is shot at and missed, or sprung otherwise, he should never be suffered to follow anything more than fifty yards, and must be whipped until he gives it up. If he continues contumacious, there is nothing for it but the gun, which of course must be used with corresponding command of temper and discretion. These methods, and hard and constant work, will, especially if he be taken young, seldom fail to perform all that art can do for

this useful little myrmidon to the cock and covert shooter.

Although, generally speaking, they are an animal among whom on the aggregate fewer inferior ones are to be met with than in the same number of setters and pointers, still it is very rare to get what, by a man who knows what such should be, would be accounted a first-rate one.—Spaniels should have plenty of tongue. Many a good one have I got, and seen given away, because when young they were supposed to be too noisy. As practice and hard work reduce this juvenile redundancy in most instances to a proper pitch, a mute spaniel, except to a poacher, is somewhat like a pointer without point, inasmuch as it is by his tongue that a spaniel gives the sportsman warning. To open freely and truly (which may be termed warning) upon the haunt, so as to prepare for the actual spring or flush, is the first qualification a spaniel can have. When a man knows that his dog is true, he will attend to his slightest whimper. In cock-shooting in a scarce country, one dog at least gifted with this prophetic power is a *sine quâ non*. To fetch or retrieve well is another, as every man may not like the expense of a retriever, I mean as to keep. One such dog would cost as much as three couple of spaniels or cockers. No bird is oftener winged and oftener lost than a cock, and a real cock-shooter should have one or more of his spaniels well up to this part of the business, or else bring a regular retriever into the field. To be well under command, and in a measure steady from hence, so as not to follow one more than fifty yards, or come in

when whistled or called to, is another; as well as to possess courage sufficient to face and enter any brake or gorse, and docility to do so at the hand or voice, though there may be no apparent scent.

A good spaniel should take the water freely; and this he may learn during the summer, as I shall afterwards mention. Nothing is more difficult than to get a good team of well-disciplined spaniels; and no person can accomplish or continue it who has not almost daily work for them. The best cocking ones I ever saw, take them all in all, was very early in my career; and I am certain I have not seen altogether as good since: they belonged to the Rev. Henry Prowse Jones, of Hill House, near Newnham, in Gloucestershire—the extensive and trying coverts which he shot being in the Forest of Dean. He was one of the most indefatigable votaries to this branch of shooting I ever knew, and which probably is the cause that his dogs were so good. He had them of all sizes except the very largest, and of all colours but black and tan—one bitch in particular, a black and white one, called Mopsa, was such an extraordinary trump that I cannot help noticing her. After her first season she would (like a good and well-manned fox-hound on his own natural game) own nothing but a cock—a peculiarity of no small moment, where a man might slave a whole day through almost interminable coverts, and not get half a dozen shots. The moment she opened, you were certain, and she gave such time and notice in going up to the flush, sitting down and singing out, as if to so-

licit attention, that even in those tangled and deep wildernesses he scarcely ever missed getting a shot over her; and, to do him justice, he scarcely ever missed that shot. She died from an accident when in her prime, to his bitter sorrow, as well may be supposed, having had one litter of whelps, none of which inherited her extraordinary qualities. She was of a very old breed, for which they had been celebrated at Hay Hill, the seat of his elder brother in that country for years, and of which (for some cause or other I now forget) she was nearly the last scion. He had another very remarkable dog—a light yellow and white one, an immense dog in little compass—which had been given to him by an Officer, who got it somewhere about Brecon, of what was then there termed the old Welch breed. He was *rather* sharp in the nose, and had been parted with hastily, when young, because he was considered noisy. I never saw but two spaniels since equal to him when he was fairly hammered and hardened into his work.

I like and wish to speak as little as possible of myself; but having all along had a well-bred dog or two of this kind about me, when I first came to reside in this country I was very anxious to get into the real black tan breed, and I succeeded. I got a strongly tanned brown bitch, very small, but of a well-known kind and pedigree, and obtained by mere good luck and accident a cross from a genuine black tan, of a truly Royal strain; for he was, and so were his progenitors, real King Charles's; it was the bitch's first whelps. She had one splendid black tan, a dog; one yel-

low; another yellow and white. These two last she threw out to the strain of her own mother. I reared the dog with great difficulty, as he had the distemper almost worse than any dog I ever saw recover: but he was perfect; his beauty was only equalled by his goodness. He had plenty of tongue, but it was true from the beginning, was the best rabbit dog in strong whins and deep snow (there is plenty of that here) I ever saw, and would take anything, even a wild duck (small as he was), out of the Earn, when perished, I may almost say, and encumbered with ice. Like all good things, he went, at four years old, in his prime by an accident, and I shall regret him as long as I live. I bred twice from him: once with a very good brown and white one, a little larger, as I thought he was a shade too fine, and she had eleven fine whelps—eight black and tan, the other three brown tan; none like herself. I kept four black tans, and gave the others to some neighbours, who were very anxious to get them: one, an Englishman, had been all his life trying it without success. But it would seem as if there had been an ill destiny attending them, for they all died, though *no* pains or trouble were spared to ensure the breed. The second time he warder his mother by accident, and she had four, all black tan. I gave two of these away; one was stolen; the other, a bitch, is alive yet, and in the possession of a medical friend, but she never would breed. Of my own, one died of distemper; the other, though beautiful, was worth little, but is alive at some distance hence, and I hope yet (though

from want of proper care about it there has been ill luck) to get back the cross.

As these are the rarest, the most beautiful, and generally the best of the spaniel kind, I shall

say a few words more about them and of the species generally in my next.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE IMPROVEMENTS IN HUNTING AND SPORTING OF EVERY KIND.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

SIR,

JUST as I was taking up my pen to notice those improvements attributable to the March of Intellect and the race of time, and perhaps in a small degree consequent on a long peace and the return of our heroes from the field of fight to that of gentler, though still of manly achievement, the death-knell of one of the greatest ornaments to the Chase and Turf that ever shone amongst the fine flower of our British youth, *un brave parmi les braves*, at Melton Mowbray, &c. rung in mine ear. He was the pride of the Quorn men; and the Sporting World need not be told of what stuff they are made—what cavaliers and cattle, what horses and riders, *real* horsemen and *real men*, come from that quarter. We look back with a sigh of regret to the late Sir Henry Goodricke, Bart. and to his numerous and splendid hunting establishment, and feel that a tribute of praise is his due from all who have ever beat a covert or unkennelled a fox. Let us now look forward.

In viewing the progress, and I might say the perfection of sporting, we may observe the hand of polish and that of improvement in every branch, because the same mental cultivation which

has suggested and effected the meliorations operates not only on the sportsman but on the English Gentleman generally. It is now no longer deemed inseparable from the hunter to be a mere *Robin des bois* to be a plain, honest, hard-going (on turf and at table), straight-forward fellow—the Squire, all the Squire, and nothing but the Squire: but we find the greatest heroes, able Statesmen, and the most polished fashionables relax from study or fatigue of office, detach themselves from the fetters of Courts and the enervating chains of voluptuousness, to brace the body and to invigorate the mind by the delights of the Chase. This happy transition has also taken place in other pursuits and professions; and we see that honest Jack-tar (we speak of the Officer being a true seaman, just as we expect the Military Officer to be *the soldier*) needs not be blunt to be brave, or unpolished to be quite the sailor. On the ocean, as a field and flood, the man of education mars not the sport, but makes the individual more perfect, or “manners make the man.” In the same way, headquarters and hunting-quarters, the cabin and the sportsman’s board, no longer present a scene

of riot and mental extinguishment, and men sensibly suit their appetites and libations to their constitutions and to their work, injuring neither (generally speaking) by debilitation nor excess; and the work (if so it may be called) is performed in every point with science and elegant sportsmanlike appearance; whilst our sporting establishments of every denomination have increased in splendour and magnitude beyond description.

If the interior of our Nimrods of the day has attained such high pre-eminence, and their address gained so much advantage, their exterior, or dress, has kept pace with the change; and instead of our mighty hunters in mighty wigs, which would frighten our modern Whigs and Tories, we see all trim, glossy, comely, and convenient smart crops in riders as well as hounds, and every particular in dress in unison with the Gentleman and the Sportsman. Let us look at our family pictures of My Lord, Sir John, or Squire Oaks riding to covert, or surrounded by the hounds after a day's sport in the last century: what useless appendages and incumbrances do we see there? Skirts of a coat, like our out-skirts of Town, which have no end, and which would serve a West-end tailor to make a whole suit of; long flaps of waistcoats, which were a real *waste*, and in the profound pockets of which the snuff or tobacco-box, together with the knife of many blades,

were deposited; then again the *couteau de chasse* dangling by the side; and the gold-laced hat, which made the wearer look like a church-beadle. I remember the picture of a Sir Paulet St. John in this trim; and a Sir (something) Soams, and one of the Earls of Pembroke; and I actually remember Sir Cuthbert Shafto, Knight, in this costume, and very handsomely he appeared, but he certainly belonged to the *heavy horse*.

On the Continent now great improvements are made in the outward appearance of a Hunt, all being *à l'Anglaise*; but still the stubborn superstition of Royalty and Legitimacy sticks to our neighbours. Their horses lean more to bone than to blood, and the Aristocratical blood still mantles and circulates under Gothic attire, the silver-laced hunting uniform being preserved until the last feats of the Bourbons; and the late Duc de Berri being blamed for his *Anglomania*, by having his smart English postillions in yellow satin jackets and white hats, Prince's-cord smalls, and British boots; whilst the posting in France still exhibits rope-harness, jack-boots, and the postilion's tail of frightful appearance and knocker-like action*. The cocked hat, above all, in the Royal Hunt is abominable when contrasted by the light castor of our sportsmen, attached by a ribbon, and certainly preferable to the heavy velvet cap of our ancestors, so padded and cu-

* Before the reign of Napoleon, lengthy queues, ponderous catagans, and clumsy clubs were nuisances to the soldiers, and the hussars had not only long tails, but their side-hair platted up like a horse's mane. I have heard the old emigrants, who were wedded to the pig-tail and the side-curl, or *aile de pigeon* (pigeon's wing), praise the practice of wearing these crinose inutilities, and assure you that a soldier's tail would parry a *coup de sabre*. This appears to me dubious; but certain it is that Napoleon's soldiers could give and parry the *coup de sabre* as well as those of Louis le Grand.

shioned within, that it was evident that they were prepared for the *ups* and *downs* of life. Indeed it is but justice to our modern sportsmen to say, that all is improvement from head to foot, and they go out armed, or rather prepared *cap-d-pie** for the severest day's hunt, and still are objects of admiration to the fair sex, whether in their red or green coats, or any other fancy trim. And here, whilst adverting to woman, "the Angel of Life," and to the gallantry which sporting men of all ages have evinced, I may be allowed to quote the first verse of a French Hunting Song, to prove that the modern sportsman seeks not gregarious assemblies of his own sex, bottle and hunting companions, to the detriment and desertion of the fairer part of the creation; but that the sports of the field increase and encourage love, and that the carriage of the soldier or the sportsman endears him to his mistress. Now let us see what the Frank has to say:—

CHANÇON.

De mes beaux jours, que le partage est
doux,
Puisent les dieux n'en être point jaloux !
Le plaisir m'appelle à la chasse,
Le bonheur m'attend au retour,
Tour à Tour,
L'amour me donne plus d'audace,
Et la chasse encore plus d'amour.
&c. &c.

BROAD TRANSLATION.

How gaily do I spend my life,
'Twixt love and hunting, free from strife !
Envy me not, ye gods above,
The chase's joys and those of love,
The hunter's pride, when far I roam,
My love who welcomes me at home ;
For love brings courage in its store,
And hunting makes one love the more.
&c. &c.

And whilst we are here on the

* Hunting and hand-whips, as well as field saddles, are much improved within this last half century.

subject of French hunting, it must be allowed that although we beat them at the sport, yet does our intercourse with our courtly neighbours in gentle peace tend to add a polish to the sailor, the soldier, and the sportsman, the olive-branch greatly promoting its growth. What we have, however, gained from them, except the novelty of seeing a wolf hunt or a boar hunt, is comparatively nothing; and as to the *battues*, in shooting, they are more honorable to the table than to the trigger, more convenient to patrician shots than desirable to seasoned marksmen. I shall never forget going out with a certain young beardless Count on what I call a poaching party; for we had greyhounds, pointers, ferrets, fowling-pieces, rifles, long poles, cavalry, infantry, a *voiture de chasse*, a moveable kitchen, men, women, and children, a retinue of servants, and the Count's pretty brunette of a mistress—who took leaps in a very masterly style, and got the whip-hand of me when returning from the chase, bugle blowing, dog whistle doing its office, and the *profanum vulgus* shouting in exultation—for we had wounded and slain everything in every possible way, and effected a very considerable but a very unsportsmanlike carnage.

It is time now for an old man to cease his Reminiscences, which, however, prove that he is not

"*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti,*"

since he awards the palm to modern sporting, and admits its improvements. He is now at the bottom of the ladder of sporting celebrity, and has descended

from stag-hunting and fox-hunting to the merry harriers, and thence to our late old friend Squire Wells, whose basket-beagles used to be the delight of his declining years. He thence felt content with a brisk (he was going to say lady-like) morning's coursing, and must now be resigned to a stiff pony, as stiff a glass of brandy-and-water, and a ride to see the hounds throw off: be that as it may, "Success to Sporting in all its branches!" The turf and sporting field are worthy of the Monarch or the Man, the Yeoman, England's prop and

stay, and the Statesman, her pride and glory; and when the forests, woods, and glens, the moors, marshes, and mountains, the wild beast's fastnesses, reynard's haunts, and puss's forms, re-echo to the horn, yield to the huntsman's tread, give up their game, and produce health and hilarity together, the Poet may exultingly say, in the language of old Horace,

"Si canimus Sylvas, Sylvæ sin Consule dignæ!"

And so says

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

THE GAME OF PALLONE.

SIR,

I Have ever considered cricket as beyond all comparison the first of the numerous games in which a ball of some description is employed. I had, however, not long finished the article on the subject which had the honour of appearing in your last Number, when, in some remarks on the Italians in Isaac Weld's *Survey of the County of Roscommon*, lately published, I found the following sentence:—"As to cricket, it is child's play compared to the vigorous exertions required in their manly game of Pallone." I might be tempted to enter at large into the question of Italian character, and to inquire how far the authority and motives of the particular class of writers, of which I (perhaps unjustly) take Mr. Weld to be one, are to be considered worthy of regard. As the subject, however (though involving a view of national sports), would not be entirely suited to your Magazine, I shall

confine my remarks to the particular assertion I have quoted—not brooking the idea that "the noble game," indigenous to our soil, should be in aught inferior to any of foreign origin, nor that the Italians of all men should boast an exercise more robust than those of us bold Britons: greatly distrusting, moreover, the authority of Mr. Weld, who is an Irishman (not a young one), and has probably never seen cricket in perfection. Yet not being disposed to take anything for granted, I sought the best account of this boasted sport, in order fairly to compare it with the subject of my own admiration. With your leave, I shall insert the description of it (the fullest I could find) in *Henry Matthews's Diary of an Invalid*, who says it "is a great improvement upon our fives. It is played by parties of a certain number on each side, generally six against six. The pallone is a ball filled with air,

about as large as a football. The players wear a sort of wooden guard, called *bracciale*, into which the right hand is introduced: this instrument, which is in shape not unlike a muff, reaches half way up to the elbow, and is studded with short wooden points: the player grasping firmly a bar fixed in the inside of the *bracciale* to keep it steady, takes the ball before the bound, and volleys it, according to the tennis term, with amazing force. The object of the players is to prevent the ball falling within their lines. The weight of the *bracciale*, placed as it is at the extremity of the arm, must require great muscular strength to support it during a long game. It is a truly athletic exercise, and though it is said to be the ancient *folle* of the Romans, it must have undergone some alteration; for the line

'Folle decet pueros ludere, folle senes,'

has no application to the modern game of the pallone."

Mr. Weld is endeavoring (absurdly I think) to establish the claim of the Italians to be considered one of the vigorous nations in Europe, and it is as a trial of strength only that he compares pallone to cricket. The "Invalid" institutes no comparison between them. The argument of the former will gain little weight by what he here alleges, supposing it true; for, in the first place, if I do not greatly err, pallone is not like cricket—a universal pastime, which great part of all classes of the male population of this kingdom play if they have the opportunity; but chiefly confined to the higher classes of Italians (as fencing is here); and, if so practised, we may

be sure not more frequently than the latter exercise amongst us. Secondly, it can scarcely require more or as much strength as wrestling, sparring, or football, as played in some parts of the kingdom, to say nothing of putting the stone and other feats peculiar to the North of the island; all or most of which are as common here as pallone can be in Italy. I suspect also the average duration of a game is much shorter than that of cricket, although whilst it lasts it may probably be more fatiguing: yet in this respect I doubt if it equals single-wicket, greatly inferior as the latter is to *double* in point of variety. It appears, however, from Strutt, that balloon (evidently the same game, though he does not give a minute account of it) was formerly played in England, and as (comparisons with cricket apart) it is evidently a fine exercise, I should be glad to see it revived. In the degree of danger which contributes to the manly character of cricket, it must be very greatly inferior. Respecting amusements, tastes vary as in other subjects; I shall not therefore say pallone is less interesting than cricket, but only that I am sure it would be so to me. By the way, it may be noticed amongst the singularities of the latter exercise, the endless variety of which so much increases the interest, that though furnishing plenty of hard work in the long run, a single match or more may not be necessarily fatiguing to all, nor indeed to any of the players: and I suspect Mr. Weld, in stigmatising it as "child's play," compared to any game that may be imagined, has taken his idea of it from a specimen or two such as I have de-

scribed. Even a regular double-wicket match, and sometimes between good players, may be of very short duration : and even in those which last long, and are hardly contested, some fieldsmen may enjoy a sinecure, and if not successful with the bat, nor in with a slashing partner, may have a very easy time, whilst others are pretty well fagged. But with respect to pallone, as I have never seen it played, and as some of your readers have probably wit-

nessed both it and cricket in perfection—nay, perhaps have practised both with success (for many Englishmen have essayed and excelled in the sports of foreign lands)—if any of them so qualified would furnish me, through the medium of your pages, with a more particular account of it, that I may know how far my conjectures concerning it are correct, they will much oblige,

Yours, &c.

WILL WICKET.

THE WINNER OF THE LATE ST. LEGER.

SIR,

IN the pedigree of Rockingham, given in *Bell's Life* of the 22d ultimo, it is stated that a Gentleman, who was some short time since in treaty for The Cardinal, who is out of the same mare as Rockingham—namely, *Irish Medora*—declined on the ground that she was half-bred. The pedigree of Rockingham given is also wrong—"out of Medora by Swordsman, *his* (it ought to be her) dam by Old Trumpator out of Peppermint, Sister to Prunella by Highflyer." It ought also to have been *Irish Swordsman*. English Swordsman was got by Weazle, Turk, Locust, Changeling, &c.; *Irish Swordsman* (one of the finest horses ever foaled in any country), by the Duke of Grafton's Prizefighter out of Zara by Eclipse, her dam Isabel's dam by Old Squirrel out of Ancaster—Nancy by Blank—Phoebe by Tortoise—Looby—Partner—Woodcock—Brimmer—Dodsworth—Burton Barb mare. The Duke of Grafton's Prizefighter (one of the best stallions that ever covered in Ireland, and sire of Mr. Whaley's celebrated horse Buffer, who was

out of a Sister to Delamere by Old Highflyer) was got by Florizel, his dam the noted Promise by Old Snap out of Julia by Blank, her dam Spectator's dam by Partner, &c. &c. It will now be evident whether or not Rockingham and Cardinal's dam be thorough-bred, and of the very highest strain of blood. How such a mistake could have occurred it is hard to conjecture, unless I fear it can be traced to prejudice; and that because he that was in treaty for The Cardinal knew only that his dam was bred in Ireland, and had not heard of Swordsman, he concluded he could not be thorough-bred: this I trust will put the saddle right, however among a certain set it may create surprise that anything *Hirish* could breed a winner, much more a Leger one. All English Turfites know that English Medora, an Oaks winner, was got by Selim, dam by Sir Harry, grandam by Volunteer—Herod—Golden Grove by Blank, &c. &c. Ireland can never compete with this country; as for one horse bred there

(blood at least) we breed fifty ; but they are there in possession of some of the choicest strains of blood, and good runners, and

dams of winners may be and are bred *both* sides the Channel.

I am, &c.

A MBO.

October 3, 1833.

MR. MULES, AND THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDER HOUNDS.

SIR,

ON Tuesday, September the 24th, a splendid Gold Cup was presented to W. Mules, Esq. of the Grove, Dedham, the late Master of the Essex and Suffolk Border Hounds, as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held by the Members of his late Hunt. A deputation, consisting of the following gentlemen — Gooch, Dawson, Pocklington, Manning, Hallward, Steward, Seagrave, Capt. Bower, George Cooke, and Bedwell, assembled at the Grove at two o'clock ; and the Cup was presented by B. R. Bedwell, Esq. of the Highlands, East Bergholt, with the following speech :—

“ Sir—I regret that the honorable task of presenting you with this Cup has not been assigned to one better qualified than myself to do full justice to it. I should have been glad to have availed myself of this pleasing opportunity to have adverted at length to the innumerable good effects of a Fox-hunting establishment in any county ; but perhaps it will sufficiently answer the purpose of the present occasion to notice one of its most important merits, universally felt in our own, and for which we have been immediately and greatly indebted to you—I mean, the promotion of that cordial feeling and good fellowship between all ranks, without which a country life would be deprived of half its pleasures.

On your retirement from the management of the Essex and Suffolk Border Hounds, it was instantly proposed to present you with some mark of our general esteem, and of our equally general approbation of your judicious management of the hounds, and of the affable and gentlemanlike bearing observed by you to all your brother sportsmen throughout the country. We trust, Sir, that you will be pleased to receive this token, whatever its intrinsic value, as an inadequate expression, in our sense, of those good feelings which have suggested its presentation. In conclusion, to use the very words of the inscription, ‘ This Cup is presented to you by the Gentlemen and Yeomen of the Essex and Suffolk Border Hunt, to testify the sense they entertain of your liberal and sportsmanlike conduct during the time you hunted the country.’ ”

To this address Mr. Mules, evidently with great feeling and emphasis, made the following reply :—

“ Gentlemen,

“ I receive this flattering, this splendid and elegant token of your remembrance and good wishes with feelings of the greatest pleasure and pride.

“ If, in the several years wherein I have had the honour, the gratifying honour, of being followed to the field by so large a portion

of the Gentry and Yeomanry of this and the adjoining county, I have been fortunate in securing, with the approbation of the experienced, the kind and friendly feeling of all my brother sportsmen, believe me, I value the acquisition as a reward well worthy of a long and ardent pursuit—a prize beyond all price!

"In having been the humble means of promoting by this healthful amusement good fellowship among you all, and of strengthening the social links which bind us all together, of whatever grade or rank, it is impossible not to feel such a result rebound to my own breast with accumulated pleasure.

"Vain, however, would have been my best endeavours unsupported by the Yeomanry of our country: to that highly, respectable, and valuable body of men, whether present in the field or absent, I must ever feel indebted for their cordial, hearty, and generous support at all times.

"Gentlemen—Though the 'horn of chase' be no longer heard in the groves of Dedham—this is my last trophy (holding up a silver cup set in the head of

the last fox killed)—I rejoice to think that the cheering sounds are not destined to die away: the well-known coverts may even now ring to the horn of my successor, who, from his liberal spirit and gentlemanlike bearing, I am convinced will well sustain the enlivening sport.

"I request this deputation to receive my warmest, my most heartfelt thanks, for the very gratifying expression by which it has been pleased to enhance the value of the token; and let me only further add, that I desire to live in the remembrance of all my brethren in the chase, associated in their minds with the pure pleasures of the country and the enjoyments of social intercourse."

This ceremony being concluded, the deputation, with a large party of friends, were entertained with a most sumptuous repast, consisting of every delicacy of the season and the choicest wines, served up with the usual hospitality: nor did the festivities end on that day, but were continued on the following to a still larger party, when the waltz and quadrille were kept up till a late hour.

HOWTH PARK RACES.

THESE Races, which were considerably and spiritedly set on foot principally by that excellent resident proprietor and first-rate sportsman, Lord Howth, commenced in the Park, at his seat at Howth Castle, about nine miles from this city, on Thursday last. How sincerely his Lordship's Dublin tradesmen entered into the merits of the case will be best seen by the fact of their having subscribed for a very handsome Cup. This piece of plate, the grateful tri-

bute of esteem and respect to a resident Nobleman and the patron of everything conducive to the enjoyment of the citizens of Dublin, and the munificent promoter of the prosperity of his tenantry and all around him, was on Wednesday presented to his Lordship at his ancient Baronial residence by a deputation consisting of the following gentlemen: Messieurs Drummond, Kearney, Morgan, and R. Baker (Sheriff Elect). At half-past two the deputation were received by the

Noble Earl, when Mr. Kearney presented the Cup, accompanying it with an address; after which they partook of a splendid repast, and departed equally gratified with the principle of their mission, as the manner in which it was received by the Noble object.

The number of persons of all grades who assembled on the race ground on the first day exceeded any former occasion. The road from Dublin to Howth presented for some hours during the day almost one continuous stream of conveyances. The park was opened for the indiscriminate admission of private and public vehicles. The course was fenced, in that part where the throng of spectators was greatest, by chains and ropes extending from posts fixed in the ground, to prevent idle horsemen or awkward drivers from intruding. The Old Windmill was neatly fitted up for the reception of the Earl's immediate friends and visitors: it was crowded, as from its height an uninterrupted view of the course is obtained. There were also two stands erected, with booths of entertainment underneath, and from these also the running could be excellently seen. A serious inconvenience, however, was experienced at the second turnpike on the Dublin road through the violence of those employed to exact the impost. The leader of these was an Amazon, who fearlessly seized the most impetuous horse by the head, until the receivers collected; a hulking ruffian meantime with huge shalalah in his hand held the gate, and was as inexorable as Cerberus until he got the pass-word from this *Penthesilea furens*, who had her apron tied before her, in which she put all her receipts. Some wag, however, contrived, in one of her most hurried moments, to cut the string, and, to her utter dismay, all the contents were prostrate in the dust.

There was a great delay in the start for the first race. Two o'clock was named, but it was near three before the horses were at the post. A Silver Cup, value 50gs., presented by the Earl of Howth's tradesmen, to which the Club added 50 sovs., in ad-

dition to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. h. ft.; second horse to save his stake: to start at the distance post, and once round; heats; two sovs. entrance.

Mr. Brannick's ch. c. Newbrook,	
by Roller, 3 yrs, 10st. 6lb.	1 1
Mr. J. Osborne's ch. g. Paul Clifford, 5 yrs, 11st. 13lb.	0 2
Mr. Hunter's ch. a. Mirza, 4 yrs, 11st. 6lb.	0 0
Lord Sligo names ch. c. Mandeville, 3 yrs, 9st. 9lb.	0 0
Captain Mountmorency's b. g. Saddle, 5 yrs, 12st. 11lb.	2 dis.
Lord Howth's b. h. Mountabank, 5 yrs, 11st. 2lb.	0 dis.
Mr. Hamilton's g. by Roller, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb.	0 dis.
Lord Miltown's ch. h. Cinnamon, by Middleton, 5 yrs, 12st. 12lb.; and Mr. Knaresborough's br. h. Silly Pat, by Langer, 6 yrs, 13st. 2lb. paid forfeit.—	
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. Kangaroo, Mr. Hyne's br. c. Haphazard, and Mr. Batterby's ch. h. Barbones, did not start.	

The Howth Whip, presented by the Earl of Howth, with 30 sovs. added, for horses that have been hunted during the last season with the Howth Stag-hounds, or any established pack of fox-hounds, the property of Officers whose regiments are quartered in the district, or subscribers to the Howth Stag-hounds during the season, added to a sweepstakes of five sovs. each; two miles.

Captain Vaughan's br. g. Caleb, by Waterloo, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. (Lord Howth)	1
Mr. B. Knox's b. g. Gridiron, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. (Mr. Evan)	2

An excellently contested race.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, 30 added; two-mile heats, weight for age:—3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 3lb.; six and aged, 11st. 10lb. (3lb. to mares and geldings); the winner to be sold for 30 sovs. on the usual terms, but not to be delivered until the Saturday evening of the meeting, the original owner to have all his engagements until delivered: two sovs. entrance.

Lord Howth's br. h. Concave, 5 yrs, 1 2
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. Kangaroo, 6 yrs
Mr. Evan's ch. g. Watton, aged
Mr. H. Kildahl's br. g. Silly Billy, aged

Mr. Knaresborough's b. g. Spasm, 3 yrs	0 0
Mr. Smyth's b. g. Paddy Kelly, 4 yrs, 0 dis.	
Mr. Ally's b. g. Master Kean, aged	0 dis.
The Chevalier Ebre's b. g. Mump- per, by Tramp, aged	0 dis.

The races for this day were concluded by half-past six.

A splendid *dejeuner* was given by the Earl and Countess of Howth at the Castle, prior to the race for the Tradesmen's Cup, to the Nobility and Gentry, among whom were the Earl of Miltown, Lord A. Paget, Lord Cecil, Sir H. Vivian, Sir Maxwell and Lady Wallace, Le Chevalier Ebre (first Aid to the King of Prussia), Colonel White of Woodlands, Colonel White of Killakee, Hon. G. Vaughan, Hon. Capt. Paget, Captains Bligh and Radcliffe, Messrs. Battersby, Hunter, Kennedy, &c.

SECOND DAY.—*Friday, Sept. 13th.*
—The weather proved very unfavorable for the citizens, who might have been desirous to see the sport. In the morning it rained heavily, but about mid-day cleared partially, and numbers were drawn towards the scene of sport. The sun shone out as far as the Fox House; but the surmount of Old Benhedder was clothed in mist, a token to the Fingalians of wet weather. On the race-ground all day there was a continued drizzle, accompanied by a north-east wind, which made the prospect bleak, and those who were present uncomfortable.

The first race which came off was the Gold Cup, presented by the Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency to the Howth Racing Club—the winner of it two successive years to keep it—added to a Sweepstakes of 15gs. 10 ft., and 50 sovs. added by the Club; to start at the Two Mile Post; heats; weight for age:—3 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.; four, 10st. 11lb.; five, 11st. 5lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; aged, 12st. (8lb. to mares and geldings): half-bred horses that never won the Warblers to be allowed 7lb.:—and half-bred horses that never started for a Plate allowed 3lb. more: second horse to save his stake: to be *bona fide* the property of subscribers: two sovs. entrance.

Captain Vaughan's br. g. Caleb, by Waterloo, 5 yrs (Lord Howth) ...	1 1
Mr. McEroy's ch. m. Moll Doyle, 6 yrs (Mr. Montgomery)	2 3
Captain Caldwell's b. c. by Roller, 3 yrs (Mr. Dixon)	3 2
Mr. Jourell's ch. c. by Musician, 4 yrs (Mr. Caldwell)	4 4
This race was won easily by Caleb. Mr. Battersby's gr. c. Baron, 4 yrs, fell lame in the first heat. Mr. Osborne did not name.	

The next race was the Howth Park Corinthian Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 sovs. added, for hunters: second horse to save his stake: to start at the distance post: once round and home: two sovs. entrance.

Mr. Farrell's ch. g. Paul Clifford, 5 yrs, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Perse)	1 1
The Chevalier Ebre's b. h. Mounte- bank, 5 yrs, 10st. 10lb. (Ld. Howth) 4	2
Mr. Caldwell's ch. c. Mirza, 4 yrs, 11st. (Mr. Dixon)	2 0
Mr. Hamilton's g. by Roller, 5 yrs, 10st. 4lb. (Mr. J. Hamilton)	3 0
Captain Montmorency's bl. m. Off-ahe- goes, by Shanks, aged 11st. 2lb.; Captain Vaughan's b. g. Ratcatcher, aged, 11st. 2lb.; and Lord Miltown's ch. c. Juniper, 3 yrs, 9st. 11lb. were drawn.	

This race was severely contested in the second heat between Paul Clifford and Mountebank, and Lord Howth was very hard on the latter, but it would not do.

Here the races ended for the day. There was no crowd, therefore no confusion, as on the first day, when it almost was the National Debt to a rotten apple against escaping unhurt in passing through the gate. The Noble Earl most praiseworthily prevented the Roulette gamblers, &c., from entering the booths at or near the race ground; but they were, nevertheless, on the spot, issuing their cards descriptive of where they were to be found in Dublin during the week of the races—and that within a stone's throw of *College-street Police Office!* Amongst the additional arrivals at the Castle were, the Earl of Roscommon, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Blaney, the Hon. Colonel Westenra, Mr. Power of Kilfane (the two latter Masters of the King's County and Kilkenny Fox-hounds), the Chevalier Ebre, &c.

THIRD AND LAST DAY—Saturday, Sept. 14th.—The weather was very propitious, but, from whatever cause it arose, the sport was as indifferent; and on the whole, more especially this day, the races were anything but as good as we were led to expect from the original articles. There was evidently a lack of horses, and two of the races did not fill—viz. the Ladies' Plate, and the Battersby Whip. That a Ladies' Plate in Ireland should not fill is not a little astonishing; and that the Whip, which that veteran and distinguished supporter of the Irish Turf, and, if not altogether the Father of that Turf, second to none as to the length and strength of his practice and judgment, Battersby, presented to the Club, failed to draw a good field, is still more so. It was a superb piece of manufacture, worthy of the best judge in Ireland, and cost him fifty sovereigns. It will of course be held over for some future meeting.

The first race was a Match of 50 sovs., half a mile. Mr. Battersby's ch. h. Barebones, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. beat easily the Chevalier Ebre's b. g. Mumper, by Tramp, aged, 10st. 7lb. The Chevalier rode his own nag, and

would have been more at home *en militaire* at the Congress. Though apparently not deficient in head or nerve, he is far abroad in a racing saddle.

Howth Park Hunters' Stake of five sovs. each, three forfeit, with 20 added: two sovs. entrance: to start at the winning post, and once round.

Captain Vaghan's b. g. Ratcatcher, aged, 10st. 11lb. (Lord Howth)	0	1	1
Mr. Ferguson's bl. m. Off-shegoes, 11st.	1	2	2
Mr. F. B. Knox's b. g. Gridiron, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb.	2	0	0
Mr. Knaresborough's ch. h. Minstrel Boy, 6 yrs, 11st. 11b.	3	0	0
Mr. Kildahl's b. g. Master Kean, aged, 10st. 9lb.	0	3	0

Second heat won cleverly; last well contested by Ratcatcher and Off-shegoes.

A Scurry, or Hack Stakes, concluded the sports, which passed off pleasantly; but it is to be hoped that such exertions, highly to the honour of those concerned, which were made to promote good running, will on another occasion prove more successful, and that a better field of horses, or sufficient to fill the Stakes, &c. may be brought to the scratch.—I am, &c.

EBLANENSIS.

Dublin, Sept. 16, 1833.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS, MEN, AND COUNTRY.

SIR,

HAVING some two or three years ago addressed to you a few brief remarks on the subject of Warwickshire as a hunting country, and on Leamington as head-quarters not to be excelled in the kingdom, I was in hopes that it might have led some Brother Sportsman much more equal to the task to have followed

Leamington, October 10, 1833.

my example, and occasionally, if not regularly, contributed to your pages, by transmitting to you an account of the many very brilliant things which have occurred in this country, the particulars of which I am sure would have been perused with the greatest interest and satisfaction by all your subscribers. I cannot tell you how

* Mr. Battersby has been on the Irish Turf near half a century. To name all the good ones he has had would be no easy matter; but who can think of the Master without recollecting Jerry Sneak, who carried 18st. over the Four-mile Course, at the Curragh, in nine minutes and a few seconds, and in an hour afterwards came out and won the King's Plate, beating the best of the day? He was got by Chocolate (a son of Sweetbriar and Bonduca by Brandy) out of Mother Browne by Trunnon, a son of Old Cade. Mr. Battersby was in his day the best Gentleman Jockey in Ireland; and, at all times the best judge of a race horse and his book on the Irish Turf.

VOL. VIII.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 43.

E

much I regret that so many gallant affairs should have been lost to the *Sporting World*, save the few who were fortunate enough to witness them. However, as the like may and most probably will occur again, I promise you that if no else will take the trouble to notice them, I will, should you consider my communications from time to time worthy of notice in your pages.

If my memory serves me, the reason for my troubling you on a former occasion was in consequence of a change in the management of the Warwickshire Establishment. I may now plead the same excuse, and I trust you will be equally indulgent, as I am anxious that all men of the right sort should be made acquainted with any interesting particular connected with this fine fox-hunting country, certainly second to none in the world except Leicestershire. For the last three seasons the hounds, which you of course know are a subscription pack, have been under the excellent management of Mr. Russell, than whom in the field I never saw a more gentlemanlike person or a better sportsman in my life; and had he been as determined and decided when he saw gross errors committed by would-be-thought sportsmen, as he was amiable and condescending, I think he could not be exceeded as a Master of Fox-hounds: and it must be allowed, that, notwithstanding his forbearance, he managed to afford more good sport than usually falls to the lot of any country; and I may add, that the last season was a fair justification of this remark, having been productive of plenty of foxes, and

more than an average of excellent runs, many of which I should be too happy to ride over again on paper if it would not be trespassing too much on your valuable pages. In taking leave of Mr. Russell, I must do him the justice to say, that no successor can be found who can shew more kindness and consideration for the pleasure, convenience, and happiness of his brother sportsmen than he uniformly did on all occasions; and as long as fox-hunting continues the leading amusement of this country, I trust all well-wishers to the noble sport will on every proper occasion drink the health of, and happiness to, him who has so largely contributed to the health, happiness, and prosperity of others.

It is intended, I understand, to commence the approaching season on the 28th of the present month, under the auspices of Mr. Thornhill, in whose judicious arrangement I doubt not we shall experience our usual share of good sport; and, if I may judge from present appearances, and from what little I have the pleasure of knowing of Mr. Thornhill's character, as a crack rider and first-rate sportsman, nothing will be wanting to insure it. I confess I know very little of the facts respecting the funds necessary for this extensive concern; but I trust what I hear on the subject is correct, that a sufficient subscription is already secured; but, if not, I feel quite satisfied this will ultimately be the case: and I have no hesitation in saying, that, should it be required, one or even two hundred pounds might be collected in Leamington alone, were the inhabitants properly consulted and

applied to; for in fact it is their interest as well as their duty to do so, in consideration of past favours and future prospects, the great advantages the Leamingtonians must necessarily derive from the very great influx of visitors on account of the hunting being evident to every observer, since I know of no place so much resorted to on this score, the far-famed Melton Mowbray excepted: and as it is determined that the Dunchurch country shall be added to the Hunt, there can be very little doubt of this place becoming, from its many local and peculiar advantages, the most fashionable winter resort in the kingdom. In fact we have already many arrivals of the right sort, including some of the best and hardest riders of the day; and a still greater number have taken houses for themselves and families, and almost every stable, &c. is engaged for their horses and servants. It is also well known that in consequence of the great promise of increased sport some of the residents have enlarged their studs,

and if they come out as they probably will, and put on their riding toggery as they talk of doing, it is possible in due time I may have something to communicate more than commonly interesting. Should it prove so, you may "book it" to a certainty, or it shall be your fault, not mine.

Before concluding I ought to mention, that while we are about to rally round a fresh leader in the field, the office of Master of the Ceremonies has passed into the hands of Major Hawkes, a Gentleman in every way calculated to promote, in his difficult and important department, the best interests of Leamington, and to administer with good sense and gentlemanlike feeling to the enjoyments of the young, the gay, and the fashionable.

Yours, &c. JOHN BULL.

P.S. It will give much pleasure to the friends of Sir E. Mestyn to learn that he intends again to winter here, and to bring with him his crack pack of beagles, thereby adding considerably to the round of our amusements.

SPORTS OF THE ARDENNES — DINANT, &c.

SIR,
FEW towns can boast a prettier site, or a more singular appearance, than Dinant. Narrowed by the rock on its rear, and by the river on its front, it has only sufficient space for a tolerably wide street: so, small as it is, stretching parallel with the stream, it shews its whole extent to the greatest advantage. From the top of the perpendicular rock of the citadel, and directly over the slender church-spire, projects a

wooden watch-tower, or rather watch-box. As a work of art it may have no great merit, for two stout rafters might suffice for its foundation; but, when standing in the market-place, and looking up to the bottom of a building resting its gable end on the rock, and that a somewhat dizzy height, it appears singularly picturesque. The citadel, though neither so large, nor to a civil eye of so imposing appearance, is, I rather

think, a stronger fortification than that of Namur. It has the command of all the surrounding heights, and rakes for two or three miles up and down the only military causeway in its neighbourhood, that on the river bank. An old ruined castle on the rock opposite the town has a romantic legend, perhaps an apocryphal one. In the time of the Spaniards it was attacked by a foraging party while its garrison was absent. Three young ladies, daughters of the Lord, retreated to the turret overhanging the rock. When this last defence was no longer tenable, to preserve their honour from the soldiery, these brave girls, embracing each other, leaped from the walls, and were of course dashed to pieces. A peasant told me this tale, and on his faith alone I give it; but the tower at any rate is there, and tall enough for the consequences of the tumble.

This description of Dinant and its environs is a little out of date, for when we arrived it was night, and night, even with the brightest of moons, gives but uncertain views. Passing the old song of bed and supper, though thereby we consign to unjust oblivion a trout *cuite à raviger*, and a *gigot d'Ardenne*, rather smaller than an English leg of lamb, and flavored of every wild flower on the hill side, we are once more at the Meuse, angle in hand.

There is a salmon wier below the town of singular construction, in the form a wedge, with the point down stream, and terminating in a net, like the Court of Chancery—the fish may more easily enter than get from: to this net is attached a bell, and should some large prey enter, his

flounderings ring the tocsin, and he is soon secured. But I do not think the salmon sufficiently abundant to repay all this machinery for their accommodation. Large pike and barbel are also taken in this trap at floods. The river is rented to net-fishers by the Government, but the size of the mesh is very properly regulated so as to allow the escape of the smaller fry. Anglers are perfectly free.

Returning to our personal history, I rose and hooked in the morning a giant of the river. I never saw more of him than the curl in the water from his rise, for after running up stream with every inch of my line, and making a semicircle of my rod, he snapped my gut-link, leaving me, in what state of temper an angler may guess. Who or what he was I know not, but I am sure no base born chub ever displayed such fortitude of fin.

After this bitter disappointment all other captures appeared so insignificant that I soon put up my gear, and, crossing the bridge, walked into the town. It was market-day, and the finest fruit and vegetables of the season were scattered over the square: cherries large and juicy for a sous the pound, butter twelve sous, a sucking-pig for only twenty-six sous—in fact everything far below half the prices of an English market. Not having, *à l'Anglaise*, cried, “La! how cheap!” we presume our successors will find things *in statu quo*. Verily the words “how cheap!” have proved a pair of expensive monosyllables to the tourists of England. We remember, when at Ostend, accompanying a lady to the shop of the well-known

Madame Vanden Abeel, who was selling to our fair companion very pretty caps at three francs and a half a piece. A *Jenny Raw*; who witnessed the transaction, exclaimed, "La! how cheap!" Madame took the hint, and forthwith raised them to fifteen francs, whispering our friend to hold her tongue, and that, like the Flemings, she should have them at the old price. In fact, an English and native price, differing widely of course, are common to all the continent.

We now commissariatied ourselves with bread, beef-steaks, matches, and all other requisites for a forest ramble, in a country where houses are very scarce and very ill-supplied—of course we did not forget to replenish our flasks with *veritable cognac*. Before leaving Dinant we certainly inquired the road across the wood to the village we intended to make; but, if the most perspicuous of pedestrians ever could understand or profit by the variation of right and left, with all the accessories of cross-roads, bye-paths, brooks, heath, &c. &c. galloped through in execrable French by a Walloon peasant, we own ourselves the dullest of woodsmen. With a profusion of thanks to our director for his most intelligible information, we set out, not very sure that we were even then following his advice. Keeping to the Meuse for nearly a league, we passed a rock that runs suddenly up, pillar wise, to the height of seventy feet from the river; it is of an oblong square at its base, but grows pointed towards the top, and appears as if cut away from the cliffs of the river. Except the rock in the Dove I know of nothing similar. At a little

distance the Lesse falls into the Meuse, and here with many a lingering look we bade adieu for a time to our beautiful river. The banks of the Lesse, a stream somewhat larger than the Colne, soon shew that whatever little cultivation may be seen on the main river is unknown there. The hills become more densely wooded, the paths and bridle roads from the river bank more rare, and the peasants few and far between. At a point where the stream appeared to form an abrupt angle in the distance, we thought, by crossing the hill, to gain considerable way, and, as usual, our short cut proved very long: for, after toiling up the hill, which at every foot became steeper and more thickly wooded, and then scrambling down the other side, we had missed the river. Instead of wisely following the brook in the hollow to its junction with the Lesse, we made another bold dash at our short cut, and were very soon completely out of all reckoning. The wood tangled more and more, and the little foot-path we had hailed as a certain guide to somewhere dwindled to a thread, and finally vanished entirely in the sward. To crown our mishap, as the sun was very potent and the sky without a breath, we began to feel a thirst almost Arabian. The fiery contents of our flasks, though to Captain Parry and his frozen companions they would have been invaluable, were here of course useless. We pressed on eagerly, hoping to fall in with some brook, but the increasing denseness of the underwood, and the uncertainty of our direction, delayed us greatly. Just as our thirst grew to "something fierier

far than flame," a low silvery murmur rose from beneath us; we pushed on eagerly—it was water!...Never did stream appear so beautiful. Perfectly insensible to the scratches incurred in our descent, we leaped down the precipitous bank: in an instant my whole head was plunged into the water, and I verily believe, only a pilgrim of the Zahara could have the slightest idea of my raptures. When cooled and refreshed, we turned to look where we were. From a rock some fifteen feet in height, "with a gentle leap the rill ran o'er" into a basin it had hollowed for itself, and there resting for a moment bounded away along its broken channel. Several feet around the turf, free from brushwood, was constantly refreshed by the spray, and shielded from the swart sun by every variety of forest foliage, from the sturdy oak leaf to the plumed boughs of the elegant birch. On the opposite side of the basin lay a trout, slowly fanning his fins, and occasionally rising for the fly which fell from the branch above him. Anglers as we were, we did not rob the scene of its old inhabitant, but left him at peace, where we hope our successors have still allowed him to remain.

Not the least pleasing feature in this beautiful little oasis was the innumerable Alpine strawberries spotting the sward like a shower of rubies. Small wonder then, if the springy softness of the grass and the ceaseless music of the stream beguiled us, wearied and heated as we were, into a deep luxuriant slumber. When we awoke from this delightful siesta, the long shadows were warning us to depart; a "stir-

rup cup" from the fount, and a kind farewell, if not in words, in thought, to this boudoir of the woods, and we set out in quest of the hamlet we had marked as our resting place for the night. But vainly did we look from every height where the wood was thin—vainly did we make observatories of the trees—not the slightest trace of hamlet could we discover; nothing but apparently interminable foliage spreading around us, and not a peasant did we meet in our march. As evening drew on, we began to make up our mind for a gipsy encampment. We gained the bank of a large brook, and there resolved on passing the night, selecting a spot well sheltered by a rock and a large oak, and there, leaving my comrade to arrange the culinary department, I tried my skill on the brook. The bushes would not admit of throwing a fly, but with the natural insect I succeeded in taking some tarn trout, averaging half a pound.

When I returned to our encampment I was really astonished at its excellent preparations. The Major Domo had built a fireplace of large stones, collected fuel for the night, and formed two couches of reeds and long grass. I soon put his kitchen range to the proof, and if I have partaken of more regular suppers, I can fairly say I never enjoyed one more; the appetite we had lost in the heat of the day now returned to us with double ardour, and many a long and loving embrace did our flasks undergo, their contents of course tamed by the brook. But what was my surprise and delight when that excellent fellow, the cook, produced from his scrip a bottle of claret,

with which he, kind foreseeing soul ! had burthened himself from Dinant unknown to me. How he had resisted the temptation during our morning's thirst is a mystery beyond my powers of divination. The long-necked gentleman was soon plunged into the stream, and was then discussed by us with infinite gusto. And glorious we were when our meerschauts were called into action ! We had one happy advantage over any similar adventure in the woods of Britain ; we knew that we were in the actual neighbourhood of the wolf and the boar, both inhabitants of this vast forest, which once covered the whole of Flanders to the sea shore, and which still stretches on to the Hartz mountains.

There is a romance in sleeping *à la belle étoile* on a spot where some fierce denizen of the woods has perhaps prowled the previous night, especially when the quota of danger to be apprehended is not very great. This was in truth our case, for instances of the wolf attacking a man are very rare, except when hunting in packs, and in summer Isgrim is peculiarly cautious. The boar, too, though a far more redoubtable adversary, plays child's play—"let me alone, and I'll let you alone." But hunting him is sport for the Gods ! What is our boasted Chase, where twenty couple of dogs, every one able to eat him, run down and worry a jaded fox, compared to this spirit-stirring hunt ? You go out armed with rifle and spear, for the boar is not disposed to fall tamely. The dogs find ; and hark ! where the grizly monster dashes through the brushwood, snapping the strongest stems like threads ; the gaunt,

long-fanged hound, scarce less savage than himself, baying deeply on his track—but he soon disdains flight ; he turns on his pursuers ; the wary old dogs avoid his rush, to attack him behind : he shakes the inexperienced from his broad chest, "unseamed from the nave to the chops." Now wo be to him whose horse rears in affright.....with the force of a battering ramsteed and rider are hurled to the ground, and without immediate succour the fallen huntsman receives a ghastly rip. Then, too, when his last desperate struggle is over, you need not shame to look on him : he is a noble foe—his red glaring eye, his bristled head and shoulders, from which a leaden bullet has fallen flattened and powerless ; his sinewy shape ; his grim-wrinkled visage and huge tusks crimson with the life-blood of his assailants—he who can look on such a prey, and not feel his heart bound with pride, may be a very good fellow, but had better quit the woods for ever. O ! it is the king of sports ! After it the wolf chase affords but poor excitement : *he* is so swift of foot that only greyhounds can come up with him ; and such is his wind that *he* has been known to gallop thirty leagues at a stretch, and when at last he is overtaken, the resistance he makes is not at all commensurate with his strength. Indeed he is a rank coward, never attacking but at odds. A hunter of the Ardennes will often strike him down with the butt end of his gun. Still, when the remains of a sheep or foal give notice of the felon, it is high fun to see the hamlet pour out its motley-armed population to surround the copse where they

may think to find him. His singular track is a certain clue to him—it is that of a large dog, but with a scratch behind from his long back nail. When he perceives his death inevitable, he sometimes fights obstinately, but never disgraces himself by a yell; he dies in silence.

Having digressed so far from my personal narrative, I will extend my account of the sports of the Ardennes merely to say, that besides the game common to

England, the quails are in great abundance, grouse a few. The large stag, in size equalling a small horse, is there, though scarce: the chevreuril, a small wood deer, is very plentiful—he is not fat and indolent like our park deer, but fleet as the wind and wakeful as a weasel. An introduction to any of the chateaux will obtain permission to shoot over all the forest.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAKUES.

LETTERS FROM COWES—No. VI.

SIR,
OUR season has this year been unusually protracted, and the fine weather we have lately had has been a great temptation for many of the Royal Yacht Squadron and their families to prolong their stay with us. The last act of the drama is, however, now rapidly coming to a close. Meantime Lord Belfast (Vice-Commodore) has shifted his broad pendant from his own Water Witch to the Elizabeth cutter, now laying in the Roads to carry on the harbour duty, and not be without the means of getting about: the Admiralty Yacht, however, and the Ann, belonging to Lord Listowell, are the only vessels now left under his orders; the Commodore having paid off the Falcon immediately upon her return from cruising with the Experimental Squadron; in the course of which, for the credit of the Yacht Squadron, it should be recorded that the Flagship and the Harlequin *beat them all*. Notwithstanding this victory, however, Lord Yarborough has determined to alter the bow of the

Falcon to the same principle as that of the Water Witch—no small feather, I think, in the caps of the stiff sceptics of East Cowes, who have thus maintained successfully their opinions against those of the Government. The improvement must come at last; it is no use blinking the question; the full bows must come off; the Vernon, Vestal, and Co. will not do as models; and, to crown all, the gallant Anglesey is determined to strike his colours to us by putting on another bow to his favorite, the distinguished Pearl! I say “to crown all;” for, if the Noble Marquis was not thoroughly convinced of the failings of his cutter in this particular, no power under heaven would persuade him to change the character of this his darling vessel, which he has been so long and so justly vain of. I may here say that the model of the Pearl’s midship section has been the guide to Lord Belfast for all his cutters, the Water Witch’s midship section being that of his late Louisa. Altogether, judging from the pre-

sent aspect of the horizon, I have no doubt that next season will produce some important changes.

It is impossible not to be amused with your Correspondent NEPTUNE's account of Ladies being on board the yachts; and certainly, on the late trip to Cherbourg, their lovers or admirers had ample opportunity of ascertaining whether the roses or the lilies best suited their taste. I also fully agree with him in advising the Ladies to be satisfied with the smooth water from St. Helen's to the Needles; and to consider it quite sufficient to hear the Gentlemen talk of cracking on outside—*exempli gratiâ* NEPTUNE's capital description of the *Isis** cracking, on after Mr. Moore's Elizabeth, when going over to Cherbourg two years since: and, probably, NEPTUNE will in his turn agree with me, that it is the knowledge of what outside work really is that makes us the less anxious to be far absent from Cowes Roads, particularly when near the time of piping to dinner.

I have just heard from the Mediterranean that another of the crack cutters, the *Turquoise*, has lost her sails, *she being only newly fitted for her voyage five months since!* Crack as she herself may be, her canvas certainly could not have been of the crack sort; and I will venture a bet that her sails were not turned out from Mr. G. Ratsey's loft. An inquiry should unquestionably take place on these matters by a Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron; for, if some people choose to take low contracts for building and equipping crack yachts, they should be held responsible for the conse-

quences of all inferior material^s furnished. Heaven only can divine the amount of serious mischief which may thus be originated!

I am well aware that even in the ranks of the Yacht Squadron there are persons to be found who think themselves exceedingly cunning and clever in beating down some of the builders to their price: and pray what follows as a matter of course? Why the builder is *obliged* to give them *inferior canvas*, and *twice-laid cordage*, to their own great danger and discomfort, as well as that of the crew and passengers who are unfortunate enough to sail with them. "*On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas plus fin que tous les autres:*" and, as Exmouth said, say I, "the Lord protect me from these gentlemen and their cheap-found vessels!" In justice to the R. Y. Squadron, however, I must declare that there exists not a body of men in general more liberal or patriotic, and that the Noble Personages who have contributed to its high repute deserve the best thanks of their country.—Whilst on this subject, I may here mention the indignation that is felt at the manner in which one of their number (the Earl of Durham) has been lately treated by the press of this free country—the most trifling incidents, for example, on board his private yacht having been dragged most scandalously forward, and himself, forsooth, charged with the most flagrant acts of disloyalty in the crime of hoisting the tri-color flag of France; of carrying his own flag above the Royal Standard of England; and a whole host of similar

* The *Isis* is one of the yachts built by the *soi-disant* crack-builder.

enormities too numerous to recapitulate. Now, so far as the tri-color is concerned, all naval people, and not a few landmen, know, that in the signal code there are *two* tri-color flags, which may be mistaken either for the flags of France or Holland, which are **BLUE**, white, red; and the signal flags **RED**, white, blue. Again, the Royal Standard hoisted *above* denotes a Member of the Royal Family *on board*; and in dressing with flags at Cherbourg, the Captain of Lord Durham's yacht hoisted his Lordship's crest at the mast head, over all other flags, which some busy person having remarked, it was immediately changed, Lord Durham himself being on shore, and knowing nothing of the matter.

His Lordship has also been attacked for an alleged trespass and over-bearing conduct in driving through the estate of Mr. Ward of this place; whilst the actual fact is, that both visitors and inhabitants may thank their stars and hug themselves that such a man as his Lordship ever came among them to make a road along the beach to the westward of Cowes, and thus extend their carriage drives, which were before so limited that hardly any one thought it worth while to bring his equipage along with him. The two or three straggling turns-out, in fact, that were here were confined to what the sailors call "a man-of-war-cruise"—namely, there and back again; and a carriage, therefore, at Cowes has been hitherto justly considered rather as an incumbrance than a luxury. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, as Jack Frenchman says. However, as to the road in question, its great offence, I presume,

consists in its lying along His Majesty's sea-beach in front of a distant rough field belonging to this said Mr. Ward, who, in consequence, thus shows his teeth and runs counter to the R. Y. S., and, by a natural deduction, to the interests of the town of Cowes. *Quere*—Does he imagine that he will thereby raise himself in the estimation of its inhabitants? most of whom I understand regard him with anything but a friendly feeling. I sincerely hope **NERTUNE** will not coalesce with this person, who seems to wish to drive us all away, and make the objections of Mr. Ward a kind of diversion in favour of his (N.'s) pet *protégé*, Ryde, where he says the timid and infirm may enjoy the sea air on the Pier, and have all the benefits of ships, boats, &c. Now, I say, they may have all this as well, and better too, at Brighton, only fifty miles from town, and without any steam-boats, on that beautiful chain pier, and with the addition of what the local papers call the *breeze from the ocean*—and a *real sea breeze* too, not one blowing from the mud banks of Binstead or Wootton Bridge.

However, I am always ready to do justice to Ryde, which is a most agreeable place to those who are in wind, and can surmount the difficulties of its hilly streets, and who do not wish to live on the water. But to those whose business and pleasure is at sea or in boats, Cowes, and Cowes alone, *is the place*: and to prove that it is generally thought to be so, I need only say that the beautiful villas and mansions of Ryde are in comparison deserted, while the merest hovels are seized upon at this favoured spot, at

double the rent, by those who most willingly leave their splendid homes for its varied enjoyments: and, *me judice*, its admirable position will ever retain the decided preference shewn it.

I speak as I think and hope. I must now, however, say farewell, and, for the present, subscribe myself your constant reader and well wisher,
J. B. G.

October 10, 1853.

A SOBER SONG—BY A MODERATE TIPPLER.

I PAIN would sing a Sober Song,
As fitting times like these,
But I am not a Temp'rance man,
So may do as I please:
And now I please to try to please,
And shew you what I think,
That most of us will take our ease,
And many of us drink.
Then may we never want a glass,
When harmony begins,
Nor ever have to say, "Alas!
We're brought to empty binns."

I do not like that men should stoop
But to a *stoup* of wine,
For that, if you are fond of talk,
Will surely make you shine:
Of speeches some men like to brag—
Then if that is their forte,
The best thing to increase their *may*,
A *magnum* is of Port.
Then may, &c.

I like not *crustiness* in man,
In Port 'tis good to see;
And if by bee I must bestung,
In wine his wing shall be:
Of drinking *quarts* some make a *pint*,
But that's too fast to strike;
And if you ask the pace for me—
The *D. Canter* I like.
Then may, &c.

A Parson, bless his reverend heart!
Though moderate he may be,
A bowl of *Bishop* cannot pass,
If looking like a *Sae*.
Your Undertaker, though he still
Quite sober may appear,
Yet in his heart is very fond
Of ev'ry sort of *Bier*.
Then may, &c.

Some Doctors fancy *Hollands* much,
 But christen it *Dutch Drops*,
 Whilst *Brandy* they call *Alcohol*
 When in their physic shops :
 And should they spurn the juice of malt,
 It is but in their jokes ;
 For though they mayn't like *ale*, 'tis clear
 They all like *ailing* folks.

Then may, &c.

I'll not be *stippant* about *tip*,
 Though *Sailors* sometimes be,
 Who like not to be *out of Port*,
 Though they are on the sea.
 The grape's bright juice the Soldier loves,
 But if grape-shot is sent,
 He'd rather be within his camp,
 Confin'd to nought but *tent*.

Then may, &c.

The Israelites they say are soon
 In Parliament to sit,
 And if they think the thing a boon,
 There's *Rothschild* is quite fit.
 But though the Jews detest our pork,
 And at our bacon mock,
 I'm sure a *hogshead* they would like,
 Though it was fill'd with *hock*.

Then may, &c.

Recluses, Pilgrims, and e'en Saints,
 Though wonderfully sage,
 Yet in all *ages* have been known,
 To doat on *hermitage*.
 Your tea-drinkers, and botanists,
 As through the world they rub,
 All join with gard'ners, there's no doubt,
 In being friends to *shrub*.

Then may, &c.

Your *burden-bearers*, 'tis well known,
 For *porter* yield a thank ;
 And 'tis as clear your *gill* drinkers
 May draw upon *Gill-bank**.
 Champagne may ease a real pang,
 'Tis thought to have that knack :
 And sure the coal and corn trade too
 Should always stick to *sack*.

Then may we never want a glass,
 When harmony begins,
 Nor ever have to say, "Alas !
 We're brought to empty binns !"

J. M. LACEY.

* A celebrated gin-spinner near Temple Bar.

A FEW WORDS FROM *BURCOT* AS TO THE LATE DONCASTER ST. LEGER, &c. &c.

"For e'en though beaten he can argue still."

GOLDSMITH.

SIR,

THAT I stand somewhat in the predicament of a false prophet as to the coming off of the St. Leger Race is, I fear, but too obvious; nor can it be denied that one horse which I thought little of, and another which I held in still less estimation, have been fated to pass the post as first and second. Nevertheless, however astonished I may be at this and other little occurrences at the late Meeting, there would be "balm in Gilead," as honest Baillie Jarvie has it, even for a more unexpected and extraordinary result: and the glorious triumph to the Turf of two Yorkshire trainers having publicly spoken to the best of their belief about their horses, and being detected in telling the truth, must be considered by any well-wisher to its soundness as cheaply gained at the expense of a little incorrect prediction. Having paid this compliment, however, to the *veracity* and the *judgment* of Messrs. Scott and Shepherd, let me proceed to trespass for a few minutes on your indulgence, whilst I compare *generally* the result of the race with what I had previously said of it, and make also some few passing observations which will naturally suggest themselves.

And first, to use the words of a Yorkshireman who has just left me, "have we as yet had any Leger race at all?" He says there was nothing of the sort at

Doncaster; and of a verity, Mr. Editor, I am much inclined to be of his opinion. Beyond all doubt some twenty three-year-olds got together at the post on the afternoon of Tuesday the 17th inst., and walked, trotted, and cantered over the usual course, all the best friends in the world, and gossiping most harmoniously together, in rather less time than I have more than once seen the *Cup Race* decided (only three-quarters of a mile further!), and at about the same pace that was the next day to decide the Edmonton Selling Plate of 50 sovereigns at Enfield Wash.

But to call this tinkering*, leather-plating work, achieved, ye shades of Ebor and Orville! in three minutes and *thirty-nine seconds!!!* the coming-off of the *Great Doncaster St. Leger*, is, in my humble opinion, a profanation to the Yorkshire Turf that no Yorkshireman can ever endure, and forms a subject that, in the presence of a good Yorkshire pistol-shot, I should be particularly cautious to allude to. I once heard a North-countryman call the Derby "a hack race, fit only for Londoners to look at." Were he not in his grave, poor fellow! I think I could now return his compliment with interest. I must get on, however, with my gallop, or I shall be as long in going over *my* course as Mr. Rockingham was in travelling *his*. I say then at once, that a fals^r or more

* I beg leave to say that I am not making any allusion here to Mr. Watt's *Tinker*. Ten years ago he would have shewn them, I *guess* (as brother Jonathan says), rather a different way of proceeding.

nugatory race than the late Leger was never run over any course in Christendom; and that but for another subsequent event or two we should be just as much in the dark as ever with regard to the merits of the horses engaged in it. Every page and every line of the volume, indeed, is crammed with the most arrant and palpable untruths. First and foremost, we have a horse that wins *over the same length at York*, with the most consummate ease, in 3 min. 17 sec.; and now, *making all the play, and cutting out all the work*, can only get placed *fourth* (and some dispute his even being so forward) in *two-and-twenty seconds more!* Again, we have Mulley Moloch—a horse whose blood does anything but warrant his shutting up—who, after running away at a *real Leger pace* from his horses in the York Derby—a mile and a half—cannot scramble his way out of the crowd to be *supposed even sixth or seventh!* The grand Epsom Derby favorite, who there came in *last* instead of first, but who was quite as well then as he is now, runs positively a respectable *fifth!* whilst a horse that has been out twice only—once to be beat as a two-year-old, and in the ensuing spring to be the bungling winner of a mile race against two noted bad ones—is declared the actual and easy winner! An animal, that ran on the only occasion of his appearance at Newmarket to be all but distanced, is placed *second!* hard pressed too for his enviable place by a creature that I venture to say not five men at Doncaster knew was named for the Leger, or even breathing, or in existence! 'H θαυματα πολλά! as old Andar has it; and if I chose I

could write a *Magazine* on the falsities and discrepancies of this, untruly called, *race*. I have said, however, enough perhaps for my purpose; and I am sure that every unbiassed man, whether trainer, owner, or jockey, must agree with me in my assertions. In making them, I of course have adopted for my text the *dictum* so roundly put forth by the correspondent of the newspapers, namely, "that all the horses were run to win." The man, however, might have been quite assured that such a statement was uncalled for at Doncaster, God bless him! This has always been, and ever will be the case, as all who know anything of the Leger annals must acknowledge: and all my wonder is, that people can still be found sufficiently captious and suspicious—not to say foolish and absurd—to suppose for one instant that orders *could* be given to a jockey to lose so valuable a stake; or that, granting he received them, "Honest John this," or "Incorruptible Jem the other," would be base enough to his best master, the Public, and blind enough, in the long run, to his own interest, to appear, for any consideration, as old *Trapbois* says, in so villainous and so disgraceful a character as that of a turf swindler and turf felon!

To leave this part of my subject, however (*in which of course there cannot be the slightest difference of opinion*), let me now see (taking the race as I find it) where I have been in error as to my "Prediction" in your last Number; and all that I ask to be conceded to me is, that those horses which do not start are not generally considered to have much chance in the actual event. On

these *data*, therefore, I need not say a word about Marpessa, Satan, Lady Moore Carew, Tim, &c. &c.; and of those who actually started it will be found, I think, that I ventured more than one pretty accurate opinion. I hinted that The Mole's condition would fail him; it did so: ditto Glaucus, who, if well, must have won it as the race was run. I advised my readers to have nothing to do with Connoisseur—where was he? Revenge I had a bad opinion of—where was he also? Jack Faucet ran as I said he would—not a winner, but not a bad one. Lot, Laurel, and Deceiver were where I placed them. Sister to Retainer, though never like a winner, would, I thought, have run rather more forward than she did; and in the vile pace of the proceeding Mr. Hunter ought certainly to have been nearer the front rank. Of Tutor I say nothing: before the day he was the certain winner forsooth! and so say his party now *he would have been—if—if—if* (oh! those interminable *ifs*!) that inexperienced novice Robinson had not allowed himself to be shut out!!! Anne, considering everything, did wonders, and proved herself a good mare, and if thoroughly well would have amply sustained both my prediction and her own York running. Dead amiss, only look at what she did during the week; and thus far I maintain that there have been guessing caps worse put on than that of your humble servant.—But now, Mr. Buncor, hide, pray hide your diminished head; for forward come a *partie quarrée* to demolish you—Messieurs Rockingham, Mussulman, Muley Molo, and Belshazzar! Indeed!

and why should they demolish me? Did I not speak of them as of the others, according to *their public running*; and, looking at that as a criterion (I should like to see the man who denies it to be the best one extant), is there a human being breathing who will contravene or contradict one syllable of what I advanced? I neither command, nor profess to command (and if I did command I would not divulge), the secrets of either of the three stables that these horses belong to: I stated what I did state from what was *done*, not *said*, in public; and though for once the test has failed, I would again pin my faith on it, were the Leger still in abeyance, in spite of everything that we have heard and witnessed. There is a great charm, nevertheless, in novelty: and I am therefore charmed in *excelsis* to see the tale of private trials gain for once the victory over public performance; and as I set out by saying—

“Honor to those to whom honor is due; Scott, Watt, and Shepherd—honor to you!”

“*Macte virtute iud.*”—Therefore trainer, touter, or whatever thou may'st be, vamp up again next year some miraculous tale or tales, and from the *truth* and *sincerity* accidentally proved in A. D. *thirty-three*, rely on a golden harvest and overflowing coffers attending a little slip, or *throw over*, in A. D. *thirty-four*!

But, all irony apart, what is now my opinion, it may be asked, of the Leger horses that I spoke so confidently of in my last communication? In one word, then, that opinion is unchanged in any one iota; and until future events have decided it to be wrong

it will remain unchangeable. If the race had been run like a Leger—and “all horses run to win”—the state of the poll would have been thus :—

Muley Moloch.....	1
Belahazzar.....	2
Rockingham.....	3
Mussulman	4

(the two last from subsequent performances to Tuesday): and this I venture to assert is as close a statement of the actual merits and qualities of the horses as can well be arrived at; and a statement that all subsequent running will prove to be correct. Both Rockingham and Mussulman, I

am certainly bound to say, have, since the Leger, shewn themselves to be rather good than otherwise. The race of the former, however, with Revenge for the Cup, places the fact of Marpessa being the best animal of her year beyond all doubt or question; and that of the latter for the Scarbrough Stakes, on Friday, proves that the 2000 guineas were within his grasp had he chosen to win them.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will allow me to address you on a future occasion on Turf matters, I subscribe myself, meantime, your Constant Reader,

BURCOT.

—, near Petworth, Sept. 27, 1833.

DOINGS IN LEICESTERSHIRE—BY WILL CARELESS.

“CUB-HUNTING: the Pursuit or Chase of Young Foxes—dangerous for Horses and destructive to Game.

“Previous to the Month of November no man who has anything else to amuse himself with, or who has a regard for his neck, or his horse, should be seen by a covert’s side, unless it be on a hack cub-hunting, which after all is but a melancholy recreation.”

SO writes the compiler of the “Field Book,” self-styled an enthusiastic Sportsman. “The pursuit or chase,” when I went to school, were synonymous: “dangerous for horses;” certainly with men on their backs who have never learnt to ride: and “destructive to game;” how can that be?—let us see. Foxes destroy game; cub-hunters destroy foxes; ergo cub-hunting is destructive to game—most logical conclusion! “The Schoolmaster is abroad;” but I fear he carries no rod. So much for the definitionnow for the commentary upon it.—For what earthly purpose could a man be expected at a covert side but for that of

hunting? The admonition is somewhat superfluous. No man, Mr. Editor, who is afraid of his neck or his horse will ever lead in Leicestershire; and if he don’t try to lead, he is not an enthusiast in my eyes. As for the hack, provided he can top a flight of rails and face a brook, he is better than your fat hunter in September; but every man’s horses ought to be fit to go in October. —“A melancholy recreation”..... no doubt to young gentlemen, whose delicate health prevents their facing the morning air, and who delight in the appellation of pale and interesting; or to old ones, who stagger to bed at midnight stinking of whisky and

cigars, and who snooze twelve hours on a stretch: but oh! how exhilarating to the true Sportsman, who hunts because he likes to see hunting; who knows when hounds are at work, and what hounds do the work; who rides to hounds, and cares not, if he get a start, whether there be five people or five hundred out! How different is he from the man who goes out to race, who, provided he leads, cares not how often he over-rides the scent and stops the pack! How different from the jemmy-jessamy fellow, who goes twenty miles an hour on a thorough-bred hack—

"A sportsman so keen that he rides miles to cover,

To look at a fence he dare not ride over;" and then, his boots just splashed enough to shew off the Day and Martin, sports his pink for an hour or two on the *pavé* of the nearest town!

Enough! no more! I hear you say—a truce with cub-hunting; tell me something about the arrangements for the season. Gently, Mr. Editor, I am on my hobby, and ride him I will, and beg the favour of your company for one morning—only one. Go out once, and you will never miss a morning when you know the appointment.

"Come, old fellow, tumble out; 'tis half-past three; we have four miles to ride, and the hounds will be in the wood at half after four."

"Good heavens! what! go out now dark as pitch! and oh! I was in the midst of the most delicious dream"—"Concerning a broiled bone and claret punch: make haste, and you will break your dream with a cup of coffee and a mutton chop."—Finding me deaf to entreaty, you get up,

and now that you are mounted on an old hack of the right sort, and trotting briskly along, is there anything *melancholy* in the purple twilight just appearing over yonder wood? We ride a mile or two farther: you exclaim, "how beautiful this is! the sun rising blood-red over those barren hills; the park below with its herds of deer; those old ruins, almost buried beneath oaks coeval with the Conquest, with a lovely trout-stream meandering below them: surely you will not profane such a scene as this, so wild, so desolate, with horse or hound."—"Do you not think a few figures would improve the landscape? but you have overlooked the keeper's lodge below us, where I see something very like a pack of hounds."

—You forget all your romance, and in five minutes are looking over the pack, thirty couples, having eight and a half of young ones among them. We move on to the wood—the hounds are thrown in, and all is breathless expectation. Your hear a whimper from a young hound. "Have a care, Voucher!".....another and another, and then a rough hoarse bark....."Hark to Solon!"—"That's right," says the old keeper, "we've two lovely litters up here." The whole pack give tongue.....and now let us gallop to the next riding, and view little master Puggy cross. There he goes, stealing away as demurely as though he had no part in the play. You had better quicken your pace: here is old Solon a good deal nearer than will be agreeable in twenty minutes. Listen to his deep tone, heard amidst the music of the whole pack..... with what a crash they come! Forward! forward! push on to

the left, and we shall see the young one break covert. Tally-ho! there he goes as hard as he can pelt over the open country. Now, Mr. Editor, sit steady on the old horse, and let him take his own line. Bravo! what a rasper he has taken! The hedge has closed as though neither horse nor man had gone over, and you are sailing over the next field, face a little scratched, with half a dozen rents in the green frock. I fear my four-year-old will not manage so cleverly. Faint heart never won fair lady: here goes.....just as I expected, fore legs in the ditch, rolled through the hedge neck and crop, and over the first land before I got on my legs. "Will nobody stop that brute of mine?.....Thank you, Will: do as much for you another time."—"Hope there'll be no occasion, Sir."—*C'est le premier pas qui coute*; my colt jumps over everything a yard too high, and three or four farther than necessary. I am soon alongside you. Much obliged for your kind inquiries, not hurt at all. A short check at the plantation, pug has doubled back; but now they are on him again.....he cannot reach the wood, and turns for the park. Will and I ride for the gate. See, he runs alongside the wall to a deer-leap, and pops over. Poor fellow! his tongue out, his brush down, he cannot live five minutes.....Now they run him in view.....there is a copse a hundred yards before him.....will he reach it? Ah, no! that black-faced bitch has him.....he turns upon her, gives her one snap, and again labours onward. The precious moment is lost.....old Stormer is on him.....he turns again, sees his impending fate, flies at

the foremost of his pursuers..... what avail his single efforts against a host of foes? but he combats gallantly to the last. Whoop! whoop! Will has seized the lifeless carcase, and keeps the pack at bay. The huntsman and the half dozen who compose the field come up just half a minute after the kill, delighted with getting blood so soon. The young hounds are caressed: the honours are soon done, every puppy having a morsel. Mounford presents you the brush.....we mount again, hoping for another scurry, as merry as schoolboys on a holiday.....And thus we pass our morning, till, the sun having gained full power, the scent disappears, and we gladly accept the invitation of the man whose house is nearest to breakfast—not a tea-and-toast concern, but a good substantial meal, *more majorum*: if at the Squire's, two or three hot dishes, besides cold meat, and a pint of claret; if at a farmer's, the best home-brewed, broiled ham, eggs, &c. followed by a corn of brandy just to settle one's stomach. How *melancholy*, too, we all are, nobody sulking or doing fine gentleman! They quiz your torn coat, congratulate you on your *rents* coming in so early. You inquire of me if I should like an engagement at Astley's, as I am so good at a summerset. I admire our host's partiality for timber, having observed that he had a very perfect knowledge of gates during the morning; *etcetera, etcetera*! When two or three hundred people are out, hospitality is out of the question; but during cub-hunting there is no lack of that virtue in Leicestershire—a general invitation is given, and expected to be accepted.

The Leicestershire sporting world has lost three valuable members during the last twelve months—Mr. Cradock, Lord Plymouth, and Sir Harry Goodricke. Mr. Cradock was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, fox-hunter in the county, and hunted till within a few weeks of his death. He had the management of the coverts in Lord Foley's time, and during the subsequent dynasties he was the Metternich of the Quorn Hunt. A thorough Sportsman, ardently attached to fox-hunting, his great object was to conciliate the farmer; and in this he was eminently successful. I know that the Hunt has had a great loss by his death, I fear an irreparable one, as the next Master of the Hounds will find to his cost, as I anticipate no one will undertake an office of great trouble and no emolument.

Lord Plymouth, though a much younger man than Mr. Cradock, was an old fox-hunter, and was always a liberal contributor when the country was hunted by subscription. Possessed of a princely fortune, his stud was a magnificent one, price never being an object. I do not think he had been so fortunate in his purchases latterly as he was ten or fifteen years ago. He then had the best and finest stud in the county, and few men rode harder and better.

No one can more regret the untimely death of Sir Harry Goodricke than I do, for had he lived I have no doubt he would have shewn sport of the first order. He was not fortunate during the two seasons he possessed hounds, partly, I think, owing to too great a fondness for fresh entries, partly owing to hunting the country very unfairly. At the time of his death

there were ninety couple of hounds in his kennel, among them about twenty couple which he had been working himself during the summer in Ireland. The entry of young hounds at Thrusington this year is a remarkably good one. Sir Harry was extremely popular among the Leicestershire people when he became a Master of Hounds, and, though an obstinate man, had too much sense not to see the necessity of altering his method of hunting the country. The best run of last season took place in the despised and neglected woodland.

No arrangement is yet made with regard to the vacant Leicestershire country. It is said Mr. Holyoake will hunt four days a week during the ensuing season, but not without a subscription. He has not, however, made any such proposition to the Gentlemen of the county at present. Owing to Sir Harry's death, the Thrusington pack were much later than usual in opening the campaign, not going out until the 23d of September. Since then they have hunted chiefly on the forest, but are at present in the Harborough country. Owing to the long-continued dry weather the country is in a very unfavorable state, but there is a very good show of foxes throughout the county.

The Belvoir pack commenced hunting in August: the entry is a splendid one, such a one as you would expect in the finest pack of hounds in the kingdom. I have only been out with them once, a week ago at Elton. They had one pretty scurry for about twenty minutes, and killed a brace of cubs during the morning.

Lord Lonsdale and Mr. Apple-

waite go on as usual, and I hear are in full blood.

In Nottinghamshire Mr. Foljambe takes his old country, hunted last season by the Sandbeck's Subscription Pack. There is no other change in Notts.

Lord Middleton continues in the Yorkshire country, formerly hunted by Sir Tatton Sykes.

Should what was the Quorn country be only hunted four days a week, it is reported that the Marquis of Hastings will part with his harriers and keep a pack of fox-hounds to hunt the woodlands near Donnington Park twice a week. Should not some arrangement be made for hunting that part of Leicestershire more regularly than was done last season, there will not be a fox left in it, as the keeping of foxes which are never hunted is a species of extravagance not to be afforded in these hard times. I

trust that when I next write I shall be enabled to tell you that the Thrussington pack are in full play, and in good hands, and also to give a full and true account of Lord Hastings's new pack and their performances.—Good bye!

WILL CARELESS.

October 15, 1833.

P. S. Should no one come forward, Mr. Holyoake will draught his hounds down to sixty couple, and hunt four days a week. He will keep eighteen horses for the men, and four for himself—thus allowing eight horses for the huntsman and five for each of the whips. But as Mr. Holyoake is in a bad state of health, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, will have the management of the hounds, and ride Mr. H.'s horses until after Christmas, when, if his health permit, Mr. Holyoake will come into the country himself.

THE WOUNDED PHEASANT, AND RETRIEVERS.

THE two Spaniels SPOT and TWINK (of which the Plate of Retrievers after a wounded Pheasant conveys a lively portraiture) were given to me by a friend residing in Bethnal Green, and higher-bred dogs are not to be found in this kingdom. It may appear a little paradoxical to some of your readers to be told (but it is a fact notwithstanding), that for upwards of a century many of the poorer class in and about Bethnal Green and the northern vicinity of the Metropolis have been bestowing their means, time, and attention on crossing and improving the breed of Spaniels, and have produced thereby dogs not to be beaten for beauty, fineness of scent, rapidity

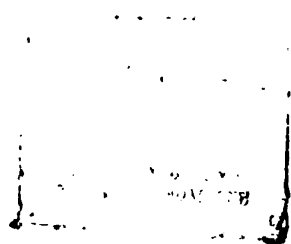
in hunting, and (considering their size) endurance of fatigue. At this time there are very valuable spaniels in that district, many that are worth thirty pounds each, and upwards; and one very great favorite, generally kept in a large cage, for which eighty pounds has been offered, and refused. SPOT and TWINK are esteemed fine specimens of this valuable breed, and possess great capabilities as retrievers. Some very successful shots use no other sort of sporting dog, and when they move to any distance from one shooting ground to another, convey their dogs in their pockets, so that, although they are so small, they are fresh, and go through a day's work well.—G.



Drawn & Engraved by J. C. G. G.

THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

Published by M. A. Pittman, Warwick Square, London, November 1, 1823.



REARING YOUNG STOCK IN GERMANY—No. II.

SIR,

THE readiness with which you inserted some observations on the rearing of young horses in Germany in your last Number induces me again to forward to you the following description of the

STUD AT TRAKEHNEN

(in Lithuania, 20 German miles from Königsberg); and as it is, I think, the largest stud in Europe (the immense military studs in Austria excepted), I flatter myself that it will prove interesting to your readers. The horses reared in this stud enjoy the highest reputation, and I beg to refer you to the observations made by NIMROD (in the October Magazine 1829) in his German Tour, when he saw the horses in the Royal Mews at Berlin.

This stud contains 15,615 German morgen or acres, is one German mile and a half long, and three-quarters of a mile wide (five English to one German mile), and two rivulets, the Pissa and Radup, run through it.

The country is rather level, and the soil of course varies, but on the whole is very fertile, and fit for the cultivation of corn; the grass is very good, and every meadow might be used for growing wheat upon. The river water is beautifully clear, and it is a singular feature that everywhere on the meadows Artesian pumps can be placed by only boring seventy or eighty feet deep, and a clear hidrotian sour iron water makes its appearance, which is caught in large tanks: the horses are very fond of this water, and experience has taught

that it is not only not detrimental to their health but rather beneficial.

The first requisites for breeding horses, a dry fertile soil, with fine meadows and good water, are found at Trakehnen; the climate is healthy, though cold (on account of the proximity of the Baltic and the northern latitude), and the horses are seldom attacked by epidemics or sporadical diseases, and the mortality is very trifling, as will be shewn hereafter.

It would lead me too far to describe the different buildings: the stables are mostly thirty-six feet long and thirty-four feet wide, paved with bricks. There are several riding schools, capital houses for the Director, Inspectors, and other functionaries, nearly the whole built anew within these fifteen years. One building contains room for two hundred horses, which is used for the young stallions, and the whole presents an imposing aspect.

In August 1830 the number of horses was 1288, consisting of

- 15 covering stallions.
- 300 brood mares.
- 206 foals (sucking).
- 101 yearling colts.
- 106 yearling fillies.
- 111 two-year-old colts.
- 136 two-year-old fillies.
- 119 three-year-old colts.
- 101 three-year-old fillies.
- 41 horses were to be sent to Berlin for the Royal Mews; and
- 52 horses to be sold by public auction.

As it is intended not only to provide the kingdom, through this stud, with first-rate country

stallions, but also to furnish the Royal Mews at Berlin with superior saddle and coach horses, and to increase over the country the number of good brood mares (of which there is a yearly sale), it is absolutely requisite that the horses for the different purposes should be bred systematically and scientifically; and although it is impossible to effect this to a nicety, and draw the lines very clear, as several individuals will always proximate the other breed, still as much care as possible is taken in keeping the breeds select. The mares consist of 180 for breeding coach horses, 50 for breeding hunters, or saddle horses of the largest size, and

70 thorough-breeds, for first-rate hackneys.

The latter are the progeny of Oriental mares and stallions, and partly of English racers with thorough-bred mares, and a mixture of English blood mares with Oriental stallions; likewise of eighty of the highest bred black country mares, whose origin can be traced to the times of the Knights. Amongst the coach horses no colours but brown, black, and chesnuds are seen; and the chesnuds are highest bred, being mostly the descendants of English full blood.

The number of stallions is fixed at sixteen. At present there are the following :—

Nedjed, 20 years old—a true grey Arab, imported from Madras via England, 14 hands 3 inches high.

Borack, 13—a true dark brown Arab. See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xiv. N. S. p. 249.

Bagdadly, 20—bought at Bagdad by Mr. Ammon; iron grey, 15 hands $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high.

Portland—English thorough-bred by Tiresias, dam by Young Whiskey.

Scrapall—English thorough-bred by Granicus, dam by Young Whiskey.

His Grace—English thorough-bred by Filho da Puta or Magistrate, dam Eleanor by Governor.

Waterman—English thorough-bred by Woful, dam Rivulet by Rubens.

Boxer—bred at Trakehnen, by Triumphator, dam Fama.

The Cryer—English thorough-bred, by Sorcerer out of Little Peggy by Buzzard.

Whalebone—English thorough-bred by Whalebone, dam Gramarie by Sorcerer.

Prætor—bred at Trakehnen, by Black-amoor out of Artemis.

Esmenard—bred at Trakehnen, by Pretender out of Catania.

Hermendad—bred at Trakehnen, half-bred by Altin out of Therese.

Comus—bred at Neustadt, by Allahor out of Nerissa.

Tigranes—bred at Neustadt, by Key-lan out of Guendalien.

From stallions and mares so well bred nothing but a remarkably fine progeny can be expected, and such is really the case, for the foals possess a noble figure, are large and bony, and have very regular actions; and nobody who has seen the Royal Mews at Berlin will pronounce this eulogy exaggerated.

The covering begins on the first of March, and continues till the first week in July, and only the Director and First Inspector may nominate the stallion for each mare; for the greatest attention is paid on this head, which is done systematically; and on no account are the different breeds or races mixed, but on the contrary their endeavours are mostly

to create an indigenous breed. One stallion does not serve more than from twenty-five to thirty mares, which are tried daily, and after having been put to the horse are tried again after the expiration of nine days, and they continue in this manner until all mares refuse. The fertility is consequently very considerable, for at weaning time there were in

1820 of 302 mares	189 foals.
1822 ... 315 ...	229 ...
1825 ... 284 ...	239 ...
1828 ... 301 ...	254 ...
1829 ... 298 ...	217 ...

The food consists of oats, barley, hay, and carrots. The sucking foals get a feed to one feed and a half of oats at weaning time, and 6lb. to 7lb. of hay, and the oats are mixed with chaff and carrots; the older foals in proportion to their age; they are also divided in troops, according to their strength and age. When three years old, they get 10lb. of oats and 8lb. of chaff and hay. For the brood mares there exists no fixed regulation—they are fed, according to their size, with the best meadow hay, but do not get above 6lb. of oats. The stallions receive from 12lb. to 13lb. of oats during the covering season, with 8lb. of hay and 10lb. of straw.

In the beginning of May the season is generally mild enough to permit the horses being sent to grass, where they stay till autumn, and during the night they are driven into sheds, which is considered very beneficial, as the animals have time to digest well, and are not exposed to the night dews, cold, and fogs, and the meadows gain time to refresh. The horses are seldom amiss, and the mortality is inconsiderable.

In 1820 died of 1092 horses 23.

1822 1134 33

1825 1252 33.

1828 1426 16.

1829 1435 19.

On an average scarcely 2 per cent. during ten years, including those killed on account of old age and incurable wounds and diseases.

At the age of four years the horses are disposed of, and selected for their future service. The best colts are sent partly to the different depots for country stallions and to the Royal Mews at Berlin: of the four-year-old fillies, the best are kept for brood mares, some sent also to the Mews, and the remainder sold by auction. From 1820 to 1829 inclusive, there have been delivered from the stud at Trakehnen 562 stallions for covering in different provinces of Prussia, besides 246 horses for the Royal Mews.

M. Von Burgsdorf, who has twice been in this country and selected horses, is at the head of the whole establishment. He is known to be an excellent judge, and enthusiastically devoted to his high charge. There are also several Inspectors, a sufficient number of servants, and five Elementary Schools for the children, and the stud has the appearance of a large village.

Besides this stud (Trakehnen) there are in Prussia four other establishments of the same sort, varying in magnitude, that of Neustadt being scarcely on a smaller scale. They produce a race of country stallions, which some years hence will not be inferior to our own. At present there are 853 dispersed during the spring over the different provinces, and serve mares four times

at the trifling charge of from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. sterling; for it is the policy of the Government to raise their indigenous breed to that perfection as to enable them to purchase the requisite number of horses for the cavalry (about 4000 yearly) in the Prussian Monarchy. The characteristic eco-

nomy is, however, observed in this as well as in every other branch of public expenditure; for we find that the total expenditure relating to horses, studs, &c. was stated in the Budget of 1829 to be about 23,000l. sterling.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

J. C. H.

EPSOM AUTUMN RACES.

AS COT, Mr. Editor, may boast of Royalty, Epsom of the *Belles* who attend it, but Newmarket is the place, and the *only* place for a *Second Edition*. All the rest, let the newspapers puff as they will, are "flat, stale, and unprofitable;" the remnants of a feast indeed, but the flow of soul is gone; a good dish warmed up again—the materials the same, but the piquancy, the flavour, all that rare zest to it, are no more. Thus it was with Epsom this Second Meeting; for it was evident to all, notwithstanding the goodness of the entertainment and the beauty of the weather, there was a lamentable falling off in the article of spectators. One fact, however, ought to be stated, that it was better, after all, than last year's Meeting. Such as it was, without further preamble, I will proceed to relate.

Scene the First—the Epsom Stakes of five sovs. each, and 35 added: 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st. 1lb.: winners once this year to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., and thrice 9lb. extra: horses having started this year and not won allowed 5lb.: the winner to change hands for 250 sovs.: two miles: eight subs. This brought out a goodly company in Sir J. D. King's b. f. Cinderella, by Gaberlunzie, 3 yrs; Mr. Sadler's b. m. Euryone, by Reveller, 5 yrs; Mr. J. Lumley's br. c. Denbies, by Filho, 3 yrs; Mr. T. Hodge's Caroline, 3 yrs; Mr. Brown's Wallflower, 4 yrs; Captain Bulkeley's Trickery, 3 yrs; and Mr. W. Smith's Trident. Denbies sprang off at a slow start, Cinderella and Trickery

getting well forward to the distance, when Euryone joined company. Cinderella, however, not relying on her new companion and the others in the race, and assisted in her so doing by Master Twitchet, a lad of promise, won the coin by a full length; and Mr. Sadler, who knows when a steed can go, and never loses an opportunity of taking such under his especial patronage, consequently dropped the shiners for the pretty Cinderella, who outfooted all, even without the aid of the famed slipper. Trident, who looked like a winner, broke down in his off hind leg: Mr. Houldsworth only parted with him at Doncaster. The betting gentry quoted 3 to 1 agst Cinderella, 7 to 2 agst Trident, and 6 to 4 the field agst the two.

The Durdans Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.: winners this year 5lb. extra: three quarters of a mile: six subs.—Five youngsters stood forth panting for conquest—viz. Mr. Forth's Sister to Echo, by Emilius; Sir G. Heathcote's Nisus, by Velocipede; Mr. Brown's ch. f. Patty, by Whisker; Baron de Tessier names ch. f. by Middleton; and Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Ellen, by Peter Lely. The Velocipede lady did her best to the road, but had not the wings of Eolus to outstrip the Echo of the heels of Emilius' daughter, who had been in waiting on her, and being called on by a gentle pull from Norman, her jock, was first at the goal by a length; the rest nowhere. The winner is a nice filly, and will be seen *again* as a win-

ner I predict ; and why should she not, possessing such blood in her veins ?

The last act for this day was the Headley Stakes of three sovs. each, and 35 added : 3 yrs, 7st. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st. : mares and geldings allowed 3lb. : the victor to go for 150 sovs. &c. : mile heats : ten subs.—The spirited proprietors of the brave steeds were resolved that there should be no walk over for this coin, and that the assembled crowd should be blest with a sight of many competitors marching in array before them—a prettier sight I know not than these sons of Eclipse. No fewer than nine came forth to challenge each other's strength and speed, as follows :—Mr. Munro's Lady Charlotte, 3 yrs ; Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, 6 yrs ; Mr. Shackell's bl. m. Ida, 5 yrs ; Mr. Sadler's br. g. Walter, 5 yrs ; Mr. Johnson's Was-sailer, 6 yrs ; Mr. Tilbury's br. g. Punctual, aged ; Mr. Tobin's b. f. Kittums, 4 yrs ; and Mr. Balchin's ch. f. Pamela, 4 yrs. All being rigged and ready, Kittums flung herself in front, and spun away as if determined to befirst, and at one time appeared to be about realising her wishes ; but the best resolutions oftentimes give way—might conquers right—and thus My Lady Charlotte, desirous of shewing her right of precedence, collared Mistress Kittums just when all appeared safe in hand, and took the shine out of her. The knowing ones laid their cash on this heat as follows : 4 to 1 agst Lady Charlotte, and 4 to 1 agst Suffolk Punch, the others little noticed : Pamela was *à la distance*, and Kittums, having done her best, was drawn.

Time spun round, and all again assembled on tiptoe for mischief. Ida now tried for first place, but she had Punch so near her that she was completely overcome (as many a one has been before her), and Punch became winner. The book gentry were a little out in their calculations here, for it was even betting on Lady Charlotte, judging, I conclude, from the easy manner in which she conquered in the first heat.

No less than five were now drawn

from the combat—I da, Walter, Was-sailer, Landrail, and Punctual. Punch and Lady Charlotte had then to try their heels for the finish ; and, although the former was free with his legs, not all the Punch in Suffolk could prevent the Lady keeping him astern three-quarters of a length to the Judge's box ; ridden cleverly by Charley Edwards. The odds before the start were 6 to 4 on the victor.—Thus ended a very fair day's sport, and I believe all were pleased save those who dropped a few flimsies ; and they had no reason to grumble, for it was all fair and above-board in every race.

SECOND DAY.—A brilliant autumn sun, and lots of fun in the lists, set all in good humour, and a good addition to yesterday's company graced the course : meat for the hungry, and drink for the thirsty, were in plenty within the Grand Stand, on the same principle of good and cheap as we are accustomed to have provided on the day of all days, the Derby Meeting.—First stood on the card the York Stakes of five sovs. each, and 25 added : three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 5lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st. : mares and geldings allowed 3lb. : the winner to pass hands for 150 sovs., if, &c. : Derby Course : five subs. Three only entered—viz. Mr. Munroe's Lady Charlotte, Mr. Shackell's Trump, 6 yrs, and Mr. Thomas's Suffolk Punch. The Lady and Punch put forth their pretensions at once, and glided over the sward as hard as they could split, until rounding the corner, when the strength of the Punch bowl, from the atmospheric air acting on it I suppose, and too much stirring up, evaporated, and Master Trump now played his cards, to see if he could win a trick for his owner, and straight running became the order of the day. On reaching the road the fair Lady spun away from her companions in a trice, winning in a canter full four lengths, again piloted by C. Edwards. The figure being so low for a claim, the Lady was soon destined to go into another stable ; and I think the claimant acted wisely, for he has a good and tried mare for

less than he could breed and train her. She can run speedy, and has a heart to hold home, and her youth will make a good return for the outlay. Betting 6 to 4 on the conqueror, 2 to 1 on Suffolk Punch, and 4 to 1 agst Trump.

The Ashted Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, and 10 added: two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.: fillies allowed 2lb.: three-quarters of a mile: four subs.—Four young ones stood forth to perform for this money: Capt. Bulkeley's Trickery, 3 yrs; Capt. Martyn's Contriver, 3 yrs; Mr. Brown's Patty, 2 yrs; and Mr. Godwin's Sister to Glaucus, 2 yrs. Betting 2 to 1 agst Contriver, 3 to 1 agst Trickery, and 3 to 1 agst any other. Trickery bounded off at a sharp stride; close at her haunches lay the others up to the Grand Stand; Contriver now had recourse to every contrivance both with heels and head to be the first, but Mistress Trickery being up to a *trick* or two, resolved otherwise, and the race was hers. This was certainly the prettiest little affair of the Meeting, honest, straight-on-end running, and so close was the *finale*, that the winner stood half a length from the second horse, Patty not a head behind him, and Sister to Glaucus not conquered by more than a neck—close shaving you'll say!

The Woodcot Stakes of three sovs. each, and 3s added: three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.: the winner to be sold for 100 sovs.: mile heats: 11 subs.—Nine horses again evinced a desire for the laurel, and a pretty show they made of it. Mr. Johnson's Wassailer, Mr. Shackell's Ida, Mr. Tilbury's Punctual; Mr. Docke-ray's f. by Sultan out of Stays, 3 yrs; Mr. G. Heathcote's Superb, 3 yrs; Mr. Balchin's Queen Mab, 3 yrs; Mr. Sadler's Walter; Mr. J. Messer's Cricket, 6 yrs; and Mr. Coleman's Dryad, 4 yrs.—Walter took up all the work to the Grand Stand; Ida and Stays then challenged him, and a sharp tussle ensued between the trio, ending in Ida not waiting for corsets to keep her form together. The quotations were before the start 3 to 1

agst Wassailer, 4 to 1 agst Walter, ditto agst Ida, and 5 to 1 agst Superb. Time being called, and Dryad drawn, Master Walter again hurried foremost as far as the Stand, where Wassailer and Ida gave him the go-by, and it was "war to the knife" between the two, ending in Wassailer being first by hardly a head. Betting on this heat 2 to 1 agst Ida, and 5 to 2 agst Wassailer.—Walter and Cricket now gave up the ghost, not having a relish for a further shy. Ida and Wassailer were resolved to take all the gas out of each other, and scampered away at their best bat, but as Cowley, who bestrode the Wassailer, was determined as well as his steed to give Mr. Johnson *wassail* as well as victory, so the fates decreed, and he was declared first at the Judge's chair by half a length, the others keeping a respectable distance, merely, I conclude, to view the fun; as for winning, that was not in their vocabulary. Wassailer had the cognoscenti with him at 2 to 1.

By way of a tie-up to the diversions, a Match for 100 sovs. h. ft. each, was knocked up: two miles. The figurantes were Mr. Wood's Little Driver and Mr. Johnson's Henrietta. Little Driver went off in earnest, never giving the fair Henrietta a shadow of chance. There were some persons who sported a little rhino on the Match, and talked of such things as crosses and sells, but I really believe there was nothing of the kind meant or intended. True it is the mare is, I understand, full blood, whilst her rival is not so; but who does not know that a good half-bred one, close to the wind, will always be too powerful for a bad thorough-bred? It was so in the days of yore, and why not now?

As the Meetings have improved yearly, it is not too much to hope that with the liberal patronage of the 'Turf-going gentry, and the excellent arrangements of Baron de Tessier, to whom by the bye Epsom owes much, that the year 1834 will usher in something *more* worthy the renowned Epsom course—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A Member of the Burton Hunt.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1833.

SIR,

THIS Meeting began, in true Irish, on the 30th of September, according to the list; and if three people constitute a Meeting, I am able to prove that it just amounted to one, and that is all: and if racing is *immoral* and *vicious*, as at Cheltenham amongst the people called Saints (which I am prepared to deny), Newmarket is in a state of great improvement; and no robbery *can* take place at present, for two reasons, supposing such things ever did take place—there are no robbers here, and very few or none that have anything to lose! This, it is true, may be called a negative virtue; and however it may be cherished at Cheltenham, is very much lamented at Newmarket, where the people are as well disposed! as honorable and honest! as at the other place of cant and fancied healing waters. On the Saturday and Sunday the town looked like a deserted village, although widely extended by excellent buildings, and its inside elegantly and tastefully either rebuilt or skilfully renovated; with an attempt at mending their ways, both by precept and example, by additional duties in their churches, and a beginning to put flag-stones in their streets: but without company Newmarket, with all these advantages, is like nothing, except it is a Cathedral town, such as Ely, Durham, Lichfield, and others, set apart as the abode generally of elderly ladies of both sexes: but Newmarket is the place for the rich, the young, the inexperienced, and the daring; for here he may soon learn to know how to appreciate property, and to pity those who blindly squander it away: it is here, with a moderate fortune even, and a proportionate share of good manners, he may enjoy with perfect ease the society of the most noble, the most wealthy, the most honorable, and the most amiable, to such a degree of pleasure not to be met with elsewhere: here, too, he may see, if the eyes of his understanding are not blinded by his own avarice, how to avoid the snares of

the cunning, the worthless, and the imposing; how to detect their designs, and how far to despise such men and such measures.....But it being time to go on the course, I must leave off moralizing, and try what one race (there being only one), with a long list of very moderate horses and the thinnest company I ever saw, will produce: we were, however, made amends for the small number of sportsmen by the respectability of those who did attend, as amongst them were some of the highest characters in the kingdom. It is true, "where the carcase is, there will the eagles be:" there were of course very few of these birds in attendance, and so little for them, and they so voracious after that little, that they are made for the present to "lack and suffer hunger" till we have better days, more money, and better spirits to employ it.

The Trial Stakes did not fill; so that we (the public) are left entirely in the dark; but with the consolation of knowing that owners of horses are equally so, and that knowledge is of no use if there is no field in which to exercise it. A few mouths made a great noise, in which a couple of Wags took the lead in both size and power, and talked largely about betting; but as the terms were not approved, and the day of payment, like all other earthly things, uncertain, nobody listened to their proposals—when eight started for the Eleventh Renewal of the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb., Across the Flat: and nothing being said in the list about half forfeit, it must amount to an agreeable or a convenient sum, made up as it is of twenty-four subscriptions. The early part of the race must have been very smart according to the finish, which ended in a long tail, and the speedy ones were the first to suffer. Colonel Peel's Nonsense won it by two lengths, rode by Pavis. In Abingdon Mile Bottom he was twenty yards first, after which he

hung to the left, by which he lost ground, and one of the beauties of a race. His gallant owner is said not to have backed his horse for a guinea: it might be so—or some one might have betted for him; and it would have been *nonsense* indeed to have told of it after concealing the fact! Besides, Colonel Peel is too good a judge and too good a manager to possess a good horse without knowing it: but the betting, 8 to 1 against him, is in favour of his not having done so to a large amount. Sir S. Graham's Jason was second, a place he always takes or is doomed to fill, and which Robinson's fine riding could not alter: the betting, 5 to 1 against him. The Duke of Portland's Lottery colt, his dam Pledge, by money and revealed secrets, got up in the betting at the last moment to only 2 to 1 against him; and a bad third was as good a place as John Day could make him take: the Duke of Grafton's Divan fourth, rode by Buckle, at 5 to 1 against him: Lord Exeter's Miss Cantley colt fifth—indeed his Lordship ran two, but like the priest that boasted of preaching two sermons in one day, and "made nothing of it!" Nonsense now fills every head, and comes forth from every mouth, as Lord Orford's Clearwell has done for the last three months: he was all this time so great a favorite, that if you asked a Newmarket man what o'clock it was, it is odds but he would say "Clearwell!" He was, however, the first beaten horse in the race, although ridden by Wheatley, one of the best riders. His Noble Owner was dining at the Mayor's feast at Yarmouth, while his horse Clearwell was running at Newmarket; but which distinguished himself most is not *clear*, as the Yarmouth proceedings have not reached us. You must, however, give me as much credit for making the most of one day's sport, as if I was paid for it by the line.

TUESDAY we had twice as much racing, but of no better quality.—The first race, called the Hopeful Stakes.—It was said of old, that "those who attempt to live by Hope

may die fasting:" but Hopeful may certainly bear a better interpretation, which the horses at the post, however, did little towards inspiring us. They amounted to six in number, paying 40 sovs. each, and there were nine others that paid 20 sovs. each as half forfeit, forming altogether a sum worth carrying into Leicestershire. The Judge gave his sense of their merits by placing the whole six, which is anything but complimentary, and proves that he had plenty of time upon his hands. A Mr. Nevill (not of the house of Braybrooke, nor his filly of the race of Sir Joshua) won it by a length, well rode, or rather would have been if wanted, by Connolly. There was a great deal of talk about backing Mr. Nevill in the Ring, but more, I should say, from a wish to shew civility to a stranger than to risk their money. Others say the Devil always favours a new beginner: but how this applies I will not pretend to know: all I do know is, Mr. Nevill bore his honours with becoming dignity; without either tearing his throat with shouting, or throwing his hat away. General Walpole's Merlin filly was second (C. Edwards); Lord Orford's Rachel colt (Flatman), third; Sister to Cactus, fourth; Mr. Forth's Prue colt, fifth; and Mr. T. Wood's Merlin filly, sixth—*first favorite, and last in the race*; the second favorite the winner; all the rest at about 5 to 1. How fortunate that a mother looks at a child (however ugly) till she fancies the thing is really beautiful; and so the creature gets brought up, if not to ornament society, perhaps to benefit it in some other way. Men would do the same thing with their horses if the cases were as numerous, and they came in contact as often: thus the favorite here was watched almost hourly till she became "*a giantess in size; a beauty in form*," and her gallop amounted to *flying*:" but on the great day of trial she was found to possess none of these! but the training groom *truly represented* the fond mother!

Fifty Pounds for four-year-olds carrying 7st. 4lb, up to aged horses,

9st., the B. C., for which four started—Colonel Peel's Earnest, with the odds only 11 to 8 against him, Pavis jockey on the occasion, leading a life of perfect ease, and winning by two lengths; Lord Burlington's Mouse colt (Flatman) second—4 to 1 against him; Datura third, rode by little Rogers; Lucetta last—3 to 1 was taken about her for "auld lang syne" and Robinson's riding: but old age is not easily restored to youth by the most skilful: she, however, made good fair running near to the Duke's Stand, where youth and strength were made to tell against her; first by Mouse *creeping by her*, and then the others. Pavis made quite a *joke* of winning on Earnest, but let out the secret of having a good fair horse, "as the times go."

WEDNESDAY.—We had a considerable increase of company, in consequence of there being two rather interesting races; the horses to be started by flag-signals for the first time at Newmarket, which answered perfectly, and being later in the week, gave a little more time to those who had made a long journey to Doncaster, "and rued it," to *put on their boots*.

Our first race was a Sweepstakes (Handicap) for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., 15 sovs. each, six subscribers, and all ran—Mr. Mills's Pincher (Flatman, late Natt) won it easy by a length; Mr. S. Day's Mustard filly (John Day) second. There is something very pleasing in winning: it must be on account of the money, and not the honour, as Pincher in reality received as good as *eight pounds of Mustard*. The rest were not placed.

The St. Leger quietly put an end to a harmless day's sport. The start consisted of seven colts and one filly—the course D. I.; the money 25 sovs. each, and the number of subscribers nineteen—won like other races by a length. Lord Exeter started two, and won with his supposed worst horse, Sir Robert, rode by Connolly. His Lordship did not declare with which horse he intended to win, but as a sort of guide backed Cac-

tus for 100l. and put Arnall on, who called to Connolly in running, "do this, and do that;" and got in reply, "You mind your own business; I'll mind mine:" so that we had no combination here. Colonel Peel's Young Rapid was second, pulled up lame, Pavis expressing much more sorrow of countenance for his favorite (whose name he sometimes bears) than the loss of the race: betting 3 to 1 against him. The Duke of Rutland's Shyllock was warmly supported, and his cause taken in hand by a party of excellent Christians, but he could only get third. Mr. Osbaldeston's Tutor is fast losing his scholars; and though his rules and doctrines may be very good, nobody, it is said, will again believe in them: he was in the "fourth form:" the Duke of Grafton's *Ægyptus* fifth; Lord Chesterfield's *Dirce* sixth; Lord Exeter's *Cactus* seventh: as little odds as 2 to 1 were taken about him, while 8 and 10 to 1 were betted against the winner (both out of the same stable); Mr. Batson's *Jessy* colt last. Placing the whole tells quite enough.

THURSDAY had only two races on the list, although the last day.

For the Town Plate, D. I., five came to the post, with some smart betting, considering our numbers, which perhaps might arise from all, both legs and wings, being on their flight, and the possibility of the payday standing over to another week. Mr. Scott Stonehewer's *Chantilly*, with the odds in some instances as high as 20 to 1 against her, though with *Fame* and *Fashion* upon her in the person of Pavis, which, if a man had backed through the summer without reference to horses, he might have made a fortune, as this, they say, amounted to the fifty-third time of his winning. *Chantilly* won a length without the slightest difficulty; Mr. Batson's *Revelry* (Flatman) second, with the odds 6 to 4 against her; the Duke of Grafton's *Oxygen* (John Day) third, at only 6 to 5 against her; *Land* fourth, at 7 to 1 against; and Mr. Chifney's *Shoveller* filly fifth, rode by W. Butler—put on, no doubt, to learn the science, be-

ing, according to racing terms, well bred for it. This finished, I believe, the worst week's sport on record. Six races in four days, and not one of them contested, unless for places, in the first two or three hundred yards! This must arise from a want of spirit, and not of money, as the King's Plate of 100gs. went begging, and Colonel Peel's Earnest did *gravely* and *seriously* walk over for it in the face of half a thousand horses said to be in training in and about the town: and as to Earnest, "though he may be Earnest," believe me there is nothing about him to alarm any one.

FASHIONABLE AND STABLE TALK.

Lord Exeter and Marston his groom have, or are about to part, after a long and most successful career. Some say it is the act of the servant, who did it from fear that his Noble Master might get the start, and so "take the whip-hand of him." The matter, it is said, arose from a hearing in the Jockey Club, where something was said about clean hands, which if it was so who should wear them—a Conservative Marquis, or a Groom in the stable? Others assert that this affair was *too well* understood to be the cause of a separation. Another risks his judgment, and declares that "Lord Exeter has such an unpromising set of young ones this year, that the Groom leaves because there is no possibility of getting anything by them! *Mr. Neverwrong* is also of this opinion, and adds, that "the Marquis parts with him because it is so, and that the head lad, Cassidy, can look after them quite as well, and at a much *cheaper* rate." Nobody

envies the lad! Marston has taken a farm near Hare Park, where he is building racing stables; intending, no doubt, to unite *training* and *ploughing* into one business.

Mr. Batson and Mr. Shard have taken the Shakspearean Stables as confederates, lately occupied by Mr. Sam Day. This *Son of the Morning* is about to retire into the neighbourhood of Wokingham, in Berkshire; and, in imitation of a great Roman General, to cultivate three hundred acres of his own land; and, though he cannot turn his spears into ploughshares, he means to come up to the Roman as near as possible, by converting his jockey whip into a cart whip, his silk jacket into a smock-frock, his cap into a broad-brimmed straw-hat, his spurs into reaping-hooks, and his wife's pianoforte into a cheese-press: and by way of not being out-generalled—should the public bemoan his loss—it is thought *money* and the *art of persuasion* might induce him to return to the scenes of his former glories, but not to offer him *too little* of the former, nor *too much* of the latter.

Grafton House, for many, many years the seat of honor, honesty, dignity, and grace, is about to be converted (from the fallen state of society) into a hell, to be endowed with the spoils of the Egyptians, consisting of jewels of silver! jewels of gold! changes of raiment (old clothes)! costly pearls! precious stones! and penny pencils! and not to be conducted altogether in the old-fashioned way, with *Bank paper* and *current coins*, but by BONDS.

Norfolk, October 5, 1833.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY the 14th.—Up to this time, as far as dry sunny summer-like weather goes, nothing could be finer, and the turf wearing a delightful verdant exterior; but, like too many of those who shamefully disgrace it, presenting a smiling face with a heart as hard as stone. Many of those horses that had gone the cir-

cuits have returned, "seeking rest but finding none." Those that remained here keep hopping on, and many of the young ones truly exhibit the old comparison, "like a cat upon hot bricks." But it is now beginning to rain, and as Newmarket is a place that is soon wet and soon dry, we may reasonably hope in a few days to

be in fine condition, and according to the numbers and quality of the Nobility, Gentry, and others already arrived, we expect a pretty good Meeting when assembled on the course. At half-past one I found myself on the Flat, *with many others*, with a list in my hand of six races, all promising sport—but, oh! what a falling off! the promises were fashionably broken; the six races dwindled down to three, with a much greater company than even our hopes had led us to expect—to see, what? “the nakedness of the land,” for sport it cannot be called, unless to those who delight in seeing the declining state of things.

The first race was a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds and upwards, T.Y.C. Judgment must have been asleep and Justice lost her scales when these weights were fixed, as three three-year-olds were made to give a year away to one of four, and carry 6lb. extra by way of make-weight, unless Charity stepped in and said “many can help one, but one cannot help the many.” Mr. Dilly’s Tourist, named by Mr. Hills, won it with the greatest ease by two lengths, rode by C. Edwards; Mr. Gardner’s Cinderella (a boy), second. These were all the Judge placed out of a field of twelve, inclined to give him every facility by making a rare long tail, in running, for so short a distance: the great Baronet rather rudely (some thought) accused Mr. Forth with the crime of not trying to win. The latter repelled the charge, by offering to change horses, he taking the winner, and running it over again for 500l.; and here the matter dropped, except a little grumbling.

Derby and Oaks Challenge Stakes of 50 sovs. each, Across the Flat: two only came to the post—won by the Duke of Grafton’s Octave a length and a half, rode by Chapple; the Duke of Portland’s Pledge colt second:—6 to 4 on the loser, and a good whipping by John Day.

The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, T.M.M. Course, for which five started and three paid. The first de-

cision was a dead heat between Mr. Mills’s Kate and the Duke of Grafton’s *Ægyptus*. Impartial people (of which there are but few) thought that if Kate had not made quite so free, she would have won; which opinion was corroborated in some measure in running it over again. Till now she had been considered stout, but, it is a sad thing to say—*Kate is a jade*. More running was made the second time, which enabled *Ægyptus*, from being favorably weighted, to win by a neck. Little Rogers rode him admirably, in fact equal to any man, which must have delighted the heart of his father: but not so his mother, if she had been there, to see her child, her only son, weighing not more than 60lb. put upon a great over-grown rolling beast, like a ship at sea without a rudder. Yet with small means well applied, he brought him in with triumph and perfect safety. Flatman was upon Kate, but his fine riding was abortive on account of the pace, and having nothing to assist him. Whale was third the first heat; Basto fourth, and 4 to 1 against him; Rouncival fifth and last—last in the race, but first in the betting; and 4 to 1 agst the winner. There is something in handicapping like making punch, where no one thing should predominate; but in this surely there was too much of the acid. Why should one three-year-old that had never done anything to distinguish himself be made to give a year and 3lb. to one that had? and to give 2st. all but 2lb. to one of the same year (the winner), likely in every respect to be equally good—does it mean exclusion?

TUESDAY—four races on paper, three on the turf—Rouncival and Malibran, a Match, not run.

Fifty Pounds, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—About twelve started, and came a merry pace, as most young ones seem to do; in the last struggle, Robinson brought out Sir M. Wood’s Reveller colt, his dam Aline, in his usual style of excellence, and won by a length, with the odds of 5 to 1 agst him. Lord Burlington’s Bizarre filly (Arnall), 3 to 1 agst her, and Gen.

Walpole's Merlin filly (C. Edwards), 2½ to 1 agst her, ran a dead heat for second. The others must do something better to deserve notice.

Great Match! Sir Mark Wood's Vespa agst Mr. Forth's Marpessa, 8st. 5lb. each, D.M. 200 sovs.—the latter so superior that at four hundred yards from home the jockey pulled her to that degree as to give it almost the appearance of dodging, and won at the last by two lengths, using her own discretion: here Mr. Forth had the sweetest revenge a sportsman can have for his wounded feelings the day before. Norman rode Marpessa, and Robinson the loser.

Renewal of the Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. Two-Year-Old Course, 41 subs.—something so well worth having, that fourteen or fifteen contended for it. To appearance they came a good pace, and one might judge of their sincerity by the slaughter a hundred yards from home, when Mr. Yates's Bentley by Buzzard came out in the best form of our best horses of our best days, with nothing to do for Pavis, his rider, but to sit on and regulate the pace in easy circumstances. He had everything he called for, and won by two good lengths. Yates, Peel, and party, won an immense sum, but luckily it was raised by a vast number of contributors: the betting began at 10 to 1 agst him, and ended at four to 1—a sure proof of great stirrings in the market: pray take care about the Derby, for if another day like this should dawn upon the already *highly-favored*, the Turf will be in danger of becoming like the rest of the world, "all rich and all poor."

WEDNESDAY we had a "blank" day, not a single race; the same thing, on the same day in the Meeting, it is said happened twenty-four years ago. Now, what's to be done? What shall we do? Must not shoot, on account of disturbing regular supply for London markets. The Noble Duke of the surrounding lands proved this on the Monday week previous, himself and a Sporting Baronet killing one

hundred and sixty head of game on that day, Sir Richard bringing to bag from his own gun upwards of sixty partridges, besides other game; and his shooting they say was "equal to Osbaldeston," even in his own estimation, but this I fear will not be believed. His Grace did not shoot quite so well as usual, but made it up in the evening by his industry in trying to dispose of the produce of the day, by haggling with a higgler for three-quarters of an hour about the prices! the latter urging the certainty of a "glut" in the markets from the weather and nights, as well as days, being so fine for poaching! "What a bad law!" a law that affords facilities to bring the Peer and the poacher to contend for a thing that might *by right* be the property of the one, but *could not* of the other!—What are we to do now? No shooting, no greyhounds to be got, Bury Fair (not the Ladies) insufferably stupid. A man walking in the street, seven miles in one hour, which he did, made sufficiently *light* for the purpose by poverty and wretchedness, and already stripped, from having little or nothing to wear—with mingled pity and disgust people now retired to their houses and spent the day (one of the finest ever seen), the Gentlemen in playing cards in their parlours, their servants in the kitchen at cribbage and push-pin; a day completely lost to *many*, and their money too.

THURSDAY.—The fairest day's sport, in the foulest weather, began by a Handicap Plate of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Six started and got off *well together*, making a handsome finish, Messenger (C. Edwards) being first by a neck; Mr. Sowerby's Volage (S. Mann), second; Mr. Isaac Day's Little Boy Blue (Pavis), third: but this start having taken place (though a good one) was deemed false from being undertaken without orders from the proper authorities. In the second, four only came to the post, which Volage won by a length without difficulty, Little Boy Blue second; and Messenger, the winner of the false start, was last in this.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner to be sold for 40l. if claimed; four subscribers. Mr. Gray's Sister to Alea proved the successful one by three quarters of a length, well rode by Teddy Edwards; Mr. Wm. Day's Arlingworth second; Kialar Aga third; and the Memphis filly last. Mr. Gray looked *Blue* at losing a winner for 40l.; but Mr. Wm. Day, himself the picture of good nature, restored happiness to the disconsolate by formally claiming the winner, and afterwards sending her home to her former good quarters and sorrowing master.

In a Match for 25 sovs. Gen. Grosvenor's Bon Ton, with Pavis (Bon Ton) upon him, beat Mr. Cosby's Stradbally (S. Mann), by three lengths. At a little more than a hundred yards from home the loser was many yards first, when, as if by magic, he changed his nature from *horse to pig*; and although he had a man to direct him, he would "neither lead nor drive." If he really has anything of the pig about him, when the Devil entered into the herd of swine he (Stradbally) came in for a full share.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds and upwards, seven subscribers; but when it was found out that these dispensers of justice had followed the old plan of "giving an apple where there is an orchard," four out of the seven paid 10 sovs. each to avoid farther disappointment. Col. Peel's Clarion, with Pavis, and the odds 6 to 4 on him, won three lengths; Mr. T. Wood's Titian (Connolly) second—thus taking Sir S. Graham's usual place with Jason, who was last for the first time.

Match.—The Duke of Richmond's Ketchup, 9st. (Boyce), beat Mr. Henry's Gavotte filly, 7st. very easy.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. with the usual rise to aged, 9st. 4lb. T.M.M. Course; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if claimed. Ten came to the post and one drawn, a good deal of betting, which began at 6 to 1 and ended at 2 to 1 agst the winner. Won a length by Mr. Cooper's colt by Catton, his

dam Twatty, *spiritedly* rode by Flatman; Mr. Gardnor's Myrrha (nicely managed by Pavis) second; none of the rest placed. A fine race and the winner claimed. Now if this is a real transfer, it is the cheapest Twatty Mr. Gardnor (with all his successes) ever bought in his life.

FRIDAY a fine day and good sport. The first race was a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds and upwards, T.Y.C. and won a head by that curious, wonderful, and contradictory animal to all judgment, Gab, the property of Lord Lichfield; with riding too equal to any one at any time, by Arnall (shamefully called Old Bill); Mr. Yates's Sensitive, with Pavis quite alive upon her, second—the great pains he took and 11lb. less weight would just have done it: Mr. Cosby's The Bravo third (Mann), beat by half a head only from the second horse. Those who lost their money on him sacrificed their judgment also by saying "he ought to have won." The Shylock party (though not Israelites) might have said *they ought to have won*, after backing the horse at evens against the field; but they could not get the "pound of flesh" with, nor without shedding of blood, Robinson's fine talents and extraordinary exertions to boot. There might have been mistakes or misfortunes, but they escaped me—faults there were none! for I, with all my care to prevent it (too much like the world), am very apt to see them whether fancied or real.

Col. Peel's Harum Scarum, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Exeter's Mimosa, 8st. 2lb. a length easy, rode by Arnall—Pavis of course on the winner, T. Y. C. for 100. Indeed if he was to ride upon a gate he would be *sure to win*.

Lord Tavistock's Sister to Emery, carrying Robinson, 8st. 7lb. (no joke about scouring), got beat by Lord Chesterfield's La Bayadere, 7st. 12lb. last three-quarters of Bunbury's Mile, a very severe course, 50 sovs. h. ft.—the riding faultless on both sides. Flatman rode the winner, and being a *Lighterman* of course made sail. Robinson tried to come up at the

turn of the Round Course, and two or three times afterwards, with his peculiar gentleness and little reserve; but, having too much ballast and too little canvas, was obliged to submit to a defeat of two lengths, with the odds at 5 to 4 agst him.

Renewal of the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Thirty-two subscribers—a little fortune to some people, but a drop of water in the ocean to Col. Peel, even by his late winnings. Nine came to the post, and amongst them some pretty good-looking ones certainly: but Col. Peel's Whalebone filly, her dam Electress, looked like what she was, a clever winner by half a length: her pedigree too, had a charm not easily overlooked, in addition to the high force of the stables. These considerations, of course, raised her high in public estimation, so that Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Zulima, another favorite for past services, and Electress were backed against the field at 6 to 4, but Zulima "stood her in no stead," being the first beaten in the race. Pavis, who can now "do no wrong," rode the winner; took the lead by half a length early in the race, which lasted to the end. This sort of finish gave us no specimen of brilliancy, but it did of cer-

tainly, which is quite as good, and altogether enough to make a man dream about the Oaks. Mr. Dilly's Freedom (a name dear to Britons) was second, rode by Connolly with the greatest anxiety and exertions; Mr. Mills's Pincher third; these were the only ones that could either get a place, or deserve one.

The Duke of Portland's Emily colt beat Mr. Pettit's Emperor, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. for 50 sovs. John Day on the winner took a good position as soon as the contest began, and wisely guarded against that surprise in the last three strides by which Robinson has gained so many victories.

Gen. Grosvenor's Bon Ton, 8st. 7lb. rode by Pavis (it is easy to guess what followed), beat Lord Chesterfield's La Bayadere, 7st. 25 sovs. T.Y.C. In the midst of the fray a well known voice exclaimed aloud, "General, you look bad!"—"I don't care, so that I look well at last," which he did if easy winning can make him so. After a good hearty cheer for the General the Meeting finished, when the losers dispersed with retiring countenances, and the few winners with smiling faces.

OBSERVER.

Norfolk, Oct. 19.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

THE Jockey Club have just promulgated the following Resolution, dated "New Rooms, April 25, 1833:"—"At a meeting of the Members of the Jockey Club, it was resolved, that in future no horse shall be considered to be struck out of his engagement, unless the owner, or some person authorised by him, shall give notice to the Keeper of the Match-Book, or to his Clerk, or to one of the Stewards present."

The Jockey Club have also deemed it necessary to republish the Law of November 1832 respecting starting,

to which "the Jockeys are particularly desired to attend:"—

"Resolved, that the person appointed to start the horses has authority to order the jockeys to draw up in a line as far behind the starting-post as he may think necessary; and that any jockey disobeying the orders of the starter, or taking any unfair advantage, shall be liable to be fined in such sum, not exceeding 5l., as the Stewards of the Jockey Club may think fit to inflict."

The Clare Gold Cup, in possession of Captain Mansergh for the last year, was challenged, according to the articles, on Patrick's Day last, and run for on Friday 20th September, over the

strongly-fenced course at Ballycore:—Capt. Mansergh's chea. mare Betty Martin, rode by Augustin Butler, Esq. in green, and black cap, beat cleverly, at two heats, Mr. Canny's b. h. Crusader (owner), blue jacket with white sleeves, and ditto striped cap. The country people, though little uproarious, were in high good humour, and chaired Mr. Butler after the second heat *volens volens*. They also intended carrying Captain Mansergh, who is a great favorite with them, for his sportsmanlike qualities and affable and conciliating manners; but the gallant Captain beat a retreat, and ignobly lay in ambush in a hay loft to avoid the intended honour.

The Chase.

Mr. Berkeley has commenced hunting in Bedfordshire four days a week regularly for the season. Up to the 16th of October the hounds had been out twenty-five times, killed eighteen foxes, and run a brace to ground. On the 14th they had a brilliant hour and seventeen minutes from Yardley Chase, killing an old fox at Horton.

Mr. Tatchell began cub-hunting towards the end of September well, and, his country is reported to be full of foxes.

Mr. Steere has also commenced the campaign, and had a beautiful thing of an hour and a quarter on the 22d, and killed his fox.

Colonel G. Wyndham has also begun; but we learn that the rascally system of poisoning his foxes is going on in his home country. In his Findon district the report is good; and, as usual, Captain Pechell's woods and coverts are full of litters.

The Badsworth hounds have commenced most auspiciously, and we understand the country abounds with foxes. A Provincial Journal says—“This celebrated pack had a brilliant day on the 4th from Campsall Park. They found immediately, and the varmint dashed away to Barnsdale Whin, over the common on to Wentbridge, passed the new kennels, and thence to Ackworth Park; and, turning to the left, made for Badsworth,

Upton, and Howell Wood, where he was headed. He then came back by Kirby, gallantly climbed Went Hill, and made his point for Stapleton Park and Womersley, when he was again headed, and made for Brockendale, and was killed in the river Went. This run has no parallel in this early part of the season: it lasted one hour and thirty-five minutes without any check. Out of a small field, the following were in at the death:—Lord Hawke, Capt. Hawke, Mr. Martin Hawke, Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Copley, Mr. Gully, Capt. Adams, Mr. F. Leatham, &c. Richards had a severe fall; and out of eighteen couples there were only two couples of old hounds. The scent was good throughout. Two other foxes were killed during the day.”

Mr. Harrison Carr, who for so many years was the Manager of the Brookside Harriers, has, we regret to say, been obliged to retire from the Hunt through severe illness. No man was more universally respected, nor more ardent in his vocation; but now, alas! he has lost

“that alacrity of spirit
And cheer of mind that he was wont to
have.”

A meeting was recently held at Lewes for the purpose of filling up the vacancy, but no decision was come to: it, therefore, remains open, and, we understand, a clever active young man is “wanted.” Pierrepont, the present kennel huntsman, who hunted them seven years previously to Mr. Carr becoming the Manager, was named, but he is deemed too old to take the lead. The meets, however, are duly announced as heretofore, three times a week—Mondays, at Newmarket Hill; Wednesdays, at Ashcombe and the Race-course alternately; Fridays, at Tellescombe Tye, at half-past 10: and for the present the hounds will be under the management of Mr. Saxby, of Rodmill, and Mr. Charles Beard, of Rottingdean, whose “holdings” in the country they hunt over are very extensive. It would indeed shew great supineness on the part of the Squirearchy and Yeomanry of that part of Sussex if

this old-established pack were allowed to decay, particularly when they have such staunch supporters as Sir George Shiffner and the amiable and liberal-minded Dr. Hooker, Rector of Rottingdean.

Forfarshire.—This side of the country, so long hunted at different periods by Lord Kintore, Mr. Taylor of Kirton Hill, Captain Chalmers of Aulbar, &c. would have lain vacant this year, but for Colonel Dalycell, who has arrived with his establishment; from the excellence of every department of which, and the Colonel's well-known abilities, the most gratifying results may be expected. The country is said to be full of foxes.

In the beginning of October a dinner was given to the Earl of Kintore, at Cooper's Inn at Turriff, by the proprietors of fox-coverts in that neighbourhood, and other gentlemen who are in the habit of hunting with his Lordship's hounds. Mr. Morrison was in the chair, Mr. Leslie of Dunlugas opposite. After the cloth was removed, a very handsome piece of plate, which it had been intended to present to the Noble Earl at the conclusion of the last hunting season, but which had arrived too late, was placed before the Chairman, who, in proposing the health of his Lordship with all the honours, expressed the great satisfaction he felt in being deputed by the Gentlemen of the neighbourhood to convey the sense of obligation they entertained for the kindness and urbanity which had ever distinguished his Lordship since he came amongst them, and to beg his acceptance of the piece of plate now on the table, as a mark of respect from those Gentlemen whose representative he had the honor to be.—His Lordship, in returning thanks, said—"I hardly know how to appreciate this totally uncalled-for and unmerited mark of your friendship. If during the dull winter months the fox-hounds have shewn you any sport, it has been mainly owing to your own individual exertions, in having preserved the foxes, and cutting rides and otherwise improving your coverts,

with, I sincerely hope and trust I may add, the good will of the tenantry to boot, that I have been enabled to promote our sport. To you both do I return my hearty thanks."—The Noble Earl, who is an experienced fox-hunter, hunted the Vale of White Horse country in England a few years back.

Perthshire—Strathern.—This fine and fertile district, inferior to none perhaps as a *plough country*, being very light and dry, has never been hunted by a native pack of fox-hounds, except formerly and partially by the veteran Lord Lynedoch, before, at near 40, he took to soldiering. The Fife Hounds used to come to parts of it most years, and last, being stationed at the Bridge of Earn, had a capital month's sport from parts never before tried. This induced that well-known and spirited sportsman, James Moray, Esq. of Abercainey, to get together a pack of hounds this summer, solely at his own expense, and to procure a good huntsman from England, together with a stud of horses equal to anything. Fears were entertained that in consequence of the keepers having so long kept the foxes down, they might be scarce for the first year, and so cast a gloom over a new thing. This, however, is not the worst: the Fife, who are managed by a kinsman of Mr. Moray, have taken umbrage, and have come up to commence the season in this country, where there is only room for one. Report says the proprietors do not wish to interfere. Be that as it may, should this trial of Mr. Moray's to establish a home pack be defeated, it will be a very great pity. It is a thing which was much to be desired, though those who only look upon the surface of things see nothing in it but mere idle sport. It would have circulated money, brought more gentry into the district, connected (for the time) and conciliated many of the gentry and farmers, and brought them both in their own separate grades more together. Let it end how it will, it must ever redound to Mr. Moray's credit and honour, as a spirited and well-meant undertaking.

STUD SALES, &c.

The following HUNTERS, the property of the late Lord Plymouth, were sold at Tattersall's on the 7th of October :—

Doctor, 155ga.; Spectre, 125ga.; Melton, 91ga.; Governor, 90ga.; Commodore, 120ga.; York, 250ga.; Tom Thumb, 75ga.; and Clifford, 140ga.

The following Stock were sold at Newmarket on Wednesday in the Second October Meeting :—

Vitals, by Catton, dam by Remembrancer; covered by Langar :—to Mr. Hart, 45ga.

Che. Yearling Filly, by the Duke out of Tib :—to Count Nasdesdy, 70ga.

Mixbury, 4 yrs, by Catton out of Harriet :—61ga.—Mr. Batson, at one period, actually refused 2400ga. for this colt.

At the sale of Sir J. Gerard's blood stock, Sarah fetched 210l.; Dame Durdan, 60l.; Mahooba, 24l.; Only That, 27l.; Scrivener, 36l.; Pluralist, 40l.; and a two-year-old colt out of Scribe, 40l.—Several others were sold at low prices.

The following thorough-bred Horses, Mares, Young Stock, and well-known Hunters—a draft from Lord Chesterfield's Stud—were sold at Tattersall's on the 21st. :—

The Stallion Dunsinane, by Macbeth :—bought in at 87ga.

Rovena, by Haphazard out of Prudence; covered by Zingane :—22ga.

Che. Mare, 3 yrs, by Partisan out of Sultans; covered by Gustavus :—30ga.

Bay Mare, by Muley, dam by Patriot; covered by Zingane :—56ga.

Brown Mare, by Filho da Puta out of Miss Catton; covered by Zingane :—110ga.

Bay Mare, 4 yrs, by Menelaus, dam by Wanderer; covered by Zingane; with a colt-foal by Dunsinane :—50ga.

Lady Jane, a Bay Mare (not thorough-bred); stunted to Priam :—26ga.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS (NOT THOROUGH-BRED).

Bay Filly, by Mameluke, dam by Wrangler :—17ga.

Bay Filly, by Leviathan out of a famous Hunting Mare :—26ga.

Black Filly, by Leviathan out of Lady Jane :—46ga.

YEARLINGS.

Bay Filly, by Dunsinane out of the Maley Mare—Patriot :—40ga.

Grey Filly, by Dunsinane out of Lady Jane (not thorough-bred) :—26ga.

Several Hacks, Carriage Horses, &c. fetched fair price and PERFECT, a

celebrated chestnut pony, was sold for 125ga. We may add, that this beautiful animal is most appropriately named.

HUNTERS.

Kitty, 60ga.; Bagman, 72ga.; Bell the Cat, 256ga.; Julius Caesar, 300ga.; Eaglet, 150ga.; Perfection, 200ga.; Pugilist, 255ga.; Publican, 120ga.; and Oriana, 180ga.

GREYHOUNDS.

On the same day were sold the following Greyhounds, the property of Mr. Fleetwood, of Lancashire, giving up coursing :—

FOUR YEARS OLD.

Firebrand, a Brindle Dog, by Harry Percy out of Puss :—8½ga.

THREE YEARS OLD.

Fochabar, a Red Dog, bred by the Duke of Gordon (brother to Mallbran) :—8½ga.

TWO YEARS OLD.

Friar (formerly Altcar), a Black Dog, by Augustus out of Effie; won the North Meols Cup in October 1832, and the Altcar Cup in November 1832 :—42ga.

Fanatic, a Brindle Bitch, by Rector out of Handy; won the Sovereigns, North Meols, October 1832; the Altcar Cup, November 1832; the Oaks Stakes at Ashdown Park, November 1832; and the Sovereigns at Southport, December 1832 :—50ga.

Frontlet, a Black and White Bitch, by Helmet out of Hornet; won two Stakes, two days following, at North Meols, October 1832; and a Stakes at Ashdown Park, November 1832 :—30ga.

Fenella, a Blue Bitch :—3½ga.

Henry, a Brindle Dog, by Rector out of Beauty :—6ga.

Effie, a Black and White Bitch, by Helmet out of Honeymoon :—6½ga.

Fawn Bitch, by Haphazard out of Hopeful :—5ga.

Fawn and White Dog, by Haphazard out of Hopeful :—3½ga.

PUPPIES.

Two Red Bitches, by Phlegon out of Highwind, 18 months old :—10ga. and 5ga.

Two Dogs, by Phlegon out of Hornet, 18 ditto :—10ga. and 5ga.

One Dog, by Phlegon out of Heart's-case, 18 ditto :—16ga.

One Dog, by Highlander out of Headless, 18 ditto :—5ga.

Two Bitches, by Helmet out of Fairy Queen, 18 ditto :—3½ga. and 10½ga.

Two Dogs and one Bitch, by Helmet out of Honeymoon, 18 ditto :—12ga. 14ga. and 10½ga.

One Dog, by Fochabar out of Fountain, 18 ditto :—11½ga.

One Dog and one Bitch, by Phlegon out of a bitch bred by Mr. Biggs, by Blackbird out of Mab :—6ga. and 4ga.

HORSES PURCHASED TO GO ABROAD.

George Walker, Esq. has sold *Voluna* by Comus, 4 yrs, and *Boscobel* by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, to go abroad.

General Sharpe has sold Malek (brother to Velocipede), by Blacklock, dam by Juniper, to Mr. Jackson, who has sent him to Vienna.

A considerable trade has been carried on at Leith during the summer months, within these few years back, in importing the larger and better sorts of Ponies and Galloways from Norway for the Scotch market. They are for the most part very handsome, hardy, and good trotters, remarkably quiet, and well adapted for pony-chaises, or in pairs for drookies, &c., and what is termed family uses generally, and are frequently sold at high prices.

At the Highland Societies' great annual meeting, held this year at Stirling, the show of horses, for agricultural purposes more particularly, was beyond all former precedent. In no other instance was the improvement more strongly marked. Of 14 draught stallions shewn, all were good: the mares too, amounting to 19, equally remarkable. Of Cleveland stallions only three were shewn, and these were very neat horses, shewing the characteristic good action for which the breed is remarkable. The premiums awarded were—for the best draught stallion, to Mr. James Frame, Lanarkshire, 20 sovs.: for the best mare, to Mr. John Finlay, Springhill, Lanarkshire, 10 sovs.: for the best Cleveland stallion, to the Hon. Admiral C. E. Fleming, 20 sovs.—Mr. Frame's horse, besides the premium, received a bonus of 70l., and the certainty of as many mares as he can serve, at a remunerating price, to travel the Stirling district next season.

THE YOUNG GROOM'S GUIDE.

A useful manual, worthy the attention of the class for whose instruction and guidance it is intended.

GAME LAWS.

A question of considerable importance has been lately raised in Kent respecting the exclusive right of landlords to sport over the lands of their tenants. The Earl of Guildford (who, by the way, is in Orders) caused an information to be laid against a Gen-

tleman named Boys, who held a farm under his Rev. Lordship, for shooting at a hare on his own land. The defendant was convicted in the mitigated penalty of 40s. by three Magistrates; but on appeal to the Quarter Session, the conviction was quashed, the defendant having shewn that there was no reserved right expressed in his agreement. Mr. Bell (late of the Chancery Bar), who is a resident Magistrate of Kent, voted against the conviction. This arbitrary law should be abolished altogether.—The occasion and the names of the parties concerned have given birth to the following squib:—

The Parson Peer, a dismal tale must tell,
Denied monopoly of rural joys,
His wayward humour failed to bear the
Bell,
And made My Lord the laughing-stock
of Boys.

A Correspondent of the *Devizes Gazette*, after shewing that he is apprehensive an idea prevails with sportsmen, that, because the sale of game has been rendered *legal*, the making presents of game must consequently be *illegal*, proceeds to say, that, after the most diligent perusal of the Statutes passed on the subject, he can safely pronounce, that there is no Act of Parliament, nor any clause in any Act of Parliament, which has the remotest tendency, or that by the most sharp-practised lawyer can be construed to have the remotest tendency, to prohibit one friend from making a present of a leash of partridges, a hare, or a brace of pheasants, to another; but that the privilege remains in as full force, and may be practised as frequently and as extensively as if no Act legalising the sale of game had passed; provided always, that no old jack hare, or birds of more than two years of age, be included in the present!

NATURAL HISTORY.

A splendid specimen of the Glossy Ibis (*Tantalus igneus*) was lately killed near Norwich, and is now in the possession of Mr. Smith of that city. This species is said to be common in Russia, on the shores of the Don, and about the Caspian and Black Seas. We never heard of

more than one being found in England, says Mr. Lewin—it was shot in Cornwall. Mr. Montagu remarks, “it is not a little surprising that the Glossy Ibis should have so long continued multiplied into three distinct species, as it appears to be by no means an uncommon bird in some parts of Europe. We consider the variety usually called the Bay Ibis (*Tantalus falcinellus*) to be the most perfect state of plumage; the Green Ibis (*Tantalus viridis*) to be the first or young bird; and the Glossy Ibis, with all its variations, to be the intermediate approaches towards maturity. All these varieties, with the several shades and gradations have within these few years been shot in England.”

Longevity of the Swan.—A male swan, which the *Montrose Review* states to have attained the very patriarchal age of 200 years, died lately at Rosemount. He was brought to Dunn, when the late John Erskine, Esq. was in infancy, and was then said to be 100 years old. About two years ago he was purchased by the late David Duncan, Esq. of Rosemount.—“The longevity of the swan,” observes a modern writer, “seems to equal if not exceed that of any other animal, as it is said to live three centuries—a fact which seems strange, and is to be regretted has not been correctly ascertained in some of our great families of old, so extremely attached to this noble bird. Hence I take leave to recommend to the keepers and amateurs of the swan to open a Stud-Book, wherein a sufficient number of individuals may be named and marked,

that our posterity may be better informed on this branch of natural history than ourselves.”

SPORTING OBITUARY.

Chorister by Lottery, winner of the St. Leger in 1831, the property of the Duke of Cleveland.

Mr. Walker's promising colt Alaric, by Velocipede—Miss Crachami, by Magistrate, engaged in the ensuing Derby, &c. died on the 17th of October of inflammation.

SIR HARRY GOODRICKE'S WILL.

The will of this greatly-lamented Gentleman has been lodged in Doctors' Commons, and the personal property alone within the province of Canterbury sworn under 300,000l.; but this amount does not, of course, include the Irish estates, which are estimated at 60,000l. more. Mr. Holyoake, the residuary legatee, a personal friend of the deceased, becomes possessed by this will of upwards of 200,000l. in addition to the landed property, which is very considerable.—Sir John Goodricke, the first Baronet of Ribston, ancestor of the late Sir Harry, suffered much in the Civil Wars for his loyalty to Charles I. He had his estates sequestrated, and paid 1343l. 10s. composition to the sequestrators. He was prisoner first at Manchester, and then in the Tower of London, whence he made his escape into France, where he continued till the Restoration, when he was chosen Knight of the Shire for Yorkshire. The Ribston estates were purchased, by one of the Baronet's ancestors, of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S—OCTOBER 29.

THE Rooms were nearly deserted yesterday, most of the leading Speculators being at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the closing of the Racing Season. Neither the First nor the Second October Meetings have thrown any new light on the state of the Odds for the DERBY, with this exception, that Mr. Yates's (late Mr. Cooke's) Bentley, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth, and Mr. Batson's Plenipo, half-brother to Mixbury, have become second and third favorites, Mr. Watt's Bubastes still keeping the lead. Bentley is strongly backed, from so easily winning the Clearwell Stakes in the Second October Meeting. Some other changes have taken place in the Bettings on this event, which now stand as follows:—

DERBY.—9 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Bubastes (taken); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Yates's Bentley (taken); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Batson's Plenipo (taken freely); 18 to 1 agst Mr. Gardner's

Comet; 18 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Guardian; 23 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Delirium (taken); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Chifney's Emilliana colt; 30 to 1 agst Mr. Greville's Brother to Whale (taken); 30 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Olympic (taken); 30 to 1 agst Col. Cradock's Emigrant;—40 to 1 agst any other—20 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's two (taken); 1000 to 10 agst Mr. Watt's Belluna (taken).

The OAKS remain *in statu quo*:—7 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Cotillon; 9 to 1 agst Col. Peel's Rosalie; 18 to 1 agst Mr. Nevill's Amado; 20 to 1 agst Mr. Bigg's Mulayana (taken); and 20 to 1 agst Mr. Stonehewer's Zullma (taken):—7 to 1 offered on the field, and 8 to 1 offered to be taken.

NEWMARKET, OCT. 28, 6 P.M.—The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds, 44 subs., has just been won by Mr. Yates's Bentley—Mr. Forth's Louisa and Sir M. Wood's gr. f. by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam, dead heat for second—ten others started.

The Two-year-old Stakes, the Drawing Room, Filly, and Racing Stakes at Goodwood, all of which are numerously subscribed to, together with several Newmarket Produce Stakes, "close and name" on Friday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conclusion of "Odds and Ends connected with Turf Affairs," by BINGWOOD, shall certainly appear in our next; together with several articles of paramount interest to the Sporting World, the MSS. of which, from some of our best friends, are now in our possession.—We have also great pleasure in announcing that THE YOUNG FORESTER has kindly promised to favour us with his "Review of the Racing Season 1833, and Matters connected therewith."

We are as anxious as THE YELLOW ADMIRAL "to throw the light of truth upon the public mind, and to guard against jaundiced misrepresentations;" but we must take leave to say, that assertion is not argument; and he must excuse us if we put our faith in the communications of a *known* honorable, and certainly *not* an *interested*, Contributor, rather than on the uncertain authority of an *unknown* and anonymous Correspondent. As, however, our motto always is *Audi alteram partem*, if he will substantiate his statement, and favour us with his real name and address, we will readily give it place, and have no doubt a satisfactory answer will be furnished.

The article on "the Snakes, the Rats, and the Ants," we have no doubt is *true*: "the story is extant, and written in very choice" *English*, by Mrs. Carmichael, and will be found (with the exception of the Snakes) in a work recently published by that Lady, intitled "Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Coloured, and Negro Population of the West Indies".....how her house (in Trinidad) was infested with cock-roaches, jack-spaniards (the wasp of the West Indies, twice as large as the British), and rats and mice—how the chasseur-ants destroyed, first, hundreds of cock-roaches; then the jack-spaniards, but these with greater difficulty on account of their using their wings, which not one cock-roach attempted—how the ants then commenced an attack on the rats and mice, not one of which escaped—how, in anticipation of their feast, an unusual number of black birds, smaller, but not unlike the English crow, had perched on the trees surrounding the house; and when the ants were surfeited with their repast, pounced upon them and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make their retreat—how such a "cleaning" was considered a "blessing," as the birds were never seen but at such times!"....."Duck Shooting" at Hudson's Bay, from the same pen, as regards the sport is good, but is too far fetched for us; at least we anticipate that our readers would give us credit for throwing the hatchet instead of the *Huskimay* (Esquimaux). The adventure of the Hero *Sekall* seems to be founded on the narrative of the punt-shooter on the Hampshire coast, as fully detailed by the Rev. W. Gilpin in Daniell's *Rural Sports*, vol. ii. p. 477.—Both articles are left at the Office for the writer.

We thank our friend "T. R. A." for his paper on the *new* system of snaring game introduced by the poachers in the neighbourhood of Stockport:—"They tie (he says) a small lantern on a pointer's head, and send him over the fields; and as soon as he points, they throw a net over the place where the birds lie, and in this manner whole coveys are secured at once."—If T. R. A. will refer to the first volume of our *New Series*, p. 205 (February 1818), he will find this *new system* not only fully explained, but also a representation of the dog on his poaching expedition.—The writer might have added the letters S. H. to his initials.

We really cannot undertake to preserve MSS. rejected, unless specially requested to do so. Correspondents should keep copies of their letters if they think them worth the trouble.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.
SECOND SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1833.

No. XLIV.

CONTENTS.

<p>Drawing for a Fox..... 74</p> <p>Review of the Racing Season 1833, by <i>The Young Forester</i> 74</p> <p>Orello 79</p> <p>Bettings at Tattersall's 80</p> <p>Sporting Reminiscences of Frank Alton in India, by <i>Javelin</i> 81</p> <p>The Game of Pallone described 87</p> <p>Spaniels (<i>concluded</i>), by <i>A Quartogenarian</i> 88</p> <p>Doings in Cheshire 96</p> <p>Odds and Ends connected with Racing (<i>continued</i>), by <i>Ringwood</i> 97</p> <p>Random Records—on the Comparative Merits of English and Irish Horses: celebrated Irish Jockeys, &c.—by <i>Ambo</i> 103</p> <p>A Squire and his Hounds Thirty Years ago 109</p> <p>Ancient Welsh Games, and Proposals for their Revival and Extension 111</p> <p>Traits of English Fox-hunting—the Cots- wold Country—by <i>Old Harkaway</i> 114</p> <p>The King of Belgians' Hounds 121</p> <p>Of the Get and their Performances, &c. of the Cole Arabian—with a <i>Postscript</i> to <i>Javelin</i> on "Cursory Remarks on the Breed of Asiatic Horses," by <i>Stud</i>.. 123</p> <p>Re-modelling of the Plymouth Royal Clarence Regatta Club, under the title of the "Royal Western Yacht Club.".. 130</p> <p>Fly-fishing in Loch Freuchy among the Gramplains, by <i>Riparius</i>..... 133</p> <p>Newmarket Third October or Houghton Meeting, by <i>Observer</i> 139</p> <p>Winners of Royal Purses, Gold Cups, and Two-year-old Stakes in 1833 146</p> <p>Royal Yacht Squadron—Reply to Letters from Cowes signed <i>J. B. G.</i>..... 151</p> <p>Tribute to the Memory of <i>Snake</i>, a favo- rite Pointer 155</p> <p>Fishing Scene—Source of the Medway,</p>	<p>with <i>Historical Facts</i> relative to Hever Castle 155</p> <p>Belshazzar and the <i>Water Wretch</i> 156</p> <p>A Few Lines from <i>Dashwood</i>..... 162</p> <p>Extracts from an Old Journal, by <i>Fire- lock</i>:—Summer Tour—Baltimore—Mr. C. S. Ridgeley's Fox-hounds and Stud— Quail or Virginian Partridge—Welsh Harriers—Washington Races: Singu- lar Accident to General Ridgeley's Post- boy in a Match with Mr. Butler's Hic- kory—Hampton House—Quail and Can- vas-back Duck Shooting—Ludicrous Scene with the Gloster Hounds, &c. .. 163</p> <p>Pedigree of <i>Wily</i> 172</p> <p>List of Stallions for 1834 173</p> <p>Hints to Young Coursers 174</p> <p>Coursing Meetings:—Swaffham, New- market, Cockney Club, Everleigh, Wensleydale, Malton, East Halsey, &c. .. 179</p> <p>Letters from Cowes, No. VII. 186</p> <p>Nominations for Newmarket and Good- wood 1834 189</p> <p>Hunting Campaign in Leicestershire— Commencement of the Season with Mr. Holyoake's Hounds under the Ma- nagement of Mr. Green—the Ather- stone Stud and Establishment, &c.—by <i>Will Careless</i>..... 193</p> <p>Lines on the ever-to-be-lamented Death of Sir Harry Goodricke 199</p> <p>Hurdle Race on Brighton Race-course, by <i>Javelin</i> 200</p> <p>Letter from the Owner of the Albatross, in Refutation of the Attack made on that Yacht by <i>J. B. G.</i> 202</p> <p>SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:— The Turf—the Chase—Steeple chases— Archery—Cricket—Angling—Sporting Obituary, &c. 204</p> <p>NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS... 208</p> <p>RACING CALENDAR..... 9</p>
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Embellished with

I. DRAWING COYERT.—II. ORELIO.—III. FISHING SCENE: SOURCE OF
THE MEDWAY.—IV. WILY.

DRAWING FOR A FOX.

WE present this print with less diffidence to our kind friends, patrons, supporters, and real lovers of fox-hunting, in consequence of its having already met the approbation of all those who have seen it, both in the hands of the painter as well as the engraver: the subject too, if varied, is one that never tires, particularly if done with proper spirit; and the country in appearance gives hopes of that reward which never falls to sweeten labour: and should our subject pass through its day as it has begun its morning, we shall have many reasons for gratifying ourselves in having adopted it: and should it, in addition, meet with universal approbation, we shall have done in Art what is not always accomplished in Nature—for who has ever seen three coverts drawn “blank” without hearing it remarked that it was “through

the unskilfulness of the huntsman”.....or (in a softer tone) “the obstinacy of the master”.....“the ignorant rascality of the whips”.....and “the number of fools out that know nothing about hunting”.....“why we have left, at least, a brace of foxes behind us now.”—Therefore, as such things are of daily occurrence in “the life,” we must expect in the eyes of some to be on the wrong side of the covert “in the picture of it.” The black horse is the principal charm in the picture (if it has any), and is in nature beautiful, *thorough-bred*, and in every way accomplished; but his owner wishes to withhold his name till some of those to whom he is well known can have an opportunity to identify him in the print. The painting is by LAMBERT MARSHALL, the engraving by JOHN ROMNEY.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON 1833.

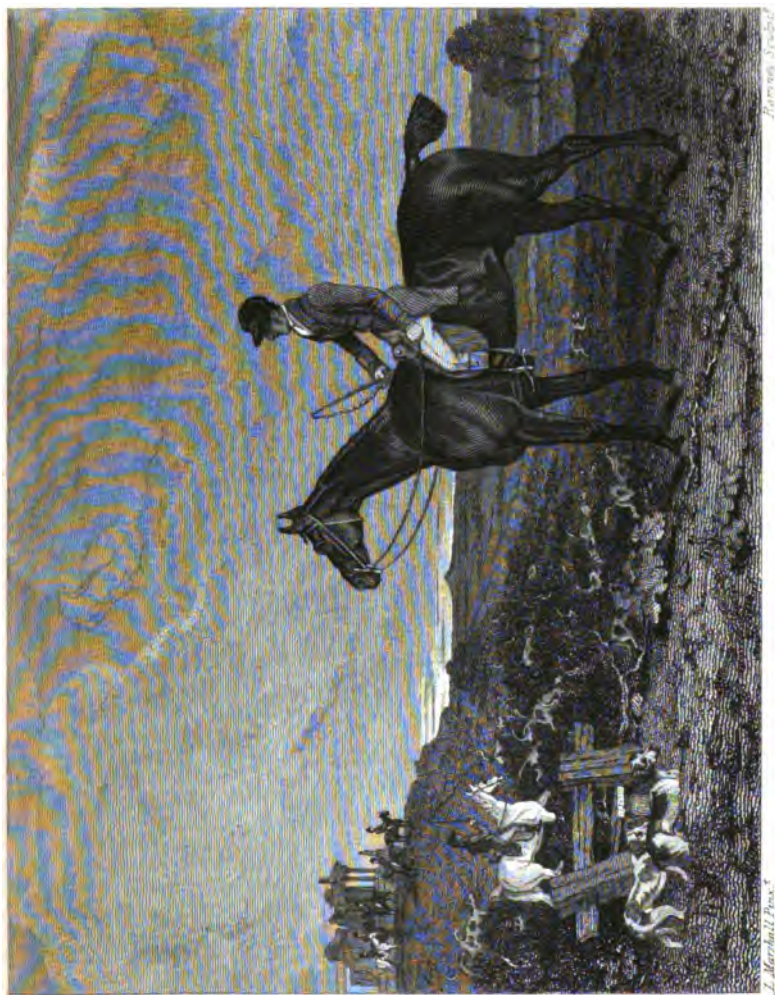
BY THE YOUNG FORESTER.

SIR,

A Glance at the sport of the past season will, I regret to say, shew us a considerable falling off in the quantity as well as quality of racing. There are many reasons to which this is to be attributed. In the farce of *Turning the Tables*, when *Jack Humphries* advises his friend to carry off to Gretna the damsel with which the latter is in love, he answers, that “he has several reasons why he cannot do so: the first, that he has no money; the second” —“The first will do,” replies *Jack*: and so, in our case, the lack of the needful may be sufficient without going farther into the matter. There are,

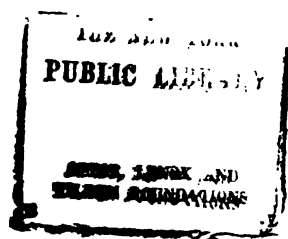
however, other reasons for this “falling off,” and I shall mention a few hereafter which I consider to have materially acted against the prosperity of the Turf, particularly at Newmarket; to which place indeed the whole defalcation may be said to be confined; for in the country there has been no cause of complaint.

The Hunt Meetings, I regret to say, have still carried on the system of Half-bred Stakes, the very name of which implies a licence for all kinds of chicanery and robbery. Is there any one who knows the least about the matter fool enough to suppose for a moment that a real *half-bred* animal



DRAWING COVER.

Published by M. A. Pittman, New York, N. Y., and London, England, 1873.



has the smallest chance with the (so called) cocktail of the present day? A severe blow has, however, been given to this nefarious system by the resolution of the Jockey Club not to recognise any Half-bred Stake: so that no dispute on the subject of cocktail-racing can come before them. It was on this principle that the Maiden Plate at Chatham last year was eventually awarded to Matilda, who had been objected to as having been the winner of a Half-bred Stake at St. Alban's, and, it was consequently contended, was not maiden. The owner of Matilda rejoined, that the race at St. Alban's had been done away by Matilda having since been discovered to be thorough-bred, and the Stake having been given up to the owner of the second horse. All this the Jockey Club declined to go into, and awarded the Chatham Plate to Matilda, on the ground that they knew nothing of any such matter as a race for half-bred horses, and as she had never won among thorough-bred ones she was entitled to the Stake as being maiden. When will Hunters' Stakes, on fair terms, be thrown open to *all* horses? and so, while encouraging the breed of thorough-bred hunters up to weights, assist in exterminating the system of "getting up" a cocktail, and put an end to all the speculation connected with it? Surely it has been pursued *usque ad nauseam*.

Looking over some old volumes of your *Mag.* a short time since, I remember that one of your Correspondents expresses his regret that there should be only twenty subs. to the Craven Stakes at Newmarket: this was, I think, eight or nine years ago. The Craven has since then fallen off still more, although in some degree compensated for by the large entry of late years for the Handicap for Two's and Three's, Ab. M. This year for the former we had only twelve subs., Camarine having alarmed many; while for the latter Stake there were no less than twenty-two subscriptions. The Riddlesworth produced as wretched a lot of horses as could be

well got together, and of those the race was won by the worst of the squad; and Lord Jersey had to thank his good luck and Robinson's fine riding for putting so valuable a Stakes within his grasp. There never probably on the whole appeared a worse lot of three-year-olds at Newmarket than those which ran for the different Stakes in the Spring Meetings of the past season. In addition to the miserable brute which won the Riddlesworth, the "Two Thousand" was won with the greatest difficulty by Clearwell (and that again only by the admirable steering of Jenn Robinson), beating that worst of jades, Sir Robert; and Forester, in the same week, defeated Clearwell in his turn, by a head only, for the Newmarket Stakes. Here were four or five of their crack Derby nags publicly exhibited in one week, all within a head of one another. The fillies did not cut a much better figure—Revelry, Vespa, Octave, and others being close together. Tarantella (who had been a favorite for the Clearwell the preceding autumn) only appeared in better form than the rest, and that only as long as the ground suited her stilty joints. Of all the old horses, with the single exception of Camarine, Rubini was by far the best in these Meetings; but Mr. Vansittart, being anxious to dispose of the things which he had at Newmarket, would not allow Rubini, who really requires good preparation, to have sufficient work to get him fit to run; and the horse was consequently beaten by Vestris (then nearly broken down), who was never within a stone of Rubini's best form. This occasioned the latter to be sold at so small a sum to Lord Uxbridge; and as he never was afterwards tried, except in his race with The Saddler, where, from his receiving so much weight, and his winning so easily, they set it down as nothing, no money, as there ought to have been, was won about him for the Goodwood Cup, of which more anon. The Duke of Cleveland (*poor man!*) was fortunate enough to get back most of the price of Trustee, by his winning

the Claret and his Match with Minster; and, had he contrived to have won the Oatlands also, His Grace would have had, what is called at Newmarket, "a good touch."

Chester, though not so great as in former years, still furnished this season a capital week's sport, though producing nothing of any interest as affecting any of the great races to come. Mr. Mostyn's Jack Faucet was the only Leger horse that appeared; and by the time his winning became known in London, the flyer Llewellyn, sold out of the same stable to Messrs. Chifney, Ford, and Co., had quietly dropped to the bottom of the list in the odds for the Derby, leaving every one satisfied that Mr. Mostyn had been good judge enough to keep the best at home.

York Spring Meeting this year produced great influence on the market for the Leger. Muley Moloch having won the York Derby so easily, beating what was *then* thought the crack Frankenstein, placed him at once at the head of the list; and though in the course of the summer there were plenty of rumours of his having been amiss, queer legs, &c., yet such was the ridiculous prejudice as to his public running (he had stolen a race with the greatest difficulty from Belshazzar at two years old, and had beaten some things at York no better than common hacks), and the reports of his flying performances in private, that nothing could displace him from the enviable post of first favorite. Belshazzar was again defeated, as last year, by one of those odd circumstances that occur frequently in racing—Bill Scott, on Anne, having fairly stolen the race; and some money was got about her for the Leger in consequence. Here Rockingham also made his first appearance for the season; but Belshazzar was then thought so much the more shining planet, that the former's performances were quite eclipsed by his partner luminary; added to which, the field which Rockingham beat was looked on as so moderate as not to in the least

tend to raise him in the public estimation. Mr. Walker's smart little South-country-bred mare Cotillon made her first public appearance also at this Meeting, and exhibited such a specimen of dancing, that on all future occasions every one must be anxious to be on good terms with her.

Up to the time of Epsom, from all we had seen of the Newmarket running, I felt convinced that there never had been a more favorable opportunity for a country horse to win the Derby than this season presented; but I little thought it was to fall to the lot of so worthy a fellow as Isaac Sadler. Strange to say, that three country horses were in front, and the Newmarket cracks nowhere. Up to the day of running Glaucus maintained his position as favorite; more, however, I have no doubt, from the negative merits of the Newmarket horses than any positive good qualities of his own. In the autumn of last year, after Glaucus had run his match with Clearwell, Jem Robinson said that he was not a Derby horse; for, on that day, although at the end he appeared to win easily, yet it was only through the other having run himself out at the beginning; and even then it was a race three parts of the distance. This, coupled with the performances of Clearwell this season, proved the truth of the observation Robinson made, and places his judgment in a favorable light. As it was, Glaucus never could have remained a favorite had anything shewn the least superior running, for he had never been tried, and they only *fancied* he was in as good form as when two years old. Even *that* was not good enough and so, at the expense of a little vanity, and not a little money, an animal, without legs to stand a preparation, and not good enough if he had done so, was forced upon the market till the race exhibited him in his true colours. People in many matters, and in racing particularly, are afraid to undeceive themselves, and that is the only reason I can imagine why Glaucus was not tried. It was odd that

Connoisseur, who had been galloping at Epsom with Glaucus, should not have been discovered to be the best, especially as he was so very superior in the race. Bill Scott, however, with his usual shrewdness, the only time that he got on Connoisseur, discovered something so much better than he thought the horse, compared at least with Glaucus's going, that he went and took *one thousand to ten* about him, the only bet I believe that was made on him. After all, the place which Connoisseur got, I have no doubt, was owing solely to his having been prepared; while his crack companion was the earliest beaten in the race, from his having been flattered and nursed from fear of his understandings. Had Revenge, at the time of Epsom, been in the hands of John Day, and in the same trim as he came to Goodwood afterwards, it might have been a ticklish affair for many; but he had no chance to win in the hands he had been in prior to the Derby time. There was much angry feeling displayed relative to this horse, as to who was to ride; and I cannot but consider that Arthur Pavis was used exceedingly ill by having been taken off at the eleventh hour. It was using a paltry jealousy which ought never to have existed, and in some cases might have inflicted severe injury. Arthur, however, is beyond that; but it was too bad in consequence to see one of our most successful and enterprising jockeys of the day sitting a spectator of a race like the Derby, in which twenty-five horses started, and losing no inconsiderable emolument, besides, what is often as valuable to a jockey, the finding out what happens in a race like the Derby, and the after-use that may be made of such observations: "but then," said Mr. Rawlinson, "I engaged Pavis to ride Fop"—a thing within one remove only from a donkey. Mr. Pavis was engaged to ride the *best* horse, and no other. He might with justice exclaim with *Iago*—

"I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place."

After all, Mr. Rawlinson, having so

near a prospect as a race like the Derby before him for the first time, might feel a little bewildered, but he has now got into better hands, and will no doubt be kept in the right path.

On the Wednesday evening previous to the day of the Derby, Mr. Hunter's grey horse Forester paraded round Farrell's paddock, honored with the notice of all the worthies who were looking to the morrow, to exult at his success, while they in imagination already felt their pockets overloaded with the rhino that was to follow. At the same time, and in the same place, Mr. Sadler's nag, though a Dangerous one, was walking alone and unheeded, though giving evident signs of his fitness to run, by his sly attempts "ever and anon" to unseat the boy, and frolic at his ease. Fortune, thou fickle goddess! thou art indeed a most blind and unsteady patron! the fluctuations of Dangerous, and the bad and ill luck attending him could fill a volume. He first appeared a two-year-old at Ascot, on reaching which place his master had, I believe, as good an opinion of him as he ever had of almost any two-year-old he ever trained. He had only been there a few hours when he was seized with the Distemper; and though he was a little better on the day he ran, he was beaten by a little snatching thing of Lord Exeter's called Minima. He then went the ensuing week to Stockbridge, when as he was better, they thought he might have got back to his old form, and 2 to 1 was laid on him: he was beaten, however, easily by Glaucus. He then remained off-and-on till Warwick, when he again started, and was third (although not placed) to Trepidation. From his having remained so long in training while the Distemper was hanging about him, and the system being excited, when given up after Warwick he fell all to pieces, and at times no one would have given ten pounds for him. But Mr. Sadler is not a man to be scared by difficulties: and by dint of assiduous and unremitting care and attention, poor

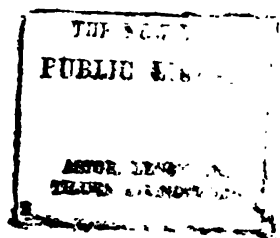
Dangerous was got round time enough to get a very strong preparation for the Derby, and he fortunately stood it. On the day it was evident to every one he was as ripe as a cherry, and the result put the Derby, and some thousands in addition, into the pocket of one of the very best fellows under the sun; who, if the Blind Goddess could see, and be awake to his merits, would win the Derby for twenty years to come. Well as Dangerous was on the day of the Derby, and the ease with which he won, his master had a right to look forward to the two or three thousands in Stakes only in which the horse was engaged, at Stockbridge, Warwick, Goodwood, &c.; but as if enough had been done, before Dangerous reached home, though only three short days' journey, he was again seized with a return of his former illness; and though by good management the horse walked over at Stockbridge and Winchester, yet he has never been able to be prepared since, and lost the valuable Stakes at Warwick and Goodwood, which we had a right to fancy were already within his grasp. I trust, for the sake of his liberal and worthy owner, he may yet next season be, in every sense of the word, a Dangerous horse to those who stand against him on his appearance in public. I have no doubt the whole of the Derby horses, with three exceptions perhaps, were decidedly bad, and those three I take to be, the winner (Dangerous), Revenge, and The Whale: the two latter unfit to run, and all which were so were soon disposed of by the pace which was made at the commencement of the race, as it was allowed to be one of the fastest-run Derby's on record.

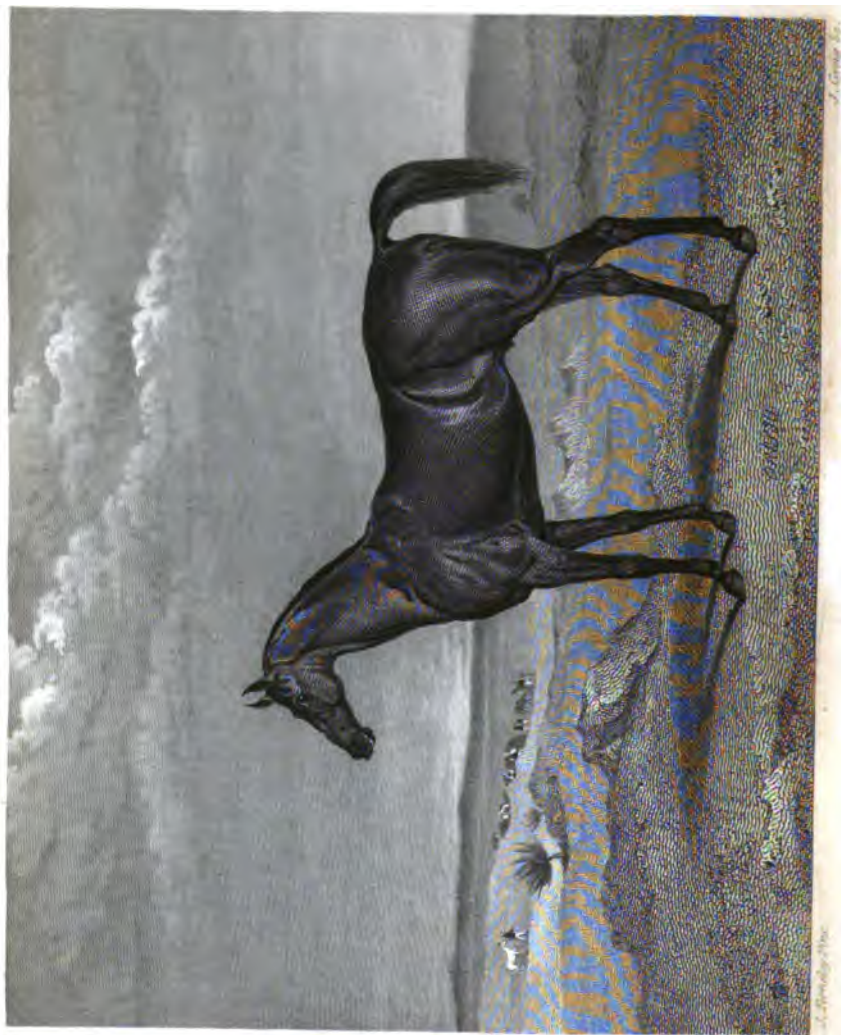
Not so the next day's Oaks, which was one of the slowest, scrambling, uninteresting races ever run. The Derby was won so easily that we had no opportunity of particularly praising Chapple's riding; but in the Oaks Sir Mark owed his winning entirely to the fine handling of his very bad mare; and we may now place on record Mr. Chapple's winning the

Derby and Oaks on Dangerous and Vespa, with Buckle's success on Emilius and Zinc, and Robinson on Cedric and Cobweb. There can be no question that Revelry was the best in the race; and, had she remained well through the spring, would have altered the result. When Tarantella won the Thousand Guineas Stakes and beat Vespa in the race, the ground was very deep, and that just suited the stride of the ting-tong devil; but the ground becoming dry immediately afterwards, her joints would not bear work; and though from her public performances she remained a favorite to the day, yet, as with the Derby, it was more from the lack of any decidedly superior animal in the race than her own merits.

It appears that, after all, the idea of altering the Course so as to start over the hill opposite the Warren (instead of in the bottom as at present), to endeavour to do away the sharp turn at Tattenham Corner is given up; and it is now proposed only to alter the Course, by going farther round into the furze, to make a longer sweep towards the corner, and also to level the ground, and do away as much as possible the irregularities on the surface. As they have given up the main point of making a better turn, it becomes a question, whether, in altering the Course at all, any good will be done; for the uncertainty of the Derby, and the consequent chances it gives to bettors round, depends a good deal on the difference of the Course to the Newmarket Flat, to which if they were to assimilate the Epsom Course, there would be an end of the greatest part of the interest attached to the Derby.

Ascot produced nothing of any moment, except the first indications of the success of Col. Peel's stable, which before the close of the season put *hors de combat* all who dared to oppose it. The restrictions which have been placed on the Cup for the last three or four years have sadly shorn it of its beams; and the great influence which the Goodwood Cup now holds over the Sporting World still more





ORRILL.

tends to reduce the entry, as all the best horses would in course be kept for the former. Galata won it this year from old Lucetta in the same style in which she won the Port previously at Newmarket, jumping off and cutting her opponent down at starting, and going in alone 100 yards first. Galata's dam, Advance, used to win her races in the same manner. The King, "God bless him!"—ever anxious to do anything that would contribute to his people's amusement, at the dinner which he gave to the Jockey Club, besides instigating several new Stakes, was the means of setting on foot a brilliant Subscription to the Cup for next season. There are already twenty Subscribers, and the Cup alone will be of 300 guineas value. Let us hope then that we may get as good a field and race as when Zingane won—a better we cannot expect.

Newton furnished a capital three days' sport this year. The Two-year-old Race was won by Vittoria, who in succession defeated three large fields, at Chester, Liverpool, and Newton, and is no doubt a very smart mare. I am not inclined to think much of the fields she beat, stronger in quantity than quality; but it was a capital first appearance for Camel, who himself, though an infirm, was a very speedy horse, and will no doubt get race horses.

Mr. Beardsworth's stud sadly "fell from its high estate" this season; and he was lucky to get out of Birmingham and Colwick at the prices which he obtained for them. The former has now, fortunately for this country, been transferred, with a few more such roarers as himself, to another land; and the latter, I apprehend, will never again disgrace Lord Chesterfield's colours.

The division of Bibury and Stockbridge (which on consecutive days last year did very well) spoiled both Meetings, and I should think honest John will prevail on the Gentlemen of the former Club to fix both Meetings for the same period next season.

Bath, though compressed into two days (which arrangement many of the provincials would do well to follow), went off with much greater spirit than the Meeting has done for two or three years past. Colonel Peel's star, in the ascendant here as elsewhere, brought an influx of company and plenty of betting. Bath owes, however, all its success to the exertions of Margerum and the patronage of a few: the good folks of the City in general are little inclined to uphold their Meeting.

THE YOUNG FORESTER,

(To be continued).

PORTRAIT OF ORELIO.

FREQUENT allusion in our Magazine having been made to the celebrated Arabian horse ORELIO, we have obtained a picture of him by FERNELLEY, and this month present to our Readers an Engraving from it by GREIG. We have the additional motive for so doing, in the increasing interest which several of our valued Correspondents appear recently to have taken in their discussions and remarks on the breed of

Asiatic horses. From several quarters we have learnt that the present subject is a horse of uncommon substance and symmetry, with legs and feet of the true sort, and that he is unquestionably of the purest blood of Nigd. His pretensions to notice as a stallion must of course depend on the opinion of those who may have had an opportunity of examining his produce.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

FROM Colonel Peel's Bentley having won the Criterion Stakes at the Houghton Meeting so "handsomely," giving 7lb. to all in the race but one, he immediately rose in the betting for the Derby to an almost equal position with Mr. Watt's Bubastes, previously first favorite, the difference being only half a point between them, the former at $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and the latter at 8 to 1. In a week, however, after the race the horses were nearly "head and head," Bubastes having rather the pull; in another, it was *vice versa*, Bentley obtaining the call, with heavy bets made on both. Latterly the excitation has in a degree subsided, and the two go jogging on cheek by jowl at 7 to 1, with a slight preference in favour of Bentley.—So little is said of the other horses that it is only necessary to give their quotations; which, at the latest moment of our going to Press, stood as follows, and little or no alteration is expected till after Christmas:—

THE DERBY.

7 to 1 agst Bentley (takers at 15 to 2); 7 to 1 agst Bubastes (takers at 8 to 1); 12 to 1 agst Plenipo (takers at 14 to 1); 16 to 1 agst Shelalah (taken); 25 to 1 agst Emigrant (taken); 27 to 1 agst Delirium (taken); 40 to 1 agst Belluno.—7 to 4 the field agst Bentley, Bubastes, Plenipo, and Olympic.—4000 to 40 agst Bentley winning the Derby and Leger, and Cotillon the Oaks.

THE OAKS.

Very little has been done on this Stakes, Mr. Walker's Cotillon and Colonel Peel's Rosalie still standing at the top of the tree, the former having gained, since our last Number, a point, and the latter two points (from the success of the Colonel's stable). Mr. Forth's Louisa has got up, with a disposition to support her: Duke of Grafton's Dublin is also on the improving list. The latest state of the betting was:—6 to 1 agst Cotillon; 7 to 1 agst Rosalie (takers at 8 to 1); 14 to 1 agst Louisa (takers at 16 to 1).

THE LEGER.

Bubastes still retains his position of first favorite, at 10 to 1: Warlabay Baylock, 12 to 1 (taken); and Cotillon 16 to 1. Scarcely anything, however, is doing, nor will there be till after the nominations, which will not be announced, as usual, till the first of January.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN OATLANDS.

The acceptances for this Stakes were declared on the 19th, a list of which appears in our present Number, p. 189.—The current betting (P. P.) is as follows:—6 to 1 agst Lazarone (taken); 7 to 1 agst Claret (taken); 7 to 1 agst Chantilly (taken); 7 to 1 agst Galata (takers at 8 to 1); 8 to 1 agst Anne (takers at 10 to 1).—50 even between Chantilly and Trustee, not P. P.—50 to 40 on the field agst Chantilly, Lazarone, Claret, and Galata. The same odds were afterwards betted against the same four with Titus added to them, —4 to 1 on the field,

SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF FRANK ALTON IN INDIA.

(Continued from our last Volume, page 812.)

JOYOUS Day! (thus is it written in the journal of Alton). At early morn, when not a breath disturbed the repose of Nature, with Maria fondly leaning on my arm, in the spring day of our youth, with hearts, feelings, and the poetry of imagination all in their full strength and vividness, we wended our way up the rugged sides of Table Mountain, and beheld the sun burst forth in all his glory from behind the giant Promontory of Africa. Far away on the right, embosomed in the loveliest valleys, might be seen the rich vineyards of Constantia, pendent with the most luscious grapes in the world, at that season purpling into ripeness, with the immense vats ranged along to receive the sweet juice so much esteemed by the votaries of Bacchus; while here and there groupes of curly-headed Negroes might be seen rushing forth with strange cries, armed with clubs, in chase of the blue baboons, who, saving the gift of tongue, were almost equally human.....glancing from the right, the eye wandered in unobstructed gaze along the level plain and sandy ocean, where the "ostrich layeth her eggs, and taketh no heed thereof, for God hath deprived her of understanding;" where the pigmy Bushman, the link between the monkey and the human race, whose utterance is but a faint scream, dwelleth in the wilderness, and falleth a prey to the lordly lion, or a victim to the cruelty of more lordly man; and the Hottentot or Caffre driveth, with an expert-

ness utterly beyond the comprehension of our jehus, his team of eight horses in a line without reins, managed entirely by the dexterous use of his long flexible whip..... We turned to the left, and I pointed out to Maria the neat colonial town, clustering beneath the mighty Mountain, with the many orange and citron groves blooming in variegated splendour even to the borders of the main; the long avenue of the Heir Graat, enlivened with the busy throng and hum of men, the European, the African, and the Asiatic, each in the various costume of their different countries, brought together upon this once desolate Promontory of Afric by the all-levelling and social genius of commerce. A military band struck up a martial air upon the Esplanade, and we beheld the Banner of St. George, the flag that has been borne triumphant over half the world—along the banks of the Rhine, and the marshes of the Low Countries—on the Lusitanian shore, and through the cradle of chivalry—the country of Pelagio, of the Zegri, and Abencorages—amidst the still solitudes of the mighty forests of the Discovered Lands—over the immense plains of Hindostan—through the fertility of Egypt's soil—in the deserts of Arabia; and which, under Cœur de Lion, was the banner of hope and of victory to the Crusaders in Palestine—waving majestically as the emblem of civilisation on the Promontory of Afric, surrounded by millions of the curly-headed and

barbaric race, who may imbibe imperceptibly the benefits of social order and just ideas—the only fair plea to justify the conqueror who advances with arts as well as with arms. . . . While looking down upon the flag of my country (it is thus Frank Alton hath noted it down), planted on the battlements, raised upon the steep by our once-great maritime rival the Hollander, where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans commingle their mighty tides, I confess my heart swelled with a proud feeling. That standard had preceded the march of England, the small Island of the “brave and free,” till either through political influence or superior courage and enterprise she had established herself Mistress of the Empire of the World. Singular reflection, that our small Island-home should have raised herself to so extraordinary a pre-eminence among the nations of the earth; while the immense Continent, on whose sea-beat verge I stood a wanderer and exile from my native land—a Continent swarming from the earliest ages with its ebionied muscular population, which should have been the nurse of powerful States and far Colonies—had nevertheless, save with the single exception of Nile-rejoicing Egypt, remained from creation’s dawn in a state of gross and barbaric ignorance, never having, in the long lapse of ages, given birth to one man endowed with the commonest qualities of a conqueror among a rude people, nor have produced a legislator—a vast Continent, wherein naked savages have contended for ages in petty broils from generation unto generation—while Europe

and Asia have nursed within their bosoms the mighty Empires of Babylon and of Nineveh, of the Medes and Persians, the Macedonian and Roman, the Saracenic and Byzantine, with the powerful kingdoms, and republics, and dominations of modern Europe—while the Parthian, the Greek, the Arab, the Frank, and Goth have at various periods emerged from obscurity, and spread the renown of their name in a career of conquest through the world! the millions of Africa (Egypt excepted) have been, we might suppose, labouring under the curse of imbecility. Who ever heard of an African empire, of an African republic, of an African philosopher, poet, or legislator? Carthage was a child of Asia, and the whole of that long fertile tract extending from the old Greek colony of Cyrene to Tunis was occupied in very remote times by the adventurous sons of Europe and of Asia, by the Greek, the Tyrian, the Roman, the Vandal, and the Arab. Hannibal and Barbarossa, St. Augustin and Cyprian, might be called Africans; but they came of the blood of Europe or Asia. The genuine African, from the creation of the world up to the present moment, strange to say, has never, like the people of every other country, made, *unassisted*, any advances to civilisation; and in the nineteenth century the Hottentot and the Caffre, the Guineaman and Mozambique, is the same naked, unintellectual, stupid savage, that he was probably two thousand years ago. Even when they were cradled under the liberal principles of Republican France, where an overwhelming numeri-

cal superiority gave the enslaved Sons of Afric freedom and a country, even in St. Domingo, they have been unable to acquire the art of government, or to perceive the advantages of social order. Since their liberation they have rapidly decreased, and a few years promises once more to place them under the rule of their old masters. Without advocating slavery, the reflection on the history of past ages leads me to believe that the African will never arrive at any degree of civilisation: he has never yet shewn any capacity; while the Asiatic and European, by the innate force of Nature alone, have accomplished at various times the highest points of social order and general rules of government.

The sun, which has burnt up the deserts of Zahara, burst in splendour over the purpled-capped Mountain of the African Cape, and I saw the hyæna and human-featured baboon springing up the craggy acclivities inaccessible to man. It was early dawn; Maria leaned on my arm, and we revelled in the luxuriance of the landscape around us; when suddenly the signal-gun pealed forth its warning voice; the Blue-Peter streamed on the attenuated graceful top-mast of the vessel that was to bear us to the lands where Ganges pours forth his golden tribute; the freshening breeze rippled the calm waters of the harbour; sluggishly reposing beneath the heavy rising mist that gradually melted away into air, "thin air," displayed, fairy like and fantastically to our enraptured view, the many-peopled barks rich with the freights of Afric and of Ind, their variegated gaudy flags glistening

beneath the beams of the rising sun, which touched with a transparent lustre the dew-drops pendent upon their silken folds: light shallops, hurrying from sheltering creek or jutting pier, darted across the Bay in rapid race; while sail after sail unfurling swelled forth, clothing the bare poles and swinging yards with graceful drapery.

Quitting for ever the land of the golden-tinted orange and blushing pomegranate, those fragrant trees which cluster in evergreen freshness through those gardens of delight, blessed with the love of the artless and beautiful Maria, with buoyant spirits and the elasticity of youth, ever ready to throw a cheerful colouring over our earlier days, we stepped into a light boat, and I flung my cloak around Maria. Another moment, and the oars dipped the curling brine: stroke after stroke swept leisurely and long; and the old colonial town, with its terraced Dutch houses, its shaded walks and picturesque beach, gradually receded from view, and we reached the ship just as the shrill whistle of the boatswain piped clear "all hands a-hoy!" to stow away the anchor.

The south-western breeze, which passeth with the blast of the Simoom through the heated plains, blew a feverish air across the waters; it swelled into light puffs, and ever and anon died away: but when the sun sank down behind the giant Promontories of Mauritania or Afric, the steady night-wind bore the vessel with a labouring motion over the long-swelling billows, the mingling of the eternal tides of Indian and Atlantic Oceans.

A few days, and our vessel was fairly launched amidst the wide waste of waters; the curving line of the African coast was passed, and its last point of Natal dimmed on the horizon. Far on our left Madagascar, fatal to European adventure, redolent of spicy fragrance, extended its abrupt and inhospitable coast, while upwards of two thousand miles from any land, the Stormy Peterel, rejoicing in the fury of the elements, circled with rapid wing beneath the stern of our bounding bark. Reclined on the deck, I watched the rising of the tempest: it came on suddenly, preceded by a vivid flash of lightning and the muttering of distant thunder; and in a few moments the vessel scudded almost under bare poles, at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, before the furious blast. As night came on, massy clouds forming into fantastic shapes passed athwart the pale moon, occasionally dimming her silvery light, and the dirge of the tempest moaned through the echoing blocks. My imagination was busy, as I gazed aloft on the masses of floating clouds, and fancy painted the giant form of Him of the Starred Belt and ponderous Club, the angry countenance of Orion, the ruler of the star of my nativity, frowning down upon me, and directing the spirit of the storm.

Superstition, if we have any in our composition, swayeth us at sea; and the remembrance is even now fresh that I beheld palpably for a few seconds, full in the midst of the lowering sky, the angry countenance of dread Orion, and just then the gale increased to its utmost fury. A groupe of half-naked, wild-look-

ing brown sailors were gathered together near the gangway; and by the light of a dim lantern I could perceive that terror was painted on their faces. My curiosity was excited, and I approached near enough to hear the strange superstition of the "Flying Dutchman," sailing on for ever full in the wind's eye at the rate of twenty miles an hour, laughing with loud demoniac shouts at the distress of unfortunate mariners tossed about upon the mountain billows. A broad sheet of lightning illumined the magnificence of the yeasty waves, and the trembling sailors whispered, "'tis the Flying Dutchman, with the lighted torch in his vessel's prow." The origin of this wild legend is said to have been taken from the cruelty of a *Dutch skipper*, who enacted some atrocious deed in the earlier times of navigation; and, in punishment thereof, he was condemned ever to sail in these stormy seas. It is curious, however, *inasmuch* as in the fury of a tempest in the latitude of the Cape, the mariners of every nation entertain with alarm the story of the Flying Dutchman. It seems to have been taken from the equally-odd tradition of the Spectre Ship.

Scudding before a gale with a feeling of security is the most awfully magnificent sight in Nature: at one moment, the bounding bark sinking beneath the valley of deep waters; in another, rising majestically on the bosom of the mountain wave, cleaving her rapid course like a seamew skimming with outstretched pinions on the surface of the waters. The night was dark, only relieved by the seething white foam of the curling bil-

lows, whose spray ever and anon dashed upon my face, as I leaned over the vessel's stern, contemplating the mighty emblem of the Eternal,

"Unchangeable save to thy wild waves
flow,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
brow,
Such as at Creation's dawn beheld thou
rollest now."

Glorious art thou, thou worship of the Phœnician in the olden day! splendid symbol of Tyre and of prouder Carthage! how my spirit has revelled amidst thy wildest perturbation! I have beheld the Albatross, the mighty sea-bird who rideth on the storm many a thousand miles from terraqueous habitations, whose fabled sleep is in the air, hovering around the drowning mariner, and rejoicing in his last agony; and the Peterel, the messenger of tempest, shriek its ominous note around the sinking ship. I have watched the beautiful Flying-fish, glancing in the mid-day sun above the phosphoric spray, leaping from wave to wave to escape from the darting dolphin and swift buneta.

Many a time and oft, with Maria leaning on my arm, and the moonbeams playing upon the swelling sails, the fairy-like vessel reflected upon the silvery sea, we have walked for hours on the glassy deck, and listened to the deep-mellowed song of some sailor telling of our Island-home,

"Like to the song of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters
sweep."

What time the breeze of commerce, the inexplicable *trade winds*, steadily and serenely blew, wafting us onwards to the lands of the sun, to his own loved

regions of the East—those winds which have for ages baffled the scientific researches and inquiries of the wisest among men—of which even Our Saviour said to Nicodemus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

One day a shoal of porpoises rolled across the bows of our vessel, and the graceful dolphin sported on the surface of the blue wave. I put myself under the guidance of a weather-beaten seaman; the granes were fitted with cords, and I lowered myself on the dolphin-striker to arrest the many-coloured fish in rapid career. My eye was true, my arm nervous, and the granes, sped with sure aim, tinged the blue waters with a dark streak. The life-blood of the dying dolphin impaled upon the barbed granes, hurled on the deck, quivered in the agonies of death. I admired the rainbow colours of the expiring fish, now of a bright saffron yellow and an empurpled blue, azure as the summer sky: a convulsion, and a deep-tinted scarlet assumes the ascendancy; one last energetic spring, and the death-pang leaves him black as a funeral pall.

I have watched Leviathan gambling amidst the depths of the ocean; and the voracious Shark drawn forth after a dreadful struggle amidst the triumphant shouts of the sailors; and, most wondrous, the light Nautilus, in its shelly fragile bark, without chart or compass, pilot amidst the roar of ocean. Thunder, lightning, the fall of an avalanche, the eruption of a volcano,

are all grand; but in sublimity all must yield to the Great Deep, the image of Eternity.

Weeks passed away; they were weeks of bliss. We sailed upon the calm seas: each night the song and the dance went round; each night, with a lovely girl, not exceeded in beauty by any of England's daughters, with Maria, I heard the "All's Well" of the sentinel on the deck responded in deep echo through the ship.

I have dwelt, perhaps, over-much on this ocean scene; it was the most unalloyed happy period of an adventurous life. I reached the shores of the Indian: the black Temple of Jagernaut, beetling over the wave, seemed a fit watch-tower for the land of superstition: the jackal howled our welcome along the low swampy Island of Sangor; while inhuman shouts drowned the cries of helpless infants, immolated by their mothers, thrown into the blood-stained waters, a feast for the alligator and shark, amidst the deafening of noisy Tom-tom*, and the jingling of the many bells of the painted Marabouts†, maddened into holy fury by the excitement of stimulating drugs. There too, exposed on the muddy bank of Hoogly, might be seen the venerable patriarch of some wig-wam of a village, neglected and forsaken by his children and children's children, left powerless to be washed away to Brahma's realms by the rising tide. The gorging vulture and the filthy crow passed down the stream, feasting on the bloated carcasses of the Hindoos; and, standing like a beautiful statue of old erect on the prow of his swift canoe,

the naked Indian poised his unerring javelin, ever and anon darting it with singular precision and dexterity beneath the yellow waters of the Hoogly, spearing the delicate mangoe fish or grey mullet.

Words cannot paint the intense curiosity with which I gazed upon this entire new world to me. What a transition, to be transported, as though by the touch of the enchanter's wand, from the over-refined civilisation, the ever-changing customs of Europe, to a part of Asia, where the primeval manners we read of in Scripture yet prevail; where the people have preserved the same habits and the same usages as in the days of Ahasuerus or Semiramis; where "nobody puts new wine," or rather milk, into old bottles of leather; where the man *every day takes up his bed and walks*; where the cattle yet treads out the corn, and the women grind it between two simple stones, while their daughters, with pitchers poised on their heads, go down to the wells to draw water.

Who has not heard of the City of Palaces and hovels, of the gorgeous pageantry and splendour of the houses of our countrymen in Calcutta, reared beside the lowly filthy wig-wams of the oppressed Indian! Garden Reach burst upon my view—on my right, a row of stately mansions modelled on the fairest forms of Grecian proportions, blending the portico, the façade, the columns of the three graceful orders, and the majestic flight of marble steps—the whole in perfection, and mellowed by the

* A drum used in India.

† Dancing dervises.

beams of an Indian sun into that clear yellow hue which sheds such a glory on the decaying monuments of Athens! The Ibis too—the sacred bird, who rested, motionless as carved stone, upon the corners and parapets of the great Temple of the Sun at Baubee—was brought vividly to mind by the large sentinel-looking birds of a dusky blue colour, called vulgarly “The Adjutant,” sitting on the ridges and corners of every edifice, as if sculptured in marble. On my left, clothing the right bank of the river with exotics and flowers of every clime and country, blooming in the

open air, might be seen the beautiful Botanical Garden; while, bursting suddenly on view, the forest of shipping crowded together, the formidable and cannon-bridling fort, the immense pile reared by the ostentatious Wellesley, with its mean dome and meaner statue of Britannia—the cluster of grand houses, the Christian Churches, the Mohammedan Mosques, and picturesque Hindoo Temples—sufficiently announced to the beholder that he looked upon the English capital of the East.

JAVELIN.

(To be continued.)

THE GAME OF FALLONE DESCRIBED.

SIR,
YOUR Correspondent, WILL WICKET, is very much scandalized at a comparison made by Mr. Weld between the games of Pallone and Cricket, and calls for a more particular account of the former, with which I will endeavour to furnish him. I confess that I have not often seen it played, for my stay at Florence was very limited; but it certainly struck me as being quite as athletic, and, to the players themselves, more constantly interesting than Cricket, of which I may consider myself a tolerable judge at any rate, having been some few years at one of our crack public schools and a Member of sundry Clubs at the University.

The court is a long open one, about the size of our tennis-courts, with three rows of raised seats at each end and along one side. The other side is occupied by a high wall. The players

are furnished with bracciali, as described by Mr. Matthews, resembling in appearance gigantic fir-cones, formed of a series of wooden spikes stuck into a circular frame-work, which covers the arm from the fist to the elbow. The ball, about the size of a football, is filled with air from a forcing-pump, and delivered or bowled, at full pitch, to the person who gives the services by one of his own party. When he sees the ball coming, he runs down an inclined plane, and takes it at the full spring of his body, increased by this artificial means, sending it as far as possible into the opposite side of the court, where are stationed the three adversaries, the game being usually played by six persons. Thence it is returned, if possible, at full pitch; and if they succeed in striking it straight out of the court at either of the extremities, the *vivis* and *bravi* of the specta-

tors are very exhilarating. If it goes out of the court at the side, on the contrary, it is reckoned as a miss. In the description of the game it loses nearly all its interest from its great simplicity: but those who have had the pleasure of passing a few afternoons under the Porta Pinti, and seen the power and agility displayed by the players, dressed in picturesque white dresses, and each of the favorites distinguished by some pet name, such as "Il Canone," &c. will not easily for-

get the excitement awakened in their minds by the beautiful crisis of the game, and heightened by the enthusiastic interest of the spectators: nor will they wonder that, from the greater concentration of power, and equal activity and strength displayed in it, there have been people capable of comparing it with our noble old English amusement, or that their opinion has been defended by

A CRICKETER.

Oxford, Nov. 2, 1833.

SPANIELS — BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

(Concluded from our last, page 23.)

SIR,

THE breeding of Spaniels has, like that of all other sporting dogs, been carried in these Islands to probably the highest possible pitch—perhaps *preserved* would be a more appropriate word, for as regards ourselves he is an original, or root. That they have been much altered, nay improved, it is not unfair to infer, because they can be bred to any standard between the strong land or Sussex spaniel and small lap-dog one; and as different kinds of covert and game require a correspondingly sized animal, a few remarks on that head will naturally suggest themselves. As to breaking, it is a matter seldom ever thought of; and as to its ever having been tried on, or reduced to any system, I never read or heard that it had or has *generally*: no doubt some men have their springers under better management than others, and I have seen one or two whose teams might be said to be as well broken as the nature of the ani-

mal will admit of. When one talks of breaking a springing spaniel or cocker, it is not to be expected that one can enter into any great dissertation on the subject, for it resolves itself into few points and a small compass; nevertheless, that being the case, it is more difficult to put in practice and attain than to turn out the most finished pointer; and this is probably one reason why it is so much neglected, the trouble, and wear and tear of patience, &c. not being deemed adequately repaid. I can well conceive some friends as well as foes turning up their noses, and saying—"A pretty time of day to write about spaniels, which I have been keeping all my life, and as good too as any need for!" or another, shrugging up his shoulders, and wondering "how any one can be so over-particular, when as good as ever went, or ever will come (themselves of course) know it comes all to the same thing in the end." To the

first of these, your every-day sort of man, who, more by good luck than good guidance, has contrived to have things tolerably well about him, I would say—"For all your self-satisfied and semi-fool happiness, you might have been over and over again better." The last, breath would be wasted on; for such are opposed to, and affect to despise, *all* rule and system, claiming on the sole virtue of being a good shot. Such a one thinks it *infra dig.* to wash his gun above once or twice a week, or to have that gun, or any of his appointments, whole and in order; who, when he is loading, takes out his shot loose from his waistcoat pocket, guessing the charge in the palm of his hand, and, giving you a knowing wink, casts his eye on the shot-belt, which has no top, but stuffed up with paper, and professes "that he does not give himself such trouble as he sees others, yet somehow he gets on middling well;" which means that he stands far above all par in his own estimation. And what shooting sportsman is there of any standing who has not seen both the men? But neither the sneers of friends nor the sarcasms of foes, which, were they founded on ungarbled statements, or couched in commonly fair language, is only what every man must expect—"would that mine enemy would write a book!"—can preponderate against the consciousness of more than twenty years' experience, during which I may say I have bred and reared them of every description almost under the sun. Nor is it altogether confined to that; as I have seen some, as good at least as were going in their day, belong-

ing to others, and am yet and still in those habits.

In a former attempt to explain the breaking of and finishing pointers, part of what I stated did not chime in with the ideas, or come within the experience or knowledge of a fellow Contributor, and in noticing it he remarked that he could not agree with me; which, as I had, and simply and truly, stated that I was in the constant habits of practising it, amounted to no more or less than he did not give credence to my assertion. If any man imagines that he knows everything, and that there can be nothing which may have suggested itself to another individual, or more, because it has escaped him, it is but a poor foundation, to say nothing of common want of courtesy, whereon so to express himself. I beg leave therefore to say, that I never wrote an iota on the subject I am not ready to testify to, and *shew*, would any one do me the favour to require it; and should anything which follows not harmonize with the preconceived opinions of any of your readers, Mr. Editor, I also claim to vouch as much for it, whatever it may be.

With what the springing spaniels were formerly we have here nothing to do, as it is only from that which now is a man can breed; and, although perhaps there may be more varieties, may be classed as the large Sussex, small spaniel gentle, medium dog or cocker, a cross between the two first, and the King Charles or tans. Of the famous Marlborough breed I know nothing. The large, or, as in my humble opinion he may be termed also,

the pheasant spaniel, I call the Sussex, from having in the first place heard them so designated in early life by old sportsmen, and also they being most prevalent in that county; though, and from the same causes, they are to be found current in Kent, and parts of Surrey, Hants, and Wilts. They certainly do evince a particular aptitude in the pursuit of pheasants, and are the only dogs that will stand the immense wet and tangled coverts which mantle those districts. Though not abounding in that extreme vivacity and frolicsome mettle which so much distinguishes the smaller species, many being of a melancholy kind of temperament, they are as hard at least as any to break, and if not taken when young, and more particularly if then allowed to run riot, are hardly to be subdued until they are nearly done with age and work. The next, and, in my humble opinion, the only other original—for I can find nothing recorded to alter my opinion—is the spaniel gentle, or lap-dog. This dog (the genuine) is now very rare to be seen, as the caprices of old maids' Tom Tabbies, &c. have crossed them with other small animals, until those we generally see are a sharp-nosed, prick-eared brute—in short anything but a sporting dog. But the real animal, though its size precludes it from being of much absolute use, is one of the handsomest in creation.

Some years ago, a good many, I saw a breed of dogs of this kind, which were much cherished and preserved among a few families in the West of England, residing in the same neighbourhood, and connected by the ties

of relationship, &c. Those I saw were hardly the size of a very small terrier, with good open foreheads; full nostrils, though no ways short nosed, rather the contrary; very fine and well set on, though by no means heavy ears; longish in the back, silky, and well feathered; colour brown and white, red and white, and red. From the handsomest and best hunting of these little gents I bred with a large Sussex bitch, for she came from near Chichester, and she had a litter which turned out every one better than common, and of the medium or cocker kind. But although the breed of these little animals, which—let those turn up their nose that like—is, when pure, a genuine spaniel, they are neither extinct nor disregarded. For do we not see in the weekly Sporting prints that the redoubted Charley Aistrop has a Spaniel Show at least once a quarter, where the competitors are restricted to such a very light weight, while at the same time they are expected to possess, and to win must have, all the marked and distinguishing points of a spaniel—that they must be of the real original stock? Verily Mr. Aistrop must be a man of discrimination, for the prize on these occasions is a silver cream jug.....what a tempting bait to the Sisterhood of ancient maidens, who, though there be a jack for every jill, having disobeyed the Divine order in their own persons, seem resolved to make up for it by the avidity with which they pry into the affairs of others who are anti-Malthusian in practice, and the intense interest they take in the *amours*, &c. of their four-legged idols! What lots of half-

crowns, sovs., titbits, cordials, &c. must the said Charley sack for procuring a *nice Gentleman-dog* for Chloe or Phillis in good season, and lending a helping hand that of a surety all be right and as it should be!

The medium dog or cocker, generally so called, is now to be met with everywhere in every variety, so that no one can go wrong who wants to breed. As these dogs have been bred from various crosses, I will here at once make a remark, which is I know at variance with very common opinion—viz. “that large pendulous ears are a sign of high breeding.” They may be very handsome, but wherever they greatly preponderate, a man will be justified in suspecting a water cross; and though a cocker’s ear should be low hung, well shaped, and rather feathered, some of the very best dogs I have ever seen were anything but remarkable for great depth and roughness of ear. How the black tans came, except from the beagle, I cannot make out. They are daily getting scarcer, even in Scotland, whence the Stuarts originally brought them. In this neighbourhood Lord Kinnoul is the only person who keeps them regularly; if, however, any person has, or may get a very decidedly brown tanned dog or bitch, by putting it to a black one they may procure this rare variety. I made that out twice, getting one whelp in each litter; but they did not *continue* the colour. About ten years back, by crossing a small brown tan bitch with a genuine King Charles or black tan, which I accomplished with much difficulty, I got into as good a breed of these dogs as need be; and I

am certain that between the years 1822 and 1828 I did not breed less than fifty couple, but they did not all come the original colour, though they were the best I ever saw. I had so great demand for them, however, and the Distemper made such woful havoc, that I did not rear many. I lost the handsomest and best dog I ever had or saw, at four years old, by an accident; the stock bitch soon after; and of those I gave away I could never even get a whelp back; and so got out of the breed. One yet remains with a medical friend, but proved unluckily barren.

Now if any man be about to keep a regular team of spaniels, he will, preserved or unpreserved, have a large scope of ground of some sort to shoot over, and he should order accordingly. If it combine, as some tracts do, all varieties, he will have a couple or two of the large sort for the large coverts, as well as cockers for general work, and a few, *as small as he can get to be useful*, for the low whins and gorse. Of all coverts a spaniel can face, this is the worst and most trying, feasible to the very small alone, and not unfrequently impracticable. And this leads into a little digression—whether there be not any other dog which would be useful, and therefore necessary, in a team of spaniels, in cock, pheasant, or hare shooting. I should say none but a retriever (*a sine qua non* with spaniels); but where you have a great deal of rabbit-shooting there is a particular want, which some supply with terriers. But these little dogs generally are, however good-nosed and eager hunters, terrible skitters, always a-head and doing

mischievous. The purpose for which they are wanted is to own (or shew) when a rabbit has gone to ground, into a drain or conduit, or old loose wall. Some cockers will do this; nay even go to ground, but not always. When then rabbits are to be destroyed on a great scale, and it can be only done by shooting, the best way is to cross with the terrier and cocker. The best dog for this purpose is the old Scotch terrier, with very long and rather fine hair, long back, and short legs. I have seen some very pretty dogs from this cross; they are commonly good, and generally very useful. Beagles and their cross won't do at covert shooting of any kind; except a notorious bad shot keeps one for the purpose of following wounded hares—they are so fond of puss they are good for nothing else. Of course I can't allude to the real rabbit beagle; I mean the rough one.

Many good dogs we see every day bred from crossing with the poodle and water dog. In my opinion they are best let alone.

The period at which a springing spaniel or cocker may be bred will naturally be the same as for other dogs; but that there are reasons why there is not the like objection, or as much difficulty, in bringing them up as winter pups, but, on the contrary, rather an advantage, when it can be successfully put in execution—the requisites are, an old room or warm dry outhouse, wherein a fire, stove, or funnel can be used, clean bedding, and carefulness, with plenty of good milk:—the reason, that you get hold of the animal when about six months

old, and in the spring of the year, as the sooner you take *any* spaniel in hand you are resolved on really breaking the better for you. And now some one may ask, what is this breaking after all? Superficially speaking, nothing; but, little and trifling as it may appear in description, if a man can in two seasons' practice make a spaniel (a high-bred young one) hunt within gunshot—follow a hare only a *few* yards when sprung at random—come in or cease hunting when one has been shot and missed—handy to call, &c., he may think he has not done amiss, weary though his heart turn at the recollection of what it has lost. I don't mean this as applying to one individual dog exactly, I speak of a man having to work a team.

There are other minor matters, such as being good carriers, free at water, steady and slow on the haunt of a cock, &c.—these I shall take brief occasion to mention—and which some few men *have seen* combined in one dog maybe once or twice in a lifetime; but to have had one such dog is enough to make a man talkative and tiresome all his life.

Suppose the month of March arrived, your pup, winter or summer bred, will know little; the first nothing but being acquainted with the yard, &c.: the spring ones *ought* to know no more than how to go in couples, crouch, and follow on the road. If they have been reared at walk, suffered to self-hunt or run riot, I wish the breaker joy, that's all. For the first ten days at present good exercise is best. They must be whistled to, made come in, crouch, &c.

This last action is the natural and emblematic one by which, in the words of old Somerville,

"The courteous hound salutes thee
cow'ring ;"

and by which every kind of dog is to be restrained more or less. Every dog ought to be well drilled to it, from fox-hound down : it is the beginning of all management. As soon as they are any way handy, they may be taken, one or two at a time, with an old dog, and hunted where they will see little or no game—a matter (God save the mark!) getting every day of more easy attainment ; next, one by one, they may beset game on the open, having previously reduced their powers to a nearer approximation of your own by tying up a leg well—otherwise, were you Antonio Diavolo himself, you might caper in vain. Now the tying up this same leg is the gist of the whole thing. Strapping up a fore-foot to a collar is the general plan ; but a worse or more exceptionable one could never have been lighted on. In the first place, it is sure to founder or lame any dog, certain to shake a young one in the shoulders, and is always catching in some fence or stub ; besides, in jumping it does not deprive the animal of the use of his leg. Although I have said he is to be tried on open ground, a chivy after hare or birds may take the whelp to covert, hedgerow, or planting, and anything round the neck is more or less dangerous ; otherwise heavy tackle and check ropes, as in the case of the pointer, would do : here they are inadmissible. Even in tying up a fore-leg, the hind-leg is the one that must be secured ; and in doing this, without the

least injuring, or *apparently* inconveniencing, the animal, you can deprive him temporarily and at once of any use of it. Fasten, after the manner of a bandage, a piece of tape above the hock joint, compressing the sinew to the bone until you come to the bottom of the thigh, and be careful to fold it fair and tight. I never saw a dog who ever valued this infliction (which some might think it) half as much as most young pointers do the few first impositions of the puzzle-peg, or one who did not go off at once on his three legs as merry as with all. This soon brings the most riotous fellow somewhat within bounds of command, and the rest must be done by the usual methods, unless he prove stubborn and contumacious, and then the gun *must* be used : it is the only method by which any wilful devil-may-care dog can be brought to *feel* that he cannot keep out of your power ; and when he finds this a few times, it is inconceivable to those who may not have witnessed it the effect it produces. It must be done, however, temperately, at great distance, and always when his rump is right to you. When a dog, thus tied up, has hunted two hours, the ligature should be taken off, and, after ten minutes to let the sinew recover its tone, the other tied up. By this means, and *never* letting him escape any fault you see him commit, a *spaniel* may be made as useful at two years old, or sooner, as the best are generally to be seen at four or five—becoming only so as they are crippled with work, bad usage, and half worn out. I beg particularly to remind that the ligature should be tape ; a thong,

twine, or any round thing, might injure, and *would* be cruel: as it is, I never saw a dog express the least inconvenience at it. If left in too long, no doubt it would do mischief.

With respect to carrying by land, I believe any dog may be taught to do so by early practice and a proper system; and here the French are decidedly our masters, but it is all they know. Some sporting dogs, particularly cockers and setters, have it naturally, or take to it so from superior intellect, and it is a great addition to the usefulness of any. I myself never tried to inculcate it, therefore can say nothing so far; but all spaniels should be made, if possible, to take water, and the methods of doing this will also greatly conduce to their general health and training. A ferry-boat, or crossing a ford on horse-back, will *swim* any dog; but to make spaniels take water well, there is nothing so good as a pond of some tolerable extent and depth, or a still long pool or a river: a canal is very good, with the stimulus of an old tame drake. If any one or two of a team will take after him, the rest will soon follow. It is the best practice, and healthy too for the dogs, and a sort of summer pastime to the master; but it should be used with judgment, that it may not become tiresome, or the object may be over-stepped. It is much better than hunting them at moorhens, coots, and such vermin, which they get so fond of as to cause serious annoyance when you are at actual work.

Almost all authors of any description whom I have read, treating on dogs, set these animals down as liable to more

diseases, and tenderer than any other of the canine varieties—particularly as being liable to blindness, and becoming deaf, frequently incurably so. That, as in all such very general remarks there is some truth, cannot be denied; but that the fault lies in the animal originally itself, I cannot agree. They are full as liable to the Distemper as any dogs, but I never found them harder to cure; and if they be so liable to be early deaf and blind, it is from acquired disease, superinduced by man's neglect. The area of a spaniel's work fills his eyes and ears daily with every kind of dust, whin-prickles, particles of gravel, rotten wood, leaves, &c. Hunt one a day among whins, search his eyes at night, and you will find them *full* of these cruel prickles, of which, if you had even one in your flesh, you would be vociferous for a poultice, or that effectual but merciless operator, Betty, with her darning-needle. This is hardly ever regarded; his ears less; and he is brought out day after day, for a whole season, in this state, until at the end of the season he is purblind, and a film forming. "What's the matter with that dog's eyes?" quoth the master, who is, as often as not, half flash and half foolish. "Oh, nothing at all, Sir, to sinnify," knowingly responds the man in green; "only a sort of a cloud as comes on from hard work. I'll soon take that off." So he sets to with *powdered glass*—a general specific it is (aye, credit it who can in the march-of-intellect-nineteenth century), and often as not blinds the dog, who never would have had a sore eye but from his neglect, or, to speak

more impartially of many, ignorance. Other times it is, "That dog has such repeated gatherings in his ear, Sir, he is useless half his time, and is getting deaf."—"Well, shoot him!"—Now a very little care would much obviate this. Considering his size, the season of year, &c., we exact from no sporting animal as much as we do from the cocker; nor does any one more devotedly and cheerfully rack his frame to the last to serve us. When good, he exerts his powers for us until Nature fails him, and even then will make unavailing efforts to continue. Surely, then, he might receive a little more general attention!

After a hard day a spaniel's eyes should be looked, *all* thorns, &c. removed, and a little of any gently stimulating eye-ointment inserted. His feet should receive similar attention, be well washed in hot suds, and greased. Next day his ears should be syringed; and if his eyes are bad, fresh attention paid: this is no great trouble to anybody; it is, or rather ought to be, imperative on a keeper as a part of his duty: if it was, we should not hear and see so much of deaf and blind dogs. These are the only means by which I know spaniels may be wrought and used, so as to be commonly comfortable, if a person rears or breaks them himself. The only other way I know of getting anything like it, is to apply to a good purse, assisted by equal judgment: but even then it will not be a very easy matter to get at a lot, and keep them up. A keeper *cannot* part with a superior dog if he has it, and a *real* sportsman *will* not.

It had been my intention to have said something about cock-

shooting, with these dogs more particularly, and the methods already tried, and those *probable*, to which a man, who happened to be eligibly situated for such purpose, might resort with hopes of success: but I have not room; and speculations, however ingenious or founded on sufficient data, though moreover they might amuse some, are not altogether cut out for our over-beaten path.

There is one purpose, however, for which these dogs are often found very efficient, though they by no means take alike to it, which, as it relates entirely to this northern region, where I am domiciled, I shall notice—namely, tracking roe deer. When they get up thoroughly to it, which takes time, however, they frequently prove very sagacious and steady, and shew themselves superior to the common hound. But any of those I have seen which have evinced this qualification in an eminent degree have been of the large kind.

Of water spaniels I have had no great experience, though I have owned one or two very good ones in my day. There is an excellent breed of them, or was, in Ireland, I might say *passim*, and at this hour a keeper in this neighbourhood has a small bitch from the Sister Island, the best retriever I ever saw. The village of Northumberland, on the banks of Tweed, has been long famous, too, for a breed of these dogs, large and small; they are invariably brown. It is a very useful dog, might be made much more so with cultivation, and is not near as much cherished or used as it ought to be. I allude to nothing of the poodle species, who are to a sportsman

worthless.—Nothing would please me more than that any spaniel man might get even half a wrinkle from the above. But if the wish be over-presumptuous,

pray rest assured that the will was not wanting.

I remain, yours, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

Pittacher, Nov. 8, 1833.

DOINGS IN CHESHIRE.

SIR,

WE have had a very successful season with Sir H. Mainwaring up to the present time, though, if anything, there has been a lack of water. He took the field in the beginning of October, with his old huntsman Marden, Sam Roots, and a lad from some Yorkshire kennel; and a very beautiful lot of young hounds, which from their worthy master's peculiar, and I cannot but think judicious, method of feeding his hunting hounds in a morning, instead of over night, are doing and standing their work surprisingly well. I am aware that a difference of opinion exists among Masters of Fox-hounds as to the proper time of feeding, and the quantity to be given; but I am not ashamed to class myself among those who think that a hound, like a man, is better able to go through his day's work with a full than an empty stomach. I was happy to see some months back, when writing his excursion in the West of England in your Magazine, that GILBERT FORESTER was of my opinion, for I am quite certain that it is what sound reason would suggest; and I hope, when next he goes from home, he will bend his steps towards the Cheshire kennel. There is no doubt that feeding over night commenced with the abolition of trailing for the fox; and that now, when they are chiefly bred above ground, and whipped out of their

forms in gorse coverts in the middle of the day, having had the whole morning to empty themselves of their previous night's meal, if hounds are to have a chance with them, that they must be fine drawn also: but in kennels like the Cheshire, where they pursue the middle course, neither rising by candle light, nor throwing off at mid-day, and the soil is strong and loomy, I am persuaded that feeding in the morning is the proper system. We all have our opinion on this subject, however; but the very fact of there being a difference of opinion shews that it is not a subject of such settled expediency as some "knock-me-down arguers" are continually insisting.

The season commenced, as usual, at Peover, and brought most of the Stars from their abodes; among whom I noticed Mr. Tomkinson on his new bit of blood, Major Arkwright on his old roan, Mr. Stapleford, Mr. Johnston of Ancliffe Hall, Squire Nesbitt (the retired flannel-seller from Leeds), Mr. Shiffnal (the former master of the York and Ainsty fox-hounds), Sir H. St. Paul (a knowing turfite and a bruising rider), several other Gentlemen, and some Ladies. On a future occasion I hope to send you some further account of the proceedings with this pack, and am, &c.

BRUSH.

Nov. 8, 1833.

ODDS AND ENDS CONNECTED WITH RACING.

BY RINGWOOD.

(Continued from our October Number, p. 490.)

SIR,

OF all the various races that are run, none give rise to so much speculative opinion as Two-year-old Stakes. The best judges and the most experienced in stable discipline are none of them entirely free from partiality for their own; and the favorite two-year-old racer calls this excusable weakness into stronger play than those more advanced towards maturity. How many a foolish fond father, when entering his son at Oxford or Cambridge, has seen "in his mind's eye" the highest academical honours already entwined upon the brows of young Hopeful! He enters for the great prize, 'tis true, and sometimes starts, but does not even get placed in the contest. A parallel feeling takes possession of the owners or breeders of young racing stock. When viewed by the sides of their dams, their fine racing points are clearly seen, their juvenile gambols extolled as the perfection of action, and the winner of the Derby, Leger, or Oaks may be seen in almost every paddock in England when not more than six weeks old—i. e. could the flattering tale that is whispered into their owners' ears by "Hope, delusive Hope," be believed. Extraordinary performances are certainly recorded of two-year-olds. Oiseau gave such astonishing proofs of both speed and stoutness that the Yorkshiresmen did not hesitate to declare that he could have given away his year, and won the Leger; and no doubt, had he been allowed to have started, he

would have been backed heavily. But there is a greater difference in the powers of horses of this age than of any other, and a good and moderate two-year-old cannot be brought together. It is in consequence of this, and their being tried at short distances with aged horses, that give rise to the many strange tales that we hear concerning them. At the last Warwick races a match was run between Sir John Gerard's c. Billinge, 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb., and Lord Lichfield's h. Gab, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb., half a mile, 300 sovs. The young one was the favorite at almost any odds; but in spite of this the old one won easily, to the great surprise of the knowing ones. Of course Billinge was good for nothing. Every owner of a two-year-old then present (and there were many) declared that *his* could have won 100 yards at the weight; and some went so far as to assert that they should not be afraid to run Gab at even weights. But the hour was at hand that was to prove the fallacy of their boasted pretensions; for it so happened that on the following day a Two-year-old Stake was to be run for that would shew up these flying youngsters. Poor Billinge, from his defeat by Gab, was out of the question: any odds against him, and no takers: however, nothing daunted, he came to the post, where he met the following competitors for a Stakes of 25 sovs. each, ten subs.—viz. Mr. Bristow's Donald, Lord Warwick's b. f. by Filho, Mr. E. Peel's ch.

Noodle, Mr. Robinson's g. c. Mad Tom, Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Manfred, and Mr. Tomes' b.c. by Bedlamite. Off they went like rockets; and notwithstanding all these last-mentioned animals could fly (as reports went), and poor Billinge could not beat a trotter, yet "the denounced" won his race cleverly, and his spirited owner all the cash! Now here was a mistake made respecting the sort of horse that a two-year-old should be matched with so as to have a chance of winning. Gab always was, and as long as he continues a race-horse will be, *in point of performance*, nothing but a two-year-old: he begins as quickly, can run as fast, and the two-year-old course does not make the extra weight he carries tell; and therefore the young one that can beat Gab at his own game must be a clipper.

Weight, we have been long told, equalizes all horses: everyday experience shews the contrary. Nothing in the shape of racing weights can ever bring together fast and slow horses. And this is nearly reduced to proof, by the great handicap races so much in fashion, for it is very seldom that an inferior nag wins one of them: and I heard one of the most experienced and influential bettors on the Turf declare, that in his noviciate he had lost many hundreds in allowing his judgment to be biased by weights in racing—it tells so differently on different horses, although in a *long distance* its influence is most certain. Some horses have a certain weight, as it were a *ne plus ultra* of their racing powers, the slightest addition to which will reduce them to a level of hunters or hacks. Others there are—and

it is to be lamented but a small proportion—that weight does not seem to make much difference to. Selim, in his day, could give some horses the enormous weight of 6st. over the Two-year-old Course at Newmarket, which said nags in their turn could give him 2st. over the Ditch-in. At the time that the Bibury races were in their zenith, many were the experiments tried with regard to high and light weights; and the result of these trials, according to the report of the trainers, are said to be, that the horse that won with 8st. would also win with 12st., and this they considered a general rule to be applied to racing. With all due deference to the reports of these worthies, I cannot believe it to be the case. Reason and common sense seem to be quite at variance with such positions; for, let us take two men—say Tom Spring and Tom Belcher, bringing each of them back to about his 26th year, and in the highest possible condition for the performance of gymnastic exercises—let a match be made between them to run three hundred yards, carrying merely the weight of their clothes; notwithstanding the difference of appearance in these competitors, it might be possible for them to be very equal in *speed*, and, for the sake of the argument, we will suppose them to run a dead heat. Now let us start them again over the same ground, each man carrying a bushel of coals, surely the big one must win! Sagacious critics may remark that a man is not a horse. Granted: but I cannot see why we may not reason on animal powers by analogy. It seems at all events to simplify the matter; and in my

humble opinion that is the road to conviction.

In breeding race-horses it is to be regretted that, as a general rule, so little regard is paid to the shape and make of both sire and dam. Blood is all in all, and that too must be what is designated fashionable blood; and this neglect seems to be winked at, under the impression that horses can race in all forms. Depend upon it, 'tis but the exception to the rule; and many there are who do not, or cannot, distinguish between an ugly or plain horse and an ill-shaped one. It is allowed that any animal may be ill-looking, but with good cardinal points; and a horse of this description, whose pulleys and levers act in concert, forms part of that distinguished corps, "rum 'uns to look at, but devils to go." Old Lucetta is a forcible example of this sort, and her respected mother was, in point of ugliness, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Nature's vagaries in that line. But if any horse or mare possesses any or several of the following defects—such as short upright shoulders, twisted fore legs, bad pasterns, weak loins, straight hind legs with short thighs—such an animal never was and never will be seen as a first-rater amongst race-horses. Now, if the breeders could condescend to view the matter in this light, they would stand a better chance than they do at present of having those horses which are bred for racing, but to which Nature has denied the necessary qualifications, fitted for other general and perhaps more useful purposes. A good thorough-bred hunter, with 12st. or 13st. on his back, is indeed a "black swan," but there do exist

such animals, and then they bid defiance to all competition from half-bred ones; and who can set a limit to their value? But, taking blood-horses as a body, they are comparatively a worthless race; and were it not that men, as I before stated, are blinded by hope and partiality, three-fourths of the race-horses in England would be turned out of training before next spring. The man who will not suffer the slight failings of his wife or friend to pass unnoticed, will find a hundred excuses for the failings of his horse; and very few trainers will help to dispel the mist, or, in plain English, will send a bad tit from their stables without positive orders to do so: for, should their employers shew symptoms of declining, they immediately draw the *Racing Calendar* from their pocket, and shew the gull twenty places where his nag is sure to win.....indeed, in their common parlance, "how can he lose?" The strong reasoning on the point, and the *proof positive* that a *private trial* or two affords, do the business, and the poor deluded owner of a bad race-horse never sees clearly but once a year—and then it is to read the amount of his trainer's bill. A man I knew very well, some few years since, purchased a reputed flying cocktail at the price of 450 sovs.: he, by the systems I have just mentioned, was persuaded to keep him in training for about three years, and the whole fruit of his winnings during that period was one Cup, the intrinsic value of which did not exceed 30l., and when the nag was sold, he did not fetch a tithe part of his original cost. But this is but one of hundreds of in-

stances of the fate of those who persevere with bad or even middling race-horses.

There is another subject intimately connected with this that I shall briefly notice. What I am about to allude to is, the iniquitous impositions practised by innkeepers and others on the owners of race-horses at all the different Country Meetings. This calls loudly for a reform, which can only be effected by a combination of those most interested, and a determination to resist (in a body) the unjust exactions and charges that are everywhere made upon them for the accommodation of their race-horses, and servants attending them. Surely, looking at the thing in a politic point of view, extra charges ought not to be heaped on those who afford the amusement, and bring additional business into the place in which they meet; but, if on any, on those who come solely for the purposes of amusement or gain, the means to obtain which are not of necessity expensive! A commercial traveller, styled (*par excellence*) Gentleman, enters the Inn-yard during the bustle of a race-day, and, in the authoritative tones in which most of the fraternity love to indulge, issues his orders for himself and horse, and has the best accommodation for both that the place will afford, and that too at a much cheaper rate than the rest of His Majesty's less favored lieges—*grub* at about two-thirds price, and his bed for nothing—whilst the bill which mine host presents to the owner of a race-horse on his departure savours strongly of the “sublime” without “the beautiful.” The stall in which “the high-met-

tled racer” reposes is charged at the moderate price of one guinea, and sometimes more; oats at the rate of eight or ten shillings per bushel; beans and hay in equal ratio; the stable boy who looks after him is done brown in the same way: four shillings for dinner; two shillings per diem for servants; two shillings and sixpence for breakfast, and the same for supper. The Gentleman who pays all this is sometimes let off by giving *only* ten shillings for his bed, and other accommodations at the like trifling scale! I have not at present by me one of these precious documents to send you, but you may rest assured of receiving a true copy of one ere long. It is an old saying and a true one, that what is every one's business is no one's. *Individually* the racing men are constantly complaining, but they will not combine, and form resolutions, and act up to them: it must be “a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together,” before the nuisance can be entirely removed. Retrenchment must soon be the order of the day, and Master Boniface must be content with fifty instead of cent. per cent. profit on a ready-money trade. The expense of breeding, rearing, and training the race-horse is quite sufficient, without being saddled ten or twelve times a year with charges unjust and extortionate.

A horse having won a Fifty Pound Plate is thought by some people to have achieved something very handsome; but, after paying 5l. to the jockey, one guinea for scales and weights, two or three sovs. more entrance money, 10s. to the Clerk of the Course,

10s. for plating, and the *little* account just alluded to of mine host of the Royal or Dog Hotel—not to say anything of travelling from home and back again to perform the same—leaves (as Mr. Hume is reported to have said) the “tittle of the whole,” where he the said Joseph has been so often placed, in a minority. As to the poor beasts who get beat, or rather their owners, we will spare their feelings by concluding this part of the story in the earnest hope of a speedy amendment.

Having briefly noticed two or three different sorts of race-horses, it may not be amiss to make some mention of Cocktail racing. In spite of all that has been said and written against it, still half-bred Stakes annually fill, and are run for, and afford capital sport. To those who do not understand the term Cocktail, it may be necessary to observe, that this epithet applies in racing to any horse or mare not thorough-bred, however near they may approach to it. Now when racing was first made an amusement in this kingdom, no doubt but all, with the exception of one or two Arabians, were cocktails; and to this day it remains a subject of controversy, whether pure English blood does not form a part of the composition of our high-mettled racer. One thing is quite certain, that, as far as appearance goes, it would puzzle all the judges on earth to distinguish between the thorough-bred racer and the half-bred one of the present day. But there is nothing conclusive in this: *fronti nulla fides* may be applied to very many of both sorts. How many race-horses of unblemished pedigree shew scarcely any traces of

Eastern blood! and a *bona fide* cocktail may, as far as looks go, be the *beau ideal* of a racer. Lord Berners's celebrated horse Lamp-lighter had more hair on his legs, even in the racing season, than many Suffolk cart-horses that I have met with, and his shapes, and indeed general appearance, set all judgment at defiance. Many race-horses by both Merlin and Muley look like anything but thorough-bred ones. I mention this because we cannot see a lot of half-bred horses stripped for a race without hearing the most foolish exclamations of surprise (whether real or feigned I will not determine) at their appearance. Does any one expect to see a plough-nag saddled for a stake of ten or perhaps twenty sovereigns each, when it is known that a flaw in a pedigree of fifty years standing is as good as one of yesterday, and, when produced, will entitle a nag to run for, and, if he win, to receive half-bred Stakes? Under this allowed advantage, therefore, as a matter of course most of them go back as far as (or if I dared tell the owners of them so I should say) to the dam of the two True-blues. The owners of these suspected tits are quite as wise in their generation as the owners of those horses whose birth and parentage are registered in the *Stud Book*, and we never hear *them* complain of the *appearance of the horses of their opponents*: living in glass houses, they do not throw stones; and acting upon a sort of tacit acknowledged rule of giving each other all they know to fight with, very little advantage in respect of breeding is ever taken by one party over another. Standers-by

(sometimes dignified by the name of "the Public") are often loud in their vituperations. But why need they? If this sage Public would but treat them all as thorough-bred ones, what harm could accrue? I suppose with all their thinking and abuse they cannot make them anything more?—although I did once hear a trainer observe that he thought the cocktails now-a-days had rather the call. To shew that running an acknowledged thorough-bred horse for a half-bred stake will not reduce winning to a certainty, I will relate a *little anecdote*, vouching as most narrators do for the truth of the premises.

Not many years since a cannie Yorkshireman brought a celebrated reputed cocktail frae the North, to run for the best stake contested for by half-bred horses in England, i. e. the Billesdon Coplow, at Croxton Park. The tit had *mony* friends, and the North-country lads brought in their lots o' siller, and backed their favorite bonnily; it was "a good thing," and they stuck like shrimps to each other. Their last guinea was just got on before the word was given to start. "The best laid plans of men and mice gang oft awry," and in the struggle for honour and pelf the Southrons were victorious. The vanquished tit and his cleaned-out crest-fallen backers crawled back to their hostelry, and, notwithstanding all that had befallen them, they set their gastric juices to work, and then calling in the Tuscan to their aid, they soon became

"O'er all the ill of life victorious."

As the little hours began to

draw nigh, York bethought him that a portion of the night-air would be exhilarating, or at all events afford him an opportunity of a little cool reflection: so forth he went, and pacing to and fro with cigar in mouth opposite the door of the Inn, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," he met the owner of the successful nag. His victorious opponent, having something of "that stern joy" about him, which, we are told,

"True warriors feel

In foemen worthy of their steel," stretched out to him the hand of friendship. York's heart was full. We know that *in vino veritas*, and he thought that a bit of confession made to one whom he had found his master in the art of war would be a relief, and perhaps in return draw forth a wrinkle. It was prefaced somewhat in this form—"I say, master! but you brought a tidy sort o' half-bred tit wi' you for the big race to-day!"—"Why, yes," rejoined the Southron, "it would be of little use to bring any other *sort* here to run with your cattle." A pause succeeded. York heaved a something between a sigh and a groan *ab imo pectore*, and then out it came. "A well, lad, 'tis all o'er now, and there's an end on't; but I should just like a leaf out o' thy book to *tak* back wi' me; for to spak the truth, I hae always run a thorough-bred un for a cocktail, and sometime had one.....and sometimes (God forgie me!) two years in hand, yet I canna beat ye..... *What d—d rogues you must be!*"

RINGWOOD.

Worcester, October 20, 1882.

RANDOM RECORDS — BY AMBO.

SIR,

I Had been in the (somewhat I allow faint) hopes that these *Random* attempts of mine to record a few of the principal racing transactions which took place during my sojourn in Ireland might have induced some one more minutely acquainted with the past, or engaged in the present, to have come forward on a subject which should afford the sportsman amusement; but there is a strange inattention in Ireland to any such matters, although every man there almost is a sportsman more or less. The *Calendar*, published by Messrs. Hunter, was, and of course is, as good as can be; but with that one exception there is not even a newspaper, which, whatever it may profess, affords any original or Irish intelligence to any amount. I again therefore beg leave to remind the reader, that, trusting solely to recollection, I do not pretend to precise accuracy as to the very days on which such events as I may allude to occurred, but of the general fidelity of such statements they may perfectly rely: and indeed in this particular I shall somewhat resemble my friends over the water; for when even they do record any sporting event, it is generally in such sort that there is ever something wanting: they give a horse's name, but never dream of naming his sire or dam, jockey, &c.; so that the sources from which a true sportsman would derive the principal part of his information are neglected. We see that Mr. So-and-So's horse, mare, or gelding won such a thing, but that is all; the minutiae, of which everything

in this world is compounded, are neglected; and nothing given whence the runners of various strains of blood, the merits of jockeys, &c. can be relatively compared.

To the Turf man, whether amateur or otherwise, it would be curious to see how the different descendants of the old stocks had turned out when sent to the Green Island, for, *whatever some may imagine*, there are no such things as *Irish* racers. By this is meant that the Irish never at the first periods imported any foreign horses, and commenced forming a *blood-stock* of their own; there is not one instance of it on record, nor did I ever even hear of one: indeed on this point I am perfectly certain; but on the other hand, though they attempted nothing aboriginal, they were as little behind hand in possessing themselves of the very best English stocks, from the days of the Godolphin—his sons, Entrance, Old England, and the Coalition colt, having covered there; and this they have continued down to this hour unceasingly, until there is not the slightest cross of the most fashionable blood, as the term is, but what they have and can trace back to.

In these first periods the individuals to whom Ireland was certainly most indebted were the then Lord Farnham, and Mr. Connolly of Castleton. The number of first-rate horses and mares these two spirited Patricians poured into Ireland would excite astonishment if put upon paper, and it may apply generally in after-days as well. How few

Turf men know that the celebrated Sons of Eclipse, Sergeant, Aurelius, and Ticklepitcher, went to Ireland, and that King Fergus covered there *one* season, and left behind him Honest Tom, Boreas, Tippoo Saib, Politician, Comet, and Cornelia, dam of Col. Bruen's Hesperus by Swindler, besides others? and what even can be ascertained must be but partial. Some of the best old Irish blood is derived (through the celebrated Friar) from Hero, a Son of Old Cade, of whom I can find no notice in the books. Doubtless there were others aiding and abetting; among whom was Sir Ralph Gore, whom the old song has handed down to us as "*ruined*" by "*Miss Spertley*," that famous grey mare," being defeated by Squire Mervin's Old Skewball. Allusion to this well-known match induces another remark—namely, that the English Gentlemen were then much in the habit of going over to Ireland with their horses, principally for heavy matches; among them, the celebrated Gustavus, a Son of Forester (by Heartley's Blind Horse), and Chicken by Childers, who was, on account of his known superiority, prevented from running for a King's Plate, I think at Guildford. How he fared in Ireland exactly I do not know; but he covered there, and, among others, was sire of the celebrated brood mare Nancy, who will be found at the first sources of some of the best pedigrees in Ireland*.

The Match between Ancaster and Jolly Bacchus is remembered to this day in Ireland; it was over the course at the Curragh. An-

caster was got by Blank out of Phœbe by Tortoise; whether he then belonged to Lord Farnham, Mr. Wentworth who bred him, or the Duke of Ancaster, I now forget. Jolly Bacchus belonged to Mr. Conolly, and was got by Apollo (Son of Regulus, dam by Cottingham, Snake, Bald Gallo-way, &c.) out of Rose by Blank, her dam by Starling out of Look-at-me-Lads. The Match was for fifteen hundred guineas. It was won by Bacchus, who was afterwards in high repute as a stallion in Ireland, both for his thorough and half-bred stock.

To these already-mentioned great propagators, more subsequently, perhaps, may be added the late Lord Clermont, who, besides his English establishment, kept up also a considerable one at Ravensdale Park in the county of Lowth, which in this our day has attained a painful notoriety as the scene of Sir Harry Goodricke's untimely end. Several of his Lordship's best horses were bred at Ravensdale; and thence, as attendant on some favorite *cowlt* or filly, Master Dennis Fitzpatrick found his way to Newmarket, and subsequently, under the familiar abbreviation of Denny, and the auspices of old Chifney, to deserved eminence and esteem as a skilful and honest jockey.

Mr. Hamilton, of the Hill of Hills, at the Curragh, cannot be passed over; for certainly Bagot, a Son of Herod and Marotte by Match'em, was as good a stallion as any Ireland ever saw. The numerous others there must have been I am ignorant of; so much

* It should rather be was remembered in the days I was there by some old hands, which will shew how soon a lapse of years may cause a man to forget himself, to say nothing of such old world events.

so that I know many first-rate horses, such as Harris's High-flyer, own brother to dam of Hambletonian, Lord Grosvenor's Chocolate, Revel, Jug (in England Duke of Graton's Rover), Old Chanticleer (Lord Egremont's), Augustus, Maximin, Zenophon, Aurelius, and a host of others, but not the importers' names. In latter times may be named Col. Lum, Mr. Whaley, Mr. Gore, Mr. Watts, Lord Rossmore, Col. Bruen, Mr. John Bruen, Mr. Prendergast, Mr. Hassard, Mr. Newcomen, Messrs. Hunter, &c. &c.; and above all, the truly Most Noble Marquis of Sligo. I allude to these merely as the principal and constant importers of English stock, not as Irish breeders, though they may be classed among them also.

I have been led to touch on this subject thus generally, and of course partially and most imperfectly, as it would take volumes to explain and specify it, merely to hint at *what* the Irish racer is derived from—a point on which there seems to be very little knowledge in this country; at least a recent instance (that of Medora, to which I have already alluded in your pages) would lead one to imagine so; and I cannot help saying he must be a real good hand at a "mare's nest," who could ever have fancied The Cardinal's dam half-bred, although that horse cannot be classed, like Rockingham since, as a first-rate.

I shall now endeavour to resume from my last communication, which left Col. Lum's Norfolk in possession of the Gold Cup, to be wrested from him in the September Meeting by Mr. Daly's Milesius, who had chal-

lenged for it. The latter horse was now four years old, and had proved himself a top runner, though, being a large powerful horse, he could not have attained to his full developement until now. He was a rich dark chestnut, stood between fifteen three inches and sixteen hands, with singular length and power, and shortish legs for his size, and, though remarkably clean and racing-like, could have carried fourteen stone fox-hunting: in fact, he was every way as fine a horse as eye could look on, and particularly well bred; got by Irish Escape, a Son of Commodore (already alluded to), whose dam (Escape's) was an own Sister to Delamere by Old High-flyer, bred by Mr. Smith Barry, and purchased of old Tattersall. His (Milesius's) dam was wholly of the old-imported strains, but of the best blood. During the spring and summer Norfolk had continued in high force, and was the favorite in the current betting until July, when Col. Lum sent him to Bellewstown, for what purpose no one could conceive, except the paltry motive of pocketing a King's Plate could have induced him so to compromise his horse. Some of the principal betting men of the day had stood heavily on him, and I well recollect the surprise expressed of sending a horse about the country like a common plater under the auspices of George Hare, who, though his father was a good trainer, and had been in his day an excellent jockey, was himself but a second-rate rider, however honest and attentive, and who from his years could have had no experience if anything did go wrong.

The course at Bellewstown, near Drogheda, was hilly, circuitous, with very bad turns, and hard, so much so that it was dangerous; George Hare proverbially timid; and Norfolk opposed, among others, by Mr. Daly's Balinakill, own Brother to Friday, by Washington out of Louisa by Buzzard—a nag who was but little behind the best; a compact handy horse, and well suited on such a course to prove a teaser even to such a slashing horse as Norfolk. It was the *on dit* of the day that Mr. Daly sent him there purposely to give Norfolk his gruel, and certainly nothing could have been better devised: they ran two rattling battering heats, the little horse sticking to the crack up the hills like pitch, and Hare being timid, especially on such a course, the latter was sadly hauled about. When in September he was brought out then to run for the Cup, the bad effects of subjecting a horse, who had, as it were by miracle, recovered only the previous year from such a disease as the farcy, was abundantly evident: he was but the ghost of what he had been in spring, and he no sooner shewed than the odds turned on Miliesius. I have before stated that the latter was a tremendous puller, so much so that even Kennedy, who generally rode for Mr. Daly, could not hold him without occasionally pulling him out of his stroke; and Haslan, one of the oldest of the Irish jockeys, and of high and well-merited reputation, was selected to ride him. Haslan was a man of first-rate nerve, and as strong as a rock; generally considered, however, most *au fait* in a desperate set-to; but on this occasion he proved that his hand

was of the most superior order, and no one who had seen the horse run before would have imagined he could have been held with his head in such a place.

Besides Norfolk, Queensberry (formerly Mr. Beckwith's Herrington), and another I forget, but it is of no matter, started. Haslan rode Miliesius in a very heavy double-reined bridle, the least wrong touch of which would have thrown him out of his stroke, or caused him to have changed; but although he must have had him in hand from the place he kept his head, he did not seem as if he had the minutest strength on the reins. Instead of the horse's head being between his knees, boring and working, as on former occasions, it was steady and easily in its proper and natural place, and he was going contentedly and quite at ease. I never saw a piece of jockeyship which more fully exemplified that somewhat obscure passage in old Chifney's *Genius Genuine*, wherein he talks of the fine part in riding a race, and holding your horse as if you had a single silk thread in your hand, and were afraid to break it. This Haslan did effect to the admiration of every one, and it was much commented on at the period. As to a race, it was none: Miliesius went striding away at will, and could have been anywhere ahead any length almost in every part. A good deal of money was dropped upon this; for the early backers of Norfolk could not well get their money off, Queensberry and the other being little thought of, and many a blessing did I hear poor old Colonel Lum get for his mismanagement.

Having had present occasion

to mention one jockey, I shall briefly notice the others, who were then most in estimation. At the head of these, certainly as to seniority, and inferior to none in repute and practice, was Haslan himself, for old Hanlon and the elder Hares had retired, and Mat Cane (now training-groom to Mr. Whaley), celebrated as he had been, could only ride for the heaviest King's Plates: indeed, I never saw him (and a great treat it was) but once, when he won the Lord Lieutenant's Plate with Whitenose (Don Quixote). Haslan was, in fact, never out of the saddle, his present, though somewhat junior principal antagonist being Westlake. At the time I speak of, he must have been verging into more than middle age, and had for some few years immediately previous trained as well as rode for Sir John Burke, of Glinak, in which situation he had well acquitted himself, having had his share of winnings, with anything but a first-rate stud. He was considered the most resolute and strongest rider on the Irish turf, and in a desperate rally, or a severely or long contested race, to have no equal; and this I believe he really merited. If any of your Irish readers, and some English, who may recollect those times, should glance at these lines, perhaps they may call to mind a King's Plate in the April Meeting of 1811, which he won with Sir John Burke's Emancipator, by Swordsman, beating Challenger, own brother to Norfolk, Mr. Kirwan's Paymaster by Commodore, and another. It was four miles, and every horse of them went away at score. It was tremendous to the dis-

tance, where one gave up; soon after Challenger *stopped*, and Paymaster came to a walk in a few minutes after. Haslan brought in Emancipator at a sort of canter, but he literally was tottering, and a man was obliged to stand up to his shoulder while weighing. Haslan, though it never interfered as I could understand with his business, was a hard drinker; but his constitution and frame seemed an iron one: he had generally but little trouble as to wasting—Nature had built him expressly for a jockey.

Next to him in seniority (if we except ould Winn, oftener and more appropriately called *Lose*), and in every respect his co-equal as well as contemporary, was Westlake. Having mentioned him formerly, I have little to say now, save that if Haslan was eminent in a hustle and fight, *no* one was this man's equal *at a nose*. I have marked this last in italics, because I never saw the same thing. It was not Buckle's *shove*, eminent as it was, nor was it Sam Barnard's *loose*—"propter alia," it was a thing of its own genus alone, and exclusive. The present men I have nothing to do with, nor could I well bring them into comparison; but the *silent science* of Westlake's *last* move was what I never saw (be the horse what he might, it was all the same thing if he was on him) equalled anywhere. He was one of the *niciest* men every way could be seen—obliging to *all* sportsmen, though his high employments might have made him saucy. He married a daughter of old Hare; and, I believe, a son of his, A. Westlake, is now a rising jockey at the

Curragh. The best man that ever attempted to describe in your pages could not do justice to this man; but he has done justice to himself—man's best monument.

Next comes Karney, rather a stale topic here, as I have had to notice him before: his talent as a boy brought him into notice, which he fully substantiated, but he was too *tall*; could he have *stayed* at jockey height, he would have been *top*—aye, even at Newmarket. As it was, he suffered dreadfully in wasting, and was, as already said, too *tall*, but a sweet horseman, with brains to a drachm, and a hand like a lady's.

And now how can I attempt to describe *Kinnegad*? What his real name was I never knew, indeed thought not of asking. He had (what I think Connolly has not) "an ugly Irish seat;" in fact, he could not help it; for however practice, inclination, patronage, and a splendid head-piece when up, had made him a jockey, he grew so long that he could only sit or rather stand upright. I almost despair to do justice to this frail atom of mortality. He was the very personification of a ghost through wasting and dissipation; but I could as little attempt to describe his innumerable triumphs, and his "*under pull*" in a crowd, by which he gently threw his horse's nose in the air, and *stole* many a race. One of his dissipations drove him to enlist. God save the mark! Falstaff alone would have retained him, or the Serjeant, who was wide awake, and *knew* what he had got hold of; but the Kite was over greedy, and, though offered a handsome sum for *Kinnegad*, re-

fused: an express, signed by the Stewards of the Turf Club, was sent to the Duke of York, then himself on the Turf, and by return, poor fellow! he was once more at liberty to *win*, as he did. It was of short duration; the staunch and undeniable recruiter Death had booked him, and he ran his last race here on earth. One *thing* brings on another, and the *Kinnegad* slashers will claim a nook here also. In the sporting way, surely it was no little for such a mud hole in a bog to have put forth the best jockey in Ireland, and the two first *sporting* Ladies perhaps *anywhere*, at one and the self-same time!

Next, I think, as to the Curragh jockeys, came Cleary, already mentioned, and inferior to none, but that he overgrew himself, and was from the start too long-legged, and obliged to sweat painfully. He was steady, sober, powerful, and attentive; but though very often successful, I humbly conceived him not altogether furnished with the head-piece of a finished jockey, notwithstanding in my last I had to mention a remarkable instance of presence of mind. He overgrew himself, but probably won as much money in his day as most.

Kennedy, then in Mr. Daly's employ, had been bred in Mr. Battersby's stables, and, though country-bred, fastened at once upon Westlake's style. He made, when first regularly put up, some few mistakes as to *shaving* too fine, but on the whole was a good rider.

Peter Paine, out of Mr. Kirwan's stables, was a d—d rum customer. There was nothing marked or exclusive in his riding, but I believe he won as often as

any other of his day, and *perhaps* oftener.

There were, of course, others whom I have not room to describe. Among the outsiders, I cannot omit Dan O'Hara, Hogan, Ned Walsh, and Dennis Connor; the two last of whom, on some of Mr. Hunter's well-placed ones, such as Fencer* and Tilbury, used to take a summer tour, and return with a *swag* as pleasing to themselves as accursed in the eyes of the yokels and natives whence it was derived.

Poor old Wimm (*alias* Lose) I

have mentioned; and such is the force of habit, I presume, that I have seen him up when I would as soon (having a trifle on) have seen my mother, could she have been persuaded to mount.

There were numerous other riders—the Morrisises (brothers), Kellys (Curtayne, a very nice lad), and others, my *Random Records* cannot be supposed to do anything like justice to; they do not presume to attempt it; happy only could they superinduce better. AMBO.

October 30, 1833.

A SQUIRE AND HIS HOUNDS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

SIR,

ANY one tolerably acquainted with the midland counties cannot help calling to memory with pleasure the beautiful ride from Shrewsbury to Ludlow. The distance is perhaps rather more than thirty miles; yet in this space there is every variety nature can display—wood, water, and mountain-scenery of the most romantic description, and the journey terminated by the rich and fertile valley of the Corve.

You cross the little river Onny about eight miles from Ludlow. Four miles to the north of the bridge over which you pass, *thirty years ago*, lived a wealthy yeoman, or perhaps more properly termed a Country Squire, as it may be almost questioned whether he was not nearly the last of the race. The march of one thing or other has caused so many changes in Old England, that those characters once so peculiarly its own

have sunk into or become amalgamated with modern refinement.

L——ville Castle was the residence of the Old Gentleman: the hospitality of its inmates had long been proverbial throughout Salop, although perhaps for our present notions of that virtue matters were rather in the extreme. If the visitor failed in devouring as much as would satisfy a three-day fasting Alderman, he was declared unwell.....or perhaps he thought himself intrusive. In short, the Squire's happiness was proportionate to the quantity consumed. There was enough for everybody, he used to say; he was not likely to trouble this world long, and he could not take anything with him when he went. High or low, rich or poor, scarcely a family in the vicinity but could, or did, claim some affinity with the proprietor of the Castle; added to which, its con-

* Fencer travelled over six hundred miles one summer, won twenty-one times at twenty-two starts, and brought home what I do not care to name.

venience to two of the county race-courses made the Old Gentleman tolerably secure of a frequency of visitors.

Perhaps the most curious part of the establishment was the hounds. The occupation of these quadrupeds lasted nearly the year round: from October to May the hare and fox engrossed all their attention; and the summer was dedicated to the pursuit of the otter. Dogs answering their description are at the present day rarely to be met with. In general they were not more than fourteen or sixteen inches high, stout built, heavy eared, and broken haired; no change of weather affected them; on a cold scent they were unrivalled; once well laid on, they were often left to themselves, as from the difficulty of the country it was scarcely possible to ride up to them; however bad the scent lay, they seldom failed in making it out. If the Flourisher and Rasselas of the *Squire* of modern times (Mr. Osbaldestone) have acquired unquestioned celebrity, the Toss-pot and Ticklepitcher of the *Squire* of *thirty years ago* were in their way no less celebrated.

When a covert was to be drawn it was rather an important affair—a neighbouring Squire was called upon for his quota of dogs—the Old Gentleman, son, and grandson were all seen under weigh by six o'clock, the hounds having some time preceded. This part of the country was at all times renowned for its foxes; the mountainous and rugged aspect of its surface kept the more fashionable sportman far away; the coverts consequently were seldom disturbed, and a run might be reckoned upon with certainty most commonly. In general the

run lasted two hours, sometimes three, and on extraordinary occasions even four. At the present day nothing of this kind would be tolerated. In times gone by the beauty of the chase was the quest: unless hounds now go at the rate of a Manchester steam engine, they have few followers; little is thought of them; and the beauty of the hunt is altogether lost sight of.....it was otherwise *thirty years ago!*

Nearly the last time the Old Gentleman was ever out, Plowden Woods were fixed upon as the scene of action. It was a warm and sultry April day, such as you sometimes see in an early spring. These woods are extensive, and, from the size of the coverts, it requires some perseverance and skill to force reynard to break. There was a numerous field, and good sport was anticipated. The dogs soon found, but the fox refused to try the open country. After some time the young Squire went in, and something was expected from his exertions. The babbling continued: at last a silence, unbroken by the slightest noise, reigned throughout the woods. The expectant sportsmen wished to try another covert; the Old Gentleman willingly assented, but where were the dogs? After much search, the young Squire was found—whether from obesity, repletion, or the heat of the day, or all combined—in the midst of the covert fast asleep, dogs around him, and his steed quietly grazing in the distance!

The Old Squire is now no more: the old woods are most of them cut down: the principal virtue of the old Castle (its hospitality) is nearly forgotten; but some of the old sportsmen still recollect it was otherwise *thirty years ago*.

THE ANCIENT WELSH GAMES, AND PROPOSALS FOR THEIR REVIVAL AND EXTENSION.

SIR,

IT may not be universally known to your readers, that not only have almost all descriptions of field sports and manly exercises been practised with success at different periods in this kingdom, but that in a portion of it a regular system of games once existed, something similar to those of ancient Greece. It is, I believe, Dr. Meyrick, who, in his *History of Cardiganshire*, has given the fullest account of the four-and-twenty games of the Welsh, in which every young man who aspired to be regarded as an accomplished person was obliged to become expert. They were divided into such as tended to the improvement of the mind, and those calculated to add to the strength and vigour of the body. Those who were unfitted for the one might therefore not despair of eminence in the others. An abridged account of them, and of the remains of them, which are yet to be found in the Principality may not prove uninteresting, and may supply hints for a revival and extension of such meetings, with some variations and omissions to suit the altered circumstances of the times.

The domestic and literary games, or those generally practised in mixed assemblies, were,

1. Bardism.
2. Playing on the harp.
3. Reading Welch.
4. Singing a poem, with the harp or violin.
5. Singing an ode of four parts, and accenting it with proper expression.

6. Heraldry.

7. The art of conducting an embassy.

To which may be added the four inferior games:

8. Playing at chess.

9. Playing at some game similar to backgammon.

10. Playing at dice.

11. Tuning the harp.

These were much in request ; but to be absent from the sport when competitors for gymnastic fame displayed their skill was considered as reproachful in men, as the being present on such occasions was discreditable in women. The games most esteemed were such as tended to display swiftness of foot, dexterity of hand, and vigour and activity of body : as,

12. Displaying strength in hurling a stone or throwing a bar.—Throwing heavy weights was much practised in former times, and, as it required great muscular exertion, was very proper exercise for military men. Henry the Eighth was, perhaps, the last of our Princes who practised it. It is, or was a few years since, still continued in Wales, particularly in Cardiganshire, where they had a meeting once a year at certain chapels for this purpose. They remained in the chapels all night, to try their activity in wrestling, all the benches being removed ; and the spectators, different from the ancient regulations, were generally young women, and old champions to see fair play.

13. Running.—The foot-race is still in estimation in Wales,

and many are so famed for pedestrian expedition, that in a journey of three hundred miles they have surpassed the swiftest horses.

14. Leaping—which has always been a diversion to which the Cambrians were much addicted, and in which no nation could surpass them. To bound from field to field, over a road and two fences, is mentioned as a feat frequently performed.

15. Swimming—which was formerly much practised in England, but of late years less attention has been given to it.

16. Wrestling ('Ymavael')—still practised and held in estimation. The usual way adopted is that species of luctation prevalent in Cornwall. To prevent strength from wearing out less athletic ingenuity, the contest was confined to three struggles, and to give two falls was to secure the victory. Boxing was also included as a branch of the 'Ymavael.'

17. Riding.—This also included feats in the *essedum*, or war-chariot mentioned by Cæsar.

In addition to these were exercises of weapons.

18. Archery, and throwing the javelin.—In modern days, the javelin has been succeeded by the oaken staff, with a club in the form of a cone at one extremity. When dexterously thrown, this ponderous club keeps it steady in its course, and gives it the appearance, as it flies, of a broad-headed arrow. Some muscular young men, from habit, have been known to hurl it an incredible distance, and to hit an object with great precision at sixty or seventy yards.

19. Fencing with a sword and

buckler—succeeded by the oaken cudgel; and the young men in the lower ranks of life are generally extremely dexterous in the use of it.

20. Fencing with the two-handed sword.

21. Playing with the quarter-staff, and rural sports, such as—

22. Hunting with a greyhound.

23. Fishing.

24. Falconry.

To constitute a complete champion, it was necessary to obtain the prize at each of the four-and-twenty games; but to have contended successfully at some of them against men of acknowledged talent was sufficient to acquire a name, and establish some degree of reputation.

Institutions of a similar kind could not, I think, fail to be highly beneficial and interesting at the present time. Amongst the ancient Welsh it is probable that all classes were accustomed to contend promiscuously for victory; but in those primitive times the distance between the highest and lowest grades of rank was far less wide than at present, and modern manners might render such a contest objectionable. And indeed, though I am convinced of the utility of public games to all classes, it is chiefly for those below the rank of gentlemen—the great bulk of the nation—that I consider them invaluable. The Aristocracy have generally the means of practising and perfecting themselves in any pursuit to which they may be inclined: the poor require the patronage of others; and in far too many places, even in our most rural districts, a space for any manly exercise whatever is not to be obtained by them without favour or trespass.

It has been proposed to establish public walks in our large towns: this is very well as far as it goes, but mere *promenading*, however suited to their wives and children, is not in itself exercise sufficient for English men. That the want I have mentioned exists even in many of our villages is certain; and if public-spirited individuals are not to be found in such places to give to their fellow-countrymen that which till within this last 'improving' half century they could have rarely wanted, the Legislature should interfere. But a few, a very few patriotic men of large fortune might of themselves, with the assistance of some influential individual in each parish or district, establish public games such as I have hinted at, and which, I doubt not, would be attended with the happiest results. It is true such games exist in particular districts, especially in Scotland: it is true there are many cricket clubs; and wrestling and other exercises are practised in isolated districts. But how much better if the whole kingdom partook in these amusements! I should like to see (and it might easily be managed) periodical games instituted in every parish—say once a quarter—which would not, I think, be inconveniently frequent: let these consist of wrestling, single-stick, running, leaping, &c.; and, if boxing be objected to, sparring with the gloves for first blood, or first knock-down—(this would be better, as giving more general satisfaction to all classes, and at most of the sports the presence of ladies could not be objected to). Let none be admitted to play but natives, or perhaps fixed residents of each parish, respec-

tively. *Once a year* the champions of the parishes might meet at the county town, and thus the champions of the county be ascertained: and once in *two years* a grand match might take place at some central situation to ascertain the champions of England. The prizes to be, *not in money*, and of no great value—a system to which the superior integrity of the wrestling rings in the North, and the interest they excite, is probably in part owing. Gambling to be as much as possible discouraged. Any man attempting a cross to be forthwith expelled the ring, and, on a second attempt, to be declared incapable of again contending. The only additional expense necessarily incurred would be that of bringing the men to the ground in the grand matches—surely not ruinous—and which many of them would of course defray themselves. Instead of prizes for poetry, &c., as in the Welsh games, for the lower orders at least, premiums for skill in rustic employments, as ploughing, &c., or for general industry and good conduct, might be advantageously substituted: and, in my humble opinion, such incentives to moral and physical excellence would (with *paying them fairly for their labour*) go farther to promote the national welfare than what is called "Education," if it could be multiplied twenty fold. Let the working classes be properly remunerated for their toil; then, if they choose to spend any part of their earnings in the pursuit of "Useful Knowledge," let them in Heaven's name; but do not cram learning down their throats. Without disparagement to racing (which being already so universal

it would not be necessary to include amongst these games), the animating contests which such an Institution as I propose would give rise to, would prove (base lucre apart) as far superior in interest to that amusement in the

eyes of the generality of spectators, as it would be superior in national utility—in a word, as the importance of the breed of man exceeds that of horses.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. R. H.

TRAITS OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING.

BY OLD HARRAWAY.

THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY, &c.

SIR,
CHELTENHAM and its vicinity, both a pleasant and a sporting one, will now form the brief scene in my humble retrospective panorama; and a circumstance which occurred but the other day in that stirring but heterogeneous place will, I hope, excuse me from digressing a little from the main point. I allude to the effort among the pantilers there to put down the races. The march of cant unfortunately, it would appear, is not in the rear division of the progress of the times; and unless a resolute stand be made against it by those who think and feel differently from its snivelling professors, it will encroach, as it did of yore, until "Pulpit Drum Ecclesiastic" will upset all the sports of merry England. If these people can do nothing but groan and pray, in the Devil's name let them; but from their sway "good Lord deliver us!" for let that once but partially obtain hold of the public mind, the sooner, my good Editor, you and I, and all of us who are any way connected, are off the better. With respect to these same canters, it is not so much wonder, as they are opposed to everything but their own me-

lancholy moping; but a spirit hostile to the sportsman is abroad, and one of the most notoriously liberal Northern prints (*The Scotsman*) has been putting forth latterly a tissue of the most flimsy and groundless tirades against all classes, more particularly the fox-hunter. To enter into any refutation of such aspersions would take up too much time; but I cannot help just glancing at the shallowness of the pretensions which the most of these would-be revilers have to stand upon. The *soi-disant* man of *lettres* forsooth, the semi-literary coxcomb, who like his prototype of the other sex, the sketching-botanizing-journal-writing-Album-keeping-Blue, deems there can be no other good in life, and sets all sportsmen down as half-educated brutes, huntsmen, grooms, &c.: but these gnostics may be told, and with truth were it even so, that they reason on a wrong hypothesis, for that to make a real good huntsman or groom, it takes a vast deal more and higher cast of brains than they are furnished withal; and that a man who can brilliantly conduct a pack of fox-hounds, kill a wily old fox on a bad day

in a difficult country, or keep a stable of high-bred horses of all ages, tempers, and constitutions at their mark through a hard season, must have his cranium inlaid with the self and same organs, which, treated "*more academico*," they make Optimes and Wranglers of. The dilettante, who is what he terms an admirer of the finer works of Nature, and a decipherer of her secrets, would be horror-struck were he to be told that in his all self-sufficient pursuits he was far behind the sportsman.—But how will he answer this? Which is more beneficially investigating these arcana, the man who is ever seeking to produce a more perfect breed of animals (I allude to horses more particularly), which are for public benefit in every sense of the term, or he who drives full tilt all day after

"A purple Emperor, by the living God!"

or gloats for months over a tulip bed? Nay, the man who is improving the breeds of sporting dogs is seeking as much into nature, and at least as rationally and harmlessly employed, as the impaler of butterflies or the splitter of tulip roots. Next comes the higher order of *Scavans* and *Pheelozophers*, who bring to their aid, as if in self-mockery, the Philanthropists. How cruel to torture the timid hare, to break the legs and wings of birds! &c. Yet how little does one of these consistent Gentlemen think of half-strangling a cat or rabbit, or semi-suffocating it with gasses, that he may subsequently restore it by the tender mercies of a galvanic battery—of inclosing it in the appalling horrors of an exhausted air-receiver—of consigning poor

bunny to the embraces of a bon-constrictor—anatomising a bitch piecemeal, and removing her whelps one by one to see how far parental affection can be carried in the brute creation—cautiously and curiously trying the effects of poison in all its grades on one of these animals! &c. &c. &c.: but "*ohé jam satis!*" Every one of these paltry revilers should be told to look at home. Howison, in his *Foreign Scenes*, which, clever as they are, nevertheless are sufficiently pragmatical, after drawing an elaborate picture of "*Life in India*," which must cause every one who reads it to thank his stars that they were not easterly ones, nearly concludes with this passage:—"The foregoing remarks, of course, do not apply to hog-hunters, horse-breeders, dog-breakers, &c."—(by which would-be contemptuous terms he means sportsmen generally)—"their pursuits and enjoyments may be cultivated and promoted with equal success in any country; and I do not hesitate to pronounce them the happiest people in our Eastern dominions." He might have added, and generally everywhere else; and, although I cannot agree with the first part of his opinion, I cordially coincide in the last. Be it observed, while he makes this allowance, it is expressed in the most sneering spirit. But what is it that all men are essaying from boyhood up? Happiness and health! How then can any one affect to look down upon those, who, by pursuits which by no means (if we except over-game preserving, for fox-hunting is a *bona fide* public good) trench upon the comforts or occupations of their fellow-

beings, contrive to decipher the master secret, the bodily, nay mental *elixir vitæ*! What are the requisites to form a sportsman? Activity, nerve, great powers of observation, memory to preserve the results, and judgment to mature and act on them. What springs from these results generally? Health of body, and consequently vigour of mind—"mens sana in corpore sano;" and not merely content, but exhilaration; nay—happiness. And is all this unintellectual, and to be affectedly pronounced condemnatory by *Brother Dirt*? For one I say no: and I can assure them, one and all, whenever I have happened to hear them expressing their opinion of the irrationality of such pursuits; when I have seen a hulking fellow-man, apparently half emasculated, unable to move without his great coat or carriage, and groaning in spirit to the ditty of

"Hey, for the bonny green summer again!"

exchanging hugs of horror and doles of discomfiture with some other old woman in breeches, about the dreadful winter weather, and promising her a visit in a tone as if they were never to survive until then, when it was possible to stir out, &c. I have given them back mentally no unmeasured portion of contempt, wishing them, of their fancied intelligence, ennui, dyspepsia, sore throats, gargles, doctors' bills, and wretchedness.

It may be said, this is not quite fair: "let every man enjoy his own room," as the old song says; and so say I, and amen to boot, if he will allow me to enjoy my own *field*, let it be what it will. And if the veriest *papillon-chas-*

seur that ever *humanely* stuck one on a pin was to make the grand discovery of an extra toenail on a spider, I would endeavour to appear interested, as I respect every man's hobby, so long as he does not affect to condemn mine. By the way, this same anti-racing prejudice at Cheltenham is somewhat extraordinary, or rather the preponderation, for such there was in fact, though not *altogether* in effect, (for Gloucester is a large, rich, and very sporting county,) independent of being central among many others. Bath and Bristol have doubtless been revived, but Bibury is but the ghost of its former self, and Kingscote is gone altogether. Kingscote was, in my poor opinion, one of the pleasantest things in England. Perhaps associations may have something to do with the opinion; but I do think it was so. Never can I forget many of its meetings, nor the excellent English dinners which a knot of us used to enjoy at the Fleece at Rodborough, where we were mostly treated gratuitously by a distant but skilfully-executed French-horn, with which the Minister of the parish was wont at eve to solace himself in his own garden, and whose echo among the woodland hills I can yet almost fancy I hear. Yes; recollection, the echo of the mind, recalls though it restores not our lost enjoyments, and makes those live again in our remembrance who are lost to us in every other sense.

But this is nothing to the purpose. Cheltenham was then, as previously, and ever since, the head-quarters for a considerable period of the season of that well-

known and first-rate pack of fox-hounds, which in all this long time have been kept at an expense and in a style which few would or could have continued, by Lord Seagrave, then Colonel Berkeley. The country around, although they have some Vale country (Down Hatherley, one of their most favorite meets, being so situated), for the main part consists of that well-known, far and wide, as the Cotswold Hills. This district of country has been immemorially a sporting one*. Somerville, in the "*Chase*," alludes to it and its "well-breathed" beagles—and truly they, or any animal or hound which follows any chase over its severely undulated surface, should be "well-breathed." Besides the severity of these Hills, great part is under the plough, and the whole stiffly intersected, principally with stone walls: it will require, therefore, no great stretch of a sportsman's imagination to conceive it as difficult a one (which it is) to ride over as any in Britain. Indeed, at times the very best have found it impracticable to live to the end; and there have been instances where they have sailed away fairly from the field. One of their hardest riders once remarked to me, that on a fine scenting day, after heavy rains, the thing was next to impracticable, unless a way could be found out of getting upon a good kite or hawk. The foxes too, as may be supposed of the foxes of such a district—the more especially as the coverts, though well divided, are for the most part woodland,

some, the Chedworth Woods in particular, of great extent—are generally game and well winded; and whether from this cause, or the above-mentioned ones combined, Lord Seagrave had his pack then of the largest and most powerful stamp of hound I had seen. Having since been out with the late Earl Fitzwilliam, it must be owned that his were as tall, perhaps a shade higher, but they were not, in my poor estimation, near as good a stamp of hound as Lord Seagrave, being loose in the loins and heavy in the head; while the others combined with their great size, for the most part, the most perfect symmetry. I am ignorant of the sources whence they first sprang, but they evinced great judgment and care in the breeding.

It may be inferred that casualties to horse and hound in such a country will be more than usually frequent; from which causes I conclude the establishment was and is on the largest scale, costing, as I was informed, its Noble Owner for itself exclusively upwards of 6000*l.* a-year. I shall briefly notice a few of the severest things I happened to see during a somewhat short acquaintance with this celebrated pack.

I have before mentioned the covert of Down Hatherley as noted in the chronicles of these hounds, and some of their most gruelling days have been from it.

In the month of December, in the season I allude to, they met at Badgeworth, about three miles to the left of Hatherley, and farther on in the direction of Gloucester,

* It was from Sandywell Park, near Frog Mill Inn, and only six miles from Cheltenham, as the late Mr. Daniells tells us in his *Rural Sports*, that the present system of fox-hunting was first put into execution.

being only two miles from that place, and situated in the heavy Vale between it and Cheltenham. The weather had previously been very wet, and the country was soaked, and hock deep; but the morning promised most favourably, and a hard day was, not without reason, anticipated. Besides the strong and clipping field which always mustered from Cheltenham, the meets in this Vale lie in reach of a wide country, sprinkled then with some first-rate performers, and the turn-out was unusually large, effective, and sportsmanlike. The latter may be inferred from the circumstance, that the fox, which was found instantly, had such justice done him, that he broke away as quickly, and a run, considered one of the finest in that country for years, ensued. His point was for the Hills evidently, but he had to cross the whole of the heavy Vale, and leaving Brockworth to his right, passed by Shurdington Hill up to Hartley Bottom, on to the favorite covert of Chatcombe Wood, and away by Hilcote and Lindove to Upper Dowdswell, a distance, as he went it, estimated at good twenty miles, in an hour and twenty minutes. Of the overwhelming severity of this dreadful and protracted burst—for it was almost one continued one—I shall not attempt to give a minute description, as it nearly capsized all: for from the terribly heavy state of the country, the stomacher against the Hill, and the desperate fleetness of these spanking hounds on such a scenting day, almost every horse was beat. Having come, to my own astonishment, on a son of Shropshire Sultan's to within

a mile of the end, I stuck fast; and of the few who went on, I heard the best acknowledge that he was not within two fields of them at the finish, and almost reduced to a jog trot. The tailing at the Hill, and all through subsequently, I never saw anything equal to before: nor was it from want of good will or determination, but through sheer distress and impossibility. The riding on the main was brilliant, and I shall subsequently notice some of those who then and elsewhere were most prominent.

Another gallant chivy, which I saw, for I got so bad a start (the main field were nearly flung altogether) that I never could catch them, took place from the Chedworth Great Woods. The hounds had been so long on good terms with their fox through these woodlands, and got so well tied to him, that they had it nearly all to themselves, and by some strange mishap it so chanced that out they got, as well, nearly unobserved; and when by mere accident I caught sight of them, streaming away over the open, with only one man fairly laid in with them, and three or four more sailing away in his wake, they were four or five wide inclosures a-head. To catch them I essayed, but I might as well have set about getting up with the wind. I persevered on the line, however, and the country, which lay in the direction of Lord Dynevor's, at Barrington Park, being so far favorable, I could at least say I saw it, and a beautiful sight it was. Two of the men in front of me were the Messrs. Probyn, father and son: the latter, Mr. Edward Probyn, mention was made of in my last; and

I am certain it would have been impossible on created earth to have found a father and son who could, or did, go harder or straighter. The pace (not so heart-breaking as the former, though it was "the pace") continued all through the same. He crossed the high road, and passing between Barrington and Sherborne, entered Oxfordshire. I had no time to ask questions, and all more I can name of it was, that it came to a close, and a most desirable one, somewhere, I think, about Swinbrook. The walls in the first part of this day, and the water-cuts in the latter, were on the Irish principle, and added no little to the difficulty of the thing. I cannot call to mind the name of the person who led and *stayed* so gallantly through this clipping thing. He was a gentleman farmer of the first class, and was on a loose thin bay horse, which I perfectly recollect he told me was got by chance. Should he by any accident see these lines, perhaps he will by *chance* recollect himself. I shall not forget him in a hurry, though the only time I saw him was in a regular bustle.

The space allotted in your pages compels me to say that this brief notice must suffice, to give, as well as I am able, a general idea of this country to your readers, which is all I ever presumed almost to dream of, for I write only from memory.

Among the chief riders with these hounds might be reckoned Lord Seagrave, but principally his second brother Frederick, better known to the Sporting World as Captain Berkeley, about the best of our Gentlemen jockeys, and a downright trump,

the regular ace over a country with hounds. Both were princely mounted; and the Blood Royal of the first and Tippet-wicket of the latter will readily suggest themselves to any of your readers who may have hunted with these hounds in those days. The latter, though all in all considered the first in *any* field, at least in that part of England, was so dangerous to mount that she had always to be secured; and when once up, there he was for the day. It might be imagined that a chance of a fall from such a nag would not have been the pleasantest thing in the world, but he seemed utterly regardless of it; indeed I believe it would have been next to impossible to pound or throw her, and I never heard that he met with any accident.

The Colonel (at least he was so in those days) did not appear to me to be over fond of fences, but he had a splendid head-piece; and as far as I could see in that difficult country, when he got up in difficulties (of course I allude to few occasions), when his man did not happen to be with the hounds, he set everything to rights in a moment if it was only on the cards.

The visitors at Cheltenham naturally fluctuated: among these *then* were Sir W. Ball, an excellent rider, and with three or four as good-seasoned hunters as ever a Baronet could wish for; Colonel Raikes, Colonel and Captain Barrington, Messrs. Davy, Kingston, &c. *cum multis aliis* to me unknown. The country side sent forth (to my humble knowledge, or rather recollection, of their names) Mr. Hawkins of the Haw, commonly called by his intimates

Jerry Hawkins, a specimen of the Old School and Squire, and a keen sportsman; the Messrs. and Major Jones, Austins, Raikes, Walters, Apperleys, Charltons, and, as before mentioned, the Probyns; last, and to me or any other one not least, Mr. Taylor. Poor Jack! you had your faults no doubt, but who is without them? I have heard those, since your abrupt call, censure you who held a candle to those peccadillos — “*Mihi quidem ille quanquam est subito ereptus vivit tamen semperque vivit.*”

Of course there were many others equally good with whom I had not the honour of even a bowing acquaintance, or whose very names must have escaped my memory—others I could not any way know. Cheltenham, even before the days of its more recent aquatic celebrity, and since the aboriginal ones of Sandywell Park, had been the headquarters of a pack of fox-hounds, the elder Mr. Probyn having in his younger days hunted it in company with his friend Mr. Scudamore of Kentchurch in Herefordshire. They did it in the true spirit of sporting, Mr. Probyn hunting them, while Mr. Scudamore acted as whipper-in. Though their establishment was small, their sport was frequently excellent; and I have listened often with pleasure, at the new and fashionable “Plough,” over a bottle, to the talents of the old and most rustic one.

At that time Royal curiosity had not discovered the *inexhaustible* saline fountains; nevertheless it had then every pretension to be called a *watering* place, for the Chilt meandered part of its feeble streams down the main

street in winter. The Plough, since so celebrated, was then a public-house, which with difficulty accommodated them, unable to afford a glass of Port wine, which they provided themselves. This hostelry was then approached across the main street by means of stepping stones; and Cheltenham was so dull a back-lying place that none but a prime-of-life set of fox-hunters could have spent an hour in. Such, however, pre-eminently were those who probably gave it a foretaste of its embryo splendour; for even in the best days of Bibury Mr. Probyn made one, and was generally considered, on an ill tempered, violent, or awkward horse, at least as good as any. What he did there and elsewhere with Candidate, a horse picked up for nothing, belongs to other stories than this, but *it is written*. At the time that I speak of he kept an excellent pack of harriers at his seat at Long Hope, near the Forest of Dean, part of which he hunted, and I regret I omitted an opportunity of going to see them, as anything under the management of so good a sportsman must have been well worthy observance. He had been all his time a member of the Militant here on earth, as he served some years abroad in the army; but from family considerations, I understood, subsequently entered the Church, in which he held considerable preferment. The decision, quickness, and nerve he exhibited with fox-hounds, at his time of life, I never saw *touched* before or since.

In speaking of Lord Seagrave's hounds of those days, I had nearly omitted Mr. Bartley of the Rooms, whose famous mare

Duchess I noticed in the third communication I had the honor to make to you; and there I alluded to his celebrated Ambrosio gelding, which I stated would come under the notice of subsequent days. He was thorough-bred—I forget his pedigree—and purchased from that clever Vet, Mr. Morris of Bath, who afterwards I believe went to the East Indies. He had been ill used in youth, for he was fired for everything a horse could be fired for; but he fell into good hands: he was judiciously nursed; and when he got age, the style in which he used to go up and down the Cotswold Hills in a hard day will be yet remembered.

Before taking leave of Cheltenham and its vicinity, it would be impossible not to notice the best, the *very best* pack of hounds, take them all in all, I verily believe that ever yet were—the justly-celebrated harriers kept so many years by Mr. Laurence of Cowley. Let any man figure to himself harriers of the largest size, combining, with almost the bone and speed of the fox-hound, the steadiness, patience, tenderness of nose, and every proper attribute of the harrier; in colour almost all black tan and white; and so sized and shaped by long and skilful breeding, that you could hardly tell one dog from another; with all the bland loveliness of countenance, the full determination of head, and fall of

ear, which distinctly marked the thorough hare-hound: there was no dewlap, nor even the least throatiness; the fore-legs straight as arrows: in short every animal was symmetrical as the most sanguine and experienced thistle-whipper could fancy when he dreamt. Their performance was, if possible, superior to their appearance, and hounds of *any* kind, so *well manned*, I never saw: they were never spoken, occasionally whistled to, and the head they carried *carried* all before it. Up those terrible Hills the *stout* hares stood *no* chance—once up, their doom was sealed; and a horse who did a *day's* work with them had anything but a sinecure: often had they the end of a run, and oftener the end of a day to themselves; and when they were caught and were come up to—there they were *ever and always* lying around their hare, which they never broke or tore any more than the best-made pointer would a bird. I declare that whenever I think of them I thank my stars that I did see them, for I understand Mr. Laurence has given up some years; and let them have gone where they will, I can hardly conceive them being what they then were—perfect, and beyond the power of criticism.

Though not yet run to a standstill, for the present it will be as well to take a pull.

OLD HAREKAWAY.

Oct. 27, 1833.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS' HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Am just returned from Brussels, where I assure you I have spent the most delightful

three months I ever passed; and in the hopes of assisting other Gentlemen, who, like myself,

VOL. VIII.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 44.

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may have more leisure than money, to get rid of a little of their superfluous leaden time, I am induced, by reading the last Number of your entertaining Magazine, containing that interesting article on "Sporting in the Ardennes," to forward you the following narrative of my sporting adventures in a foreign land.

Of course you know that Prince Leopold (now King of the Belgians), when he resided at Claremont, was a frequent and enthusiastic attendant on the Hambleton, the Vine, and other fox-hounds in the neighbourhood; and as they say an old sportsman loves the crack of the whip, so it appears a young King does the same; and having quietly established himself at his snug Palace of Lacken, about three miles from Brussels, with his Queen, and every little luxury, he cast his eye round, and thought the only thing *lacking* at his Palace of Lacken was a pack of fox-hounds; whereupon, with the true spirit of a sportsman, he sent his head man, Wainwright, formerly stud-groom with some Nobleman in England, to the only country where such things are to be procured in perfection; and after casting about for a few months he finally returned to Brussels with three-and-twenty couple of smart even-looking hounds, which shortly after took up their quarters at Lacken, and commenced hunting between there and the celebrated field of Waterloo, and, all things considered, with very fair success. The forwardness of the country enabling them to commence very early, they were at work the first week in August, when I

first joined them near the well-known *La Haye Sainte*, where I found a plentiful sprinkling of my countrymen, notwithstanding the secrecy attempted about their fixtures. His Majesty was not out on this day, though he was on most others that I have joined them, generally in the English costume of leather breeches, top boots, and a green coat. When there he hunts the hounds himself, assisted by Brand from the Shropshire country, and two whips, and is really a very dashing rider, with a quick eye and steady hand. In short, if he had not been a King, I think he would have got good wages as a huntsman, and hunting is certainly the King of Sports. Brussels was very full of English all the autumn, and some rum kiddeys among the lot—*coveys* who seem fly at anything.

The hounds used to hunt regularly three times a week, and sometimes four, but the meets were only to be got at by means of a silver key; though when a man did find his way to them, provided he neither rode over the hounds nor any of the field, His Majesty winked at the intrusion. The country is mostly uninclosed cultivated land, but rides lightly in dry weather, and holds a fairish scent. There are some large woods, but having rides cut in all directions, there is little difficulty in getting to hounds; and what is called the *Parc*, in the immediate neighbourhood, swarms with foxes, hares, and other beasts of venery.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Slaughter's Coffee House,
Nov. 7, 1833.

OF THE GET AND THEIR PERFORMANCES, &c. OF THE
COLE ARABIAN—WITH A POSTSCRIPT TO *JAVELIN*,BY *STUD*.

SIR,

IN fulfilment of my promise to *JAVELIN*, I have put together a few particulars concerning this little horse, who, under the name of Sulky, so distinguished himself in India. That he certainly was in all respects a wonderful animal for his size, must, I presume, be conceded on all hands; that he was in any respect equal, much less superior, to our own blood-horses as they now are, cannot be borne out by anything which can be collected of him or his stock. Even the fact of his having beaten everything English which was opposed to him in India, and which would be the strongest point in favour of such an assumption, cannot in common fairness be so adduced; as, in the first place, few of our tip-top horses have gone out there in time to race at their mark; secondly, the change to such a climate and such villanous food must reduce the very best to middling; and, thirdly, he himself was a native of that climate, and inured from birth to the forage, such as it is.

It is not my present purpose to speak of his Indian performances: *JAVELIN* has already said that they were extraordinary; and all I have been able to glean on that head in Britain amounts to but one solitary instance, which speaks little in his favour, even allowing for advanced age, voyage, and change of climate. As to food, the change was on his behalf, and he had been long enough over to get perfectly har-

October 28, 1833.

monized to and with it. His appearance, which will be more particularly alluded to subsequently, was very unprepossessing, if I may make use of such a word on such a subject, which, added to other circumstances, made the Irish Turfites hold him in but little estimation; for soon after his arrival in the Green Isle he was matched against Mr. Keating's bay mare, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, by Jerry Sneak, a strong half, or at the very most three parts, bred hunter, the distance about two miles, and she beat him with more than ease. Had he been matched against even the worst of the thoroughbreds, there would have been nothing in it; but the mare was positively the common stamp of Irish hunter, which, excellent and superior in some points, are mainly deficient in speed. Now the English horses which he beat in his prime and vigour in India laboured under even greater disadvantage than he did in Ireland, and I leave the reader impartially to draw the inference. My humble one is, that he could not be classed as equal to our thorough bred.

Mr. Prendergast—than whom no one has had better blood in his possession, going always to the first and most fashionable sources regardless of expense—being himself a man of Ind, was apparently determined that this little horse should have a fair chance of exhibiting his capabilities as a stallion, and gave

him some of his best mares; and indeed it would appear, that, instead of decrying him as "unfashionable," &c. there was strong feeling to the contrary among some of the leading Curragh men of the day; for not only did they enter into Produce Stakes with his get, almost always allowing them weight, in many instances to the great odds of 7lb., but also subscribed to a Cup and Sweepstakes for his get solely.—The following extracts will serve to shew that such was the case:—

1819.—Oct. 12, Col. Bruen's bay filly out of Wilful (Sister to Woful, &c. by Waxy), 7st. 9lb. beat Mr. Prendergast's br. c. by the Cole Arabian, 7st. 4lb., 50gs. each—Yellow Post.—This information, from the Irish Racing Calendar, is defective, as it does not state the sire of Col. Bruen's filly, or the dam of Mr. Prendergast's colt. The former, however, was got either by Shuttle Pope, or Gauntlet by John Bull, out of Cœlia by Volunteer, &c. Though I cannot state the dam of the latter, her being Mr. Prendergast's ensures her blood. It will be observed that here the Arabian blood was allowed 4lb.

1820.—Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by the Cole Arabian out of Janette beat Major Kirwan's c. by Recordon out of (Irish) Rhoda, a Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, 40 ft. for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 4lb. fillies 8st., T. Y. C., five subs.: foals by Arabians allowed 7lb.—It will be seen that in this race the Arabian blood received no less than 11lb.

Sept. 12, the Loftus Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. T. Y. C., 7 subs.—*get of Arabians allowed 4lb.*—Mr. Prendergast's f. by Cole Arabian out of Janette beat Colonel

Whaley's colt by Gauntlet out of Charlotte by Buffer.

Sept. 14th, First Class of the Peel Stakes, 30gs. each, T. Y. C., eleven subscribers, *no allowance*—Mr. Gore's c. by Master Goodall out of Miss Tooley beat Mr. Prendergast's filly by Cole Arabian out of Janette. Two others started.

Sept. 16, Tit Stakes, 25gs. each—*Arabian blood allowed 7lb.*—Mr. Prendergast's filly by Cole Arabian out of Janette beat Lord Sligo's Gambage by Rubens, Mr. Gore's c. by Rainbow, and Mr. Kirwan's c. by Recordon.

October 17, Mr. Prendergast's filly by Cole Arabian out of Janette was beat by Col. Bruen's h. by Gauntlet out of Buttercup by Beningbrough, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. and Mr. Caldwell's Fitzjames, 3 yrs, 7st. for a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. Old T. Y. C.—Here the information is defective: it does not state what weight the filly carried.

October 20, Mr. Prendergast's filly out of Janette won a Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, with a Gold Cup added, for the Produce of mares covered by the Cole Arabian, T. Y. C., *ten subscribers*, beating Mr. Daly's sh. colt out of Astarte by Tom Turf.

Next day, the same filly walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (similar produce), Old T. Y. C., five subs.

October 23, Mr. Keating's gr. c. by the Cole Arabian out of Miss Hunter by Young Coriander, 2 yrs, 5st. ran fourth in a Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20 ft.

1821.—April 28, Mr. Prendergast's f. by Cole Arabian out of Janette ran third in a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each—Blue Post—won

by Mr. Caldwell's Fitzjames; Mr. Blake's Maid of Castile second.

1824.—On Tuesday in the New-market Houghton Meeting, Mr. Prendergast's ch. c. Arthur, by the Cole Arabian out of Janette, 8st. beat Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Selim out of Tredrille, 8st. seven pounds, D. M. 100, h. ft.—7 to 4 on the filly.

Arthur was twice beat in the same Meeting—first, by Felix, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb., Arthur 7st. 9lb., both 2 yrs old, T. Y. C., 200 sovs.; secondly, by Wildwood, by Comus, 8st. 7lb., Arthur 7st. 7lb., both 2 yrs old, First Half of Abingdon Mile, 100 h. ft.

Prodigy, the above Janette filly (rather a saucy name by the way, seeing that she never won but when she received great weight), was killed by accident in 1828. He was also sire of Mr. Daly's ch. c. out of Astarte, Arthur, Lord Meath's ch. c. out of his Yellow Mare (dead), Mr. Keating's gr. c. out of Miss Hunter, and Master Cole, whose dam's pedigree I cannot state. This latter horse was however sizeable, and covered hunting mares in the sporting district of Lower Ormond, county of Tipperary. He may have produced more bred stock, but on this head my information goes no farther; but it suffices to shew that in no one instance could his get run with the common average of English or Irish racers, except when receiving great weight. Janette was an excellent brood mare, and of the very first blood.

After this the Cole Arabian covered in Dublin; and it might appear at first sight that in so doing he was condemned to comparative obscu-

rity; but the fact is rather the reverse, in a certain line at least. The outlets or suburbs of Dublin naturally extend towards the sea shore, leaving the inland sides nearly unoccupied, so that in those directions the country is as much the country as at a hundred miles distance; and the Fingal and Dunboyne districts cannot (to men of nerves, and horses wot can morrice and hop) be exceeded in the wide world. The Dublin middle classes and first tradesmen are by no means indisposed to avail themselves of these break-neck arenas: some of the best of the Kildare country is in reach; so between these fox-hounds, Ld. Howth's stag-hounds, the Dubber and various other fast harriers, they almost to a man hunt, and keep the best of horses: consequently a stallion stationed in Dublin gets some first-rate hunting mares; and so did the Cole Arabian.

His stock, as far as I am able to learn, were of the same stamp generally—sinewy, and spirited, with extraordinary powers for their size, but small. Some of them distinguished themselves as steeple-chasers; and the horse noticed by TYRO as so well known in the Kildare Hunt is said to be the best cocktail in Ireland.

The Indian name of Sulky, under which this Arabian there distinguished himself, would induce an indifferent opinion of his temper; and in the stable he was so vicious, that when he stood in Dublin his box was furnished with spikes to prevent him tearing it down. With these he was constantly wounding himself; and the hair having nearly fallen off his tail and mane, his appearance was very singular, and, coupled

with his pony size, much against him to superficial or prejudiced observers. He might well, in every respect, be compared to a singed cat, for he was an extraordinary animal. Never was there so sure a foal-getter, and in many instances he stinted mares at one leap who would hold to no other horse.

Before I conclude this subject, I may remark that this is not the only instance in Ireland, even in recent times, of trying the experiment whether an Arab can get racers out of our best blood mares. Some years since General Brownrigg, then residing in the county of Wexford, imported a grey one, a very fine horse, and of fair size into the bargain. He not merely got the best Irish blood he could to forward the trial, but English also, and among them no more or less than the Duke of Grafton's celebrated Black Deuce, by Old Trumpator. But though this Arab got splendid hunters, as to racing it was no go.

Since, the late Mr. Ryder Pepper, of Loughton, brother-in-law of Lord Bloomfield, so long the confidential Secretary to the late King, procured the Arabian which Elfi Bey gave to that Monarch, and among others put to him the well-known brood mare Miss Wheatly, by Lexicon, a son of Old Marske. The produce, Comet, a very sizeable horse, but shewing the Foreigner considerably, could run none; but he was a superb hunter for the weight he could carry, and was sold at a high figure to Mr. Curtis of Inan, then an Officer of the Eighteenth Hussars. This Arab afterwards became the property of Mr. Aldsworth, in the county of Cork, and got some

very good stock. He was small himself, but his stock were the reverse; and I once saw a pair of grey carriage horses in London, got by him out of an Irish cart mare, that would have stood comparison with the far-famed progeny of old Mambrino.

Not long subsequently, Major Honner, after a long period spent in the East India Company's Service, returned to Ireland, and brought with him two Arabians, which he advertised to be of the very highest *castes*—the one a grey horse, over 15 and an inch, called Obegan, from being, as I was given to understand, an Obegan horse; the other Abdallah, a dark bay, 14-1, and a Nidjed-dee. The grey horse was very handsome, and got a number of hunting mares; but I never heard or saw any notice of any bred stock of his. Abdallah, whom his owner said was the highest bred animal, was a mean Cossack-looking devil, and was sent to Mr. Hunter's stables at the Curragh to cover. When he came to be tried, however, it was ascertained (as JAVELIN has stated) that the lealers in the East are up to as much rascality (and a deal more I should imagine) as their brethren with us; for though sound to outward appearance, his testicles had been operated on by early pressure and squeezing (a custom common enough, I have been informed, among the Arabs) so as to destroy his procreative powers—an argument certainly in favour of his high blood, as they were determined he should not elsewhere transmit it. When this was ascertained, he was turned out in the day time and laid idle, to assimilate with the climate and forage, and in the following

spring carefully and successfully trained. He came out at five years old for a Free Handicap, two miles, and had a feather put on him, five stone some odd pounds. There was not a first-rate horse, or anything like it, in the race. He was rode by a very clever boy, afterwards a well-known jockey. They started, eight or nine, very evenly at a good pace, and in the first five hundred yards the Arab fell to the rear, where he stuck all the way, being half distanced, the winner, a common plater, giving him nearly four stone. I do not know what became of him; he would have made, I should imagine, a particularly pleasant hackney, as he was very temperate. Another man of Ind, and a good judge, was of opinion that his owner had been doubly imposed on, and that he was not a Nidjeddee, but a Mahratta. Be that as it may, he had anything but racing shapes.

From these, and indeed all other circumstances that have ever come under an investigation, which I can truly say I have urged as far as a pretty extensive acquaintance with such matters and an insatiable desire for information on the subject prompted me to, I am of the opinion originally expressed in your pages, that we do not get from our East India possessions the same horses, or as good, as we obtained originally from the African Deserts and Turkey. I may be wrong; and it is easy and plausible enough to argue or reason on any hypothesis, but from facts alone can sound opinions be deduced. It is, however, as plain that JAVELIN's opinion of little Sulky, the Cole Arabian, is correct; and

that his progeny would have ranked with the Mixburys and Tantivys of the olden times I have little doubt, who hold the air-balloon stories of those days as next to naught.

To those, however, who differ from me, there never was a period when a person of spirit and fortune could more successfully try the experiment of producing a racer from Arab blood principally than the present. The *elite* of that blood of recent days are now in Britain. Champion (Tyao's communication informs me) is in possession of the Duke of Leeds; and we have Orelia, Muscat, Pet, Harlequin, Borack, Humdaniah, and the blood of Buckfoot, the Cole and Wellesley Arabians. Here are sources for enterprise and experiment: but, like many other matters, those who would emprise it cannot, and those who can will not. It is—(let those laugh who look upon a race-horse as a mere machine to win or lose money by)—a subject worthy of the Sportsman and Naturalist's attention. It would be highly curious in the present times to observe in seven or eight pure crosses the alteration of the animal from food and climate. My own opinion is, that in the end they would race; and, although it is, I assure JAVELIN (however unfortunately it may appear to him to be so), intended for anything but a "*flippant one*," yet from conviction against the Arabs in the first cross as racing stallions, I hold from the same plain test, experience, that there can be no better for producing hunters, hacks, &c. I never saw the progeny of one, however small, which was not singularly muscular and active, generally

tremendous good fencers, resolute, and particularly quick and ready, with good bottom; therefore every one, in my humble estimation, who brings over a good Arab is entitled to the gratitude of his brother sportsmen.

I must now take my leave with every sentiment of respect and thanks to JAVELIN: may he be soon astride of his hobby! and

whether it be pure Montafique or Nidjeddy, elegant Egyptian, large Mocha, flying Bahreen, or unrivalled Nijd, or all, well and good; only let me be alive (not to see) but to read of, through the medium of your pages, and, if I can, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what is to me always pleasant and instructive.

Yours, &c.

STUD.

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POSTSCRIPT TO JAVELIN—NOVEMBER 6.

SINCE writing the above, I have read JAVELIN's in the November Number. I can assure him, if I have "put a construction somewhat too *taking for granted*" on any of his former opinions, it was the last thing I meant to do. As to the *present* ones, I grant mistakes may occur in better-regulated places; and what may happen with the Arabs I cannot possibly decide, though I cannot believe that they are so absurdly careless; at least it is at total variance with everything that we have ever read, heard, or been able to collect on the subject, that "mares must be frequently covered by coarse-bred baggage carriers." But even this goes to my old ground, from which I have no reason to retreat, that "the horses we get now through our Eastern possessions are far inferior to those we used to get through the old channels." This, and JAVELIN's assertion that when the horses are brought from the Red Sea and Persian Gulph tied together neck and heels, all the data the purchaser has to go by is "connoisseurship;" and that in his experience he selected his horses from "nobleness of countenance;" no man in his senses would breed for our Turf from a

horse, who, though his action was also good, had no other certainty to recommend him. If one knew his blood, and he was well-shaped, though he could not race himself he might get racers; but let him go how he might (if impure), the soft drop would be sure to come out, and wofully, some time or another.

I shall pass over much, as it has been argued to satiety. JAVELIN admits the "entire superiority of the English race-horse," but still sticks out that *fine climate and good pasturage* are inimical to the blood horse, and in due time render him coarse. Is the English race-horse coarse? and having been derived from smaller Foreign horses (*wherever they came from*), how else does or can he account for this indisputable superiority? The idea of a blood-horse being turned out in the marshes of Flanders in due time becoming a cart horse, *of course* he cannot substantiate, nor even recollect where he heard it. Good luck! if such was the case what would become of Lincoln, the Howden country (York), Northampton, Bedford, and many others, in all of which the very best of our blood is reared, fostered, and preserved?

Next in his present, comes, what to me is stranger than all: "If I might so suggest, I would obtain a filly by Orelia out of Farrah, and then cross with the Whalebone blood, and no other. I would even keep clear of an Eclipse strain, and certainly of all the Buzzard blood." Now here I am at home: what does he mean by Whalebone blood *alone*?—is it the horse's name!! as he was got by Waxy, son of Pot8o's, who was by *Eclipse*. In Highflyer's grandam we have the same blood as Eclipse's dam; namely, Regulus; and in Penelope, Whalebone's dam, we have precisely the same blood as Buzzard; namely, Herod, Matchem, Snap, &c. I will not be tedious enough to state this accurately through all its sources, as any man can satisfy himself by referring to the old Stud Books; and possibly, as JAVELIN says, "I may have misunderstood" him, though I can scarcely see how; but if he be sceptical, and you allow, I will put it genealogically, so as to admit of no dispute. JAVELIN, or any other, would find it scarcely possible to find a top horse free of those strains in this our day.

If I have "somewhat erred touching the breed of Cape horses," it was not altogether without my host: it was given to me by as good a sportsman as ever walked, whom misfortune drove to try a better fortune a long way in the interior, between four and five hundred miles from the Cape. He represented the horses to me as native, and said that all he regretted leaving were three or four he had. I am aware that some of our thorough-bred horses have gone out there, but

not a sufficient number of years ago to have had such a wide influence as to generalize or stamp a national breed; and Sir C. Somerset's time is even more recent.

With respect to the Persian horses, I, in common with any one else who chose to look, had no bad specimen when the Ambassador of that Empire was here last, in 1819. The horse he rode himself was stated to be one of the finest Turcomans that could be procured. He was a loose-made, lounging young horse; in colour a very rich dark bay, about 15-3, and in general appearance shewed what we might deem a distant Cleveland cross with full blood. The rest did not differ much from him, except the only mare, who was smaller and neater, and shewed what I should call more (nay full) blood. All these horses were left behind; but though I saw the Ambassador's horse advertised to cover, I never heard anything more of them.

I quite agree with JAVELIN as to the hog-hunter of the Deccan, and that it must be "a soul-stirring sport," and only likely to be adopted by those who are made out of Britain's best clay: but as little can I hold with him, when he talks of "occasionally renovating our blood" with horses which can only be selected haphazard by "connoisseurship" and judging from their "nobleness of countenance;" though I am not altogether so ignorant, or otherwise unread, as to imagine that there is an Arab Stud Book or Calendar, as he would seem to surmise, or that "their manner is after the manner of the racing mania Angles."

STUD.

## ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB.

His Royal Highness the DUKE of SUSSEX, Lord High Steward, Patron.  
Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS of KENT, Patroness.

A Public Meeting was held on the 7th of November, at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, the Right Hon. the Earl of Morley in the chair, for the purpose of re-modelling the Regatta Club, and taking such steps as would give to the future Port of Plymouth Regattas their wonted spirit and interest. After the Noble Earl had briefly stated the object of their assembling,

Thomas Bewes, Esq. M.P. for Plymouth, rose to move the first resolution. He commenced by remarking upon the want of interest in this truly national amusement for the last two or three years at this port, observing that the cloud which had been spread over this amusement bade fair to disperse, and a better aspect had dawned upon it. A memorial had been forwarded to the French Government to grant the same privileges to the Port of Plymouth Regatta Club as had been extended to the Royal Yacht Squadron. To this the King of the French had been pleased to return a favorable answer; and the only obstacle appeared to be, that the favour could only be granted to Yacht Clubs. To meet this, therefore, it was proposed to re-model the Club; and as a preliminary to effect that desirable object, he should propose, "That the Port of Plymouth Royal Clarence Regatta Club be forthwith denominated the ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB."—The resolution being seconded, and put from the Chair, it was carried unanimously.

J. Collier, Esq. the other Member for the Borough, moved the second resolution; and in so doing observed that he would take this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the Gallant Officers who had taken so active a part in the Regattas, and whose efforts had been crowned with success. With the high patronage of the Duchess of Kent, and the advantages of entering the French ports free of the customary duties, he had no doubt that the Western Club would be equal to any other in the kingdom. Regattas were a national as well as rational amusement; they combined the surprising art of the shipwright with the consummate skill of the seaman. Free from any of the objections which were brought against other amusements, they might be viewed by the most delicate female or the most fastidious philosopher; and he trusted they should not hear of those disgraceful sports on the Hoe, of bull-baiting, in which the poor animal was tormented to dangerous madness, or that our fellow-creatures should break each others heads with a stick for the paltry consideration of a gold-laced hat.—The Hon. Member concluded by proposing, "That the Club do consist of an unlimited number of Members; and be governed by a Patron, Patroness, Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and a Council; and also by Commodores, Vice-Commodores, and other Officers."—Capt. Daykin seconded this resolution.—Carried unanimously.

Mr. Soltou, after making some pertinent remarks on the natural qualifications of the Port for this amusement, and of the advantages derived by the tradesmen from it, proposed, "That the Council do consist of Twenty-one Members, one-third of whom shall go out of office annually, but be eligible to be re-elected at the Yearly General Meeting, and that five of the Council do form a quorum."—This resolution was seconded by Captain Hobson, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Johnson then moved, "That the Council to be now chosen have full power to frame Rules and Regulations for the future management of the Club."—Seconded by Captain Tozer, and carried unanimously.

Captain Dolling observed, that finding the Regattas falling off in consequence of so few yachts attending, and those few not sailing for the prizes, it was thought high time to fix the Institution upon a sounder basis, and it was considered that if similar privileges could be obtained as enjoyed by the Royal Yacht Squadron this object would be attained. The Committee, therefore, commissioned him to correspond, through Sir Edward Codrington, M.P. for Devonport, with the Prince de Talleyrand on the subject. The Gallant Admiral took up the question very warmly, and the result had been such as before described. In return, therefore, he would move, "That the thanks of the Members of the Royal Western Yacht Club be presented to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, for his ready attention to their wishes in applying to the King of the French, through Prince Talley-

rand, for the free admission of Yachts belonging to the Club in the ports of France, and for the advantages obtained thereby."—This resolution was seconded by Captain Dixon, and carried unanimously.

Henry Woolcombe, Esq. the Recorder of Plymouth, moved, "That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to Thomas Bewes, Esq. and to John Collier, Esq. the Members for the Borough of Plymouth, and to Sir Edward Codrington, K.C.B., and to Sir G. Grey, Bart. the Members for Devonport and Stonehouse, for their ready compliance in soliciting and obtaining the consent of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to become the Patroness, and also for their support and friendly conduct towards the Club."—Seconded by Captain Dolling, and carried unanimously.

The seventh resolution was proposed by Mr. Tripe, and seconded by Captain Frazer—"That the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Commodores, Vice-Commodores, Treasurer, and Secretary be Members of the Council *ex-officio*."

On the eighth resolution being proposed—"That the Council have authority to add to the number of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Commodores, and Vice-Commodores"—Major Tooking, in rising to second it, observed, that he had had the honour of first displaying the flags of the Royal Western Club in the French ports, and of being introduced to the King of the French by My Lord Yarborough, when he thanked the King, in person, for the honour he had granted the Club. He was invited to the King's banquet, and had received one of the medals presented to the Members of the

other Yacht Clubs at Cherbourg. The scene during the time the Squadron was in that harbour was indeed delightful: the great rivals in war were as brothers in peace, and the utmost reciprocity of feeling existed. On the night the entertainment was given by Lord Yarborough to the King of the French, he (Major T.) had the pleasure of seeing his burgee (the same as was won by Sir Francis Drake at the defeat of the Spanish Armada) placed alongside that of the Royal Yacht Squadron, while those of the Irish Clubs were placed separately. A report having gone abroad that there was a misunderstanding between the Western Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron, he immediately put himself under the command of the Commodore, which he continued until the Squadron anchored in Cowes Roads, when he had the satisfaction of knowing, personally from his Lordship, that he had strictly obeyed the Noble Lord's wishes.—The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Capt. W. B. Dolling, R.N. was appointed Treasurer, and Mr. J. E. Blewett, Secretary.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen were then nominated Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Members of the Council.

#### PRESIDENTS.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.  
 Earl of Morley.  
 Earl of Mount Edgumbe.  
 Earl of St. Germain.  
 Lord John Russell, M.P.  
 Lord Valletort.  
 Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart.  
 E. P. Bastard, Esq.  
 Lord Boringdon.  
 Lord Elliot.  
 Sir George Grey, Bart. M.P.

Sir Ralph Lopez, Bart. M.P.  
 Sir L. V. Falk, Bart.  
 Sir W. P. Call, Bart.  
 Right Hon. R. P. Carew.  
 Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington,  
 K.C.B. and M.P.  
 Admiral Sir Wm. Hargood, K.C.B.  
 Major-Gen. Sir John Cameron, K.C.B.  
 Rear-Admiral Sir Edw. King, K.C.B.  
 Sir George Magrath, M.D.  
 J. C. Bulleel, Esq. M.P.  
 Thomas Bewes, Esq. M.P.  
 John Collier, Esq. M.P.  
 Captain Superintendent Ross, C.B.  
 John Ingle, Esq.  
 C. B. Calmady, Esq.  
 Treby Hele Hayes, Esq.  
 W. H. Tonkin, jun. Esq.  
 Richard S. Scott, Esq.

#### THE COUNCIL.

The Mayor of Plymouth.  
 H. Woolcombe, Esq. Recorder.  
 G. Coryndon, Esq. (the late Mayor.)  
 Captain Daykin.  
 Wm. Hodge, jun. Esq.  
 George Leach, Esq.  
 James Husband, Esq.  
 Captain Tinchcombe, R.N.  
 Lieutenant-Col. Hamilton Smith.  
 Alexander Frazer, Esq.  
 T. E. Gosling, Esq.  
 G. Marsden, Esq. of Torquay.  
 G. W. Saltou, Esq.  
 George Pridham, Esq.  
 Thomas Shutter, Esq. M.D.  
 Thomas Tripe, Esq.  
 John Johnson, Esq.  
 Captain Hobson, R.N.  
 Captain Tozer, R.N.  
 Captain Manly Dixon, R.N.  
 Captain Basden, R.N.

It was then unanimously resolved—"That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to Major Tooking, for his zeal and exertions in support of the Club; particularly while attending the late Regatta at Cherbourg, by presenting an Address of Congratulation to His Majesty the King

of the French in the name of the Members of the Royal Western Yacht Club."

Resolved—"That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to Captain W. B. Dolling for his unwearied conduct in support of the Club."

The Noble Earl, after congratulating the meeting on the unanimity which prevailed, and trusting that the great object they

had in view would be carried into effective operation, vacated the chair; when it was unanimously resolved, "That the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Right Hon. the Earl of Morley for taking the chair, and for his able conduct therein."

The Members of the Council held their first Meeting, at the Club Room at the Exchange, on the 12th.

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### FLY-FISHING IN LOCH FREUCHY.

SIR,

ONE afternoon, in the August of 18—, we (the pronoun represents two trout-fishers of respectable standing) hired the only, and consequently the best, vehicle attached to the hostelry of old Blunderbuss, publican in the pretty little village of — among the Grampians—namely, a sort of an apology for a gig, with sheltie to match—and bore northward for the unpronounceable Currymuckeloch of unlicensed whisky reputation. The rain fell in torrents; but who ever heard of a real angler dreading the weather? Our watery probation continued through the whole day, and so heartily, that it would have puzzled a conjuror to find a dry thread among us when we made Davie M—'s inn yard. Here we dismissed our shaggy steed and urchin-driver, for the rest of the road passed even their Highland capabilities. After the usual eggs, bannocks, and cheese, well bathed in usquebaugh, we, tired of watching which rain-drop ran fastest down the panes of the little window, voted whistling a bore, and discovered that beating the devil's

tattoo upon the tables plays the devil with what Ladies call nerves; so, taking heart of courage, and another good pull at the "cratur," we snapped our fingers at the pelting of the pitiless storm, and set off for a cast on the green loch, some half mile distant.

The ascent of the little hill which lay between us and our destination, through streaming heather, was not the most pleasant walking in the world; but the "spirit" was strong within us, and we bore it, and the scramble down the other side, almost patiently. We soon reached the loch: it is a dark deep pool, not exceeding three hundred yards in length; the sides are generally deep, but towards the middle it gradually shallows, as may be perceived from the beds of weeds and rushes; hills surround it on all sides, the burns from which, during wet weather, add much to its depth and extent. The trout in this water, though of a dark mossy colour, and seldom well fed, attain a good size; so high as three or four pounds they are sometimes

to be had, though in general much smaller. Like all lake-trout, where the fish are of a good size, they are shy of rising, and have one peculiarity which I have not noticed in any other water. The moment the hook touches them they plunge to the bottom, and there saw up and down, barbel fashion; however, we were just then happy to take them for better or for worse. In consequence of the rain we put up our rods under cover; and lucky it was we did so, for by the time we reached the loch, our fingers were in no trim for looping on flies. The natives of Currymuckeloch recommended "sma' black flees." With a wind at our backs that would scarce permit a line in the water, we succeeded in taking a brace of fish in about a quarter of an hour, and then a very large fellow swept off with my gut line. My hands were so numbed with the wet, that I really found it impossible to repair this misfortune: besides our time was limited, for we intended, despite of wind and weather, to make Loch Freuchy that very night, so as to get the first of the morning, which in the hot season is, beyond all doubt, the best angling time.

To those who cannot appreciate the ardour of a genuine angler, it would appear almost incredible that we should deliberately undertake a walk of four miles across the bleak hills, streaming with knee-deep rain-courses—this too at the approach of night—with no other knowledge of our route than the imperfect directions that could be given us; and, to crown the whole, through a perfect deluge of rain; but Loch Freuchy lay

before us, and the prospect of the morrow's sport carried us through all these difficulties. We found to our cost that mine host's four miles and "a bittock" were true Highland admeasurement, namely, the bittock nearly as long as the miles. Neither our light nor plight were favorable for scenic observations; but let the reader imagine hills upon hills on all sides (apparently the wall of the world of Haddad-Ben-Ahab), down which the now swollen burnies roared in concert, a sky black as a wolf's throat, and us trudging sulkily along wet as Nereids, and then he may possibly have a faint idea of the *coup d'ail*. At every hill-perched cottar's, few and far between, the eternal answer was, a mile, two miles, but the unattainable bittock kept lengthening still before us. Two hours hard walking at last brought us to about a score of turf huts at the south end of the loch, which were dignified with a name worthy of a capital, but not having seen it in print, our prosody is entirely at fault. Although outward appearances were not in favour of this mountain city, we accounted ourselves lucky dogs in having reached it.

The first human being we encountered was one, who, had a drop more cockney blood flowed in our veins, we should scarcely have classified *genus homo*; we caught him peeping out of the door upon hearing our approach, and grappled him before he could take to his earth again, which seemed to cause him great uneasiness, and ever and anon he watched an opportunity to bolt. This singular animal, so far as we could discern in the dark, was innocent of all nether garments;

a little rough coatie, whose skirts, *à la mode du pays*, scarcely attained the upper part of the seat of honour, with the kilt the tartan of the Campbells, formed his whole attire. Bonnet he had none, but in its stead a shaggy head of hair, that all Niagara never could have penetrated.—“Which is the Inn?” said we. A look of hopeless astonishment was our only answer; and, slipping through our fingers like an eel, he was housed in an instant. We followed hard upon, but saw no more of him. An old crone, probably his mother, was the only person in the hut; to her we renewed our question, and with much difficulty made her comprehend it. “Yee’d better gang ower to Lucky M’Jan’s;” and to Lucky M’Jan’s we went.

A very different personage received us here; a young Missy, just returned from six months at a Perth boarding school, asked if we would be “just so kind as for to walk ben.” The interior was of that description, which every one who has ever been north knows as a but and a ben, that is, a mud cabin with mud floor, divided into two by a mud partition. Smiling and smirking, the young lady informed us, that a lodging was much at our service, if we had no objection to share the ben with her father, who lay ill of the influenza, and if we did not fear that his coughing and wheezing would disturb us. This offer we declined as civilly as possible. My companion remembered that an old servant of his mother’s had a biggin somewhere along the loch: we made what inquiries we could as to its locality, were informed that it was about a mile to the north,

and once more set off on our travels. The mile was of course two, and thankful, indeed, were we to get off so cheaply: the rain had also abated.

Mrs. M’Tavish welcomed us most hospitably: she heaped peats upon the fire to dry our wet garments, produced the bannocks, the kebbuck, and some special glenlivet, which we manfully attacked while the milk brose was simmering. Never did hungry wayfarers make a more glorious supper; the freedman’s *cœna* was a fool to it!

When at length we had satisfied our rapacity, and the arrangements for the night were brought upon the tapis, it was fated that we should not be indulged with the ben to ourselves. Mrs. M’Tavish opened two doors, which we conceived to be presses; but each of them closed upon a comfortable bed. We rubbed our hands at the cheering prospect; when, lo! a stranger entered, and with a careless nod seated himself by the fire—and a queer looking fellow he was; a figure that would have made the fortune of a Minerva-press romancer: he was of middle height, square built, and muscular, with a round bullet head, and an immense pair of whiskers. We should not probably have remarked his personals, but for the formidable nature of his accoutrements. He set a heavy cutlass in the chimney corner, and drew from the belt of his riding-coat a brace of horse-pistols, which he placed upon the table. We stared, astonished, at each other; but our surprise was fairly double, when Mrs. M’Tavish, having replenished the whisky bottle, wished us a sound sleep, and the

man at arms appeared evidently a fixture. He filled himself a bumper, nodded carelessly to us, bolted the alcohol, and bidding us a bluff "good night," took possession of one of the said cupboards, into which he soon ensconced himself. We scarcely knew what to make of this strange companion; but the circumstance of his leaving his arms within our reach relieved us of any apprehension; so we e'en followed his example, and entered into the joint-tenancy of the other cupboard.

About four next morning we were awakened by a tap on the shoulder, and this whiskered gentleman stood by our side. He had heard of our wish to be early on the loch, and civilly aroused us in time. We got up immediately, and left him to finish his sleep. We walked about half a mile along the hill side to the cabin of our landlady's son, who was to row us upon the loch. Having knocked at the door for some time without avail, we then had recourse to the window with no better success: at length, growing impatient, I gave the casement a decisive push, which sent their whole array of domestic utensils crashing to the ground. This brought Jamie to the door *en chemise*, and a pack of colliers at his heels, who, only for the butts of our fishing-rods, must have seriously damaged our legs before their master could silence them. He soon made his toilette, put the oars on his shoulders, and walked down with us to where his boat was moored.

Loch Freuchy is from two to three miles long, surrounded on all sides by tall hills, through which there is a fine break,

whence the River Bran flows towards Amulrie. Its waters are of the brightest crystal, varying much in depth, but, compared with other Highland lochs, generally shallow. During the time that Jamie was piloting us to the south-west corner of the loch, which he recommended for our morning sport, we had time to make preparations for beginning the campaign. A slight breeze was just beginning to raise a heavy mist from the water, and the sun peeped at us from behind the hills, and looked as if thinking whether or no it was time to rise. Our first trial was with large red and black palmers, No. 5. Several fish rose, but none appeared to take in earnest. We exchanged them for No. 8 flies, of a pattern that would astonish a southern angler—a drake wing, a body of deep red worsted wound with a red hackle and gold, and a strip of woodcock wing stretching out from the bend of the hook, also green and yellow worsted, with the other parts similarly dressed: these we found the most killing flies.

The trout here run from half a pound to two pounds and a half, rarely larger: they are very strong and active, finely shaped, in colour some silver and some yellow, but all cut red as salmon, and are very much esteemed for the table, more I should suppose than those of any other lake in Scotland, Loch Leven excepted. We were basketing them at a good rate, when unfortunately my rod snapped short off in the ferrule of the third joint, and lost me the best fish we had raised through the morning. This was sufficiently provoking. I made the best of a bad job by tying it

together, but the treacherous lance-wood snapped again after a few throws. Jamie then advised landing at the hut of the only artificer within many miles. We splashed for about a quarter of an hour through a morass to the habitation of this Cyclops of the hills, a cot of the usual material, but dignified with an attempt at an attic, which was the workshop: this, after considerable opposition from half-a-dozen colliers, we entered by a species of trap, at the gable end of the house, and found in it, for all tools, an old plane notched into the likeness of a saw, and two venerable chisels. With these miserable implements we vainly endeavored to extract the broken wood from the ferrule, but by great good fortune discovered a huge carpenter's compass, which after many trials disengaged the splinter. While we were working, an old woman popped her head in at the door. Jamie explained to her in Gaelic the nature of our visit, and she quietly turned back again.

We returned with all speed to the loch, resumed our fishing with good success for a couple of hours, when the wind fell, and the sun grew too high for farther sport. A good pull at the oars soon brought us to the opposite side. The whiskered gentleman stood gazing upon the loch as our boat touched the shore. He had come out for a morning walk (so he said), and, feeling like ourselves well inclined for breakfast, favored us with his company towards Mrs. M'Tavish's, who had calculated on our appetites, and prepared accordingly. Eggs (which had never

been cold), barley bannocks, oat-meal cakes, cheese (in slices the full length of the kebbuck), butter and pink trouts, and (though last not least) luggies of Athol brose (whiskey and honey), disappeared like snow before a July sun; and so did our reserve with the Don, as we christened our companion. Nothing opens the heart like a good meal—it produces a spirit of content so liberal that it extends itself to all around. He questioned us on our sport in the language of a connoisseur, talked of many lochs and many flies, and shewed an intimate knowledge of the country in every direction. It was now our turn to become querists, and we hinted at the cutlass and pistols. He laughed, and explained the mystery, by telling us that he commanded the revenue force, and was then on the look-out for a notorious smuggling gang in the neighbourhood. Had our opinion been asked half an hour before, we should certainly have set him down for one of the unlicensed fraternity: indeed, the confidential nods of Jamie strongly impaired our credence in his plausible story; and besides, who ever heard of an exciseman being so kindly welcomed in the Highlands? At all events, he tossed down Mrs. M'Tavish's whisky with evident relish, and we will be bound that never contributed a sous to His Majesty's exchequer.

Our breakfast, like all mortal things, was finite; so, as the sun was too bright for fishing, we loitered some hours in a shady spot on the hill brow, chatting of Athol brose and horse-pistols, and looked over the lake which

lay beneath us like a sheet of burnished gold. At two o'clock we returned to our landlady's, devoured a lunch of materials similar to those at breakfast, and set out with the intention of trying the eastern corner of the lake, and the River Bran, to Amulrie. Expense of supper, bed, breakfast, and lunch, four shillings and sixpence.

A kindly south-west wind brought us some clouds, and curled the water delightfully. In the loch we took some tolerable fish. At the mouth of the river I cast my flies upon a splendid eddy, near the opposite bank, and scarcely had they touched the water, when down they went, carrying with them at least four yards of my line. Well was it for me that I had carefully mended my rod, for the first pull bent it to the butt. As the falls several miles below are impassable to salmon, I was sorely puzzled to know what I had to deal with, for his strength far exceeded that of any reasonable trout; but a trout he was, and a perfect giant, as I saw to my terror when he bounded madly from the stream, and went downwards at the rate of six knots an hour. I ran with him, easing the line to the best of my skill, until some high bushes stopped me. I gave myself up for lost; but my comrade, an old hand, foreseeing the danger, was there to the rescue, and, by casting pebbles before the monster, frightened him into a change of proceeding. He leaped again several times, then turned toward the loch. There was a sharp rapid to work against, which

rather diminished his ardour, and by the time he reached the still water his strength was evidently exhausted. The rest of the struggle was all plain sailing until it came to the landing. Our net was not at all capable of taking him out, so we were obliged to get his head into it, and almost shovel him on shore, a process which splintered the handle nearly in two; but at length we had him out safe. He was the largest trout I ever saw, turning eleven pounds and a half, so bright coloured that his spots alone persuaded me he was not a salmon. The country people assured me they had never known but one other fish of equal size to be killed in these waters, and he was taken in a net. The innkeeper at Amulrie begged me to allow the dimensions to be marked out on the wall of his snugger, and to leave the fortunate fly for the benefit of the angling brotherhood. It was a dark orange body, with red hackle and woodcock wing, on a No. 8 hook. We continued our sport down the Bran, killing many fish, but smaller and darker than those of Loch Freuchy, which are renowned above all the inhabitants of the neighbouring lochs and streams for their handsome shape and colour, as for their exquisite taste. At Amulrie the equipage of Mr. Blunderbuss was in waiting according to appointment, and we turned the sheltie southward with six dozen and four trouts, great and small, not including the monster.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

RIPARIUS.

Nov. 12, 1833.

## NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

SIR,

October 28, 1833.

I Have just taken a sly peep at the great improvements and beauties of the town, also at the highways and byways, back slums and avenues, and find everywhere greater preparations for company, and less occasions for them, than I had anticipated. It is true there are considerable arrivals of our Northern brethren, but whether "to gang Sooth," in imitation of Captain Ross (which will of course be fashionable now), or having won all before them at Doncaster, *they may* do the like here, I know not: but it is easy enough to perceive many amongst them of the family of *Dan*, the waiter in *Raising the Wind*; when asked by Jeremy, "*Dan! have you such a thing as ten-pence about you?*" — "*Yeas, and I mean to keep it te.*" — Several of the old ones even have changed their lodgings, not forgetting to tell in their new ones, *without asking*, "*I left Mrs. Gripeall because she was o'er vast in her charges.*".....pretended not to understand this—"Aye, but then ye will afore th' week's oot." I find, in the groupes of South countrymen, as they arrive, a particular sort of dulness, occasioned, some think, by Colonel Peel's stud winning almost every race, or his brother's money-bill: be whichever it may, nothing but an effusion through the pockets can restore their wonted spirits: it is impossible to form an opinion of the numbers here "till they assemble on the Heath — *this is the Criterion.*"

Took my station in good time to witness the congregating of the people, in order to notice

their quantity, quality, and proceedings. Of the Nobility, Gentry, and upper classes, there is a perceptible falling off, arising from a combination of circumstances I should say—such as, being so long detained in town on national affairs, to the exclusion of their own, and, like good men, prefer attending to their duties than following their pleasures. Others are abroad, trying whether the tyrannic laws and lax habits of the people are better than those they have left behind. Of the middle-classes there is certainly an increase, and, like the middle-classes everywhere else, all endeavoring to get into the upper one: this is all very well if the *means are fair!* Of the rising generation we have a good (that is, a great) supply, so that we are relieved from the fear of any further decline in Turf affairs, being already sure of the *men*, if we can but raise the *money*.

The sports began with a Match between General Grosvenor's Miss Gravity and Mr. W. Day's Arthingworth. If the letter *F* was put at the beginning of the latter name, it might make the horse worth the money. Miss Gravity was a *cheerful* winner, and at the last by two lengths, rode by Pavis, who has the happy knack of late of "*turning the whip into the fiddle:*"—the weights equal (7st. 10lb. each), the money 25 sovs., and the distance T. Y. Course: the betting *noise only*.

First Class of the Derby and Oaks Challenge Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., A. F., four subscribers. The great Muley Mo-

loch from the North was in it, but being a stranger he was loaded with, "not empty honours," but 8st. 7lb. good English weight, while the winner, *Ægyptus*, a traveller too (but a slow one), was complimented with 7st. 2lb. Muley, "like an ass," declined the contest, though with legs long enough to walk over the other three, and paid forfeit. Little Rogers rode *Ægyptus*, still adding leaves to his laurels, and won by two lengths. Chantilly was beat; and he had "done for" The Bravo before they got to the Bushes. The betting was 2 to 1 agst the winner, but Chantilly, being both gay and fashionable, had a full share of admirers.

Lord Exeter's Momoso, 8st. 6lb., beat General Grosvenor's Cockatoo, 8st. 2lb., R. M., 50 sovs.; rode well by Arnall, and won by a head. A Cockatoo, if no better than this, is no use to the General: *slow* to begin, and *bad* at the finish, is bad indeed: still, if it had been two strides farther, he must have won, *for once*, as Momoso (the Judge said) "died away at the post."

The Boudoir Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., R. M. This little delightful interesting affair was got up by the following Ladies, without their Lords having so much as a *voice* in it, which no doubt many other Lords will believe. It was for 50 sovs. each, the Rowley Mile: won a length by Connolly on Mrs. General Grosvenor's Languish. A day or two previously the General put up his Lady, saying it was but fair that Languish should have the honour of carrying her mistress; Languish, however, thought differently, and as soon put her Ladyship down again, luckily without

hurting her materially. Winning makes ugly horses pretty: it has the power also of restoring offenders to favour, by which Languish is forgiven: Lady Alice Peel's Malibran (Pavis) second; Countess of Ochesterfield's Fanny Grey, rode by Flatman, third. The Marchioness of Exeter had one in it (I mean, Brother to Beiram), but not in her own name. Had it been a work of charity to benefit her fellow-creatures, her Ladyship's signature would have been amongst the first; but as the horse did not run, it looked like taking the whip-hand of his Lordship, and for the honour of being enrolled in such sweet society, he might have the pleasure of paying the forfeit.

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., well arranged, and the ground judiciously chosen by Sir R. K. Dick. Here a man may have, to a certain degree, his hopes confirmed or his fears made manifest, what may, or may not, be his chance for the Derby and Oaks for next year. The conditions are so clear, and its merits so perfectly analyzed, that a man must be either dull or dilatory that does not make himself acquainted with the probabilities:—colts to carry 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st. 1lb.; a winner of the July, the Clearwell, or Prendergast Stakes, to carry 7lb. extra; if two of them, 9lb.; any other winner previous to the day of running, 2lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. This last condition often increases the interest of the race, as in the present case. The course finishes very like Epsom as to hill. Thirteen came to the post, with nothing particular

amongst them if we except Bentley, and he even is more to be admired for his merits than his looks: at the same time, my precautions are the same you so kindly introduced into your last Number—*beware of Bentley for the Derby!* There was a great deal of bungling mismanagement at starting, and many false ones. A little tyranny is useful on these occasions: for instance, we never had to witness these unsightly, not to say unfair, scenes at Ascot while Lord Maryborough held the sole ruling sway. It is as foolish as dangerous to ask for harsh measures; but a man ought to be armed with them to the fullest extent who takes upon himself the office of starting horses and jockeys; the latter by far the most obstinate of the two, particularly when actuated by mischief, envy, or avarice. After some time badly spent, they came well together for a finish, and in the last struggle Bentley came out, and won handsomely by a length; rode by Pavis with prudence and his usual success—a trimming race for second, to see who should receive back his stake, between Robinson on Sir M. Wood's Whalebone filly and Norman on Mr. Forth's Louise by Longwaist, which ended in a dead heat. Wheatley on Mr. Dilly's Freedom (a smart horse with an inapplicable name) was close up; none of the rest shewed anything in the way of present hopes, as Bentley gave 7lb. to all in the race but one, and to make his prize the greater 30 paid twenty pounds forfeit each.

There were four other races on paper disposed of, perhaps, in the least vexatious and cheapest way.

Mr. Greville's Whale received forfeit from Lord Verulam's Cassino, 8st. 4lb. each, T. M. M., 200 sovs., h. ft.:—Mr. Kent's Balsine, 8st. 1lb., received forfeit from Lord Tavistock's Rachel colt, 8st. 7lb., T.Y.O., 50l. ft.:—Lord Tavistock's Royal Oak filly received 30 sovs. from the Duke of Grafton's Saracen filly:—and the Match between Lord Exeter's Sir Robert, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Payne's Wrangler, 7st. 7lb., off by consent—thus spoiling otherwise a good day's sport to lovers of racing—but a matter of indifference to the Legs—they take no more heed about *Matches* than they do of *brimstone*.

TUESDAY.—A Handicap Plate of 100l., for four, five, six year-old and aged horses, D. I., eligible to all on submitting to the weights, the scales, and the *even hand*. Seven entered, seven started, and the whole seven got places. Mr. J. Day's Little Boy Blue (Pavis) first, Lord Clarendon's Datura (John Day) second, Salute third, Lucetta fourth, Mouse fifth, Basto sixth, and The Saddler last. I should call this an uninteresting race, but understand those that won their money are prepared to dispute this point with me. To be sure, if it is pleasing to see seven horses go up a gallop a measured length from each other, from first to last, as slow comparatively as day labourers going to work, and that the winner, an aged horse, doing great things all his life, and carrying only 8st. 3lb., while The Saddler, 5 yrs old, is made to carry 9st. never having done anything: then I am willing to surrender both my taste and judgment; i. e. if I ever had any!

How people got persuaded to bet 7 to 1 agst Little Boy Blue excites my astonishment; but Messrs. J. Day, Pavis, and Co., taking, or causing it to be taken on every side, does not in the least—and who but those who have eyes but see not, or blinded with gratitude for past services, would think of backing poor old Lucetta at 5 to 2! poor old thing! after being whipped, travelled, and raced all over the country “till she has almost ceased to be the remains of a horse;” a mere ghost! with scarcely substance enough left to mark her shadow upon the ground: still, however, quite sufficient to convey to those “not over-burthened” (like myself) the comfort of being able to find their fellows, even in the betting ring.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, the produce of mares in 1831, the progeny not being in existence in 1890, when the engagement was made:—colts to carry 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., Ditch Mile; sires or dams that had not produced a previous winner to be allowed 3lb., if both 5lb. Out of five subscribers four came to the post. This little affair, which amounts to nothing in raising the character of a horse, but enables the winner to pocket 1000l. as soon as he may please to apply for it—this trouble fell to the lot of His Grace of Grafton, who won it three-fourths of a length, by Olympic, well rode by John Day, if there had been occasion for it. This colt has been a long time in the Derby betting, and though he is rather *slow*, he has enough of the family stoutness to keep him there—2 to 1 agst him

before starting. Lord Wilton's Jenny Sutton filly, by Figaro (Pavis), was second; the betting urged vociferously at 4 to 1 agst her: Lord Chesterfield's Fortunatus colt by Sultan, his dam Babel, third, 3 to 1 agst; and Sir M. Wood's Leila filly by Reveler, fourth: as the Baronet was silent about her himself, little of course was said by others.

Fifty Pounds, for two-year-olds, carrying a feather (and as we had five of them we had some *unfledged* jockeys); three-year-olds 7st. 5lb., four 8st. 9lb., five 9st. 3lb., six 9st. 7lb., and aged 9st. 10lb. Twelve started, and ran the last three miles of the B. C. As most of these young ones were Newmarket *bred birds*, the race to many was very interesting, but to others of little worth, being so scattered that the Judge placed the whole twelve that started. Mr. Wilson's Claret came home first in very fine form; but before we admire it too much, it would be well to look at least a second time at his followers. Little Rogers, however, rode him so well that no improvement can be made; his manner and management being equal to any man: he has nothing to combat now, unless vanity should assail him: the betting 4 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's Claret. This race has so opened our eyes that many will open their *mouths* also the next time Mr. Wilson brings out his *Claret*. Lord Clarendon's Datura (John Day) was second—the favorite, being only 5 to 2 agst her; and about 8 to 1 agst any of the others, which I cannot bring myself to enumerate, or descant upon their merits, as you will so

soon no doubt see them in Mr. Tattersall's list, and hear of all their perfections before they are consigned by the hammer, "to you, Sir!"

WEDNESDAY.—A most extraordinary day! Such a fog that a man could scarcely distinguish his friends from his enemies, or a Gentleman from a black-leg, unless he trusted to his ear, and not to his eye. It was next to impossible to distinguish the colours of the jockeys at 50 yards distance; but those had a decided advantage in first catching the Judge's attention who rode in genuine colours—such as red, blue, or yellow—while small stripes and delicately composed shades were almost invisible.

We had five races; four of them better calculated than a fog to make the distinction less between a *Gentleman* and a *leg*, by making the former poor and the latter rich.

The first was a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds 7st. 2lb., and three 9st., T.Y.C.: won half a length by Chapple, on Mr. Henry's Gavotte filly, 7st. 2lb.; the Duke of Grafton's Divan (John Day) second, with the odds 7 to 4 agst him, and 3 to 1 agst the winner. One of the conditions was the sale of the winner for 100 sovs. if claimed, but the fog continuing, not the owner of the second, or any of the other four that started, seemed to see clearly that the winner was worth the money.

Mr. Henry's Split-post, 8st. 7lb. (G. Edwards), got beat by Gen. Grosvenor's Cockatoo, 8st. 2lb. (Pavis), from the starting-post of the last mile and distance of B. C. to the Duke's Stand. Cockatoo made play, always two or three

lengths first, with his crest erect, and as fierce as a poll-parrot in the sunshine; the betting 5 to 2 on him.

Subscription Plate of 50l. (more comfortable to the *Legs* than either stockings, boots, or gaiters); two-year-olds carrying 6st. 7lb., and three 8st. 10lb., T.Y.C., the winner to be sold for 350gs. if demanded—eight left to run, and two drawn:—won in superior style by Pavis, a length, on Mr. Yates's Ophelia, carrying 5lb. above the weight—a greater compliment to the jockey, if possible, than to the nag: betting 4 to 1 agst her: the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup (Boyce), and 5 to 4 on him, second; Mr. Prince's St. Patrick colt, Nessus's dam, third, beat only half a length from the second: a smart pace, and a good race. If there is anything good amongst the others it was nicely concealed.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each (as great a convenience to a *black-leg* as a foot is to a white one), for two-year-olds 7st., three 8st. 12lb., and four 9st. 2lb., T.Y.C., the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded:—won in very pretty form, to those who can see well in a fog, by Mr. Gully's Mustard filly, rode by Chapple conspicuously beautiful, though almost in the dark; Mr. Yates's Sensitive (Pavis as well as the mare first favorites), second: nothing else within 20 yards, although there were six of them. This no doubt made Colonel Peel, who has not only a clear sight, but an insight, claim Mustard, which he did as keen and as eagerly as a hungry man calls for it when a piece of cold roast beef is set before him.

Handicap Plate of 50l., for the

benefit of wandering speculators from London, York, and Manchester. Yes! it must be so! Here are 7gs. entrance each horse, and nine of them, making altogether 63gs.; out of which 50l. with deductions is given to the winner, a real losing game, unless to those who make a gambling transaction of it. The Handicap was pretty fair, except in the case of old Listen: their putting 9st. 9lb. upon him on his first appearance at Newmarket, makes it clear that a reputation may be obtained in rural life as well as in the horse metropolis: eight started to run Across the Flat. Nonsense was drawn; indeed, it would have been worse than foolish to let him run against Messenger, giving a year and 11lb., and against Water Witch, two years and 2lb. Clarion too was not forgotten when 9st. 3lb. was put upon him, but believe it was done to shew us that though Col. Peel could command our esteem, he could inspire our fears also. The race was won three-quarters of a length by Mr. Batson's Revelry, rode well by Flatman; seconded by Colonel Peel's Clarion (Pavis); Mr. Gardner's Messenger third; Sir M. Wood's Vespa (winner of the Oaks), 7st. 13lb., fourth: the other four scarcely ran well enough to be called respectable.

THURSDAY.—Handicap Plate of 50l., for three-year-olds and upwards, five subscribers—five ran and all got placed, Ditch In—a most beautiful race, and if it had been the only one, it well deserves the name of a good day's sport. Boyce on Lord Burlington's Mouse colt, and Pavis on Mr. W. Chifney's Shoveler filly, at fifty yards from home, were se-

riously engaged, each expecting to win: Robinson on Chantilly lay up "very handy:" his line of ground being between the two leading ones, who well knew what a formidable rival they had to deal with, rather closed upon him, as far as decency would permit, during which he took an outside place, came head for head with them as if by magic, and won by a head, to the delight of many, and to the admiration of all. Every mouth seemed prepared to say, "Bravo, Robinson!" his friends, indeed, did do it, and his enemies would have done the same, if he had had any. The Mouse colt was second, and the Shoveler filly a head from him; Salute fourth, and Catalonian fifth:—the betting 4 to 1 agst Chantilly, and 12 to 1 agst Shoveler.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., Criterion Course, four subs. but two only came to the scratch—Pussy, and Dick by Lamp-lighter. Pussy made *play like a kitten*, and won by three lengths—Robinson on the cat, and Pavis carried the torch.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each—for two-year-olds 7st., and three 8st. 12lb.—T. Y. C.; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded; six subs., and five came to the post:—won by Mr. Forth's colt by Middleton, dam by Tramp, grandam Prue, by a length, rode by Chapple, the odds 4 to 1 against him: Mr. Stephenson's Alice (J. Day) second, and favorite, betting only 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 against her; Lord Exeter's Mantilla third:—not much of a race—the winner claimed.

The Duke of Portland's Pledge colt, Oct. (John Day) tried to beat

Mr. Cosby's Stradbally, 7st. (Pavis); and though the latter is the greatest cur in existence, yet the other could neither give him the weight, *beat him at any time*, nor make him dislike it even. Stradbally, for the first time, held up his head as if he had really been honest, and won by a length and a half: the betting was 4 to 1 against him: the match 100 sovs., and the distance the Two-year-old Course—2 to 1 on the Pledge colt.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, the same course, T. Y. C., three subs. Pavis won by a neck on Bravo (Mr. Cosby's), carrying 7st. 12lb.; Gondolier second, 9st. Boyce acted in the double capacity of steersman and boatswain, making all the use of Gondolier he could, and then gave him "a precious good flogging." The Bravo, too, bullied him all the way, by taking not only the lead, but every other advantage the weather, weight, and freight put into his power.

Mr. Kent's Baleine, 7st. 12lb., at 5 and 6 to 1 upon her, rode by Boyce (very light for a man of his size), beat the Duke of Portland's Pledge colt (John Day), 8st. 7lb., the T.Y.C., 100 sovs. very easy. John Day had no sooner started than he put his *Pledge in pawn*, out of which, though "a well-doing man," he could never *redeem* him. Now, if I had such an article, I would sooner sell him *out and out* rather than put him "up the spout" again.—We had three other Matches, made, I should say, rather to fill the list than embellish the course: these were bloodless, and arranged without any other jockeys than the owners themselves.

FRIDAY commenced with a

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, two-year-olds 7st. 2lb., three 9st., last half of Ab. Mile, eight subscribers, the winner to be sold for 25 sovs. if demanded. Here is a road open to wealth, honour, and distinctions—a good racer for 25l.! There were eight subscribers to these conditions; and it was won fortunately, or rather unfortunately, by Mr. R. Stevenson's Alice a length, as the winner was claimed in a minute, and resold into Pettit's stables immediately for double the money, and then cheap. John Day rode, with the betting only 7 to 4 agst. Alice, and 4 to 1 agst. Mr. Greville's Valet. It is seldom that *Valets* get the worst of it, but here he could only come second, although backed up by Flatman's best exertions. Mr. Gray's Sister to Alea was third, at 5 to 1 agst. her. This race, though not first-rate, was well contested, and the betting, as the season is drawing to a close, with "pay in town" considered, rather animated.

The Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds (Handicap), 10 subs., D. M.:—won a length, in good racing regular form, with George Edwards's fine energetic, yet temperate riding, on General Walpole's filly by Merlin, her dam by Phantom. This is said to be the General's first essay in breeding for the Turf; if so, it is enough to spoil a young man: but the General's date, long service, and professional fortitude, will, no doubt, enable him to bear such a sudden burst of lustre and glory without altering his person, or interfering with the amiable qualities of his heart: and as one proof that it will not, the General, after pocketing the Stakes, sold his

filly for 400l. to Sir F. Johnston, while every one capable of judging of the animal, and can look forward to a fair share of success, sets her down at 1000gs. Mr. Cooby's Pussy, rode by Chapple, receiving 16lb., was second; she was for a time first in the betting at 3 to 1 agst her, but was soon supplanted in the ring, as in the race, by the General at 7 to 4: Sir M. Wood's Charivari (Aline colt) was third, Robinson upon him at 8st. 12lb., weighted as if he could do impossibilities: Mr. Hunter's Morotto fourth. None of the others did anything, except inspire their owners with the hope that if they should alter by the spring it must be for the better.

The Audley End Stakes of 30 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, two-year-olds excepted, six subscribers; out of which three paid

forfeit, Galata at their head at 9st. 4lb.—a weighty reason, no doubt, for Lord Exeter not suffering her to run, in addition to her being made, as a four-year-old, to give 11lb. to an aged horse. In the race Little Boy Blue broke a blood vessel at the Turn of the Lands, when Pavis was obliged reluctantly to pull him up at the time he began to be on very good terms with himself: after which, Chapple on the Duke of Rutland's Shylock and Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Chantilly (little Rogers) ran a dead heat, and, by way of securing a something, divided the Stakes between them: this, however, was thought to be a poor finish—no shouting! but like two armies retreating from the battle field, and neither of them claiming the victory. OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, Nov. 5, 1833.

## WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, GOLD CUPS, AND TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES IN 1833.

### WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

|                                        |                                                                                                           |
|----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ascot Heath, June 4.....               | Datura by Reveller—Don Cossack                                                                            |
| Ascot Heath (for hunters), June 7..... | Donegani by Tramp, dam by Phantom                                                                         |
| Bedford, Sept. 4.....                  | Volage by Waverley                                                                                        |
| Caledonian Hunt, Oct. 10.....          | Meretrix by Filho da Puta                                                                                 |
| Canterbury, August 22.....             | { Guildford by Hampden—Receipt by Sir Harry Dimsdale                                                      |
| Carlisle, Sept. 26.....                | Revolution by Oiseau, walked over                                                                         |
| Chester, May 7.....                    | { Manchester by Whisker out of Muta by Tramp                                                              |
| Chelmsford, July 23.....               | Revelry by Reveller out of Harriet by Pericles                                                            |
| Doncaster, Sept. 16.....               | Lady Elizabeth by Lottery                                                                                 |
| Edinburgh, Oct. 8.....                 | { Little Go by Lottery out of Hell-Cat by Cerberus                                                        |
| Goodwood, August 2.....                | { Whale by Whalebone out of Rectory by Octavius                                                           |
| Guildford, June 11....                 | Colt by Skim out of Centaur's dam                                                                         |
| Hampton, June 13.....                  | Tourist by Doctor Syntax, dam by Governor                                                                 |
| Ipwich, July 2.....                    | Brown Colt by Bizarre out of Mouse                                                                        |
| Lancaster, July 18.....                | Remember by Jerry out of Decision                                                                         |
| Leicester, Sept. 11.....               | Volage by Waverley, walked over                                                                           |
| Lewes, August 14.....                  | { Luceita by Reveller, aged; ran a dead heat with Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse, 4 yrs |

|                             |                                               |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Lichfield, Sept. 11.....    | Giovanni by Filho da Puta—Don Juan            |
| Lincoln, Sept. 25.....      | Vologe by Waverley                            |
| Liverpool, July 4.....      | Satan by Lottery out of Dairymaid             |
| Manchester, May 29.....     | Giovanni by Filho da Puta—Don Juan            |
| Newcastle, June 18.....     | The Dancing Master by Felton                  |
| Newmarket, April 28.....    | Camstine by Juniper, walked over              |
| Newmarket, April 25.....    | Lucetta by Reveller out of Luss by Hedley     |
| Newmarket, Oct. 3.....      | Ernest by Paulowits or Bedlamite, walked over |
| Northampton, August 28..... | Vologe by Waverley, dam Sister to Terrare     |
| Nottingham, Oct. 11.....    | Independence by Filho da Puta or Sherwood     |
| Richmond, Oct. 3.....       | Maid of Melrose by Brutandorf.                |
| Salisbury, August 8.....    | Little Red Rover by Tramp                     |
| Shrewsbury, August 8.....   | Russell by Corinthian, walked over            |
| Warwick, Sept. 5.....       | Diana by Catton out of Trulla by Sorcerer     |
| Weymouth, August 20.....    | Pounce by Merlin out of Surprise by Scud      |
| Winchester, July 3.....     | Lady Elizabeth by Lottery—Miss Wentworth      |
| York, August 6.....         | Physician by Brutandorf—Prime Minister        |

## WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS.

|                                        |                                              |
|----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| Abingdon, Sept. 11.....                | Diana by Catton out of Trulla by Sorcerer    |
| Ascot, June 6.....                     | Galata by Sultan out of Advance by Pioneer   |
| Ayr (Western Meeting).....             | Philip by Filho da Puta                      |
| Bath, June 20.....                     | Clara by Filho da Puta out of Clari          |
| Bibury, June 13.....                   | Caleb by Waterloo out of Enchantress         |
| Blandford, August 22.....              | Pounce by Merlin out of Surprise by Scud     |
| Bridgnorth, July 25.....               | Russell by Corinthian                        |
| Brighton, August 8.....                | Galopade by Doctor Syntax, dam by Eaton      |
| Buxton, June 12.....                   | Perserverance by Frolic out of Otis          |
| Caledonian Hunt, Oct. 8.....           | Gondolier by Fitz Orville                    |
| Caledonian Hunt, Oct. 9.....           | Gondolier by Fitz Orville                    |
| Carlisle, Sept. 25.....                | Revolution by Oiseau out of Emma             |
| Cheltenham, July 18.....               | Exile by Emilhus, walked over                |
| Chester, May 6 (Tra. C.).....          | Pickpocket by St. Patrick                    |
| Chester, May 8 (Sta. C.).....          | Pickpocket by St. Patrick                    |
| Derby, July 23.....                    | Circassian by Sultan out of Variety by Selim |
| Doncaster, Sept. 19.....               | Rockingham by Humphrey Clinker               |
| Dumfries, Sept. 12.....                | Philip by Filho out of Treasure by Camillus  |
| Durham, April 26.....                  | Colt by Y. Phantom or Tinker—Macbeth         |
| Egham, August 27.....                  | Liston by Ambo                               |
| Epsom, May 22.....                     | Languish by Cain out of Lydia                |
| Goodwood, August 1.....                | Rubini by St. Patrick out of Slight by Selim |
| Goodwood, August 2.....                | Ketchup by Moses out of Mushroom             |
| Heaton Park, Sept. 25.....             | Chancellor by Minos—Angelica by Amadis       |
| Heaton Park, Sept. 27.....             | Theodore by Comus                            |
| Hereford, July 31.....                 | Harry by Master Henry out of Y. Chryseis     |
| Holderness Hunt, April 16.....         | The Farrier by Bellerophon                   |
| Holywell Hunt, Oct. 16.....            | Pickpocket by St. Patrick                    |
| Holywell Hunt, Oct. 16 (Silver Turcen) | Jack Faucet by Jack Spigot                   |
| Kendal, July 24.....                   | Vyvyan by Canteen out of Mary-Ann            |
| Knutsford, July 30.....                | Lady Stafford by Comus, dam by Waxy          |
| Lancaster, July 17.....                | Remember by Jerry out of Decision            |
| Leicester, Sept. 12.....               | Manchester by Whisker, walked over           |
| Lincoln, Sept. 27.....                 | Carnaby by Brutandorf out of Miss Fox        |
| Liverpool (Mag. C.), May 15.....       | Mowbray Hill by Blacklock (Tra. C.)          |
| Liverpool (Mag. C.), May 17.....       | Birdcatcher by St. Patrick (Sta. C.)         |
| Liverpool (A. C.), July 3.....         | Chancellor by Minos (Tra. C.)                |
| Liverpool (A. C.), July 5.....         | Consol by Lottery (Sta. C.)                  |
| Lodlow, June 27.....                   | Kalmia by Magistrate out of Zephyrine        |
| Manchester, May 30.....                | Physician by Brutandorf—Prime Minister       |
| Newcastle, June 20.....                | Tomboy by Jerry, dam by Ardrossan            |
| Newcastle (Staff.), July 17.....       | Giovanni by Filho, dam by Don Juan           |
| Newport Pagnel, Sept. 13.....          | The Cardinal by Waxy Pope                    |
| Newton, June 5.....                    | Lady Stafford by Comus, dam by Waxy          |

|                                     |                                                                                                                 |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Newton, June 6 (The Borough) .....  | Birdcatcher by St. Patrick                                                                                      |
| Newton, June 7 (The Shrigley) ..... | Lady Stafford by Comus                                                                                          |
| Northallerton, Oct. 11.....         | { The Mystery by Lottery out of Miss Fanny<br>by Walton. The Mystery, Charmer, and<br>Physician ran a dead heat |
| Northampton, August 28. ....        |                                                                                                                 |
| Nottingham, Oct. 9.....             | Datura by Reveller                                                                                              |
| Oswestry, Sept. 26.....             | Anne (Sister to Tarrare) by Catton                                                                              |
| Perth, Oct. 17 .....                | Puss by Teniers—Peruvian, walked over                                                                           |
| Perth, Oct. 18 .....                | Gondolier by Fitz-Orville                                                                                       |
| Plymouth, &c. August 22.....        | Meretrix by Filho da Puta                                                                                       |
| Pontefract, August 29. ....         | Lady Elizabeth by Lottery—Miss Wentworth                                                                        |
| Preston, July 10.....               | Tomboy by Jerry out of Emancipation's dam                                                                       |
| Richmond, Oct. 2. ....              | Consol by Lottery, dam by Cerberus                                                                              |
| Rochester, Sept. 5. ....            | Charmer by Swiss out of Fairy by Woful                                                                          |
| Shrewsbury, August 7. ....          | Messenger by Partisan out of Nina by Selim                                                                      |
| Southampton, July 24 .....          | Russell by Corinthian                                                                                           |
| Stamford, July 18.....              | Scrub by Pyramus                                                                                                |
| Stourbridge, August 28.....         | Dirce by Partisan out of Antiope                                                                                |
| Warwick, Sept. 4. ....              | Russell by Corinthian                                                                                           |
| Winchester, July 4.....             | Ludlew by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolenko                                                                        |
| Wolverhampton, August 13.....       | Pounce by Merlin out of Surprise by Scud                                                                        |
| Worcester, August 7.....            | Perseverance by Frolic out of Otis                                                                              |
| Wrexham, Oct. 1. ....               | Diana by Catton out of Trulla by Sorcerer                                                                       |
| York, May 14.....                   | Her Highness by Moses out of Princess Royal                                                                     |
| York, August 9.....                 | Liverpool by Tramp—Whisker                                                                                      |
|                                     | Physician by Brutandorf                                                                                         |

#### WINNERS OF TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.

- AMADO**, by Sultan out of Mandadine by Filho da Puta, Mr. Neville's, the Hopeful Stakes of 380 sovs. on Tuesday in the First October Meeting.
- ARTHINGWORTH**, by Reveller out of Selina by Delpini, Mr. W. Day's, received 20 sovs. at Egham, August 27.
- BARDOLPH**, by Blacklock out of Rowton's dam by Woful, Mr. E. Peel's, 40 sovs. at Chesterfield, October 3.
- BENTLEY**, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth (Lady Elizabeth's dam) by Cervantes, Mr. Yates's, the Clearwell Stakes of 920 sovs. on Tuesday in the Second October Meeting.—The Criterion Stakes of 980 sovs. on Monday in the Houghton Meeting.
- BILLINGE**, by Belzoni, dam by L'Orient, Sir John Gerard's, 225 sovs. at Warwick, September 4.
- BOX TON** (Brother to Fashion) by Phantom out of Miss Skim, General Grosvenor's, received 50 sovs. on Monday in the July Meeting.—Twenty-five sovs. on Friday in the Second October Meeting.
- BUBASTES**, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker out of Miss Cranfield, Mr. Watt's, 110 sovs. at Malton, April 18.
- CHARIVARI**, by Reveller out of Aline by Woful (Lord Lowther's), 50 sovs. on Wednesday in the July Meeting.—(Sir Mark Wood's) 50 sovs. on Tuesday in the Second October Meeting.
- COCKATOO**, by Stainborough out of Twatty by Whalebone, General Grosvenor's, 100 sovs. on Wednesday in the Houghton Meeting.
- Colt**, by Bedlamite out of Mischance by Castrel or Master Henry, Mr. Tomes's, 75 sovs. at Cheltenham, July 16.—25 sovs. at Worcester, August 7.
- Colt**, by Camel out of Arachne by Filho da Puta, Lord Wilton's, received 50 sovs. on Wednesday in the Second October Meeting.
- Colt**, by Middleton, dam by Tramp, out of Prue, Mr. Forth's, 40 sovs. on Thursday in the Houghton Meeting.
- COMET**, by Whalebone out of Luna by Wanderer, Mr. Gardnor's, 90 sovs. at Epsom, May 21.—150 sovs. at Brighton, August 8.—Next day, 90 sovs. at the same place.
- CORNELIA**, by Emilius out of Carmine's dam by Crispin, Mr. Thornhill's, 170 sovs. at Bath, June 19.

- COTILLON**, by Partisan out of Quadrille by Selim, Mr. Walker's, 480 sovs. at York, May 14.—The Champagne Stakes of 950 sovs. at Doncaster, Sept. 16.—Next day, the Produce Stakes of 450 sovs. at same place.
- DEFENSIVE**, by Defence, dam by Selim out of Euryone, Mr. Sadler's, the Malcomb Stakes of 150 sovs. at Goodwood, August 1.
- DELIRIUM** (Brother to Bessy Bedlam), by Filho da Puta out of Lunatic by Prime Minister, Mr. Walker's, 150 sovs. at York, May 13.
- DUBLIN**, by St. Patrick out of Pawn Junior by Waxy, the Duke of Grafton's, received 50 sovs. on Wednesday in the July Meeting.
- EMIGRANT**, by Tramp out of Falconbridge's dam by Blucher, Colonel Cradock's, 500 sovs. at York, August 7.
- Filly**, Sister to Alea, by Whalebone out of Hazardess by Haphazard, Mr. M. Gray's, 30 sovs. at the Second October Meeting.
- Filly**, by Emilius out of Mustard by Merlin, Mr. Gully's, 70 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting.
- Filly**, by Figaro out of Jenny Sutton by Soothsayer, Lord Wilton's, received 100 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting.
- Filly**, by Partisan out of Gavotte by Election, Mr. Henry's, 150 sovs. at the July Meeting.—50 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting.
- Filly** (Sister to Echo), by Emilius, dam by Pioneer or Scud, Mr. Forth's, the Durand Stakes of 115 sovs. at Epsom, October 9.
- Filly**, by Royal Oak out of Whisk's dam by Remembrancer, Lord Tavistock's, received 30 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting.
- Filly**, by Figaro out of Swiss's dam by Shuttle, Mr. Peirse's, the Trial Stakes of 90 sovs. at Durham, April 25.
- Filly**, by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles, General Walpole's, the Nursery Stakes of 225 sovs. at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Nov. 1.
- FREEDOM**, by Sherwood out of Escape by Colossus, Mr. Dilly's, received 75 sovs. at Blandford, August 22.
- GENERAL CHASSE**, by Actson out of Hambletonia by Stamford, Sir J. Boswell's, the Tyro Stakes of 175 sovs. at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 17.—145 sovs. at the Western Meeting (Ayr), Sept. 4.—120 sovs. at Carlisle, Sept. 25.
- GOLDFRINGE**, by Phantom or Waterloo out of Goldwire by Whalebone, Mr. Kent's, 60 sovs. at Egham, August 29.
- HARUM SCARUM**, by Bedlamite out of Fille de Joie by Filho da Puta, Colonel Peel's, 80 sovs. at Stamford, July 18.—100 sovs. at the Second October Meeting.
- INNERITOR**, by Lottery out of Handmaiden by Walton, Mr. Cook's, 120 sovs. at Pontefract.
- LA BAYADERE**, by Leviathan out of Dahlia by Phantom, Lord Chesterfield's, received 50 sovs. at the First October Meeting.—50 at the Second October Meeting.
- LEVITY**, by Chateau Margaux out of Helga by Smolensko, Mr. Balchin's, 60 sovs. at Lewes, August 14.
- LOUISA**, by Longwaist out of Miss Witch by Sorcerer, Mr. Forth's, 170 sovs. at Ascot Heath, June 6.
- MAGUS**, by Whisker out of Armida by Rinaldo, Lord Derby's, 210 sovs. at Manchester, May 30.
- MAID OF UNDERLEY**, by Muley out of Mussulman's dam by Dick Andrews, Mr. Etwall's, 50 sovs. at Bibury, June 14.
- MEDEA**, by Whisker, dam by Octavian, out of Young Mary, Duke of Leeds's, the Sapling Stakes of 125 sovs. at Richmond, October 1.
- MELLERSTEIN**, by Corinthian out of Smolt by Viscount or Stamford, Mr. George Crompton's, 80 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, April 11.
- MIMOSA** (Sister to Cactus), by Sultan out of Dahlia's dam by Waxy, Lord Exeter's, 250 sovs. at Ascot Heath, June 5.—150 sovs. at the July Meeting.—The Levant Stakes of 610 sovs. at Goodwood, July 30.—50 sovs. at the Houghton Meeting.
- Miss EMILY**, by Actson out of Salvadora by Outcry, Sir R. K. Dick's, 60 sovs. at the Caledonian Hunt, Edinburgh, October 9.

- MISS GRAVITY**, by Mameluke, General Grosvenor's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton.
- MISS MARGARET**, by Actmon out of Bella by Beningbrough, Sir R. K. Dick's, the Richmond Club Stakes of 80 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, April 10.—The Stanley Stakes of 150 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, July 5.
- MR. MERRYMAN**, by Comus out of The Chancellor's dam by Amadis, Mr. Bower's, 40 sovs. at Beverley, May 23.
- MYRNA**, by Whalebone out of Pasithea by Rubens, Mr. Taylor's, 275 sovs. at Stockbridge, June 27.
- NOODLE**, by Bedlamite out of Sinbad's dam by Manfred, Mr. E. Peel's, 75 sovs. at Lichfield, March 27.—received 75 sovs. at Lichfield, September 11.
- OLYMPIC**, by Reveller out of Whizgig by Rubens, Duke of Grafton's, 700 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton.
- OPHELIA**, by Bedlamite out of Lady of the Lake by Sorcerer, Mr. Yates's, the Woodcot Stakes of 98 sovs. at Epsom, May 22.—50 sovs. at Huntingdon, August 14.—50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton.
- PARTIDGE**, by Buzzard, dam by Filho da Puta, Mr. Houldsworth's, ran a dead heat and divided the Stakes of 120gs. at Derby with Mr. E. Peel's Rutland, by Sultan out of Belvoirina, July 24.—90 sovs. at Nottingham, October 10.
- PINCHER**, by Lapdog out of Fancy by Moses, Mr. Mills's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket July.—75 sovs. at Newmarket First October.
- POLANDER**, by Lottery out of Gin by Juniper (Mr. Whitelock's), 195 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, April 11.—(Mr. Attwood's) 100 sovs. at Richmond, October 2.
- PUSSEY**, by Pollio out of Valve by Bob Booty, Mr. Cosby's, received 50 sovs. at Ascot Heath.—100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton.
- QUEEN BESS**, by Chateau Margaux out of Princess Royal by Castrel, Mr. Mostyn's, the Champagne Stakes of 275 sovs. at Holywell Hunt, October 15.
- ROSALIE**, by Whalebone out of Electress by Election, Colonel Peel's, the Prendergast Stakes of 975 sovs. at Newmarket Second October.
- RUTLAND**, by Sultan out of Belvoirina by Stamford, Mr. E. Peel's, ran a dead heat and divided the Stakes of 120gs. at Derby, with Mr. Houldsworth's Partidge by Buzzard, July 24.—75 sovs. at Burton-on-Trent, August 21.
- SHELAH**, by St. Patrick, Mr. Mott's, 60 sovs. at Newcastle (Staff.), July 17.
- SKIMMER**, by Skiff out of Tempest's dam by Beningbrough, Mr. M. Standey's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring.
- ST. HILARY**, by Camel out of Ambuscade by Master Henry, Lord Westminster's, 60 sovs. at Holywell Hunt, October 17.
- STRADBALLY**, by Waterloo or Reveller out of Spermaceti by Whalebone, Mr. Cosby's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
- TARICK**, by Muley out of Young Sweetpea by Godolphin, Mr. E. Peel's, the Chillington Stakes of 175 sovs. at Wolverhampton, August 13.
- THE WINDOW SHUT**, by Jerry out of Decision by Magistrate, Mr. J. Smith's, 75 sovs. at Stockton, August 22.
- TOUCHSTONE**, by Camel out of Banter by Master Henry, Lord Westminster's, received 50 sovs. at Lichfield, Sept. 10.
- VALPARAISO**, by Velocipede out of Juliana by Gohanna, Duke of Leeds's, the Hornby Stakes of 500 sovs. at York August.
- VITTORIA**, by Camel out of Archduchess by Rubens, Mr. Mostyn's, 100 sovs. at Chester, May 9.—the Maghull Stakes of 285 sovs. at Liverpool, May 16.—the Gorborne Stakes of 340 sovs. at Newton, June 6.—335 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, July 2.—50 sovs. at Wrexham, October 1.
- WARRENER**, by Sir Huldibrand out of Snare by Scud, Mr. S. Wreford's, received 50 sovs. at Winchester, July 4.—Received 75 sovs. at Salisbury, August 7.
- WORLBY BAYLOCK**, by Blacklock out of Eliza's dam by Vermin, Mr. Heseltine's, 840 sovs. at Doncaster, Sept. 19.
- WYNDHAM**, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Blacklock, Mr. Skipsey's, 200 sovs. at Stockton, August 24.
- ZETHUS**, by Mameluke out of Antiope by Whalebone, Mr. Greville's, received 30 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton.

ZILLAH, by Jerry out of Snowball by Prime Minister, Mr. J. Smith's, 100 sovs. at Northallerton, October 10.

ZITELLA, by Reveller out of Evens by Walton, Mr. Shard's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring.

ZULIMA, by Sultan out of Emma by Orville, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, the July Stakes of 1160 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting.

### ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON—REPLY TO THE LETTERS FROM COWES SIGNED "J. B. G."

SIR,

Sun Hill, West Cowes, November 20, 1833.

**T**AKING it for granted that you are not a party man, and that your pages are equally open to both sides of a question, I have taken up the pen to answer the assertions of your Correspondent "J. B. G.," published in your Number for October last; some of which are so totally at variance with the facts, that I cannot but wonder he should have effrontery sufficient to palm them on the public through the medium of your Publication, knowing, as he must, that hundreds of witnesses can disprove nine out of every ten of his dogmas. As, however, it is generally believed "J. B. G." has weighty private reasons for puffing the *Water Witch*, Emily, and their builder, I should not have troubled you with any exposition of facts, had he abstained, while in pursuit of that object, from detracting from the merit of others. The abortive attempt made at Cherbourg to force that builder into an equality with the Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the disgraceful squabble about the medals of Louis Philippe, together with the differences concerning the Address, ought to have made "J. B. G." a little shy of alluding to the *politics* of that portion of the

Squadron which accompanied Lord Yarborough. It is quite true that the majority of them were Tories; but they were totally unconscious the Commodore had been requested by Government to take over as many yachts as could be induced to accompany him, in order to give the Citizen King a favorable impression of his popularity with the English nation. The great tact shewn on that occasion by the Commodore, the thirty sail bearing the White Flag assembled there under his command will avouch (the majority of whom cordially hated the Usurper and his Government); but "J. B. G." sneers at their accepting a cover at his table, and omits Lord Exmouth's answer when first invited through the Commodore to dine with His Majesty. But thereby hangs a tale.

"J. B. G." says the *Water Witch* broketwo anchors, and was quickly supplied by the French Admiral with others. How did it happen Lord Yarborough's ship the *Falcon* and Mr. Thorold's brig (*Coquette*) were enabled to ride out the gale without any such necessity occurring? Surely, if the *Water Witch* be so perfect a model as those who have been puffing her during the

whole of the late season in the *Brighton Gazette*, your *Magazine*, and the Portsmouth and Southampton Newspapers, wish to make the public believe, she ought to have been able to *weather a breeze*, at least as well as the *Coquette*, a similar rigged vessel, *not half* her size; and had her only remaining anchor broken (which was just as likely as either of the other two), her loss was *inevitable*, whilst at the same time the *Falcon* and *Coquette* rode at their anchors with ease and comfort, and without *any apprehension whatsoever*! So much for the bows of the *Water Witch*, for which "J. B. G." takes credit as an improvement, but on which every practical seaman will come to a very different conclusion!

Another assertion of "J. B. G." is, that the *Water Witch* is the fastest square-rigged vessel in England. Where is the proof? *What has she ever beaten in any race?* for I will not admit of those being called races where the other vessel has not been trying, or prepared to race; yet every case of this description was published as such in the newspapers!! When the *Water Witch* carries in her bows the eleven tons of stores, &c. &c., which every King's ship of her size *must stow there when going to sea*, I shall be glad to witness a meeting between her and *any of the brigs* built by Captain Symonds; after which I suspect we shall read no more puffs of her or her bows. And although "J. B. G." declares it is now acknowledged OFFICIALLY, that no vessel of war can compete with the *Water Witch*, I take leave to say, until I see that official notification, I

will not believe in its existence; and I dare him to forward a copy to you for publication.

I now approach the most painful part of the task I have imposed upon myself, and regret that "J. B. G.," in his endeavour to *write up* Mr. Joseph White as a builder, should have descended to calumny in order to *write down* Mr. Ratsey. His words are these:—"Mr. Ratsey, who styles himself the builder of all the crack cutters and the winners of the prizes." Now, although Mr. Ratsey is the builder of all the crack cutters, &c., yet, like every person of real merit, he is eminently unobtrusive, and as incapable of puffing himself or his vessels, either personally or in the newspapers, as "J. B. G." is the contrary in favour of the *Water Witch* and *Emily*. The *Albatross* being the last vessel launched by Mr. Ratsey, seems to have excited all the malevolence of "J. B. G.," apparently for no other cause than her being so small, yet having in the race for the King's Cup (WHICH SHE WON) *beaten the Water Witch so signally* as to astonish every beholder, she being *only seventy-four tons* and *confined to carry four sails only*—the *Water Witch* being THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE TONS!! and *carrying every sail she was able!!!* He also says, "In the race for the Duchess of Kent's Cup, the *Albatross* could not carry her sail, and consequently was obliged to give in." Now this mis-statement *must* be wilful, as "J. B. G.," in common with every person then at Cowes, must have witnessed how far she was a-head of all her competitors until she broke her mast; but for which accident she must have

won the Cup, which was ultimately awarded to the Fanny, a vessel likewise built by Mr. Ratsey.

Again he says: "This crack vessel, on the occasion of thirty vessels going to Cherbourg, was obliged to put back twice, notwithstanding the little Emily brig of thirty-three tons made good her passage." The Albatross did put back twice, because the wife of her owner was on board, and each time dreadfully sea-sick; and had the wife of the owner of the Emily, or even he himself, been on board, I suspect she would not have persevered in going to Cherbourg. Notwithstanding the *Sylvia*, a King's cutter, was ordered expressly to tow and take charge of her! which is, I believe, the first instance on record of any of His Majesty's vessels being so employed, or required to take care of any of the R.Y.S.; and I hope, for the honour of the Squadron, it may prove the last: yet so jealous is "J. B. G." of every circumstance which can afford an opportunity of puffing this little cock-boat, that although Mr. James Lyon has been nearly two years about a brigantine of two hundred and twenty tons, he says the Emily is to be rigged on that plan, and therefore will be the first of that rig on the R.Y.S. list; and that no doubt, when completed, will soon have many companions and competitors!! God save the mark! a competitor to the Emily!!

I shall not follow the example of "J. B. G." by endeavoring to detract from the merit of an industrious individual and good builder, which I believe Mr. Joseph White to be. I fear he has but too much reason to exclaim,

"God deliver me from my friends!" but the Gentlemen of the R. Y. S. seem to have settled the question as to *who is the best builder*: and I subjoin a list of those who, within a very few years, have built their yachts in Ratsey's yard, all of which are still crack cutters in the Club.

| Owners.              | Vessels.        | Tons. |
|----------------------|-----------------|-------|
| Mr. J. L. Gower..... | Albatross ..... | 74    |
| Mr. S. Barry.....    | Columbine.....  | 90    |
| Colonel Madden ..... | Corsair .....   | 84    |
| Mr. R. Fox.....      | Druid .....     | 44    |
| Mr. Melklam.....     | Fanny .....     | 74    |
| Mr. Coote .....      | Gossamer .....  | 72    |
| Mr. Corbet.....      | Hebe.....       | 68    |
| Mr. Gregg.....       | Iris .....      | 74    |
| Lord J. Scott.....   | Lufra .....     | 81    |
| Earl De Grey .....   | Nautilus.....   | 103   |
| Mr. Challen .....    | Norna.....      | 33    |
| Mr. Moore.....       | Reindeer .....  | 93    |
| Mr. Lane.....        | Turquoise.....  | 77    |
| Mr. Fullerton .....  | Zephyr .....    | 55    |

The above catalogue will speak for itself, not to mention the smaller vessels whose names do not appear on the list of the R. Y. S., such as the Fairy Queen, Sylph, Pet, &c. &c.; and as Mr. Ratsey does not build cheaper than others, those Gentlemen must have had some good reason for giving his yard the preference.

You must not at this season expect much news from this quarter, but we are a little alarmed at a report of some villas being about to be built on Mr. Blackford's property, adjoining Norris Castle, where the anchorage is said to be better than Cowes Roads, and more sheltered from the prevailing winds, with deep water close to the shore, &c.; as we fear it may detach some of our best customers, such as Lord Durham, in consequence of its vicinity to what is hoped

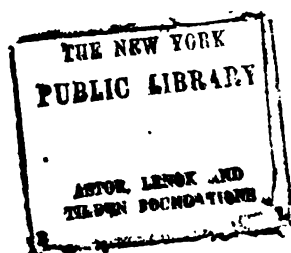
and expected to be in future a Royal Residence. The far-famed Pearl is hauled up in Blaker's yard at Southampton to be lengthened, and her bow to be assimilated to that of Colonel Madden's Corsair, with which vessel it appears she has had frequent trials in the Irish Channel. The Petrel is undergoing a similar alteration at Rubie's, where a splendid brig is building for Mr. Powell. Lord Yarborough is about to give the Falcon a bow similar to the Vestal frigate, lately built by Captain Symonds. The Water Witch is to be quite *transmogrified*: she is cut down fore and aft, has a false stern of about three feet added, which with a new head and cutwater, and the alteration of her bowsprit, &c. &c., it is expected she will look somewhat less ugly than heretofore. Mr. Lens has laid down a brigantine at Fishhouse, which, with Captain Lyon and Mr. Beaumont, make three now building there. I have heard some rumours of others, but nothing is as yet certain, though I hope I may have occasion to add three or four more in my next communication.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

NOON DAY.

P. S. I see in your Number for this Month another Letter signed "J. B. G.," which is only deserving of notice in consequence of its numerous errors and malignity. He says he has just heard from the Mediterranean that the Turquoise has lost her sails, &c. It so happens the Turquoise neither is, nor ever has been, in the Mediterranean!! The

story about Mr. Moore's Elisabeth and the Iris going to Charbourg is very amusing; but, if true, it appears to have decided Mr. Moore in favour of the builder of the Iris, as Mr. Ratsey has been selected to construct his new yacht, the Reindeer!! The insinuations of "J. B. G.," regarding this vessel and her sailing qualities are *peculiarly* unfortunate. She has been two years abroad, and made her passage from England to Malta (which Island I beg to assure "J. B. G." is not within the Isle of Wight) in the unparalleled short space of thirteen days, His Majesty's steam-packets always taking sixteen to accomplish it!! He likewise says the Falcon is to have a bow on the same principle as the *Water Witch*. Now I happen to know that the Falcon bow is to be a fac-simile of the *Vestal* frigate, which vessel having beaten the Falcon in an extraordinary manner as to astonish Lord Yarborough, and excite his highest admiration, Mr. Fincham, of Sheerness Dock-yard, has drawn the lines, and Mr. List, of Fishhouse in this Island, is to carry them into execution: but as he has already three of the largest class yachts building in his yard, he may possibly employ some other builder, who has little or nothing to do, to perform the work under his direction and superintendence.—In conclusion, I have only to remark that the readers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE can be in no way interested in a quarrel between Lord Durham and Mr. Ward, however important it may appear in the eyes of a partisan. N. D.





FISHING SCENE—SOURCE OF THE MEDWAY.

Published by Wm. Pittman, Waterman's Square, London Dn. 10 No. 1, 1837.

# TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF *SNIPS*, A FAVORITE POINTER.

THEY have dug thee a bed where the primroses grow,  
And where one of thy race long has moulder'd below;  
And green as the osiers above thee that wave,  
Shall thy memory be, thou attaching, and brave!  
And, alas! never more to the echoing Gun  
Shalt thou tread the blue heath soon as day has begun;  
And the Partridge and Pheasant their flight now may take,  
And in freedom the Hare from her covert, wild, break;  
Nor Woodcock, nor Plover, again shalt thou snare,  
Their way they may fearlessly wing through the air,  
For mark'd thy last captive, thy victories o'er,  
The dread foe of their tribe they shall never see more!

Fare thee well, and for ever, thou first of thy kind!  
Ah! never again we thine equal shall find;  
At once highly bred and high disciplined, never!.....  
Nor alone in the field was thine excellence shown,  
Or to woodland and hill-top thy worth only known:  
Of temper unequalled, caressing—caress'd,  
Thou wert still of mute favorites the chosen confess'd;  
Nor mantles the blush at the tribute sincere,  
Regret pays to thee in affection's warm tear:  
And many a one the dull marble beneath,  
Less lamented than thou, has been yielded to death:  
For the dark sweeping plumes, and the hearse moving slow,  
Are oft but the trappings, unmeaning, of wo;  
And the heart is not there, and the train passes on  
With an apathy cold as the North Frozen zone.  
But thou to thy bed where the primroses grow,  
We're borne, nor with pageant, nor with seeming of wo,  
Nor with grief's idle mockery, frantic and loud,  
But with sympathy heart-felt though quiet subdued:  
And he, oft caressing, who hollowed thy grave,  
To thy memory, deploring, the sigh frequent gave;  
And thy feats fond recorded of many a day,  
When thou footed the game o'er the hills far away:  
Thy pointings half reasoning, unfading and true.....  
But useless thy merits, alas! to review:  
The green sod now hides thee from sight, and for ever,  
And another so prized will replace thee, ah! never!

❖

## FISHING SCENE—SOURCE OF THE MEDWAY.

*Painted and Engraved by SMITH.*

THE Eaden, or Medway, rises in Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. The scene pictured in our Plate is full of interest to the "contemplative angler." How oft he must turn his attention from the slow moving float towards that building (Hever Castle), which in ages gone by contained the splendour and pageantry of a

Court—where revelry and joy sounded through the Castle—where an amorous Monarch sojourned to court a Lady it contained, but whose union with the King brought sorrow to her heart, and changed this scene of joy to wo. The tyrant and satiated lover feigned jealous, and made her birthright her prison, until this Vampire's power ordered the executioner to free her from this world's bitter misery. History in some instances has properly painted this Monarch's character, and some few have palliated his brutality. He was obdurate; and his obstinacy, pride, and untoward disposition brought changes which have been considered of great benefit to the country. Near the Castle, and still nearer the church, is the village ale-house, and from the style of building seems coeval with the latter. This house, a few years ago, was known by the sign of "The Bull and Butcher," until Captain —, wishing to restore the original meaning, presented the landlord with a new sign-board, on which is painted a portrait of Henry VIII., underneath which *was* written "The Bulleyn's Butcher." This historical fact was by a neighbouring Magistrate ordered to be obliterated.

This part of the river is slow and heavy, and contains many fine pike, some carp, and remarkably fine eels. Chub and roach are plentiful, and the nature of the water is calculated for float fishing, which is not difficult to procure. The land contiguous to the Castle is very flat, and subject to floods, one of which a short time ago, when subsiding, left in a thorn-bush a pike of

23lb., but which was not found until unfit for the table.

The Medway flows on to Tonbridge, passes Maidstone to Rochester and Chatham, and empties itself, between Sheerness and St. James, or Grain Island, into the Thames' mouth. The Medway was once famed for the great quantity of sturgeon taken from its bosom, but now as the safe riding of our great protectors, "the Wooden Walls of Old England." W. S.

The following account of Hever is from *Hasted's History of Kent*:—

"South-westward, and about two miles from Eton Bridge, is the Castle of Hever situated, called in the *Textus Roffensis*, and some ancient records, Heure, and in others Evere: 'tis in the Weald of Kent. Hever was once the capital seat and manor of a family of the same name. William de Hure possessed a moiety of this place in the reign of King Edward I., in the second of which he was Sheriff of this county, and in the ninth of it obtained a grant of free warren within his demesne lands in Heuri, Sheddingstone, and Lingfield. In the reign of King Edward III. Reginald Cobham, a younger son of the Cobhams, of Cobham in this county, married Joane, and one of the co-heirs of William de Hever. Sir Oliver Brocas married Margaret, the other daughter and co-heir. It was then divided, and called Hever Cobham and Hever Brocas. The latter, one of the descendants of Sir Oliver, alienated it to Reginald Lord Chobham, whose grandson, Sir Thomas Chobham, sold these manors to Sir Geoffry Bulleyn,

a worthy mercer of London, who had been Lord Mayor in the thirty-seventh year of King Henry VI., whose grandson, Thomas, was a man of note in the reign of King Henry VIII., which King created Thomas Bulleyn Viscount Rochford, Knight of the Garter, and ultimately Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond. He resided here, and completed the building which his grandfather Sir Geoffry began. The Earl dying without male issue (his son George being executed in his life), and the King having unfortunately married the Lady Anne Bulleyn, who resided in the Castle during the courtship (but it was afterwards her prison), the King seized on this Castle and these manors in right of his late wife. They remained in his hands till the thirty-second year of his reign, when he granted them to Lady Anne of Cleves, his repudiated wife, and at her death they reverted again to the Crown in the reign of Philip and Mary, in whose reign they were sold by the Crown to the Woldgrove family, thence to the Humphreys's; and now they are in the possession of the family of Woldo, the Lady Woldo *still living*.

"The Castle is entire, and in good condition; it has a moat round it formed by the River Eden, over which there is a draw-bridge leading to the grand entrance, in the gate of which there is yet a portcullis: within is a quadrangle, round which are the offices and the great hall: at the

upper end of which, above a step, is a large oak table, as usual in former times. The great staircase leads up to several chambers and to the long gallery, the ceiling of which is much ornamented with foliage in stucco. The rooms are all wainscoted with small oaken pannels unpainted. On one side of the gallery is a recess, with an ascent of two steps, and one seat in it, with two returns capable of holding ten or twelve persons, which, by tradition, was used as a throne when King Henry VIII. visited the Castle. At the upper end of the gallery, on one side of a large window, there is in the floor a kind of trap-door, which, when opened, discovers a narrow and dark deep descent, which is said to reach as far as the moat, and at this day is still called the dungeon. In a closet in one of the towers, the window of which is now stopped up, there is an adjoining chamber, in which Queen Anne Bulleyn is said to have been confined after her disgrace. The entrance to this closet from the chamber is now by a small door, which at that time was a secret sliding pannel, and is yet called Anne Bulleyn's pannel. It is reported, that when Henry VIII. with his attendants came to the top of the hill, within sight of the Castle, he used to wind his bugle horn to give notice of his approach."—The King must have had excellent lungs and an excellent horn, as the distance from the hill to Hever is nearly four miles.

## BELSHAZZAR, AND THE WATER WRETCH.

*No Romance.*

"I, arm'd for virtue when I point my pen,  
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;  
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;  
Bare the mean heart, though luck'd beneath a star."

POPE.

ALL know, Mr. Editor, that there are "secrets in every mansion," and secrets, too, in every stable—many, no doubt, which never get waisted outside the portals of the stable-door: some, however, by the will of Providence, do come to the knowledge of the public, particularly when the parties who have concocted the pretty little villanous schemes by any difference of opinion; or, what more often happens, a difference of estimation of each other's rights and profits in their nefarious transactions, makes a sort of split, and then the roguery is generally blown, and daylight dawns upon transactions which stain even the darkness of the midnight hour. One of those cases of infamous robbery on the public has just come to light, and will stand on record on the page of history in the black catalogue classed with the Pirouette, Spaniard, Belville, and Bessy Bedlam conspiracies. The facts of the case are these, which, for the credit and the interest of the Turf, should be made public, in order that the plot may be sifted to the bottom, and the real original designers and executors of this base scheme may be found out, and publicly exposed to that obloquy and shame (if any particle of such feeling yet remain in them) which they so justly merit, as well as to

such punishment as the laws of our country may think fit to inflict upon them.

It appears that, antecedent to the race for the St. Leger Stake at Doncaster this year, either Mr. Watt, or Shepherd his trainer, was by some kind friend forewarned to be cautious in trusting the head lad (that is, the superintendant) of the stable, who had been in the employ of Shepherd some eight or nine years; and an intimation was given that he was implicated in some plot to betray the interests of his employers. In consequence of such information, the boy who waited or looked after Belshazzar was strictly enjoined and commanded not on any consideration to leave the stable or the custody of his horse on any pretence whatever. On the morning of the St. Leger day, a short time prior to the time of starting, the head lad was ordered to plait the mane of Belshazzar, which he proceeded to do in the presence of Shepherd and the boy who looked after the horse. While the head lad was so employed, Shepherd was called out of the stable to speak with Mr. Watt, who was waiting in the town's-field behind the Rockingham Inn stables, where the horses stood. As soon as Shepherd had departed to attend the summons of his employer, Mr. Watt, the head lad ordered the

boy to go and fetch him two-pennyworth of mint comfits or lozenges, at the same time giving him the money. The boy, under the influence of fear in violating his orders of not leaving the stable, and probably daring not to disobey the orders of the head lad, set off at full speed to purchase the comfits or lozenges; and on obtaining them at the nearest shop, was in such great haste to get back to his stable, that he would not wait to have them even put into paper, but brought them in his hands, running with all speed back; and on reaching the stable, in his haste several fell on the ground, which the head lad told him to gather up and retain for his trouble. On the boy's entering the stable, he noticed the head lad setting down the pail; and his horse's (Belshazzar's) head being turned towards him, he observed that his muzzle was wet, and the water was dripping from his mouth and nostrils; and the head lad seeing him noticing this appearance of the horse, hit him (the horse) a blow with his hand on his head, to make him turn to the manger, and made some surly observation to the horse, of "What are you looking at?" The young lad on observing this, immediately noticed that the contents of THE PAIL OR BUCKET, WHICH HE LEFT FULL OF WATER IN THE STABLE ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE COMFITS, HAD ALL DISAPPEARED, save and except a good down or two, as much as horses generally leave at the bottom of a pail or any other vessel from which they drink. Whether the young lad said anything to the head lad or not on his discovery of the affair, I cannot say; but

after the race was over, and the result decided, report says, that the head lad said to the young lad, in a jeering tone, "Well, thou sees thy horse cudn't do aught to-day. I tall'd thee how 'twould be." And the young lad replied, "No, damn thee, thou took care of him. How was it likely, when thou gave him a bucket of water when I went for thy lozenges!"

This conversation was soothed down by the head lad at the time, and nothing further on the subject then transpired. The young lad, however, before the race told the tale to Mr. Watt's gamekeeper, who lives at Bishop Burton (Mr. Watt's residence), and the gamekeeper, either from discrediting his statement, or perhaps thinking it impossible, only laughed at him in return, and treated his communication as not worthy of notice; and no more was heard of this villanous transaction at the time. However, after the race, this head lad, either from the proceeds of his bets, or, what is more probable, the remuneration for his unprincipled services to some miscreant (whose name is yet veiled in obscurity, but who it is to be hoped will yet be brought to public exposure), was in possession of considerable more wealth than he had ever been accustomed to call his own—more, indeed, than his frail head could carry with common prudence; for on his way home with his horses from Doncaster, via Thorne, Snaith, Selby, &c., he was noticed shewing his ill-gotten treasure, with part boasting, to such promiscuous company as fate might throw in his way.

It is seen from this simple

statement that the secret of this affair was so far known to more than one person, and like other secrets, when known to a plurality of persons, not unfrequently get communicated to others; so this transaction very recently got to the ears of the worthy and honorable owner, Mr. Watt, who immediately sent for Shepherd to attend him at Bishop Burton, that he might communicate the affair to him. On Shepherd's return, the culprit was summoned to an examination before Shepherd at his house at Langton; at which examination report also states that he (the head lad) did not deny the commission of the offence, but denied gaining more by the event of the race than twenty pounds, which he stated he had won of one individual; and on the conclusion of the investigation, this said head lad was *only discharged* and discarded from his employment, as a punishment for his unprincipled conduct! This, as the limbs of the law say, is "*the case*," which report—and report, too, based to all appearance on the most substantial foundation—has circulated, and is generally accredited and received as authentic.

Now, when a Nobleman or Gentleman enters upon the amusements of the Turf, his horses, being exhibited in public, become in some measure public property, as men are generally induced from the known abilities of the animal, and the presumed integrity of the owner, to place their money upon the credit of both; and hence arises a moral obligation on the part of the owner to protect not only himself but the public from fraud and robbery; and many honorable in-

stances in the annals of the Turf could be adduced where Gentlemen have, to protect the public, openly declared the existence of some misfortune, or other circumstance, which, if kept secret, would soon present an opportunity for the base and unprincipled to impose and commit robbery on the multitude; which fully proves and recognizes the existence in the minds of honorable men of that said moral obligation. Race-horses, then, being in some small degree public property, any circumstance, either condemnatory or praiseworthy, connected with any horse, may, therefore, be allowed to be a fair subject for free discussion; and a few remarks upon the foregoing plain unvarnished tale, I trust, will not, as such is by no means intended, give offence; but a thorough-bred follower of the Turf, who glories in her prosperity, and who would de-  
mourn to see the canting and rejoice, as they would do, at her downfal or distress, cannot but feel a desire that these foul blots, which but too deeply stain the Turf, and tend to contribute to her disrepute, should be effectually expunged, and her constitution left blooming and healthy, the glory and pride of the first Sporting Nation in the world.

The careful husbandman toils incessantly to pluck the thorns and thistles from the wheat, in order that his harvest may prove profitable and propitious; and though I would exclaim with the honored Poet—

"Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it  
flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my  
foe!  
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear;"

yet would I strive to all my humble strength and endeavour to pluck, to cast, and weed the treacherous villain from our sportive soil, and hold him up the object of our just indignation and contempt.

Of the worthy and honorable owner of this ill-used horse, all must allow the breath of slander cannot sully that reputation which he has for a period of above twenty years deservedly retained. We remember with honest gratitude how, on former occasions, he has more than once refused very considerable sums for his horses; sums, too, that would have justly warranted him in parting with his animal, but which, to his honour, he indignantly refused, that his horse might come forth to the trial under his own individual cognisance. Of him, therefore, we all must regret the reflection that he indeed has been basely injured: for if the horse shall be considered to possess through his abilities no possible chance of a victorious result, where would be the necessity of taking such a precaution to prevent him coming in first for the important prize? and the treacherous knave, whoever he be, that is screened behind this unprincipled stable-lad—for some one or more no question there hide their disgraceful heads and rotten hearts—must be considered by his connection with this principal lad of the stable to have possessed an accurate knowledge of the respective abilities of both Belshazzar and Rockingham.

The blight that the blooming blossoms of Belshazzar suddenly

and unaccountably sustained at Manchester, as well as at the Warwick Meeting\*, the preceding week to the race, struck all the horse's friends (and they were not a few) with stagnation and surprise; and may we not now suspect that the principals of this diabolical deed were at the root of this sudden earthquake that then apparently swallowed up his favour and reputation

It is greatly to be regretted, after the parties had been cautioned, as Shakspeare says, to

"Take heed—have open eyes, for thieves do foot by night!"

that this wolf in sheep's clothing was not separated from the flock: and surely all would have acknowledged that the part and duty of a good shepherd would then have been truly performed. And why it was not so, I, not being able to say, must leave for others to explain.

Next turn we, with loathsome indignation, to the wretch who could lend himself to the basest vices of mankind, to betray a master in whose service he lived no small portion of time. This viper, who could turn his reptile form, and bite the very hand that fed him—where can we find language severe enough to aid our condemnation of his treacherous perfidy, and name a punishment commensurate with his crime—a master's trust betrayed! May not his honored master justly exclaim to this villain—"In any other I could have let pity have prevailed and pardoned; but thee to betray me, what punishment shall be thy due?" and yet he is merely discharged! This is

\* It will be recollected by the Sporting World that in the town of Manchester, as well as at the Warwick Meeting, in the week preceding the race, Belshazzar was knocked down in public estimation by parties laying very considerable odds against him, while in other places he was backed freely at half the odds offered at the above two towns.

truly *mercy over-stretched*; and I sincerely trust, for the best interests and true benefit of the Turf, if ever a future case of such a black character should come to light, that it may never again meet a follower of such an over-merciful example; but rather that the injured parties may endeavour, by bringing the culprit to such justice as the laws of his country may adjudge him, and be the means of exposing the principal actors of such a diabolical tragedy, who, by the aid of filthy lucre, bribe the unprincipled to commit robbery upon those even by whose bounty they are fed. Then shall we rejoice to see the rebel exposed to his just and well-merited shame: then shall we exult in

the reflection that we have strove not in vain to render a true service to the legitimate cause of the Turf, by casting these demons out of her territory; and while we enjoy with redoubled pleasure the charms of "THE RACE," in its advanced purity, the wretch who has endeavored to debase its character and injure its best interests,

"His name—his human name—to every eye,  
The climax of all scorn, shall hang on high."

Hoping that such a "consummation so devoutly to be wished" may be realised in every future case of a dishonorable nature, I remain, yours, &c. FAIRPLAY.

Liverpool, Nov. 12, 1833.

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#### A FEW LINES FROM DASHWOOD.

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SIR,  
**T**HOUGH far from being vain enough to imagine that my silence can have caused the least disappointment or regret to your readers, I am aware that an explanation may not unreasonably be expected from me why "The Sportsman's Summer" remains yet unfinished, and why also another promised communication has not been duly laid before them. In justice to myself, too, I think I am bound to render some account of my disappearance, lest there be any misunderstanding or misinterpretation in the case; and under this impression I shall trust to be pardoned for the egotism of writing a few syllables about myself. Two words then form the whole of the apology that I have to offer on the occasion—*physical inability*; an apology, which, though it will perhaps surprise some of these who have been near

me at the very moment when I had most cause to plead it, without suspicion that aught was amiss, is not more strange than true. From a variety of causes, I may say that during the *whole* of the summer and autumn—a few intervals certainly being interspersed—I have been under the influence of a disorder, which, without the appearance of disease, incapacitates without remorse both head and hand alike; and during the months of September and October in particular, it was no more in my power to command a day of business, than in that of Ethiopia's Emperor to ordain "a day of happiness." Enough, however, of this subject of self; and let me proceed to something in the shape of business—premissing that, as for the last fortnight I have been perfectly free from any attack, I now hope to continue

steadily at work, and contribute regularly as heretofore.

"May and December," says the old song, "can never, can never agree;" and it is not now my intention, in the depth of *winter*, to resume the discussion of the *summer* of the Sportsman. It will come far better at the close of the hunting season, and to that period I postpone it\*. From various offers which I have received from Masters of Hounds and others, I hope next month to send you a budget of intelligence from different parts of the kingdom, and it will be also in my power, I trust, to speak a little from personal observation. Up to the present moment, however, I have not, literally speaking, seen a hound in the field this season—a circumstance which I regret the more, as I hear that both the fox-hounds and harriers in my neighbourhood have made a very excellent beginning. From Waltham Park last Saturday I understand Colonel G. Wyndham had a capital

run of an hour and twenty minutes over fifteen miles of country, killing his fox at East Dean, eleven miles straight from where they found him: and on the splendid Southdowns Mr. Richardson's most beautiful harriers have had not only first-rate sport in general, but one day in particular that all who saw it pronounced *unprecedented*! Mr. Steere also has had one or two extremely pretty things in the neighbourhood of Horsham and in the Forest. A sad tale, however, is told, I fear, of his want of foxes; which is the more to be regretted, as all who have been out with them say decidedly that his hounds are surprisingly improved. If I mistake not he was a purchaser of several lots at Mr. Osbaldeston's sale; and beyond question he could not have taken himself to a better market for what is first-rate.—Until next month, then, I remain, Sir, very faithfully yours, &c. DASHWOOD.

Nov. 19, 1833.

## EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

BY FIRELOCK.

(Concluded from our last Volume, p. 218.)

Summer Tour—Baltimore—Mr. C. S. Ridgeley's Fox-hounds and Stud—Quail or Virginian Partridge—Welsh Harriers—Washington Races: singular Accident to General Ridgeley's Post-boy in a Match with Mr. Butler's Hickory—Hampton House—Quail and Canvas-back Duck Shooting—Ludicrous Scene with the Gloster Hounds, &c. &c.

SIR,

THE party with whom I set out from Philadelphia for Washington Races was a large one, and consisted of no less than ten persons, male and female, travelling in their own vehicles, a coachee, curricule, tandems, &c.

These sort of summer tours by large parties are, or were, common among the bettermost classes in the States: their carriages are light, adapted to the climate, and, when handsomely finished, are not inelegant. Nothing can be

\* The article on "*Betting*" will be likewise included in it, as forming a legitimate portion of the subject of the "*Race-course*."

more social or pleasant when composed of people of the same tastes and sentiments, or even commonly well bred and good tempered. Of course it is to be supposed that occasional tiffs may take place; but there is always the option of separating. In our instance, however, not a single incident occurred to mar our harmony. One of the party, who was just married, had been a great traveller in these sort of excursions, and consequently well acquainted with the merits and demerits of the various Bonifaces. This Gentleman took upon himself the laying out of our route, and, by writing a day or two beforehand to the two places we intended resting at, we found every thing on our arrival at both as comfortable as could be wished.

On the middle of the second day we reached the Susquehanna, at the ferry opposite Havre-de-grace. Transporting so large a caravan as ours took up some time, the river here being a mile and a half over; and its air, and that of a fine sharp October day, proving a stimulus to Ladies and all, on finding that there was an excellent dinner providing for the stage, it was agreed on *nem. con.* to join and make a lunch, as we did not expect to reach our tavern for the night until late. Duckily, there were only three people in the coach, and there was a dinner for thirty, of fish, flesh, fowl, and game of all sorts; among the latter was an excellent saddle of fat venison, and *canvas-back ducks*. This peculiar species of *ana*, and by far the finest I ever tasted, is not only peculiar to America, but to certain parts of it; they are the boast and glory of the Susquehanna and

Potowmac, as well as of the American gourmand. I had often heard of them, and, on expressing a wish I could get a day's shooting at them, one of the stage passengers at once said that he lived in the neighbourhood, and if I would stop for the night and morning's chance, he would afford me every facility; adding, that I could overtake my company at Baltimore by the morrow's mid-day stage. This was an offer I was not at all disposed to let slip; but there arose at once such decided hostility to it among the party I was with, that I was compelled to let it pass by, and leave my chance of bagging a canvas-back or two until my return, which I mentally resolved upon.

I never saw a country more devoid of interest than the whole of that between this and Baltimore, which we reached early next day. It was then a beautiful town, full of beautiful women, and bore an air of greater gaiety and merriment than any other town (ay even New York) which I had seen. We put up at Barney's Hotel, an excellent one, and were to remain some days. I was shewn some racing *creeturs*, what the Natives and Black fellows who look after them here invariably denominate turf or blood horses; but they were of minor note even here, and though all blood-like, and very much so, were weedy and insignificant.

Accompanied by a sportsman from the city, I rode a few miles out to see a pack of fox-hounds belong to Mr. Charles Sterrett Ridgeley; they had been out the day before, and were said generally to have very good sport.

The country we rode through was undulated, all under crop, with occasional patches of wood, looking older and more settled like than any I had yet seen, and presenting to the eye of the shooting man as enticing an arena as he could wish for. We had no dog of any kind, but still saw several beaves, and some very fine ones, of the large quail, or Virginian partridge. It was just the end of harvest, but nobody was shooting. My companion could give me no information: all he knew was, that they were to be bought in Baltimore market in great plenty *as pris just*, and were, he guessed, considerably better than either English pheasant or partridge, which point experience had taught me it was useless to attempt arguing with him.

The hounds were kept at a farm-house, and their kennel was simply part of a barn, railed round into a small court: they looked well fed and healthy, and seemed under tolerable command: they were not pure fox-hounds, nor very well matched, though tolerably level, and might have been effective enough; in all about sixteen couple. A very smart middle-aged Black had the general management of them and the horses, with two Black lads under him. Mr. C. S. Ridgeley (who was at the time rather unwell, so that I did not see him) hunted them himself. But if the hounds were not just what might have been expected from all that had been said, the horses made up for it: there were five as clever ones as need be, and in good condi-

tion; one in particular, Moreau, who had been an excellent runner, was bred, trained, &c. by General Ridgeley, of Hampton, Mr. R.'s uncle, one of the principal Members of the American turf in this State. He was a rich bay horse, about 15-2, with good legs, quite sound and fresh, and able to carry 13 stone anywhere; got by Bedford\*, and his dam Maryland, bred with the blood of Dominant, Gimerack, and several other old English strains in her veins. They said he was a perfect fencer, and temperate. There was another horse, in particular, got by old Citizen, a son of Pacolet, who covered long in Maryland, who would, were his performances what they were stated to be, have commanded any money as a hunter: he had the finest head for a large strong horse I think I ever saw. If not so remarkable, the rest were good. Moreau was in a kind of box, and when we came by him back again he was saddled and bridled. We had left our horses tied to a rail, and the Black said he would ride a piece back with us. In looking at the horse, I had said, that if he was the leaper they held him up to be, he was worth any money. Down a sandy lane, fenced on each side with strong cedar railings, considerably higher than our gates, the Black cantered on in advance, shewing us splendid action, and, turning suddenly round, sent him right at the rails with hardly twice his own length of a run: over he went with his legs tucked under his belly, back again as well, and made my very

\* Bedford was got by Dungannon out of Fairy by Highflyer; Fairy Queen, by Young Cade; and besides Moreau, his sister Dairymaid, and many others, he was sire of Lottery and Peggy (sisters), who were avowedly the two best of their day in the Southern States.

mouth water to look at him. I afterwards found that this delightful horse (he was entire, and as quiet and tractable as a dog) could have been bought for almost as many dollars as he would have brought guineas in England.

Our party, having been reinforced at Baltimore to nearly double its original number, presented, on rendezvousing, a most formidable appearance, and literally kicked up such a dust, though it was in October, as to be by no means pleasant: but it possessed one great advantage (at least to my English feelings and ideas), as it enabled us to occupy the whole of a very comfortable boarding-house at Washington, and which then, not being Congress time, was almost empty. The distance to Washington is about forty miles; the road *then* good, though it must have been execrable in winter. We had gone about ten miles, when the Black servant of the Gentleman whose tandem I was in complained of being very ill, and looked so much so that I gave him up my seat, and took his horse. Many Americans would not have done this to save the man's life; but the one in question was made of better mould. I fell back from the caravan, and took the advantage to look more minutely at the country, which appeared a good *rough* sporting one. We crossed one very pretty and tolerably wide trout stream, where they were rising merrily in the meridian of an Indian summer sun. From this stream onwards the country rose in a very gradual ascent for nearly four miles; and when I got to what at the river had been the sky-line, and

in fact was the culmen of **this** height, which extended right and left as far as I could see, I could not help pulling my horse to a stand-still. Directly beneath for ten or twelve miles lay a vale or weald, thickly settled with large and luxuriant-looking farms, interspersed with copse-wood and forest-trees, occasionally watered by streams similar to the one I have already mentioned; while on my left hand, immediately abutting on the road, was a large farm-house, much after the fashion of the old Shropshire ones, covered with vines in full ripeness, and in the court-yard of which seven or eight couple of large rough harriers were basking in the rays of that delicious sun which was covering the whole with beauty and splendour. I almost felt as if I had been carried back some centuries into the Weald of Kent, in the days of those wealthy Franklins we read of in Shakspeare, and stood looking one minute at the hounds, and the next at the rough but fine vale below, until my presence was perceived by the owner of the former, who had been smoking his cigar in the house. He was a tall stout man, and, without any further circumlocution, calculated "how I had never seen loike dogs before."—"I thought I had."—"What were they then?" "I should call them Welsh harriers."—"Jigger me if they an't, and you'r from the Old Country." Whereupon he was very earnest that I should alight, but I told him I was obliged to get on after my party; but "drink I must," and he brought me out a jug of delicious apple toddy, wherewith he had been cooling his steamer. He told me his grandfather was

originally from near Wrexham, and that they had relatives there yet; that they had always had these dogs, and occasionally got an original one out, but not for many years; that they were very good for deer and foxes, and answered their purpose well. They seemed to me smoother than the old kind, but in other respects to have degenerated none. I drank health and success to this rustic sportsman and his hounds, and, looking at my watch, found I must kick on to get to Washington to dinner.

It was five miles to the next tavern, where I had to feed my horse, and in the course of it I saw such a quantity of quail as made me long to have a shy at them.

At the door of the tavern stood (with one of its wheels off) a cur-ricule belonging to our caravan, and, going in, I found its owner and his new-made wife sitting down to devil'd turkey, broiled ham, beef-steak, &c. Benedict seemed no way displeased at my interruption of his conjugal felicity, as he loved a glass of wine too, and had now a fair excuse to take it.

We reached Washington in the evening, where we found the Gentlemen at their wine, the Ladies repairing damages, and preparing to set all *a-tanto* for the morrow; so we strolled up almost in a body to the hotel at George Town, fully a mile, where were the head-quarters of the racing world, and where we should learn all particulars of the sport to be expected, &c. In a large room, to which, on sending up one of the party's name, we were immediately admitted, we found General Ridgeley, General Wade

Hampton, Colonel Tayloe of M'Airy (exporter of shark, buzzard, dragon, &c. &c.), and a great number of other gentlemen, principally from Virginia and Carolina. They were deeply engaged in play, but in the intervals of the game, Brag, answered all our questions very politely. Wine, punch, &c. circulated in abundance. We stayed about an hour, and could learn that there was to be but one race for the first or grand day, and that only between two horses, General Ridgeley's Post-boy, and Mr. Butler's br. h. Hickory. There was no betting that I heard on this event: the game they were engaged in seemed for the time to monopolize all their attention; the play appeared to me to be very high.

I was no little surprised and disappointed at the meagre announcement for the morrow's running, and was on the point of so expressing myself, when I was luckily prevented by the universal acclamations—"Two such horses to contend!.....never were such times!...Hambletonian and Diamond was leather and prunella to it!"—After supper there was some smart betting, in five, ten, and twenty dollar notes, among our party, who, as they drank sangaree and whiffed their cigars, waxed warm as to which horse could or would *whip* (beat) the other. They seemed to know little about the Virginian horse, Hickory, a four-year old; but Post-boy, six, was a well-known performer, and his exploits were bandied about by his partisans until I got tired and cut.

The next day was beautiful, and we started at eleven for the course, which was about three miles beyond George Town. We

passed on the left more open, or what we should call common ground, than one generally sees in America; and, although it was rather on a declivity, still it was more like racing-ground than any I had seen except in Long Island. Such being passed by, and so near the town, induced one to look for a superior course at this the capital of America. About a mile further of bad road brought us at a field, surrounded on two sides by a fir wood, and well inclosed on the two others: here, at a well-barricaded gate, we entered the race-course, after being made to pay pretty well I guess for the passage: it was a square area, which seemed to have been purposely railed in off the pine barren or waste for the purpose, and contained a circular course of one mile round, similar to the one I had seen on Long Island, and which is, I understood, the undeviating practice all over the States. Having purposely gone on horseback, I separated from the party, and rode round. There was not one inch of natural turf, as at Long Island: it was a regular barren or dead gravelly sand, and the course or *track* (as they say), where, except during the running, all sorts of people were riding and driving, nothing more nor less than a bad sandy road. There was a stand-house erected of rough sawn fir plank, in which at no time saw I an individual above the rank of a farmer's wife. There were, no doubt, some very well-dressed people, and *handsome elegant* women on the course, in neat enough coaches, carriages, tandems, &c.; and, among these, our own caravan cut no mean appearance. But there is nothing

impressive about an American equipage: in fact, there was but one on the course that deserved that appellation, Mr. Jackson's, the British Ambassador, and it would have passed muster anywhere. There was no rubbing-house, or anything of the kind that I saw; there might have been a shed, but they saddled in the field.

Post-boy, General Ridgeley's horse, was got by Gabriel (a son of old Dorimant), who, at some period of his English career, belonged to Mr. Delmè: his dam was American bred, and from the best old English blood. He was a capital runner, so estimated there, and had hardly ever been beaten; he was a strong rather truss-made bay horse, about 15-3, not at all unlike the King of Diamonds, whom some of your readers may remember to have seen. He looked fresh enough, and well on his legs; but his coat was anything but according to Hoyle. Hickory, belonging to Butler, an Englishman, who had been many years in Virginia, and kept a training-stable, &c. was got by Whip, son of Saltram, who had been imported a few years before. He was a lengthy, ragged-hipped, brown horse, 15-3, much better in his coat, but not near as well to look at on his legs as the other. His dam, Virginian bred, had been a first-rate runner there; he too had never been beaten. Post-boy was rode by Martin, an American, trainer and rider to General Ridgeley; Hickory by a boy, a son of Butler; the weights about 8st. 7lb. and 6st. They were well dressed after our fashion, except that, instead of top-boots, they were doekin pantaloons and lace-boots.

They went off steadily, and kept so, close together, for the first mile, when, in passing the Stand, the shouting seemed to set off the four-year old, a boring, lounging puller, for he got out of the boy's hand, and fell into very deep running indeed, considering the dreadful ground and distance: this he stuck to however, the old horse lying close at him, and, after a very severe race for the last half mile, won by a head. He seemed to me to be able to outstride the other at any game, but the boy could not ride, and Post-boy's jockey (a man) could.

The second heat was commenced the same way; but when Hickory began to make play, the older horse went up to him, and a very severe race ensued to the last half mile, where it was evident the physical powers of his rider were beginning to tell. I happened to take my eye off them for a minute, when I heard a loud shout, and saw Hickory coming slinging away alone, the boy trying to pull him, and a crowd collecting about the spot I had last seen them. It was evident an accident (and no wonder) had occurred, and a very severe and singular one it was. Martin had succeeded in heading his antagonist, and was trying to clap his horse into the *track*, as they call it, (the *inside* of the *circle* close to the rails,) when, owing to the deep gravel, distress, or shifting his feet, he came right over and broke both his fore-legs short off below the knee; his rider, Heaven only knows how (for no man ever made such an escape), came off unharmed and whole. As there is never a lack

of a rifle or so where there are any Virginian wagons, the poor horse was instantly shot.

Both these heats were run in about eight minutes, and, taking the nature and shape of the beastly course into consideration, could leave no doubt on any unprejudiced mind as to the goodness of the horses. On a good course, and well rode, Hickory would have been a teaser. The Natives, indeed, were most uproarious: "never was such a race, and such an event!" and I was tormented to death at dinner to know if I had ever seen anything like it in England. I told them, taking their vile course into consideration, the running was very good: this (the bad course) they laid hold of at once; it was on *their* side; but when I came to allude to the very light weights, "they knew nothing about that; I had acknowledged the *fact*, and now wanted to qualify:" so I even let it be. This (not the most amiable feature by the way of some of our own compatriots) is the very plague spot of the American character, and it crosses you at every hour of the day.

Next day, for a Purse of 600 dollars—the first was for a thousand—came out General Hampton's gr. g. by Diomed · General Ridgeley's ch. m. Dairymaid (sister to Moreau), by Bedford; and a third, a rip, who had no business there. They were all rode by Black boys—Mark (General Ridgeley's) being the best horseman I had seen. The Diomed gelding, a horse worth as much money for a hunter as ever was given for one, being 16 hands, able to carry 14 stone, with splendid action, won both heats

cleverly, though the Bedford filly, a loose long four-year old, shewed a considerable dash of speed. Mr. Bond, of Philadelphia, purchased the Diomed gelding after the race; and I was subsequently informed that for the next year or so he beat every thing opposed to him. He was a splendid horse every way: he was bought worth the money, and the reason given for that, and his being cut, as he was perfectly good tempered, was, that General Hampton had some doubts about the pedigree of his dam.

Next day's Purse, 400 dollars—won by Treasurer, another grey but entire son of old Diomed, a very beautiful strong low horse: he had it all his own way, and the less said of the rest the better.

I paid a few days' flying visit to Virginia, during which I saw Old Tickle Toby on his last legs; Strap, son of Benningbrough; Jonah, son of Escape; and Wrangler. I was kindly asked to M'Airy, but could not find time.

Returning to Baltimore, I went on about eight miles to Hampton-house, the seat of General Ridgeley, where I was to spend a few days: it is a fine large country seat, with a handsome and excellent house, and surrounded with every beauty and convenience; and the hospitality I experienced there was of that rare nature that I am unable to do justice to it. I was shewn a deal of young stock there, principally by Post-boy, and mostly out of mares by Bedford and General Ridgeley's Medley, who was got by Medley, son of old Gimcrack, called after and belonging to, when in England, the well-known Tom Med-

ley, who kept the Betting Coffee-house in Round-court, the then resort of those celebrated Legs, O'Kelly, Vauxhall Clarke, Irish Tetherington, &c. They were all blood, and some racing-like, but appeared to me deficient in size.

Here I met a regular shot and pointer man, the first I had fallen in with: his pointers were the old brown and white, too much bred in, but very steady and good at quail, at which we had some excellent shooting: these birds would soon make any dog dwell, and potter. Nothing could be kinder or more anxious to shew sport than was this Gentleman, who was a capital shot.

I stopped at Havre-de-Grace a day or two, on my return, to have a shy at the canvas-backs; and, after much weary and wet work, was fortunate enough to be one of three who gave about sixty a royal salute, and bagged seven, as well as, going home, to kill a wounded one, who, though little hurt, had separated from the rest, and dropped into a little creek. We were in a wood on the river bank, and two boats kept rowing outside the fowl, down wind, and after a dreadful time, at last put them within shot. The canvas-back does not tally with the old adage of "little and good," for it is not only the best of the *ana* tribe, but one of the largest—full the size of the Muscovy. I do not know its generic or scientific title; nor does Mr. Stuart, in his late work, give it, though he makes due and honorable mention of the bird. How, in trying to convey an idea of its flavour to the reader, he came to assimilate it to the Scotch grouse, I am quite at a loss to conceive: to my taste, he-

might as well have said they were like Highland mutton. Their vulgar name they derive from the feathers of the back, which is just the colour of sail-cloth.

Having a few days, previously to the packet's sailing from New York, which I spent in a sort of sorrowful happiness at Philadelphia—for never were kinder or pleasanter people than my fate had acquainted me with—I was induced, though it was a permanent bitter frost, to go and see the Gloster fox-hounds, which were kept on the Jersey side of the river, about six miles distance: as we ferried the river to the tavern they were kept at, the bordage of ice on the river was five or six feet in breadth. We were going to a sandy beach and barren country, however, and all was right, *more Jersey-co.*

Were I to give a plain true account of this day, I should scarcely obtain credence. One circumstance, however, as there were a few Englishmen, military and commercial, present, I cannot pass over. A bagman was to be shook, and with the hounds proceeded about four miles into the barren; there were just four couple of hounds fit to look at a fox, very old worn ones sent out from Leeds that year; the rest were every and all things but what they ought, down to the bandy rabbit beagle; some of whom lived, and died too, "to rue the hunting of that day." As soon as puggy was shaken, and the watch out to time his law, an oldish fidgety Gentleman, in a grey coat, and pig-tail sticking out under

his ear, commanded us all to form a circle around him: this the Natives were so handy at, and in enforcing, that it was evident they were down. Silence next being loudly called for, His Excellency (for he turned out to be Lord Mayor of Philadelphia, as well as President of the Gloster Club) wiped and put on his barnacles, and took a paper from his poke. I really thought at first the honest Gentleman was, to save time, about to read one of his own proclamations; but, lo! they were the rules of the Club; and these he gave out with due emphasis and discretion. In common with my countrymen, I was so amazed at the whole scene that I recollect little, save that no one was to ride before him, the President himself: but alas for authority! the first person I saw in trouble, and in peril too, was his Worship; and a parcel of grinning young sinners, with cigars in their mouths, riding over him. All the rest was of a piece, and would take pages to do common justice to—it might have served old Bunbury for a subject; he could not have caricatured it.

I state this in the same feeling which has actuated me all through—to tell the truth. No one who has done me the honour to go along with me can say that my feeling was an unfriendly one to America: but kind beyond expression as I found them, I will not stretch a jot in my humble lines to flatter what needs no such nurture: but thus, by a plain, though I am well aware a too unvarnished tale, end, as I began,

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD JOURNAL, BY FIRELOCK.

## PORTRAIT OF WILY.

*Engraved by GREIG, from a Painting by E. WILLIS.*

**T**HIS Fox-hound bitch was bred by His Grace the Duke of Beaufort. She is a daughter of ECHO, whose portrait appeared in our Fourth Volume, N. S.—She was originally called EXPRESS, but her present name was given to her from her artfulness in pursuing the “wily animal.” Her dam (ECHO) is by Boxer out of Emily.—Boxer, by Dorimant out of Bravery.—Bravery, by the Delamere Forest Bustler out of Lady.—Emily, by Ragland out of Paragon by Sir F. Mostyn’s Lashwood out of Princess: her sire Chancellor out of Destiny by the Pytchley Comrade.—Destiny, by Dorimant out of Emily.

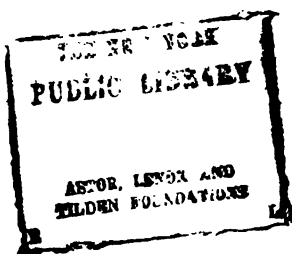
## LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1834.

*(Ages at May Day next.)*

19. ADVANCE, at Clipston, near Market Harborough, at 10gs. and 5s. :—by Cardinal York, dam by Golumpus; grandam, Sister to Benningbrough, by King Fergus.
7. AUGUSTUS, at Putteridge Bury, near Luton, Herts, at 10 sovs. :—by Sultan out of Augusta by Woful; grandam by Rubens out of Guildford Nan.
11. BEDLAMITE, at Bonehill Farm, near Tamworth, at 15gs. (half-bred mares 5gs.) :—by Welbeck out of Maniac by Shuttle; grandam (Offa’s Dyke’s dam) by Benningbrough.
11. BELZONI, at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, at 10 sovs. and 5s. :—by Blacklock out of Manuella by Dick Andrews; grandam Mandane by Pot8o’s.
12. CAIN, at Newmarket, at 10gs. :—by Paulowitz, dam by Paynator; grandam by Delpini.
12. CAMEL, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 15gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Whalebone, dam by Selim; grandam Maiden by Sir Peter.
25. CATTON, at Tickhill, near Bawtry, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Golumpus out of Lucy Grey by Timothy—Lucy by Florizel.
9. COLONEL THE, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, 30 mares, at 20 sovs. each, and 1 sov. :—by Whisker, dam (My Lady’s dam) by Delpini.
13. CYDNUS, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Quiz out of Persepolis by Alexander—Tippie Cyder by King Fergus, Sister to Tickle Toby by Alfred.
10. DEFENCE, at Stockbridge, at 20gs. and one guinea :—by Whalebone out of Defiance by Rubens; grandam Little Folly by Highland Fling.
12. DOCTOR FAUSTUS, at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at half price) :—by Filho da Puta out of Maid of Lorn by Castrel; grandam by Richardson’s Marake.
14. EMILIUS, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 20gs. and one guinea :—by Orville out of Emily by Stamford.
8. EXQUISITE THE, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Whalebone out of Fair Ellen by the Wellesley Grey Arabian.
7. FELT, at Knowsley Hall, near Prescott, Lancashire, at 6 sovs. and 5s. :—by Langar out of Steam by Waxy Pope.
17. FLIBBERTIGIBBET, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 2gs. and 5s. :—by Comus out of Selima by Selim.
16. FUNGUS, at Chadlington, near Chipping Norton, Oxon, at 12 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Truffe out of Sister to Rival by Sir Peter.
- HARLEQUIN (a pure Arabian), at Waleswood, near Aston, seven miles from Sheffield, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares, 2gs. and 5s.) :—twenty thorough-bred mares which have either won or produced winners, gratis.
13. HELENUS, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 5 sovs. and 10s. :—by Soothsayer out of Zuleika by Gohanna; grandam Trinidad by Young Woodpecker.
12. HUMPHREY CLINKER (sire of Rockingham), at the Lodge Farm, Malton, by subscription, 50 mares, at 20gs. each :—by Comus out of Clinkerina by Clinker; grandam Pewet by Tandem.

WILLY.





17. **LANGAR**, at Tickhill, near Bawtry, at 12 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Selim, dam by Walton; grandam Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed.
11. **LAPDOG**, at Bisterne, near Ringwood, Hants, at 10 sovs. and 10s. :—by Whalebone, dam by Canopus; grandam by Young Woodpecker.
10. **LAUREL**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. (half-bred mares 5gs.) and 10s. 6d. :—by Blacklock, dam Wagtail by Prime Minister; grandam by Orville.
10. **MAMELUKE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 12gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Partisan out of Miss Sophia by Stamford.
10. **MEDORO**, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, at 5 sovs. and 10s. :—by Cervantes out of Marianne by Sorcerer; grandam Thomasina by Timothy.
9. **MERCHANT**, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Merlin out of Quail by Gohanna; grandam Certhia by Woodpecker.
- NORFOLK PHENOMENON, THE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 sovs. and 10s.
- ORLIO**, at Bedford, at 5 sovs. and 2s. 6d.
23. **PARTISAN**, at the Links Farm, near Newmarket, 20 mares at 20gs. each, and one guinea :—by Walton out of Parasol by Potto's; grandam Prunella by Highflyer.
16. **PETER LEY**, at Stoke College, near Clare, Suffolk, by subscription, 20 mares, at 15gs. and one guinea :—by Rubens out of Stella by Sir Oliver; grandam Scottilla by Anvil.
11. **PREDICTOR**, at Wigan, Lancashire, at 10 sovs. :—by Soothsayer, dam by Precipitate; grandam Magnolia the Younger by Pegasus—Young Magnolia by Highflyer.
7. **PRIAM**, at Bretby Park, near Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, by subscription, 30 mares (exclusive of the owner's), at 30 sovs. each :—by Emilius out of Cressida (Sister to Eleanor) by Whisker.
7. **RECOVERY**, at Newton, near Warrington, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. by Emilius (sire of Priam), dam (Camarine's dam) by Rubens; grandam Tippetwitchet by Waxy.
19. **REVELLER**, at Newmarket, at 15 sovs. and one sov. :—by Comus out of Rosette by Benningbrough; grandam Rosamond by Tandem.
8. **SARPEDON**, at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 8 sovs. and 10s. :—by Emilius out of Icarus by The Flyer; grandam Parma by Dick Andrews.
17. **ST. PATRICK**, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews—Trumpator.
11. **SHAKESPEARE**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Smolenako out of Charming Molly by Rubens; grandam Comedy by Benningbrough.
13. **SILK WORM**, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire (if not previously sold), at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Castrel out of Corinne by Waxy; grandam Briseis by Benningbrough.
8. **SIR HERCULES**, at Mr. Tattersall's, Dawley Wall Farm, near Uxbridge, at 11 sovs. :—by Whalebone out of Peri by Wanderer; grandam Thalestris by Alexander.
13. **SKIFF**, at Putteridge Bury, near Luton, at 10 sovs. :—by Partisan, dam by Gohanna out of Kexia by Satellite.
20. **STAINBOROUGH**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Dick Andrews out of Horopipe by Trumpator—Luna by Herod.
12. **STUMPS**, at Bentley, near Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, at 11 sovs. :—by Whalebone out of Scotina by Delpini; grandam Scots by Eclipse.
11. **TARRARE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. (half-bred 5gs.) and 10s. 6d. :—by Catton out of Henrietta by Sir Solomon—Woodpecker.
- TAURUS**, at the Palace Stables, Newmarket, at 12gs.
8. **TRANBY**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 10 sovs. and half a sov. :—by Blacklock, dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimstone by Weasel.
6. **VESTRES**, at Epsom, Surrey, at 10 sovs. and 5s. (half-bred mares at 7 sovs. and 5s.) :—by Whalebone out of Varennes (Sister to Quadrille) by Selim; grandam Canary Bird by Whiskey or Sorcerer.
19. **WATERLOO**, at Hampton Court, at 5 sovs. and half a sov. :—by Walton out of Penelope by Trumpator.
7. **WINDCLIFFE**, at Stockbridge, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares at 8gs. and 5s.) :—by Waverley, dam by Catton; grandam Hannah by Sorcerer out of Amelia by Highflyer.
18. **WRANGLER**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Walton out of Lisette by Hambletonian—Constantia by Walnut.
6. **YOUNG EMILIUS**, at Putteridge Bury, near Luton, at 5 sovs. (half-bred mares at half-price) :—by Emilius out of Mercy by Merlin; grandam Shoveller by Scud out of Gooander.
9. **ZINGANEK**, at Newmarket, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Trump out of Folly by Young Drone; grandam Regina by Moorcock.

## HINTS TO YOUNG COURSERS.

SIR,

**A**LTHOUGH an old subscriber to the Magazine, and often greatly delighted with its contents, yet have I been wofully disappointed that no "limb of the leash" has ventured to endeavour in guiding the incipient coursers.

Well remembering, however, my commencement in the slips, when I in vain looked for information to assist in forming my two or three brace of "good-'uns," I now feel for the inexperienced, and readily, though ineffectively, lend a helping hand to this much neglected subject; and not without a hope that I may succeed in drawing out the invaluable ideas of the *BEST* of coursers.

If, Mr. Editor, you deem my observations worthy a corner in your Magazine, you will much oblige one of its admirers, and

A LIMB OF THE LEASH.

A GENUINE and practical Sportsman will not attempt to deny that there are good greyhounds, whose colour and form do not prepossess *knowing ones* in their favour. The dealer contemptuously smiles on the Cockney who selects his horse simply from its colour, and quaintly remarks, "a good horse never wore a bad colour." Now the old proverb, although *abstractedly* true, by no means *encourages* a bad colour; it merely endeavours to unprejudice the man who is led by the nose so much by *imagination* that he overlooks *reality*, and who unquestionably never merited for his motto, "*Ni-*

*mium ne crede colori.*" To convince my reader, if such there be, that the colour and formation of greyhounds are by no means matters of secondary consideration with me, I tell him that I would be as fastidious and squeamish in the choice of colour and formation of my greyhound as I would be in the complexion and figure of my mistress.

The *head* of the greyhound should be long, more particularly from the eye to the tip of the nose. His *eye* should be moderately large, prominent, and sparkling, with an expression of anxiety and determination of character approximating to ferocity. His *ears* should be short, thin, and silky; two-thirds of their length at the tip-end should hang down so negligently (*simplex mundities*) as to give you the idea of their being entirely powerless, the last third taking the lead in point of erection and expression of feeling. His *neck* should be long, which renders him pre-eminently expert in bearing his hare, besides adding a splendid and majestic appearance which belongs so exclusively to his species. I am not ignorant of the modern mania for short necks in the racing stud, nor am I disposed to question this conclusion which the *ne plus ultra* sporting characters of the day have arrived at as regards the *horse*; but whilst the racer requires speed and good wind only, the greyhound exacts, in addition, a third most essential qualification, viz. *length of neck*, so as to enable him to pick up his hare without impeding respiration.

Immediately between the head and the cervical vertebræ, viz. at the *junction* of the head and neck, you will find the well and gracefully formed greyhound extremely small: from this point to the shoulder-blades the *neck* should gradually, yet in a very trifling degree, increase in thickness, being a little crested behind the ears, with a corresponding yet trifling indentation on its under and fore part. Neither Gully, nor Ridsdale, nor Crockford, would venture their thousands on the very deep-necked racer, nor would I risk my sovereign on the heavy-necked greyhound.

A greyhound with a heavy neck never shews that decided activity which is displayed in one whose neck is of a more moderate size; indeed it is seldom or ever met with in a high-bred or what is termed a bloody greyhound.

His *breast* should be broad, for in proportion to the width of the breast is the capacity of the chest, and the more capacious the chest *transversely*, the greater the power of the animal, and the greater the room for respiration. I would here remark, that although he should have a broad breast, yet the elbows need not necessarily be far asunder, since, if the lower part of the cavity of the chest be rounded away, the forearms have the privilege of coming out sufficiently near each other, and thereby still preserve the *speed* of the animal, which, after all, is *never* to be forgotten. Some men select a deep-chested greyhound, without any reference whatever to the transverse capacity of the thorax; but although such a forma-

tion may run fleetly for a few turns, yet when respiration, from long and violent exertion, has become laborious, an animal so formed begins to *flag*; whilst one with a capacious thorax has his circulation and respiration comparatively little interfered with; he is consequently able to run a long and severe course, and "to show pluck" at the last.

In horses we admire the *thin wither* and *high forehead*; but it is questionable whether either one or the other is to be sought after if we expect service. With regard to greyhounds we cannot for a moment doubt these points: true enough in a greyhound a *thin wither* and *high forehead* contribute much to beauty; but so certainly do these beautiful points detract from his utility. The dog is so formed that if there is a *thin wither*, there must necessarily be a want of transverse capacity in the chest, which is so desirable a qualification, nay, so positive a perfection, in a greyhound—then as to the *forehand*, if it be high, the dog labours under an evident disadvantage in killing.

The *shoulder-blades* should be so closely attached to the body as to be scarcely observed to move during common exercise.

The *fore-legs* should stand perpendicular, being by no means placed far back under the body; for in whatever animal you find such a position, although you certainly do find great strength, yet in every instance there is a lack of speed.

The *foot* should neither look to the right nor to the left: the same may be said with regard to the *elbows*.

The *arm* should be broad,

having the muscles largely developed. The *joints* should be large, and the *back sinew* or *tendon* powerful.

His *feet* should be of a middle size, being neither entirely round, nor yet very long, but most assuredly very deep: if entirely round, he will surely be deficient in speed; if very long, he is apt to frequently fall lame from sprains, &c. &c.

His *claws* should be strong; and although we must generally be satisfied with their colour according to the colour of the animal, yet occasionally the colour varies; and when it so happens, choose the black, or the nearest that colour which may present itself. The *den claws* should be firmly and closely attached to the legs. Unless your dog is constantly accustomed to running in heath, by no means deprive him of these claws, which nature has provided him with for a useful purpose: there can be little doubt but that they greatly assist him in turning.

His *back* should be of a moderate length, certainly more approaching to short than long: neither extreme, however, is desirable: if *long*, he cannot bear a severe and protracted course, nor can he gather himself well up in his turns: if short, he is never very fleet. Some men choose a straight *back*, whilst others approve the entire curve or "roach back." As far as I have observed, the greyhound with a curved back is seldom high before, and is therefore a better killer.

Most judges give preference to the greyhound whose back is merely so rounded as to simply give an air of elegance to

his figure: this formation neither interferes with his power of killing, nor does it detract from his beauty.

The *loins* should be broad and strong, and the muscles on each side should display very great development; for on them depend power, lasting speed, and a variety of the highest qualifications a greyhound can possess.

His *hind-quarters* should be long and broad, and gradually curved.

His *gascoins* should be large, displaying well-marked muscular development: the length of the bone forming the *gascoin*—viz. from the stifle joint to the hock—can scarcely be too long; but the very reverse may be said of the bone between the hock and the foot.

The *back-tendon* in the hind leg cannot be too strong, nor too far separated from the long bone with which it runs parallel; so that the space between the bone and tendon may be broad and transparent.

His *tail* should be tolerably long, small, and entirely void of long hair; and more especially it should be completely destitute of what sportsmen term a feather. The *curve* should never commence until two-thirds from its setting on, and, having commenced, should be slowly formed without the slightest appearance of a curl at the end—such a tail so much indicating a lurcher, that, whatever pedigree your dog may boast, he will stand low in the estimation of sportsmen.

The length of *leg* is easily decided upon: *stout* legs are not only unseemly, but are defective in speed; whilst long legs are

*Short*

equally unseemly, and almost always indicate a slow turner. I would therefore say with Ovid, "*in medio tutissimus ibis.*"

With regard to *size*, much variety of opinion may exist, and very properly so on account of the variety of country: however, I would be supposed to speak exclusively of Yorkshire. I would set out by observing, that a *bitch* is not required to be so large as a *dog*—*i. e.* a *bitch* 23 inches high is deemed equal to a *dog* 25 inches; and for general running unquestionably a *bitch* ought not to be less than 23 inches at the shoulder. It therefore follows in theory, that a *dog* should be thrown out as a waster if much below 25 inches at the shoulder. I do not mean to contend that there are no exceptions to this general rule, for I have seen a real clipping *dog* whose height at the shoulder was barely 23 inches. I am now supporting the general rule, and not the exception. In my opinion a *bitch* 25 inches and a *dog* 27 or 28 inches are the heights in which you find the greatest speed, power, activity, and courage, and the most adroit turning.

The most common *colours* of the greyhound are black, red, and blue; the less common are white, black and white, fawn, brindled, and dun; and the still rarer are the mixed colours, blue and white, red and white, fawn and white, and dun and white. Sportsmen who profess to place much confidence in colour select a *dog* all of one colour, called the same-coloured *dog*; they do not object to a white tip on the tail, to half of the foot being white, nor to a white

breast; but here they take their stand, declaring that all mixed colours are spurious and unsportsmanlike, being in fact little better than lurchers. I am certainly of opinion that the *same* colour denotes a more pure breed, and, *ceteris paribus*, is to be chosen in preference to the *party-coloured* *dog*. Looking to *public* running as a criterion, the *same-coloured* *dog* has certainly the advantage over the *mixed* colour, and the *male* over the *female*. But on the other hand, the *same* colour is more common than the *mixed* colour, and *dogs* are more frequently kept than *bitches*: therefore such a criterion is not a fair test in either case.

Having finished what I have to say on the *form*, *size*, and *colour* of the greyhound, I will now briefly advert to the *breeding* and *rearing* of *puppies*.

The qualifications to form a *bitch* worthy to be set apart for the propagation of greyhounds likely to gratify a man ambitious of standing high in the list of coursers are many, and difficult to be attained. You frequently see a *bitch* gracefully formed in some particular part, but you seldom see one complete in all parts. It is confidently stated by many old sportsmen, that on an average two puppies out of the three are *bitches*; and it is asserted with equal confidence that puppies display in their appearance more of the *dam* than the *sire*. From these two circumstances it would be fair enough to infer, that puppies depend two parts on the *dam* and but one part on the *sire*. Should the premises and conclusion both be correct, it becomes doubly necessary to

use every precaution in the selection of your *bitch* from which you intend to breed.

The age of a brood bitch is a very material point—from the age of 2 till 6 is the most approved time: if she breeds before the earlier date, she will not have attained her full growth, strength, or courage, nor indeed will she be likely to suckle her puppies well: if after the latter date, she will then have lost a portion of the vigour, fire, and activity of youth, which unquestionably cannot be favorable towards the production of these most desirable qualifications.

In briefly alluding to the requisites of a stallion and brood bitch, I would advise that they should both be possessed of great strength and activity, and free from every hereditary taint; and although it is a difficult task to obtain perfection, yet every circumstance should be used to come as near to it as possible. Their temper and disposition should be closely attended to, since shyness, sulkiness, cunning, and such imperfections, are frequently transmitted from sire and dam to their progeny. If your stallion and brood bitch will bear the test of what has been advanced in the preceding remarks when speaking of the size, form, and colour of the greyhound, you may rest satisfied that the produce will not disgrace their master. It is desirable, but not absolutely necessary, that the *stallion* and *bitch* should be of the *same* colour, and that they should be in good health and condition at the time of being admitted to each other. The bitch should not be warded till she has been three or four days in heat; nor is

it desirable that she should see her paramour more than three or four times. Bitches continue nine or ten, and sometimes even twelve days in heat, and are pregnant nine weeks. If you have an opportunity of getting your bitch warded in December or January, it is preferable to any other season, as early-bred puppies get so much more bone and more perfect symmetry than those brought forth at Midsummer. A puppy brought forth in the latter part of February is fit to be weaned in the middle, or at all events at the latter end of, April. It then has six warm months before it to encourage its growth, and to give it such strength that it meets winter with impunity; and this gives it an evident advantage over puppies of a later birth. Besides, in the November and December of the following year, when most Puppy Stakes are contested, you will find it a considerable advantage to have your puppies 21 or 22 months old, whilst those of your adversary are only 17 or 18 months of age.

Some sportsmen object to the bitch being warded so early, because they are deprived of her running the last two months of the season; but allow me to add, that you must be content to endure greater sacrifices than this if you are determined to make great proficiency in breeding.

A bitch will commonly rear four puppies well, and with comfort to herself; but if a greater number are allowed to remain with her, they generally suffer from a want of milk, and also considerably injure the bitch by continually teasing her. If, therefore, you wish to rear more than four, procure another bitch which

has very recently pupped, and place the extra puppies with her. The strange mother requires to be held whilst the puppies suck for the first day, after which she becomes as fondly attached to her adopted youngsters as if they were her own.

During the period of *labour* it is well to be in readiness, in case the mother should want any assistance, or accidentally smother a puppy by its creeping under her. Although I have been tempted to cut the *umbilicus*, and pass a ligature round the remaining portion on one occasion, yet I now deem such interference officious and uncalled-for at this eventful period. The enveloping membrane which surrounds each puppy is torn off and greedily devoured by the mother the moment they are brought forth, and no doubt for some wise purpose: perhaps this membrane, when swallowed, may be a requisite stimulus towards the secretion of milk. She carefully, yet effectually, gnaws asunder the *umbilicus* close to the body of each puppy, and lends her healing aid to the wound by the instinctive application of her tongue. If the *umbilicus* should be cut with a knife, fatal hemorrhage would in all probability ensue; but the vessel, when gnawed asunder by the mother,

is so bruised as to completely prevent hemorrhage. During labour, and for two or three successive days, the litter ought to be cut short to prevent the puppies being smothered.

From six weeks to two months old, they will be able to lap milk, and will consequently be ready to dispense with the mother's teat, and it is certainly desirable that she should be relieved of them. From three to four months old they will be fit to send to their country quarters, where they should be allowed to go at large till late in the season, at which time you should shew them two or three hares only, in order that they may have some idea of their work the following autumn. At six months old they should be put into couples, that they may not be daunted when expected to start out of slips; for you must not calculate that your dog will go in couples, or even lead single, unless he has first been brought under complete subjugation to the collar. Your young dogs should always be started in slips, by which means they get to know the power it requires to extricate themselves, and consequently do not blunder, and throw themselves head over heels, at the first start, which is frequently the case with dogs unaccustomed to slips.

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### COURSING MEETINGS.

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#### THE SWAFFHAM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1833.

FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.

**FOR the Cup.**—Mr. Beridge's f. d. Truth beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. Corporal; Mr. Caldwell's bl. b. Remarkable beat Mr. Grou's bl. d. Despot; Mr.

Gurney's blk. d. Arrow beat Mr. Bagge's f. d. Kangaroo; Mr. Buckworth's blk. d. Beppo beat Sir C. Clarke's blk. b. Olivia; Earl of Stradbroke's blk. d. Mariner beat Mr. Beridge's yel. and wh. b. Topaz; Mr. Grou's bl. d. Duke beat Lord C. Townshend's red d. Sea-gull; Mr. Redhead's bl. d. Lupus beat Mr. Chute's bl. d.

Harbinger; Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Cesta beat Mr. Burroughes's brin. d. Iago.

*The Ladies' Plate.*—Mrs. Pollen's f. d. Highlander beat Mrs. Carter's blk. and wh. b. Ida; Mrs. Caldwell's brin. d. Rex beat Lady C. Townshend's red b. So-so; Mrs. Road's blk. d. Mortimer beat Miss Villebois's wh. b. Hyssop; Lady Clarke's brin. and wh. b. Oxygen beat Lady Sykes's blk. d. Indian; Earl of Stradbroke's blk. b. Marchioness beat Mr. Wilkinson's red p. b. Captive; Mr. Redhead's blk. b. Lady-fly beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. Roderick; Mr. Gurney's blk. b. Agatha beat Mr. Chute's blk. d. Hannibal; Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Brutus beat Mr. Bagge's blk. d. Kam-schatka.

*Westacre Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Redhead's wh. b. p. Lively beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. b. p. Rocket; Earl of Stradbroke's red b. p. Miniature beat Mr. Chute's blk. b. p. Hyacinth.

*Narborough Dog Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Arthur beat Mr. Buckworth's blk. d. p. Baron; Mr. Beridge's bl. and wh. d. p. Tangent beat Mr. Bagge's brin. d. p. Killer.

*Aged Dog Stakes.*—Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Acle beat Mr. Buckworth's red d. Bachelor; E. Stradbroke's blk. b. Margaret beat Mr. Beridge's blk. b. Trictrac.

*Match.*—Mr. Grout's blk. d. p. Dangerous agst Mr. Burroughes's blk. d. p. Ivanhoe—no course.

The Walton Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes, and several Matches, were not run in consequence of bad weather.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 6TH.

#### CLY FIELD.

##### FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Mariner beat Arrow.  
Lupus — Cesta.  
Truth — Remarkable.  
Beppo — Duke.

##### FIRST TIES FOR LADIES' PLATE.

Oxygen beat Mortimer.  
Highlander — Rex.  
Lady-fly — Agatha.  
Marchioness — Brutus.

*Cley Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Beridge's blk. and wh. b. p. Taglioni beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. b. p. Ruth; Mr. Gurney's blk. b. p. Annette beat Lord C. Townshend's blk. b. p. Sou-chong.

*Matches.*—Mr. Wilkinson's red b. p. Clipper agst Mr. Chute's bl. b. p. Hecuba—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Blaster beat Mr. Bagge's blk. d. Kam-schatka; Mr. Beridge's red b. p. Tinsel beat Mr. Bagge's blk. b. p. Kias; Mr.

Chute's blk. b. Hybla beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Cozey; Mr. Redhead's red and wh. d. p. Lounger beat Mr. Chute's red d. p. Hermit; Mr. Grout's red d. p. Douglas beat Earl of Stradbroke's blk. d. p. Maltster; Mr. Grout's brin. d. p. Daniel agst Lord C. Townshend's blk. and wh. b. p. Stella—no course; Earl of Stradbroke's blk. d. Mountain beat Mr. Caldwell's blk. d. Rattler; Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Augustus beat Mr. Beridge's blk. and wh. d. p. Tapster; Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. August beat Mr. Caldwell's red d. p. Red Rover; Mr. Beridge's blk. b. Toy beat Mr. Chute's red d. Hypogriph; Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Auctioneer received forfeit from Mr. Caldwell's dun d. p. Rap; Mr. Wilkinson's b. p. Clara beat Mr. Beridge's blk. b. p. Tribute; Mr. Buckworth's red d. p. Brimstone agst Mr. Chute's blk. d. p. Hotspur—undecided; Mr. Gurney's bl. d. p. Agent beat Mr. Burroughes's blk. d. p. Ink; Mr. Caldwell's blk. and wh. d. p. Razor beat Mr. Wilkinson's red d. p. Claret; Mr. Gurney's red d. p. Alonzo beat Mr. Beridge's red and wh. b. Tabby.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 7TH.

#### NARBOROUGH FIELD.

##### SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Truth beat Beppo.  
Mariner — Lupus.

##### SECOND TIES FOR LADIES' PLATE.

Highlander beat Oxygen.  
Marchioness recd. ft. from Lady-fly.

*Matches.*—Lord Berners's blk. d. Nicholas beat Mr. Burroughes's blk. b. p. Image; Mr. Beridge's r. d. p. Triumph beat Mr. Chute's b. p. Hyacinth; Mr. Buckworth's blk. d. Barber beat Mr. Chute's bl. d. Harbinger; Mr. Grout's blk. d. p. Dangerous agst Mr. Burroughes's blk. d. p. Ivanhoe—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's red d. Bachelor agst Mr. Tyssen's blk. d. Zebra—undecided.

*Deciding Course for the Narborough Dog Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Beridge's bl. and wh. d. p. Tangent beat Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Arthur, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Westacre Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Earl of Stradbroke's red b. p. Miniature beat Mr. Redhead's wh. b. p. Lively, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Aged Dogs Stakes.*—Mr. Gurney's blk. d. Acle beat Earl of Stradbroke's blk. b. Margaret, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Bagge's blk. b. p. Kate beat Mr. Beridge's red d. p. Tumbler; Earl of Stradbroke's brin. d. Mountebank agst Mr. Grout's brin. d. Daniel—no

course; Earl of Stradbroke's red b. Mer-  
rylass beat Mr. Chute's blk. b. Hybla;  
Earl of Stradbroke's blk. b. p. Mistake  
beat Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Auctioneer;  
Mr. Redhead's blk. and wh. b. p. Lap-  
wing beat Mr. Chute's blk. b. p. Helton;  
Mr. Redhead's f. d. p. Lemon beat Mr.  
Chute's blk. d. p. Hugo.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE 8TH.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Earl  
of Stradbroke's blk. d. Mariner beat Mr.  
Bridges's f. d. Truth, and won the Cup.

*Deciding Course for the Ladies' Plate.*  
—Earl of Stradbroke's blk. b. Marchion-  
ness beat Mrs. Pollen's f. d. Highlander,  
and won the Plate.

*Deciding Course for the Cley Blith  
Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Gurney's blk.  
b. p. Annette beat Mr. Bridges's blue  
and wh. b. p. Taglioni, and won the  
Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Bagge's f. b. Kite beat  
Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Brutus; Mr.  
Buckworth's red d. Bacchus beat Mr.  
Chute's f. b. Hermia; Earl of Strad-  
broke's brin. d. Mountebank agst Mr.  
Gurney's f. d. Alonzo—no course; Mr.  
Redhead's red and wh. d. p. Lounger beat  
Mr. Caldwell's blk. d. p. Rambler; Mr.  
Buckworth's blk. d. Barber beat Mr.  
Bridges's blk. b. Toy; Mr. Redhead's  
f. d. p. Lemon beat Mr. Caldwell's wh.  
d. p. Rockingham; Mr. Chute's blk. b.  
p. Hyacinth beat Mr. Bridges's red d. p.  
Triumph; Mr. Bridges's blk. d. p. Tre-  
maine beat Mr. Burroughes's blk. d. p.  
Ink; Mr. Bagge's blk. b. p. Kitty beat  
Mr. Chute's red d. p. Hermit; Mr. Buck-  
worth's brin. d. Baronet beat Mr. Ber-  
ridge's yel. b. Topaz; Mr. Bridges's blk.  
and wh. d. p. Tapster beat Mr. Gurney's  
blk. d. p. Augustus; Mr. Bridges's red  
b. p. Tinsel beat Mr. Chute's bl. b. p.  
Hecuba; Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Blus-  
ter agst Mr. Bridges's red and wh. b.  
Tabby—undecided; Mr. Bagge's red b.  
p. Kindness agst Mr. Bridges's blk. b. p.  
Tribute—undecided; Mr. Chute's blk. d.  
p. Hotspur beat Mr. Buckworth's bl. and  
wh. d. Blue Ruin; Mr. Gurney's blk. d.  
p. Artist beat Mr. Grou's bl. d. p.  
Derby; Mr. Gurney's blk. b. p. Ada  
beat Mr. Bridges's blk. and wh. b. p.  
Tawdry.

Most persons will naturally conclude,  
from the unprecedented success of the  
Earl of Stradbroke in winning the Cup,  
Plate, and principal Sweepstakes at  
the above Meeting, that he possesses a  
superiority of blood in his kennel. That  
his Lordship has spared neither trouble  
nor expense in the selection of his blood  
is true, but it must strike every sportsman  
that had an opportunity of seeing the

greyhounds, that there is another cause  
that has mainly contributed to his success  
—viz. the very superior condition in  
which his Lordship's dogs were brought  
to the slips: no animals could have been  
in finer health and spirits, well winded,  
and their skins like race-horses. Too  
much praise cannot be bestowed on his  
Lordship's trainer for his assiduity and  
skill, and, as a lover of the leash, we  
wish him the happiness of long enhancing  
the laurels which he has obtained for him-  
self and his Noble Master.

Mariner is by Ambiguity out of Mouse,  
bred by Earl of Stradbroke. Marchion-  
ness's pedigree unknown. Miniature by  
Gustavus, bred by Earl of Stradbroke.—  
The only two pups shewn this season by  
Gustavus are Miniature and Mistake,  
both winners.—He is still to be found at  
the same place, and on the same terms.

## THE NEWMARKET.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Isaacson's Darling  
beat Mr. Fyson's Flirt; Mr. Gillett's Ga-  
lata beat Mr. Bryant's Eaglet; Mr. W.  
Marshall's Nimrod beat Mr. Dobede's  
Diamond; Mr. Fryer's Clara beat Mr.  
Finch's Giles; Mr. King's Rattler beat  
Mr. Weatherby's Walnut; Mr. Dunn's  
Blinker beat Mr. Tharp's Newton; Mr.  
Vipan's Velocity beat Mr. Edwards's  
Archibald; Mr. Inskip's Isabel beat Mr.  
Marshall's Major.

*Allington Hill Stakes for Bitch Pup-  
pies.*—Mr. Isaacson's Pinwheel beat Mr.  
Gillett's Gulnare; Mr. Fryer's Cleopatra  
beat Mr. Edwards's Atom; Mr. Fyson's  
Fly beat Mr. Marshall's Marian; Mr.  
Inskip's Ina beat Mr. W. Marshall's  
Nimble; Mr. Finch's Gipsy beat Mr.  
Dobede's Daffodil; Mr. Vipan's Venture  
beat Mr. Dunn's Beauty.

*Chippendale Stakes for Dog Puppies.*  
—Mr. Bryant's Elliott beat Mr. W. Mar-  
shall's Nelson; Mr. King's Richmond  
beat Mr. Fryer's Corinthian; Mr. Do-  
bede's Druid beat Mr. Gillett's George;  
Mr. Fyson's Frank beat Mr. Vipan's  
Vengeance; Mr. Inskip's Ivory beat Mr.  
Finch's Gab; Mr. Isaacson's Partisan  
beat Mr. Marshall's Marquis.

*Cheveley Puppy Sweepstakes.*—Mr.  
Fyson's Fanny beat Mr. Inskip's Iona;  
Mr. Dobede's Dahlia beat Mr. Bryant's  
Edith; Mr. Vipan's Violet beat Mr.  
Weatherby's Warwick; Mr. W. Mar-  
shall's Narcissa beat Mr. Isaacson's Puss;  
Mr. King's Rivulet beat Mr. Bryant's  
Eel.

*Port Stakes.*—Mr. Vipan's Vivid beat  
Mr. Gillett's Godolphin; Mr. Dunn's  
Bluster beat Mr. Inskip's Idol; Mr. Fy-  
son's Fireaway beat Mr. Dobede's Dance;

Mr. Weatherby's Wizard beat Mr. Isaacson's Phoebe.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 14TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Galata beat Blinker.  
Rattler — Nimrod.  
Clara — Darling.  
Isabel — Velocity.

FIRST TIES FOR THE ALLINGTON HILL STAKES.

Venture beat Fly.  
Ina — Pinwheel.  
Gipsy — Cleopatra.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CHIPPENHAM STAKES.

Ivory beat Frank.  
Partisan — Elliott.  
Richmond — Druid.

FIRST TIES FOR CHEVELEY STAKES.

Fanny beat Dahlia.  
Violet — Rivulet.  
Narcissa ran a bye.

TIES FOR THE PORT STAKES.

Wizard beat Fireway.  
Vivid — Bluster.

*Matches.*—Mr. Vipan's Vengeance beat Mr. Bryant's Eagle; Mr. Isaacson's Princess beat Mr. Inskip's Iona; Mr. Gillett's Gulnare beat Mr. Marshall's Marian; Mr. Dobede's Diamond beat Mr. W. Marshall's Nimble; Mr. W. Marshall's Nelson beat Mr. Bryant's Ellen; Mr. Weatherby's White Daisy beat Mr. Inskip's Ida; Mr. Dobede's Dance beat Mr. Gillett's Game; Mr. Marshall's Marquis beat Mr. Bryant's Eel; Mr. Dobede's Daffodil beat Mr. Finch's Goaling; Mr. Hall's Hasty Dragon beat Mr. Finch's Godolphin; Mr. Fyson's Flirt beat Mr. Dobede's Duchess; Mr. King's Ruby beat Mr. Inskip's Isis; Mr. Gillett's Gongo beat Mr. Fyson's Fearnought; Mr. Gillett's Goldfinder agst Mr. Fryer's Cadadori—undecided; Mr. Bryant's Edith beat Mr. Marshall's Mameluke.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE 15TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Rattler beat Galata.  
Isabel — Clara.

*Deciding Course.*—Isabel beat Rattler, and won the Cup.

SECOND TIES FOR THE ALLINGTON HILL STAKES.

Ina beat Gipsy.  
Venture ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Ina beat Venture, and won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CHIPPENHAM STAKES.

Partisan beat Richmond.  
Ivory ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Ivory beat Partisan, and won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CHEVELEY STAKES.

Violet beat Fanny.  
Narcissa ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Violet beat Partisan, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Port Stakes.*—Mr. Vipan's Vivid beat Mr. Weatherby's Wizard, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Dobede's Diamond beat Mr. Edwards's Arthur; Mr. Dobede's Druid beat Mr. Edwards's Arbutus; Mr. Edwards's Atom beat Mr. Dobede's Daffodil; Mr. Dunn's Bluster beat Mr. Marshall's Marquis; Mr. Fryer's Coventry beat Mr. Dobede's Dance; Mr. Dobede's Dahlia beat Mr. Dunn's Blinker; Mr. Gillett's George beat Mr. Bryant's Enthusiasm; Mr. King's Rivulet beat Mr. W. Marshall's Nimble; Mr. Weatherby's Warwick agst Mr. Bryant's Ernest—undecided; Mr. Weatherby's White Daisy beat Mr. Dobede's Deception; Mr. Finch's Gab beat Mr. Vipan's Vengeance; Mr. Hall's Hasty Dragon beat Mr. Fryer's Cleopatra; Mr. Marshall's Margrave agst Mr. Fyson's Farmer—undecided; Mr. Bryant's Elk agst Mr. Fyson's Darling—undecided; Mr. Bryant's Ellen beat Mr. Isaacson's Princess.

### THE COCKNEY CLUB.

This celebrated Club held their Autumn Meeting on Monday the 21st of October, and two following days, in Wiltshire.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER THE 21ST.

AT NETHERHAVEN.

*The Puppy Cup.*—Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Nimble beat Mr. Rice's bl. b. Raven; Mr. Clarke's br. b. Cat beat Mr. Anderson's br. b. Ariel; Mr. Elmore's red pied b. Echo beat Mr. Bailey's bl. b. Bunting; Mr. Seymour's bl. d. Saracen beat Mr. Patient's red pied b. Prime.

*The Jenner Plate and Sovereigns.*—Mr. Bailly's b. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Patient's wh. b. Pet; Mr. Anderson's red d. Lad beat Mr. Seymour's bl. d. Saladin; Mr. Rice's wh. b. Rarity beat Mr. Patient's br. b. Purity; Mr. Nicholls's bl. b. Needle beat Mr. Elmore's red d. Spring; Mr. Bailly's red b. Beebird beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Envy; Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Nancy beat Mr. Anderson's red d. Acorn; Mr. Rice's dun b. Ringlet beat Mr. Scotland's bl. b. Bella; Mr. Clarke's br. d. Comet beat Mr. Seymour's bl. d. Shylock.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER THE 22D.

AT ENTFORD.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Cat beat Nimble.  
Echo — Saracen.

FIRST TIES FOR JENNER PLATE.

Lad beat Blackbird.  
Rarity — Needle.  
Nancy — Beebird.  
Ringlet — Comet.

*The Entford Stakes.*—Mr. Patient's bl. b. Puff beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Eel; Mr. Patient's br. b. Posey beat Mr. Rice's bl. d. Rush; Mr. Elmore's f. d. Erin beat Mr. Clarke's pied b. Crab; Mr. Baily's bl. b. Bantem beat Mr. Anderson's red d. Active.

TIES.

Buff beat Posey.  
Erin — Bantem.

*Matches.*—Mr. Baily's bl. b. Bunting beat Mr. Anderson's br. b. Ada; Mr. Baily's bl. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Patient's wh. b. Pet; Mr. Baily's bl. d. Blackcap beat Mr. Patient's wh. b. Pussey; Mr. Elmore's bl. b. Ebony beat Mr. Anderson's bl. b. Antic.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER THE 23D.

AT NETHERHAVEN.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Cup.*—Echo beat Cat, and won the Cup.

SECOND TIES FOR JENNER PLATE.

Rarity beat Lad.  
Nancy — Ringlet.

*Deciding Course.*—Nancy beat Rarity, and won the Plate; Rarity the Sovereigns.—Nancy was the winner of the Puppy Cup last year.

*Deciding Course for the Entford Stakes.*—Puff beat Erin, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Baily's bl. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Elmore's Elf; Mr. Elmore's Echo beat Mr. Baily's red b. Beebird—afterwards, in another Match, Beebird beat Echo; Mr. Rice's Rush beat Mr. Patient's Posey; Mr. Patient's red pied b. Prime beat Mr. Rice's bl. d. Rubens; Mr. Patient's wh. b. Pussey beat Mr. Anderson's red d. Acorn; Mr. Patient's wh. b. Pet beat Mr. Anderson's br. b. Newcome; Mr. Elmore's Eaglet beat Mr. Baily's Bunting; Mr. Rice's dun b. Ringlet beat Mr. Patient's bl. b. Puff; Mr. Elmore's Ellen beat Mr. Nicholls's Needle; Mr. Nicholls's Nimble beat Mr. Anderson's Grizzle; Mr. Anderson's Spring beat Mr. Elmore's Bella.

The hares, for so early in the season, were uncommonly stout; several of the

courses at Netherhaven being considerably longer than two miles.

Mr. Ackerman was the umpire, and gave, as usual, great satisfaction.

## THE EVERLEIGH.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER THE 4TH.

*For the Puppy Cup.*—Mr. Bigg's Brutus beat Captain Wyndham's Wooralia; Mr. Brouncker's Blacksocks beat Mr. Astley's Artless; Mr. Harries's Hydra beat Mr. Etwall's Erycina; Mr. Heathcote's Huma beat Mr. Moreton's brin. d.; Mr. Agg's Arethusa beat Mr. Wells's Jewess; Mr. Heathcote's Millaris beat Mr. Wells's Recovery; Mr. Brouncker's Bluenose beat Mr. Harries's Haycock; Mr. Bigg's Balloon won, Mr. Moreton's brin. b. drawn ill.

*The Everleigh Puppy Stakes, 14 subs., 3 sovs. each.*—Mr. Astley's Alfred beat Captain Wyndham's Whirlwind; Mr. Brouncker's Bagman beat Mr. Morant's Mask; Mr. Agg's Abjer beat Mr. Wells's Comus; Mr. Heathcote's Hafid won, Mr. Moreton's f. b. drawn ill; Mr. Bigg's Belinda beat Mr. Harries's Hecla; Mr. Etwall's East-wind ran a bye.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 6TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Balloon beat Arethusa.  
Hydra — Millaris.  
Blacksocks — Bluenose.  
Huma — Brutus.

FIRST TIES FOR THE EVERLEIGH PUPPY STAKES.

East-wind beat Alfred.  
Belinda — Bagman.  
Hafid — Abler.

*The Wiltshire Stakes, for All-Aged Dogs, 3 sovs. each.*—Mr. Moreton's Minikin beat Mr. Bigg's Bridemaid; Mr. Etwall's Everleigh beat Mr. Brouncker's Boveridge; Mr. Heathcote's Hereward won, Mr. Agg's Alien drawn ill; Mr. Morant's Minstrel beat Mr. Astley's Aimwell; Mr. Harries's Harkaway beat Captain Wyndham's Wittena; Mr. Agg's Apollo beat Mr. Bigg's Belram; Mr. Harries's Hebe beat Mr. Morant's Monarch; Mr. Heathcote's Hairbell beat Mr. Brouncker's Bit.

FIRST TIES.

Minikin beat Harkaway.  
Everleigh — Hereward.  
Hairbell — Apollo.  
Minareel — Hebe.

*The Sidbury Hill Stakes for Puppies.*—Mr. Heathcote's Hearty beat Mr. Brouncker's Blackboot; Mr. Bigg's

Betsey beat Mr. Etwall's Equinox; Mr. Wells's Smut beat Captain Wyndham's Wench; Mr. Astley's Arrow beat Mr. Bruncker's Bluesoes.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 7TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Blacksocks beat Huma.  
Hydra — Balloon.

*Deciding Course.*—Blacksocks beat Hydra, and won the Cup; Hydra the Sows.

SECOND TIES FOR THE EVERLEIGH PUPPY STAKES.

Eastwind beat Hafid.  
Belinda ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Eastwind beat Belinda, and won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR THE WILTSHIRE STAKES.

Everleigh beat Hairbell.  
Minstrel — Minikin.

*Deciding Course.*—Everleigh beat Minstrel, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR SIDBURY HILL STAKES.

Hearty beat Smut.  
Betsey — Arrow.

*Deciding Course.*—Hearty beat Betsey, and won the Stakes.

*The Tedworth Stakes for All-Aged Dogs.*—Mr. Etwall's Epsom beat Captain Wyndham's Wildfire; Mr. Morant's Mushroom beat Mr. Wells's Jessy; Mr. Moreton's Mac beat Mr. Astley's Augustus; Mr. Wells's Worcester beat Mr. Bigg's Bee'swing.

TIES.

Mac beat Epsom.  
Worcester — Mushroom.

*Deciding Course.*—Mac won the Stakes.—Worcester drawn.

*Matches.*—Captain Wyndham's Wildfire beat Mr. Wells's Jessy; Mr. Bigg's Belram beat Mr. Agg's Apollo; Mr. Morant's Maak beat Mr. Wells's Recovery.

## THE WENSLEYDALE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 7TH.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Ware's wh. d. Twister beat Mr. Willis's bl. b. Fly; Mr. Chapman's bl. d. Danger beat Mr. C. Hammond's b. d. Tickler; Mr. Pratt's b. d. Dart beat Mr. J. C. Dundas's f. S. Dinah; Capt. Wray's wh. b. Grace beat Mr. Hutton's bl. d. Match'em; Mr. W. W. Fisher's b. d. Ban beat Mr. J.

Hammond's yel. and wh. d. Ken; Mr. R. Thompson's h. and wh. d. Tramp beat Mr. H. T. Robinson's brin. b. Smart; Mr. T. Hutton's blk. d. Brandy beat Major Straubensee's blk. b. Fly; Mr. Booth's dum. b. Gadfly beat Mr. Redmayne's r. b. Minx.

FIRST TIES.

Danger beat Twister.  
Grace — Dart.  
Tramp — Ban.  
Brandy — Gadfly.

SECOND TIES.

Danger beat Grace.  
Brandy — Tramp.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Chapman's Danger beat Mr. T. Hutton's Brandy, and won the Cup.

*Bolton Stakes, 3 subs.*—Mr. Maynard's yel. and wh. d. Grammar beat Mr. Maclellan's brin. b. Triquet; Mr. Fox's yel. and wh. d. Gambler beat Mr. Croft's blk. and wh. b. Lisle; Mr. Allen's yel. and wh. b. Rose beat Mr. J. Foster's bl. b. Emma; Mr. J. T. Wray's bl. b. Violet beat Mr. J. B. Simpson's bl. d. Tip.

TIES.

Gambler beat Grammar.  
Rose — Violet.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Fox's Gambler beat Mr. Allen's Rose, and won the Stakes.

The day was fine, the coursing good, and in the evening thirty-three Members of the Club sat down to a most excellent dinner at the King's Head, Leyburn. The Stewards for next year are, Captain Hogg of Richmond, and Captain Maynard of Harlsey.

## THE MALTON.

This Meeting commenced on Tuesday, November 5, at Wharrah, and was continued on Wednesday at Langton Wold, Thursday at Duggleby, and Friday at Wharrah.

*For the Cup—run in Classes on each of the four days.*—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant beat Mr. Swann's blk. d. Eclipse; Mr. Golden's blk. b. Possima beat Major Bower's bl. b. p. Bonny Blue; Mr. Best's f. b. p. Mischief beat Major Bower's blk. d. p. Bonny Boy; Major Bower's blk. d. Blackmoor beat Sir John Johnstone's bl. b. Volage; Mr. Best's cream-coloured b. Triumph beat Sir J. Johnstone's f. d. Rubini; Mr. Fox's blk. d. p. Bilston beat Mr. Swann's wh. and brin. b. Blanche; Mr. Golden's f. d. Bravery beat Mr. Swann's bl. b. Elysia;

Mr. Golden's f. d. Messenger beat Mr. Fox's blk. and wh. d. p. Boniface.

## FIRST TIES.

Triumph beat Bravery.  
Pessima — Truant.  
Blackamoor — Bilston.  
Mischief — Messenger.

## SECOND TIES.

Pessima beat Mischief.  
Blackamoor — Triumph.

*Deciding Course.*—Optima (late Pessima) beat Blackamoor, and won the Cup; Blackamoor the Sovereigns.

*For the Gold Cup*—run on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday.—Mr. Golden's blk. d. Romulus beat Mr. Swann's blk. d. Lottery; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. Thais beat Major Bower's bl. b. p. Bronze; Mr. Best's red and wh. b. p. Treasure beat Mr. Fox's blk. d. p. Brixton; Mr. Golden's f. b. Myrtle beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and wh. d. Vincent.

## TIES.

Treasure beat Romulus.  
Thais — Myrtle.

*Deciding Course.*—Treasure beat Thais, and won the Gold Cup.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each for Bitch Puppies*—run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday.—Mr. Golden's red b. Rebecca beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. Marcia; Mr. Best's red b. Gaiety beat Sir J. Johnstone's wh. b. Blanche.

*Deciding Course.*—Gaiety beat Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged*—run on Tuesday and Thursday.—Mr. Swann's blk. b. Brilla beat Mr. Best's blk. b. Una; Mr. Best's blk. and wh. b. Brenda beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Trinket.

*Deciding Course.*—Brenda beat Brilla, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies*—run on Tuesday and Thursday.—Mr. Best's bl. d. Lamplighter beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vicar; Mr. Swann's bl. d. Spartan beat Major Bower's blk. d. Beggar.

*Deciding Course.*—Lamplighter beat Spartan, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies*—run on Wednesday and Friday.—Mr. Swann's red and wh. b. Susan beat Major Bower's blk. and wh. d. Bertram; Mr. Fox's blk. b. Black Bonnet beat Mr. Best's blk. d. Bravo.

*Deciding Course.*—Susan beat Black Bonnet, and won the Stakes.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies*—run on Wednesday and

Friday.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Veneer beat Mr. Golden's blk. b. Bird; Mr. Swann's wh. d. Scylla beat Major Bower's blk. and wh. d. Boscobel.

*Deciding Course.*—Scylla beat Veneer, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged*—run on Wednesday and Friday.—Mr. Best's wh. and f. b. Margery beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and wh. d. Vincent; Mr. Swann's brin. d. Marcus beat Major Bower's f. b. Blue Bonnet.

*Deciding Course.*—Marcus beat Margery, and won the Stakes.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged*—run on Wednesday and Friday.—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Volage beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. p. Breeze; Mr. Best's wh. d. Tamboff beat Major Bower's bl. b. p. Blackbird.

*Deciding Course.*—Tamboff beat Volage, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged*—run on Wednesday and Friday.—Major Bower's blk. and wh. b. Bobadilla beat Mr. Best's wh. d. Topper; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vagrant beat Mr. Swann's wh. b. Euterpe.

*Deciding Course.*—Vagrant beat Bobadilla, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies*—run on Thursday and Friday.—Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. Marcia beat Major Bower's blk. b. Bronze; Sir J. Johnstone's wh. b. Blanche beat Mr. Golden's blk. b. Bird.

*Deciding Course.*—Maria beat Blanche, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies, &c.*—run on Thursday and Friday.—Mr. Best's blk. d. Bachelor beat Major Bower's bl. b. Bonny Blue; Major Bower's blk. d. Bonny Boy beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vesta.

*Deciding Course.*—Bachelor beat Bonny Boy, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged*—run on Thursday and Friday.—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and wh. d. Vincent beat Major Bower's blk. d. Beggar; Mr. Golden's f. d. Messenger beat Mr. Swann's bl. b. Elyssa.

*Deciding Course.*—Messenger beat Vincent, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged*—run on Friday.—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant beat Mr. Golden's f. d. Bravery; Mr. Swann's wh. b. Euterpe beat Mr. Best's blk. and wh. b. Brenda.

*Deciding Course.*—Truant beat Euterpe, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Golden's f. d. Bravery beat Mr. Swann's wh. d. Mercury; Mr.

Swann's blk. and wh. b. Fly beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Trinket; Mr. Swann's wh. d. p. Mercury beat Mr. Best's blk. d. p. Bravo; Sir J. Johnstone's red d. Rubini beat Mr. Best's wh. d. Topper; Mr. Golden's blk. d. Romulus beat Major Bower's blk. d. p. Brixton; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Rokeby beat Major Bower's blk. and wh. d. p. Boniface; Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. Fly beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Bolivar; Mr. Golden's Myrtle beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. Myrtle.

blk. d. Beverly; Mr. Phil Blackall's brin. b. Brenda beat Mr. Webb's blk. and wh. d. Windsor.

## FIRST TIES.

Echo beat Byron.  
Effie Deans — Tiny.  
Elastic — Shove-the-Tumbler.  
Brenda — Echo.

## SECOND TIES.

Effie Deans beat Brenda.  
Elastic — Echo.

As Effie Deans and Echo were both the property of Mr. Williams, the concluding course was not run.

The sport on Wednesday was the finest ever remembered; the weather was very favorable, the hares numerous, and the running admirably contested. The company were highly indebted to the active exertions of Mr. Williams, of Ilsey, who, by his excellent management, contributed so much to the amusements of the day. Thursday proved a wet day, and the sport was in consequence much impeded.

At the CHATSWORTH MEETING, the Cup was won by Mr. Beeston's Wing beating Mr. Taylor's Fanny.

## THE EAST ILSEY.

This Meeting came off on Wednesday, November 6, and succeeding days, as follows:—

*For the Cup*.—Mr. Edmund's bl. d. Echo beat Mr. Webber's bl. and wh. b. Wanton; Mr. Bennett's blk. d. Byron beat Mr. D. Williams's yel. d. Whisker; Mr. Ensforth's blk. b. Effie Deans beat Mr. Alder's wh. b. Abigail; Mr. Tarant's yel. b. Tiny beat Mr. I. Williams's blk. b. Weeper; Mr. Ensforth's bl. b. Elastic beat Mr. Anderson's bl. b. Anne; Mr. Southby's red d. Shove-the-Tumbler beat Mr. Rice's wh. b. Rarity; Mr. Elmore's pld b. Echo beat Mr. Hyward's

## LETTERS FROM COWES.—No. VII.

Trial of the new Brigantine Pandora—Vestal and Water Witch—Rapid ten-gun Brig—Temptations of Mr. Ward's Pheasant Preserves—Absurdity of certain Opinions as to tempting the Lower Orders, by having a Quantity of Game, &c. &c.

SIR,

**N**OTHING of course is now going on here but the repairs and alterations in the several yachts. Though, like a pelican in the wilderness, a stray Member of the Royal Squadron may perhaps occasionally be seen, the Club-house is absolutely deserted; and were it not for a little speculation as to the result of the last trial of the Experimental Squadron, when the new brigantine Pandora was sent to do what she could against the Vestal (both being of Captain Symonds's construction), I should have little, if anything, to send you that you

Cowes, November 16, 1833.

would consider worth the postage. I say *speculation* as to the result of this wondrous trial, inasmuch as it is as impossible to learn the actual facts of the case, as to get into the secrets, as they exist, of any trial or training-stable at Newmarket. Let them keep it, however, bottled up as snug as they please, before long the whole murder will most unquestionably be out. A Plymouth account states, I see, "that nothing has as yet beat the Vestal but Lord Vernon's yacht the Harlequin:" this, however, we men of Cowes can hardly allow to pass current, seeing that

on the day when the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria took a cruise on board the former, and beat up from St. Helen's to the westward, Lord Belfast's brig the *Water Witch* sailed round her, *sparing top-gallant sails and mainsail* in a fresh breeze—a fact to which hundreds of spectators can bear witness, who saw the vessels pass through Cowes Roads, the *Water Witch* laying a point nearer to the wind. All due allowance was nevertheless made for the bad working of the *Vestal* with a new ship's company. The superiority of the *Harlequin*, I should here say, is accounted for by her being of the same *breed* and build as Lord Belfast's beautiful vessel; and to this honour there is no one will dispute her right, who has at any time seen the bows of the two vessels.

Though the *Vestal* is called "*the Champion*," yet, during one of the trials, the Plymouth account gives a superiority in a head-sea to the little ten-gun brig the *Rapid*, during one hour out of eight. Now we have all heard that sauce for the goose is likewise sauce for the gander; nevertheless we at Cowes cannot help thinking that the ladle is occasionally dipped into a different boat. In the case of trial, last year, between the *Vernon* of fifty, and the *Water Witch* brig of ten guns, in presence of the Board of Admiralty, it is well known that in a chase off Scilly of eight hours, the brig (having started to leeward of the *Vernon*) maintained her superiority to windward *during seven*, whilst the wind held; she was declared nevertheless by her opponents to have been beat *during the last*

*hour*, because the *Vernon*, by coming up two points, weathered her a couple of cables' length—*Water Witch* being ordered by signal to tack at the moment when the wind had fallen nearly to a calm. If then the superiority, as it was called, of one hour of the *Vernon's* sailing out of eight was deemed conclusive last year, why is not the little *Rapid* now to enjoy the same honours over the *Vestal*? Sauce for the *Vernon*, say we, ought to be sauce for the *Rapid*. Something, however, must indeed be wrong for a ten-gun brig to be in question at the end of a trial of eight hours, unless the *Vestal* is vastly and inconceivably inferior. Why with the *Vernon* and *Water Witch* last year, the *Stag* and *Castor* frigates, the *Nimrod* corvette, and the *Donegal* seventy-eight, were hull-down, and the latter nearly out of sight in a beat of eight hours! The truth, however, is, that in the head-sea neither the *Vernon*, *Vestal*, nor any of that build, are as they ought to be; and, from what is said in the Dock-yards, the bows of all the new vessels are about to be altered—thus establishing the principle that has so long been contended for by Mr. White, of East Cowes.

In the absence of all amusements on the water, we have the game-preserves of Mr. Ward on shore to lead us into temptation, as the cant slang of the day now goes; his pheasants coming down to the very river-side to beg to be shot at, or perhaps in consequence of preferring the feed on the salt-banks there to what they can help themselves to in the coverts. Be this as it may, we ought to take great credit to our-

selves, according to the doctrines new promulgated, if we withstand the *sore temptation* of viewing so much game without a chance of being invited to any of the *battues* to destroy it, should indeed so atrocious a fashion have yet reached the Isle of Wight. However, to gratify, I suppose, a Correspondent of a Sussex Paper, and the man in the *Morning Herald*, who is ceaseless in his exposure of the sin and wickedness of allowing a quantity of game to parade outside a covert, and thereby, *oh! Jupiter Ammon, cause temptation to the lower orders*, the poachers of this neighbourhood have commenced operations, and are doing all their little *possible* to correct the crying evil. True, these sincere though embryo reformers have not yet the skill of either their Hampshire, Sussex, or Norfolk thorough-bred brethren (if they had, there would have been no very mighty cause of temptation so late as November); nor are the dear innocents yet up to the mysteries of pheasant-hingling. All this, however, may perhaps come with time, and we must meanwhile give them credit for their good *intentions*.

But all jesting now apart, is it not abominable in the extreme to spread abroad a doctrine at once so cruel to the peasant, and so unjustifiable to the proprietor? As well might it be said that a farmer ought not to expose his geese or sheep upon a common; a silversmith or money-changer to exhibit his valuable articles of trade in his shop-window; or the fussy old *maitresses d'école* to parade their boarding-school young ladies in enticing rows of two-and-two between Kensington and

Turnham-green, from fear "of causing temptation;" as that a land-owner should be told (*aye and reviled to boot* in the course of receiving the pleasant intelligence) that his game is never to be seen on the outside of his plantations. This cant and humbug, however, will not go down even with us foreigners and rustics in the Isle of Wight, though none of us, in all probability, will ever be the innocent cause of removing a few of these "temptations" at a *battue*, inasmuch as Mr. Ward has the rare merit of liking to see the game about his doors more than the pleasure of shooting it; and it is to be hoped that he will persevere in preserving, if it be alone for the sake of the example.

In the Sussex Paper I have alluded to it was wisely asserted that the Game Laws did not *give satisfaction* forsooth to the lower orders, and that they—John Clod and Richard Hod—will always consider the game itself as "wild animals;" which, being interpreted, means *common property*.—*Do not give satisfaction!* Just Heaven! is Jack Ketch a popular character? or are the existing statutes against housebreaking and highway-robbery *satisfactory* to the burglar or the foodpad? The receipt would be worth knowing that could teach us how to reconcile a man's taste to the penalties of his delinquencies! But why, in the name of common sense, do not these wiseacres, who argue against the Game Laws, point out the *right* of one man going on the land of another in pursuit of game? The new laws permit the taking of game to any person on his own land (of course with the usual certificate);

and if this does not fully establish the *right* of the game, I know not what will ever do so; and until it shall be shewn that another has this right in common with the proprietor of the soil, it is to be hoped that this senseless cry of "*fera natura*," and that absurd one also of "the sin of tempting the lower orders by having pheasants feeding at the covert sides," will be allowed to drop like a St. Simonian oration; and that Mr. Ward may be permitted, unabused, to enjoy his preserves. Should this meet his eye, he may perhaps imagine I have laid an anchor well out to windward for a day's sporting; but as I love to see pheasants roaming about in conscious security, far better than popping at them when driven up into a corner, I will at once release his mind from the fear of any such meditated attack, and tell him

that I shall be really happy to compound the matter by his giving us a good road from the Club-house along to Egypt: I am sure the families of the Yacht Squadron will duly appreciate it when they arrive here next season.

Amongst the many advantages attendant on Ryde which he enumerates, NEPTUNE does not fail to point out the facilities of communication between the different parts of the town and the neighbourhood, which render the rides and drives both agreeable and various. In these particulars, it must certainly be admitted that Cowes is lamentably deficient.—Let us look forward, however, to better times, when the new road along the shore to Egypt is made good, and as it ought to be. For the present, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

J. B. G.

## NEWMARKET AND GOODWOOD NOMINATIONS 1834.

### NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

**TUESDAY.**—The following are the Nominations for the OATLANDS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., D. I., with the ages, weights, &c.

|                                                                       | Age. | st. | lb. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|-----|
| Lord Exeter's Galata by Sultan.....                                   | 5    | 9   | 2   |
| Duke of Cleveland's Trustee by Catton .....                           | 5    | 8   | 10  |
| Lord Exeter's Sir Robert by Sultan .....                              | 4    | 8   | 3   |
| Mr. S. Stonehewer's Chantilly by Gustavus.....                        | 4    | 7   | 11  |
| Mr. Walker's Anne by Catton .....                                     | 4    | 7   | 11  |
| Mr. Munroe's Lazarone by Partisan.....                                | 5    | 7   | 10  |
| Lord Chesterfield's Quartetto (Brother to Chorister) by Lottery ..... | 5    | 7   | 10  |
| Mr. Wilson's Claret by Chateau Margaux .....                          | 4    | 7   | 7   |
| Sir M. Wood's Vespa by Muley .....                                    | 4    | 7   | 4   |
| Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery out of Pledge by Waxy .....          | 4    | 7   | 3   |
| Mr. Houldsworth's Titus by Truffle.....                               | 4    | 7   | 3   |
| Col. Peel's Malibran by Whisker .....                                 | 4    | 6   | 13  |

**THURSDAY.**—The FORFEIT CLASS of the OATLANDS STAKES of 10 sovs. each, D. I.

|                                        |   |   |   |
|----------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Walker's Consul by Lottery .....   | 6 | 9 | 3 |
| Lord Wilton's Chancellor by Minos..... | 6 | 9 | 1 |

|                                                                        | <i>Age.</i> | <i>st.</i> | <i>lb.</i> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|------------|------------|
| Col. Peel's Archibald by Paulowitz .....                               | 5           | 8          | 7          |
| Mr. Hunter's Rouncival by Partisan .....                               | 5           | 8          | 5          |
| Mr. Houldsworth's David by Catton .....                                | 5           | 8          | 5          |
| Mr. W. Smith's The Witch by Whalebone .....                            | 6           | 8          | 4          |
| Mr. Cosby's Copper Captain by Bobadil .....                            | 5           | 8          | 3          |
| Mr. Greville's Whale by Whalebone .....                                | 4           | 8          | 0          |
| Lord Chesterfield's Theodore by Comus .....                            | 4           | 7          | 12         |
| Col. Peel's c. by Wrangler out of Miss Stephenson (Whiteboy's dam) ... | 4           | 7          | 3          |

## JULY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, not engaged in the July Stakes:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; New T. Y. C.  
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Sultan out of Eliza Leeds by Comus.  
 Lord Exeter's f. by Lamplighter, dam by Blacklock, out of Pope Joan.  
 Duke of Grafton's Sister to Fidalgo by Sultan out of Tontine.  
 Mr. Mills's b. f. Miss Patch (Sister to Kate) by Lapdog.  
 Mr. Spalding's b. f. Madame d'Jeck, by Langar out of Elephant's dam by Shuttle.

## FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY.—The HOLT STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for fillies then two years old, not engaged in the July Stakes, 8st. 6lb. each, New T. Y. C.  
 Lord Berners's b. f. by Lamplighter out of Sister to Bull-dog.  
 Lord Chesterfield's f. by Emilius out of Surprise by Scud.  
 Mr. S. Chifney's br. f. by Whisker out of Dromedary's dam.  
 Lord Exeter's f. by Lamplighter, dam by Blacklock out of Pope Joan.  
 Duke of Grafton's Sister to Fidalgo by Sultan out of Tontine.  
 Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Phantom out of Maresfield's dam.  
 Lord Jersey's f. by Partisan out of Henrica by Woful.  
 Mr. Mills's Miss Patch, Sister to Kate, by Lapdog.  
 Mr. Nevill's b. f. by Bobadil out of Zoe by Orville.  
 Lord Oxford's f. by Whisker out of Elizabeth by Rainbow.  
 Duke of Rutland's bl. f. by Lamplighter, dam by Orville, grandam by Zodiac, out of Jerboa—(bought of Mr. Nowell).

## SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY.—The PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts 8st. 5lb. and fillies 8st. 3lb., then two years old, T. Y. C.  
 Lord Berners's ch. c. by Lamplighter, dam by Juniper.  
 Lord Chesterfield's c. Comet by Emilius out of Octaviana by Octavian.  
 Lord Chesterfield's c. by Langar out of Weeper's dam.  
 Mr. Chifney's b. f. by Whisker out of Pigmy by Election.  
 Mr. Chifney's b. f. by Whisker out of Shoveler (Sister to Sailor) by Scud.  
 Lord Exeter's Sister to Spencer, by Sultan out of Dulcinea by Cervantes.  
 Lord Exeter's Sister to Cactus, by Sultan out of Dahlia's dam.  
 Lord Exeter's c. by Rodgauntlet out of Miss Cantley by Stamford.  
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Brother to Octave by Emilius out of Whigig.  
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Emilius out of Minuet by Waxy.  
 Sir S. Graham's c. Mohair by Camel, dam by Whalebone out of Ransom.  
 Gen. Grosvenor's c. Nautilus by Skiff out of Serpedon's dam.  
 Mr. Henry's br. f. by Camel out of Monimia by Muley.  
 Mr. Kent's f. by Reveller out of Lamia (Sister to Quail) by Gobauna.  
 Lord Lichfield's Brother to Terry Alt, by Sligo out of Miniature by Eubena.  
 Lord Lichfield's Sister to Mounteagle, by Langar out of Cora by Master Bagot.

Lord Lichfield's c. by Filho da Puta out of Tintoretto by Rubens.  
 Lord Lichfield's c. by Emilius out of Sister to Spermaceet.  
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Lurcher by Greyleg out of Harpalica.  
 Lord Orford's c. by Tramp out of Medina by Selim.  
 Col. Peel's b. c. by Filho da Puta out of Young Rapid's dam.  
 Col. Peel's ch. f. Adana by Sultan out of Rachel by Whalebone.  
 Mr. R. Pettit's b. f. Kate Kearney by Benedict, by Whalebone out of Bravura.  
 Mr. R. Pettit na. Sister to Zulma by Sultan out of Emma.  
 Duke of Richmond's c. by Mameluke out of Loo by Waxy.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's Veronica by Velocipede—Charity by Tramp.  
 Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Buzzard out of Clansman's dam.  
 Mr. Sowerby's b. c. Dunois by Filho, dam by Election, out of Lionel Lincoln's dam by Sorcerer.  
 Sir M. Wood's c. by Whisker out of Pastime by Partisan.  
 Sir M. Wood's c. by Camel out of Aspasia by Pericles.  
 Sir M. Wood's c. by Partisan out of Scratch by Selim.  
 Sir M. Wood's f. by Bustard out of Cameline, Sister to Camel.

#### GOODWOOD.

**FIRST DAY.**—The DRAWING ROOM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with a bonus by an independent subscription of 10 sovs. each. Non-subscribers to the bonus cannot be members of the Sweepstakes, but a subscriber to one bonus is entitled to name one horse to the Sweepstakes not his own property, or any number of horses *bona fide* his own property; three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 8lb. extra; the second for either, 4lb. extra. Once round, Drawing Room Stakes Course. The second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes. The winner to pay 25 sovs. to the Judge.

Lord G. Bentinck na. Mr. Greville's b. c. Jonas, Brother to Whale.  
 Mr. Bristow's b. c. Donald by Cain.  
 Mr. Bristow's b. c. Languid (Sister to Languish) by Cain.  
 Lord Chesterfield's Mammoth by Leviathan, dam by Figaro.  
 Lord Conyngham na. Mr. Biggs's Muliana, Sister to Muley Moloch.  
 Mr. Cosby's b. c. Stradbally by Waterloo or Reveller.  
 Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Zealot's dam.  
 Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan out of Marinella by Soothsayer.  
 Lord James Fitzroy na. Mr. Forth's Louisa by Longwaist.  
 Mr. Gardner's Comet by Whalebone.  
 Mr. Grant na. b. c. by Longwaist out of Doll Tearsheet.  
 Mr. Gratwicke na. Sister to Echo by Emilius, dam by Scud or Pioneer.  
 Lord R. Grosvenor na. Mr. I. Day's Lubentia (Sister to The Mummer) by Reveller out of Matilda.  
 Mr. Henry na. b. c. by St. Patrick out of Emiliana's dam.  
 Mr. W. Horn's f. Lady Canford by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.  
 Lord Jersey's f. by Godolphin out of Sister to Cobweb.  
 Sir F. Johnstone's b. f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles, out of Mary (foaled in 1817).  
 Lord Lichfield na. Mr. Greville's Fannus, Brother to Dryad.  
 Lord Lowther's g. by Reveller out of Trictrac by Dick Andrews.  
 Mr. Mills's Brother to Kate by Lapdog out of Effie Deans.  
 Col. Peel's Rosalie by Whalebone out of Electress.  
 Col. Peel's c. by Emilius out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet by Blacklock.

Mr. Ponsonby na. Mr. Etwall's The Maid of Underley (Sister to Mussulman) by Muky.  
Duke of Richmond's ch. g. by Helenus out of Arbia.

Mr. Rush's br. c. Rebel by Whalebone out of Romp.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. Defensive by Defence, dam by Selim.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Delightful by Defence out of Lady Stumps by Tramp.

Mr. Thornhill's br. c. by Merlin out of Surprise by Scud.

Lord Verulam's f. by Reveller out of Manille by Orville.

Sir M. Wood's Charivari by Reveller out of Aline by Woful.

Sir M. Wood's ro. f. (Sister to Baleine) by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam.

Mr. Yates's Bentley by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth by Cervantes.

Lord Uxbridge, Mr. Payne, Mr. W. M. Stanley, Gen. Grosvenor, Mr. W. Chifney,  
Mr. Ridsdale, Lord Stradbroke, Capt. Byng, and Lord Worcester are subscribers  
to the bonus only.

The LAVANT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner of the July or either of the Two-year-old Stakes at Ascot to carry 4lb. extra. Half a mile.

Capt. G. Bulkeley's ch. c. Honorificabilitudinitatibus by Langar out of Delphine by Whisker.

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Sultan out of Eliza Leeds.

Mr. Cosby's br. c. Jacopo by a brown horse called Magnum Bonum (supposed to be by Cervantes) out of The Bravo's dam.

Lord Exeter's Sister to Cactus.

Mr. Gardnor's b. f. by Gaberlunzie out of Luna.

Sir L. Glyn's Brother to St. Nicholas.

Mr. Gratwicke's b. c. by Emilius, dam by Phantom out of an own Sister to Election.

Mr. Gratwicke's ch. f. by Partisan out of Frederica by Little John.

Mr. Kent's f. by Reveller out of Lamia.

Lord Lichfield's Brother to Terry Alt.

Mr. Mills's b. c. Lurcher by Greyleg out of Harpalice.

Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Reliance, Sister to Revenge.

Duke of Richmond's c. by Mameluke out of Loo by Waxy.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence out of Eliza, Sister to Defiance.

Mr. Wreford's c. by Sultan out of Mr. Fellowes's Escape.

Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence by Camel out of Moses's dam.

SECOND DAY.—The VERULAM STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies then three years old, 8st. 7lb. each. The last mile of the Drawing Room Stakes Course.

Lord Chesterfield na. Sir M. Wood's Sister to Baleine.

Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan out of Marinella.

Mr. Forth's Louisa by Longwaist out of Miss Witch.

Sir F. Johnstone's b. f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles, out of Mary (foaled in 1817).

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Delightful by Defence out of Lady Stumps by Tramp.

Lord Tavistock na. Rosalie by Whalebone out of Electress.

Lord Verulam's f. by Mameluke out of Varennes.

THIRD DAY.—The MOLCOMB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds—colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. T. Y. C. A winner before starting (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to carry 5lb. extra; the winner of the Lavant Stakes to carry 7lb. extra—no horse to carry more than 7lb. extra.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. by Partisan out of Duckling.

Capt. G. Bulkeley's ch. f. Bucephalia by Emilius out of The Odd Trick by Quiz (Trickery's dam).

Lord Chesterfield's Willful Will by Langer out of Weeper's dam.  
 Mr. Cosby's Sister to Pussy by Pollio out of Valva.  
 Lord Exeter's Sister to Mimosa.  
 Mr. Forth's b. c. by Mameluke out of Maiden by Orville.  
 Mr. Gardner's b. f. by Gaberlunsie out of Luna.  
 Mr. Greville's gr. c. Marmoset by Helenus out of Dandizette.  
 Gen. Grosvenor's f. Symmetry by Phantom out of Maresfield's dam.  
 Mr. Kent's f. by Reveller out of Lamia.  
 Mr. Mills's Lurcher by Greyleg out of Harpalice.  
 Mr. R. Prince's ch. c. by St. Patrick, dam (foaled in 1825) by Master Henry, grandam by Precipitate.  
 Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Reliance, Sister to Revenge.  
 Duke of Richmond's c. by Mameluke out of Loo.  
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence out of Eliza, Sister to Defiance.  
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence, dam by Don Cossack out of Mistake.  
 Mr. Spalding's c. by Actæon out of Cora by Waxy out of Vourneen.  
 Lord Tavistock's c. by Royal Oak out of Lyrnessa.  
 Mr. Wreford's f. by Sultan out of Liverpool's dam.  
 Mr. Yates's Vagary, Sister to Vagabond.  
 Mr. Yates's Adana by Sultan out of Rachel.

LAST DAY.—THE RACING SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. The winner of the July, Clearwell, Criterion, or Prendergast Stakes to carry 3lb. extra; of the Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, 2000gs., 1000gs., or Drawing Room Stakes, and the winner of the St. James's Palace Stakes and 100 sovs. Produce Stakes at Ascot, to carry 6lb. extra; of the Derby or Oaks, 9lb. extra; a winner of both Derby and Drawing Room Stakes to carry 12lb. extra—no horse to carry more than 12lb. extra. The last mile of the Drawing Room Stakes Course.

Lord Chesterfield's Mammoth by Leviathan, dam by Figaro.  
 Mr. Forth's Louise by Longwaist.  
 Mr. Greville's br. c. Faunus (Brother to Dryad) by Whalebone out of Harpalice.  
 Mr. Henry na. Charivari by Reveller out of Aline by Woful.  
 Lord Jersey's Glencove by Sultan out of Trampoline.  
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Pincher by Lapdog out of Fancy.  
 Col. Peel's Harum Scarum by Bedlamite.  
 Duke of Richmond's f. by Emilius out of The Witch.  
 Mr. Rush's br. c. Rebel by Whalebone out of Romp.  
 Mr. Sadler's Defensive by Defence.

## THE HUNTING CAMPAIGN IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Atherstone Hounds—Mr. Applewhaite's Stud and Establishment—Mr. E. Peel's Harriers—Mr. Loraine Smith's Pack—Marquis of Hastings—Commencement of the Season with Mr. Holyoake's Hounds under the Management of Mr. Green, &c.

SIR,

THE hunting campaign having the centre of the county which again commenced, I shall they hunt. The kennel is situated at Witherley, a village in Leicestershire, about a mile from Atherstone being

Atherstone. I believe I promised you an account of these hounds last season, and I have deferred it thus long from wishing to improve my acquaintance with them, in order to do greater justice to their merits. Their country embraces a considerable portion of both Leicestershire and Warwickshire, with, I believe, a small part of Staffordshire. The boundary line passes from Lutterworth to Croft Hill, joining Mr. Holyoake's country; then to Martinshaw, a neutral covert; passing thence by Ashby-de-la-Zouch to Seal Woods, here having Mr. Meynell on the frontier; thence to Sutton Park; a considerable tract of country extends hence towards Wolverhampton, which is not hunted, lying between the Atherstone and the Albrighton countries. The boundary now passes by Maystoke Castle to Combe Abbey, near Coventry; thence to Cesters Over, bordering on Mr. Thornhill's or the Warwickshire country; thence to Lutterworth, where we started, touching on the Pytchley country at this point. A track so extensive necessarily contains much variety of open and woodland, the wild and savage, the tame and cultivated. The worst country is woodland, near Maystoke, but very useful in cub-hunting. The best is about Cesters Over, but does not this season abound in foxes. What is called the Dunchurch country, formerly hunted by the Atherstone hounds when under the direction of Lord Anson, latterly by the Pytchley, is now attached to the Warwickshire country, to which it naturally belongs. The present Master of the Atherstone hounds is Mr.

Applewhaite, who resides at Lindley Hall, in Leicestershire, about three miles from the kennel. This Gentleman succeeded Sir John Gerard, and is now commencing his third season. The establishment at Witherley consists of twenty-one hunters and fifty-seven couple of working hounds, with their attendants. The kennels are not on the magnificent scale of those at Thrusington and Belvoir, but, though small, are convenient and healthy, consisting of two principal yards with lodging houses, and two smaller ones, with proportionate houses, a boiling house, and feeding room. The last-mentioned place is rather small, but the arrangement of the whole is good, and the perfect cleanliness and sweetness of the whole well worthy imitation in larger establishments. There is, of course, a field into which the kennels open. The only defect of any consequence appears to be the want of a slaughter-house and shambles. The stables and servants' houses form a small nearly square court, and contain at the present time twenty-one hunters; fourteen of which are allotted to the servants, five each to the huntsman and first whip, and four to the second whip. They are all very clever animals, and, what is not always the case, the men are as well mounted. The horses I most admired were, a roan, not very neat, but with admirable points, rode by the huntsman three or four seasons, and an old grey mare, plain, but an out-and-outer, rode by the first whip. Mr. Applewhaite's own lot are very neat, particularly a black mare, Eliza by name, an elegant creature, and as good as she is

handsome. There is, too, an Irish horse called Wellington, a great favorite of his master: a brown horse, Jerry Sneak, bought of Mr. Henry Peyton, looked like going. There are five or six Irish horses in the stud, all clever—one in particular, of a bad chesnut colour, named Mercury, of extraordinary power, and very fast with it formerly. The stable management appeared extremely good, and all the horses seemed very fresh on their legs, with good coats, without either singeing or clipping; and the temperature of the stables moderate—not outrageously hot as at Melton. The hounds are not hunted in dog and bitch packs according to modern fashion, but mixed according to age and size. There are some very handsome large hounds: one in particular, Joker, got by Mr. Wickstead's Joker out of his Countess, would bear a comparison with the finest of the Belvoir pack: he is three years old, white with a tanned head, and black patches on the side and head, stands very lofty, with immense bone and muscle, and in running tops his fences like a greyhound. Among the one-year-old hounds are four by him out of Dainty—Jovial, Judgment, Juggler, and Juliet, all very clever. There is a seven-year-old hound whom I like better than Joker, as I am not an admirer of large animals, Delegate, brother to Dainty, out of Amazon by the Duke of Beaufort's Dorimant. Among the two-year-old hounds are a litter of five by him out of Miracle, which it would be difficult to match as a single litter in any kennel in the kingdom: and among the one-year-olds are five

more by him out of the same bitch, which, if possible, promise to be superior to their elder brethren. The other dogs from which Mr. Applewhaite is now breeding in his own pack are, Leader, five years old; Marksman, a son of Delegate; and Monitor. There are two bitches, sisters, one year old, Gadfly and Graceful, which took my fancy amazingly: I never saw anything prettier than Graceful, small as hounds are run upon now a-days, but quite big enough for work: they are by Hercules out of Gertrude. If, however, I mention all that I admired, I should give you a catalogue of the young hounds, of which there are seventeen couple and a half. I must observe that Mr. Applewhaite has spared neither trouble nor expense in breeding, having blood from nearly all the crack packs in the kingdom—from Lord Scarbrough's, the Duke of Rutland's, the Duke of Beaufort's, Mr. Osbaldeston's, Lord Tavistock's, Lord Southampton's, Sir R. Puleston's, Mr. Meynell's, Mr. Wicksted's, the Quorn, and the Warwickshire; so as to be able to cross for several years without going from home.

Mr. Applewhaite is very fortunate in his servants. Robert Thurlow, the huntsman, was many years head-whip to Mr. Assheton Smith, both in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire—that is to say, with the Quorn and Burton Hunts: he was head-whip to Lord Anson during the whole time he hunted the Atherstone country, remained there during the season Sir John Gerard kept the hounds, and has been huntsman since Mr. Applewhaite took the country. He is a light

weight, a good horseman, and a steady rider, always well up with his hounds, and very quiet in the field, and has given great satisfaction as a huntsman. Jess, the first whip, commenced his career with Lord Anson, having come to him from a training stable at Hedgford. By the bye, Jess is not his name; it is a *nom de guerre*, given him from formerly having had the care of a mare so called. He thoroughly understands his business, has a famous voice, is a thrusting rider, who fancies nobody can beat him—which by the way is half the battle—and is generally right in his opinion. He has now been in the country eleven years. Of Henry, the second whip, I do not know much: indeed, I forget whence he came, but I think he is the son of a huntsman: he is also a light weight and a good rider, but wants voice, and is not very quick in getting tail-hounds up: he is young, and will improve.

Mr. Applewhaite does not interfere in the management of the hounds in the field: he, too, is a light weight, and a very good performer over a country—gentlemanlike and quiet in the field, and hunting the country with the utmost fairness, so that every one in it who keeps a horse can hunt at regular intervals without going immoderate distances. It would be wonderful if he were not a general favorite: this he is; and there has never been a Master of the country who has given such general—I am wrong—such universal satisfaction. His fixtures are made, not with a view to his own convenience, or to that of some favored subscriber, but for the convenience of the country at large.

There is one thing about his establishment which I very much like, trifling though it may seem; that is, the style in which his servants always turn out: gloves clean, boot-tops a good colour, altogether looking as if they belonged to a Gentleman, and presenting a strong contrast to the appearance of some of their neighbours.

The Atherstone hounds did not begin cub-hunting until late in September, so that many of their coverts were undisturbed until the commencement of the regular season: *par consequence* they have not had many good runs at present, as the foxes want disturbing. I think the hounds are not quite so steady as they were last season, but this is always the case where cubbing it begun late. They are in fine condition, always carry a good head, have plenty of dash, and are very musical.

They opened the campaign on Monday, November 4, at Bosworth, with rather a small retinue—Mr. Applewhaite, Mr. Russell (late Master of the Warwickshire, residing for the season at Kirby Mallory in Leicestershire), Sir John Kaye, Mr. Farnham of Quorn, Mr. Moore of Appleby, and about fifty more. They soon found, ran up to Sutton Ambions, then a short ring, and killed: in drawing back, a fox was unfortunately chopped in a small plantation, and here most of the Gentlemen, not anticipating any farther sport, returned home. The hounds continued drawing, and soon found a third fox, who went gallantly away straight for Burbage Wood, near which he got to ground, after running fifty minutes at the best pace in a straight line over a good com-

try; and as the hounds had had blood enough, he was left for another day. Mr. Applewhaite keeps his own hunters at Witherley, having only his hacks at Lindley Hall.

There is one pack of harriers kept in the Atherstone country belonging to Mr. Edmund Peel, of Bone Hill, near Tamworth, but they are in good management, and never interfere with the fox-hounds, nor disturb their coverts. The pack belonging to Mr. Lorraine Smith, of Enderby, also hunt occasionally in the country, but have never proved an annoyance. Indeed, there can be no question that harriers well managed are an advantage to a fox-hunt, as they prevent foxes lying out of covert, which they are very apt to do in mild seasons. The Atherstone pack have had several pretty runs during the last fortnight; but as they were rings they are hardly worth commemorating. During next month I hope to see something superior with them, when my pen will not be idle, though incapable of doing justice to this very capital pack.

Lord Hastings has not quite completed his arrangements: he has got country, horses, and hounds, but has not yet succeeded in getting a huntsman. His harriers are to be disposed of, and are well worth the attention of any one wanting a superior pack; they have been regularly hunted up to the present time, and have had very good sport. I hope to be able to give you a full, true, and particular account of the new pack, their performances and country, for your next Number.

Melton has at present very few visitors. Among the old sojourners now down are Lords Hoke-

by, Kinnard, and Forester, Count Matschevitz, and Mr. Marjoribanks. There is only one new comer at present, Mr. Campbell. Lord Macdonald is coming, and there may be others, but they are as yet unknown to fame. I fear that fox-hunting has reached its acme, and I am destined to be the unhappy historian of its decline and fall. There is a spirit of innovation abroad, a restless desire of something new, which cannot be too much deprecated. Conceive with what horror and surprise I learned that a custom coeval with the existence of Leicestershire hunting, venerable alike from its antiquity and the great names who had consecrated its observance, was about to be abrogated; and oh! "unkindest cut of all," by a real Leicestershire native. Such, however, is the ever-to-be-lamented-and-never-sufficiently-to-be-regretted fact. Extinct are the splendours of our opening day. The sun no longer shines on the glories of Kirby Gate: there is now no first Monday in November. Cruel Mr. Green! how can you expect to live through the season after such an atrocity! Fear you not ever-recurring blank days, and to be worried by the foxes at night? Nevertheless, if they forgive, so will I. The longest lane has a turning.

Mr. Holyoake's hounds began hunting on Wednesday, Nov. 6, at Beeby—only four Meltonians out, and a small field of county people, including Mr. Green: drew Beeby Gorse blank, a judgment on us: Scraftoft ditto; came to Botany Bay and found; ran by Barkby Holt, went forwards, then turned for Queneborough;—left them running at a

very slow pace, but heard that they walked him to death in the course of the afternoon.

Saturday, Nov. 9th, met at Six Hills. Never saw so little *pink* at this place before. There were seven or eight Melton men out, and a great number of horses—four very fine ones of Mr. Lyne Stephens—several people from Leicester, Nottingham, and the adjacent parts. Drew Munday's Gorse blank, an unheard-of and monstrous occurrence: went to Thrussington Wolds; blank again!—went to Shoby Scoles; put out a brace of foxes: the one the hounds first came upon ran up to the road along till level with Lord Aylesford's Gorse, where he turned for the Scoles again, and got into a drain, after a gentle airing of five minutes. It was no use losing time in digging out a bad fox; so went to the reed-bed below the Scoles: found directly; ran to Lord Aylesford's Gorse, hunted him through, and ran prettily to Grimston; came to a check among some sheep; after several casts came upon the scent; hunted slowly up Saxilby Gorse, then to some gorse near Dalby Wood at rather a better pace—Mr. Pug had stopped here to pay his respects to a friend, and both jumped off together. We of course stuck to our old acquaintance, who went well away for Broughton, leaving his pursuers to fight their way through the bogs as well as they might, which I fear some of the strangers found mighty unpleasant. Our friend in the fur jacket, not wanting refreshment, did not call at the village, but, crossing the Melton and Nottingham road, held this course below Piper Hole, past Clawson Thorns,

by Hose Brockells to Goadby, where being quite out of his latitude, he did not seem to know whether he was going backwards or forwards, and was killed, dying ingloriously in a ditch. The run from first to last was two hours and ten minutes—the beginning and ending slow, the middle part very good. The Count went well, as did also Lord Kinnaird. There was a new Meltonian out, but not knowing his horse I could not mark him. I should think him too heavy to lead, but not so much so as to prevent his having a good place, if his cattle be of the right sort.

Mr. Holyoake's hounds are, as I stated in my last, under the direction of Mr. Green, a good sportsman, but residing in the Harborough country. The number of horses and hounds is as I stated last month. Lord Hastings has the draught hounds, about eighteen couples, leaving about sixty couple in the kennel at Thrussington. Mr. Holyoake's hounds had some very pretty runs in October—one at Widmerpool in particular. After finding in the plantation, ran a little way towards Kinoulton, turned by Lodge on the Wolds, went over the remains of Wynnstay, a deceased covert, threaded the brook to Lammin Gap, went up by Stanton towards Bunney Wood, twenty minutes very fast; came to a check, and as the hounds had been at Bunney a day or two before, stopped them, wishing to rout some other coverts: drew a gorse blank, as also Kinoulton; went to Parson's Gorse, and found directly; came over the Hickling road, passed the barn on the hill to the Widmerpool Plantations, round

Lodge on the Wolds, recrossed the foss-road, and went down the hill below the Owthorpe Plantations, five-and-twenty minutes very fast—a very warm day, and horses nearly beat. The hounds now turned up the hill, and went in the direction of Langar, a mile before the horsemen, and at a slapping pace; but coming to a check on the road to Colston, Pug made such good use of his time that he saved his brush for another day. There were out Lord Rancilffe, Mr. Cradock, several Officers of the Queen's Bays, one of whom, Mr. Camp-

bell, quite a young one, went very well. There were plenty of falls, but a fox-hunter should have a little of the blood of Antæus in him, and rise refreshed by the embraces of his Mother Earth. Nothing shews a man's pluck so much as October hunting; and I have seen as good sport in this month as in any month in the year; but not being fashionable, people afraid of falls affect to despise it. It is Post-time, so good bye!

WILL CARELESS.

November 17, 1833.

#### —◆— LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR HARRY GOODRICKE.

SIR,

**M**AY I claim the favor of an early insertion of the following Lines in your admirable Magazine.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

CLIO.

Leicestershire, Nov. 21, 1833.

THE last leaf lingers in the breeze  
As loath to quit the scene,  
Where late it dance'd with sportive ease,  
Array'd in brightest green:

And one fair flower on autumn's breast  
Its fragrant head has bent,  
And seems, as it sinks in its beautiful rest,  
To murmur a Summer lament.

But Winter comes! its glowing fire  
Shall chase the gaudy sun,  
And gay and gladsome hearts inspire  
With hopes of a brilliant run.

Yet a cloud is on each youthful brow  
That's join'd the gallant chase,  
For him who feels no triumph now—  
That tears his memory grace.

Brief is the space since his proud heart  
To the huntsman's horn swell'd high;  
But now in the tomb it can calmly rest  
'Mid his silent ancestry.

Yes, Winter comes ! and its falling snow  
 Shall blanch his hallow'd grave ;  
 But dissolve, as the tears of friends fall slow,  
 For the cherish'd, the young, the brave.

He is gone to those realms so sunny, so fair—  
 Where no eye weeps, where no bosom sighs—  
 And the Angel that signals his entrance there  
 Has recorded his charities.

Chill now are the forms his munificent heart  
 Snatch'd from the cold grasp of despair ;  
 And oh ! may *the mercy* he press'd to impart  
 Be repaid him with interest ~~name~~ !

Yet eyes will be weeping, and bosoms will ache,  
 To reflect he is fled in his bloom ;  
 And feel in their anguish they never can break  
 The fetters that rivet his tomb.

Hope illumines the darkness that shadows the dead,  
 Her smiles every bosom bedeck ;  
 For a HOLYOAKE now its gay foliage has spread,  
 To shelter, to cheer, to protect.

Beneath its broad branches may Fox-hunting flourish,  
 The needy benevolence claim ;  
 And the heart's gentle inmate, fond memory, nourish  
 Sir HARRY's long joy-giving *name*.

Let it's halo encircle each now drooping head :  
 Let its smile banish every tear :  
 And Time's lenient pencil depict the loved dead.....  
 Intents each warm heart must revere.

Let remembrance of him who now slumbers so cold  
 Still on earth hold a magical sway,  
 The despairing encourage, the timid embold,  
 As the woods joyous echo—"AWAY !"

In allusion to the ever-to-be-lamented death of Sir Harry Goodricke, I am sure, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me that the less said on that deplorable event the better : indeed how could an individual describe a universal feeling of sorrow. His death is recorded in every heart, and read in every eye. To Leicestershire his loss is irreparable indeed !

#### HURDLE RACE AT BRIGHTON.

**B**RIGHTON was never known to be more full than since their Majesties took up their winter-quarters at the Pavilion. "All the world and his wife" are there, including a long list of Sportsmen of the first grade. Several of the latter, anxious to afford amusement "in their way" to the fashionables, who do not follow either the brush or the scut, announced a Hurdle Race for the 15th of November, and it was expected their Majesties would honour it with their presence ; but in this the public were disap-

pointed. The day proved tolerably fine, and the hill overlooking the Race-course was studded with splendid equipages, and there were numerous horsemen on the course, the whole presenting a most animated scene: indeed there were more persons present than at any Brighton Races for years past. The conditions were—"Hurdle Sweepstakes of 5*g*s. each, for horses not thoroughbred, that have never won any Stakes or Plate, to carry 12*st*. each, to be *bona fide* the property of Gentlemen only, and to be rode by Gentlemen. Ten subscribers or no race. To be run over the New Course, mile and three quarters, taking six leaps in the race over sheep-hurdles, three going out, and three coming home; starting from the winning-post. Any horse following through a gap that a leading horse may have made to be considered distanced." Ten subscribers entered their names, and nine appeared at two o'clock on the day named; but the riders did not mount till near three, in the hope that the Court would be present. The following horses started:—

Earl of Errol's Ensign, rode by.....T. Tourl, Esq.  
 Sir R. Falkiner's Gulnare .....H. Bentham, Esq.  
 Lord Dillon's Pegasus .....Owner.  
 Mr. Goring's Don Juan .....J. S. Sconswar, Esq.  
 Mr. Sivewright's Sailor .....Towers Smith, Esq.  
 Mr. Kemp's Jerry.....Owner.  
 Mr. Bates's Swerver, F. Heysham, Esq.  
 Mr. Wadsworth's Maseppa.....Owner.  
 Mr. Colyer's Rockingham.....Owner.  
 Lieut. Gen. Sir R. Kier Grant, K. C. B., and Col. Sir George Tensdale, Stewards.

The hurdles were the stout black wattles, which will bend

but not break, and were placed, the first near the distance-post, the second 80 yards farther down in the flat, and another 80 yards lower down. Don Juan, the property of Mr. Goring, a noble horse, master of almost any weight, and a fine slashing goer, well known in Leicestershire, stood first favorite; but as the horses were little known, the betting was trifling, and of no account. Mr. Sivewright's Sailor, another great-un, and powerful withal, almost shared the honour of favoritism with the Don. At the word "Go" the nine horses went off in splendid style, all charging the first hurdle *a-breast*, with plenty of topping *the stout twigs*, but no fall, and all well over. The second was done in the same style; and at the third, Don Juan, Sailor, and Maseppa, went over, the three abreast, quite beautiful to behold, as many of the fairer sort declared. Once over, Don Juan took up the running at a strong pace, with Sailor waiting upon him, and apparently most determined to *shipwreck* the Don (not in the Gulf of Lyons, but to trip up his heels on the Brighton Race-course). These two horses kept the lead in the same form all up the hill, round the turn, and back again to the turn in of the straight running, with Ensign waiting for promotion about ten lengths behind; and Maseppa, the wild horse, by Arbitrator—taught to be sufficiently tame by the pace, and very much inclined to prove the genuineness of his blood by waiting behind to arbitrate. Pegasus and his rider Perseus must have been dreaming of a flight through the air; and Gulnare, Rockingham, and Jerry, most likely became so interested in this wonderful winged steed,

and his Noble uncapped rider, that they quite forgot to try for the race, and allowed the Swerver, a most ominous named one, to make up all his lost ground (at least 200 yards, in consequence of his stopping at the last hurdle), and to shoot up with a strong pull, and take the lead from Don Juan and Sailor in the straight run in. Away went the Swerver ten lengths a-head, looking as much like winning as is possible in the glorious uncertainty of the Turf; and a hundred yards from the first return hurdle Don Juan, Ensign, and Sailor, were rolling about, and to all appearance beat: but at this critical moment Ensign, resolved on promotion, made a gallant struggle: his rider judiciously helped him with hand and spur, and slash he went at the hurdles, ready to take advantage of Swerver's naughty practices. At the last hurdle the crowd pressed in so disgracefully that the Swerver shrunk somewhat, and dwelt a little in his leap: it was fatal to his chance. The Ensign saw the baton of Field Marshal upheld by the gallant Sir George Teasdale; the prize was tempting; he made one glorious effort, and came in first by a length some say, others by half a length; and the rider of Swerver knew so little how much, that he was uncertain whether he had won or no. The noble mas-

ter of the Ensign dubbed him Field Marshal for his performance and putting a 50l. note into his pocket. Swerver raised his character by being second at such disadvantages; and Don Juan lost none of his fame in being beaten in bad condition, but gave ample promise, from his style of going, that a fortnight's preparation would have shorn the Ensign of his promotion. Sailor let out all his reefs, and made a great press of sail, but found he could not contend with the *land-lubbers*; and Mazeppa remained a good way behind, in order to arbitrate with justice.

So finished one of the prettiest races ever seen on the Brighton Course: there was no dispute, the thing was well done, and everybody felt satisfied; and, had it not been for the *unruly* multitude breaking in upon the horses, the whole would have been perfect.

It is in contemplation to get up another race on the 20th of next month with the same conditions, to which there are already six subscribers, with the Earl of Errol as a Steward.—Some people object to a Hurdle-race, because it interferes with hunting: I am one of those who would prefer to witness such a race as that on the 15th of November to all the wonderful runs hounds ever have round this strange hunting country.

JAVELIN.

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LETTER FROM THE OWNER OF THE ALBATROSS,  
IN REFUTATION OF THE ATTACK MADE ON THAT YACHT BY J.B.G.

SIR,  
**M**Y attention has been called to a Letter in your October Number, dated from Cowes, and signed "*J.B.G.*," in which letter a most shameful attack has been

Bill Hill, November 12, 1833.  
made upon a yacht called the Albatross of 74 tons. As the attack has been made under initials, I might have contented myself with merely stating, in reply,

that the assertions contained in *that* letter, with regard to the vessel, are FALSE, and so passed it by in contempt: but I think it unfair to the builder so to do, and that many who might have read the letter would scarcely be content without more proof than mere denial.

With regard to the King's Cup, it was awarded to the Albatross; but "*J. B. G.*" carefully abstains from saying anything about the difference of tonnage between the vessels, the Alarm being 120 tons larger than the Albatross. With regard to the race for the Duchess of Kent's Cup, in that race the Albatross carried her mast away at the end of the first round, having passed the starting vessel fifteen minutes before the second vessel in the race. The fact of the vessel having carried her mast away must have been known to "*J. B. G.*" if he was in Cowes at the time: if he was not, he had no business to state anything on the subject.—The loss of the mast leads me to the next accusation, that the vessel could not go over to Cherbourg against a head-wind and sea. After the race for the Duchess of Kent's Cup, it was with great difficulty that a spar could be found to make a fresh mast; and so little time was there before the Squadron sailed, that the new mast could not be got ready till twelve o'clock the day before. At that hour it was lowered into the vessel; and though in six hours from that time she was under sail, owing to a calm she did not reach Cowes Roads till three o'clock in the morning the Squadron was to sail: of course everything in the vessel that had to be moved to get the mast in was adrift, and some of the hulk-heads down; besides which,

water and all other requisites for the expedition had to be taken on board in an hour or two. Not liking to disappoint the Commodore, the vessel was put under sail with the rest of the Squadron, and only put about outside after the time was lost, intending to anchor at St. Helen's for that night, put all things to rights, and join the Squadron at Cherbourg next day. On her way over, on the following day, she met, mid-Channel, with that terrible gale in which so many vessels were lost: before that gale she bore up and returned to St. Helen's, from which, as it still continued to blow so heavy, she next day, under her trysail, beat up to Cowes. Three other vessels attempted it, but were forced to give it up, and run for Portsmouth.

From the time the Albatross was launched till the Regatta time, she was at sea, outside of the Island, and in all the stormy part of the months of June and July; during which she passed through the race of Alderney in a heavy gale without straining in the least, although the sea was so bad that one sea broke ten feet up the bolt-rope of the jib.

I will now go one step beyond mere denial, or explanation—I challenge "*J. B. G.*," to bring a cutter of 74 tons, or under, to sail against the Albatross, either the King's Cup Course, or round the Island if he likes outside work, for one hundred pounds.

The drift of the letter is absurdly evident; but I can assure the builder of the Water Witch bows that the countenancing such attacks upon the property of the Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron will bring neither employment nor support.

JOHN LEYFESON GOWER.

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

### SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

#### The Turf.

##### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**NEWMARKET** *First Spring Meeting 1834.*—Thursday: Lord Exeter's Cactus by Sultan agst Mr. Greville's Whale by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. each, A. F., 200, h. ft.

*July Meeting.*—Monday: Duke of Grafton's c. by Cannon Ball or Buzzard, out of Zinc, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Exeter's f. by Lamplighter out of a Blacklock mare out of Pope Joan, 8st. 4lb., New T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

We regret to hear that there are fewer horses in training in the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire for next year than usual, and that there appears, from the numbers at the different training stables, to be a greater scarcity than there has been for some years. No county in England is so liberal to the turf as Lancashire; for the money she annually produces in free gifts for the advancement of the sport is truly surprising. We must then lament that there is a prospect of our seeing but few of its natives or residents next year contending for her glittering prizes; though we trust that many may, ere the season dawns, supply their stables by purchase.

**Heaton Park Races.**—It is with no small degree of pleasure we learn that the number of subscribers already put down for the several Stakes for the next Meeting far exceed in numbers any former year; and the apparent character of the next bill of fare bids fair to rival the most first-rate Meetings in the North, if it do not run by them. We know, also, that there exists a disposition in the breasts of numerous individuals in the vicinity, who have derived the greatest pleasure in witnessing this delightful Meeting, to be allowed to contribute some prize for contention. In addition to the numerous Stakes which the overflowing list always presents to the notice of the Turfman, such a feeling speaks volumes in shewing the estimation in which the liberality of the Noble Owner of the Park, and

promoter of the Meeting, the Earl of Wilton, is held.

Colonel Gilbert has accepted the office of Steward of Cheltenham Spring Meeting, which will take place about a week before the Bath Spring Meeting.—Fulwar Craven, Esq. and the Colonel also will preside at the Meeting at the same place, which is fixed for the first Tuesday after the Newmarket July Meeting.

Sir Sandford Graham has purchased Mr. S. Stonehewer's Zulima (engaged in the Oaks), by Sultan out of Emma by Orville, winner of the July Stakes.

General Walpole has sold his two-year-old filly by Merlin, dam by Phantom, to Sir F. Johnstone, for 500gs.

Mr. Painter has sold his colt, rising two years, by Filho da Puta out of Tintoretto by Rubens, to Lord Lichfield, for 500gs.

Mr. Kirby has sold Lottery to the French Government for 2000gs. Bruntandorf will stand the next season at his stables.—Mr. Scott has also sold Constant, to go to France.

On the 1st of November a Cup was presented to Mr. Marshall, Clerk of the races at Wolverhampton, as a token of approbation by the Race Committee of his general conduct in his official situation.

#### The Chase.

**SIR.**—On Monday the 11th of November, a gallant stag was turned out before Lord Middleton's hounds, which hunt the country lately hunted by Sir Tatton Sykes, before a field amounting in number to upwards of 180, most of them in scarlet. Pensbridge, a small village about three miles from his Lordship's residence, was the rendezvous, whither the deer had been taken overnight. He was turned out a little after eleven, without the hounds having a sight of him; and after ten minutes law, the gallant pack were laid on, and the scent proving good, a most extraordinary chase ensued, the hounds completely running away from the field; and for the

last three miles, after crossing a small brook that divides the parishes of Sateley and Westram, not a soul saw them, and they bore down their game in the middle of Garte Fell, and killed him long before any assistance could arrive. This deer had been hunted several times before by this pack, but never having given them much of a teaser, he was considered slow, and little attention had been paid to the mounting of the servants for the day. Lord Middleton still does the thing in great style, though it appears he inclines more to stag than fox-hunting—but his establishment for rearing and keeping foxes is well worth seeing, there seldom being fewer than twenty or thirty couple of foxes, many of which have shewn great sport, as they always save them when possible. Foxes do not breed well in that part of the country, but his Lordship being liberal is never without a supply.—X.Y.Z.

On Saturday the 26th of October, Henry Blaxland, Esq. of Sittingbourne, was proceeding to unkennel his harriers for the purpose of meeting at Borden, when he was informed by a working-man that he had seen a buck early that morning in the neighbourhood of Tunstall, which must have strayed away a considerable distance, as there are no deer kept for many miles round. This was a chance of sport not to be lost, and Mr. B. after an hour's clever cold hunting, came up with my Gentleman, who started in grand style, with 15 couple of as fine hounds as any in England at his haunches. He crossed the London road several times, and, after a tremendous run of an hour and forty minutes, was taken—thus proving the bottom and speed of Mr. Blaxland's harriers.

SIR—Your Correspondent JAVELIN will find, upon reference to your pages, that SCARLET never designated the East Sussex Hounds as "a fair average pack, without any particularly handsome hound among them:" and he is of opinion that any one who could write thus of Butler, Nelson, Cora, Lotty, and Shepherdeas (all of whom were in force when he knew the pack), can be no great master of his craft.—S.

The Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds commenced their season on the 4th of November at Gleneryan, near Cambernauld. It would seem that an unpleasantness has taken place between a Scottish Judge and the attenders of these hounds; the former complaining of his grounds having been rode over. The latter seem to have done everything to conciliate, and their Secretary has published a manifesto, describing his Lordship's grounds very minutely, requiring all Members and occasional riders with the hounds to "ware Judge." It is to be hoped it may blow over, and not be carried on in the avowed hostility to sporting, more especially fox-hunting, which has exhibited itself of late so strongly in Scotland.

Lord Kintore is in high force, and his Lordship, the Country Gentlemen, and Farmers are on the most harmonious terms possible.

#### STEEPLE CHASES IN IRELAND.

*The 5th Dragoon Guards Steeple Chase.*—This race came off on Thursday, November 7, over the Ashbourne Course. The weather in the morning was bad, but noon cleared up the day, and it continued fine, with the exception of one very severe shower, which, however, luckily spent itself in its own violence. The articles of the race were—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, to which Captain Scott added a Silver Cup; two mile heats, over the Shamrock Course. The following horses came to the post in prime condition, and the race was run as under:—

|                                   |      |   |      |
|-----------------------------------|------|---|------|
| Capt. Belleville's ch. m. (Owner) | 2    | 1 | 1    |
| Capt. King's b. h. (Owner).....   | 3    | 3 | 2    |
| Capt. Knox's Nanny (Owner).....   | 1    | 2 | dis. |
| Sir M. J. Wallace's ch. h.        |      |   |      |
| (Capt. Kaye, 10th Hussars).....   | dis. |   |      |
| Capt. Meade's br. m. (Capt.       |      |   |      |
| Hamilton).....                    | dis. |   |      |

In the first heat all went to work leisurely, the first and second fences being taken nearly altogether; at the third Captain Meade's mare balked, and was subsequently distanced. Sir M. Wallace's horse also refused the last leap but one, and could not recover, although the pace was positively slow: the other three ran well together.—Nanny, who led all through, winning by a neck.—Second, only

three started; Captain Belville made play all through, and won cleverly; the two others being a good second and third: though the pace was not good, the fencing was excellent.—

*Third*, a very pretty piece of sport; Captain Belville again made fail, Captain Knox well laid in; but about half way his horse fell, and though he kept his seat, he was put *hors de combat*. Capt. King then took his place, and the remainder of the contest was beautiful, the leaps being taken actually together; but in the run home after the last, speed would have it, and Captain Belville won cleverly by two lengths. The Cup was then given to the victor; it is richly and handsomely chased, 14 hands high by 12½: it was inscribed—"This Cup is presented to the Officers of his Corps by James Fitzmaurice Scott, Esq. of His Majesty's 5th Regiment of Dragoon Guards, to be annually run for in the first week in November, two mile heats, over a sporting country, added to a subscription of 5 sovs. each horse, to be *bona fide* the property of, and ridden by, an Officer of the Regiment: any Officer winning it three times to become entitled to it—four years, 11st 7lb.; five, 12st. 6lb.; six and aged, 12st. 7lb.—The course was crowded on this first occasion; among whom were, the Earl of Howth, Lord Butler, Lieut.-Col. Sir M. J. Wallace, K. H.; Col. Townsend, Hon. C. J. Radcliffe, and many other well-known amateurs.

A Steeple Chase, which excited considerable interest, was run on Tuesday, November 5, in the Kildare country, near Rathcoole, between the well-known racing hunter Miss Stephens and Mr. O'Reilly's Diamond, who was the winner at three heats. The mare won the first in her usual off-hand style, but could do nothing for the others.

To our *menage* have just been added a "Molacca-cane and a Melton Stop-gate Hunting Whip, with an oblique double-acting Horse-brush," manufactured by Griffiths and Son—the two former announced on our cover "as possessing a decided superiority over every other description hitherto

used; and the latter, "combining two distinct qualities (being both soft and penetrating), well adapted for general stable-use, and worthy the attention of the Nobility and Gentry."—We will add, that they are correctly described, and well deserve the patronage of the Sporting World.

#### ARCHERY.

On the 29th of October a Meeting highly interesting to the admirers of this fashionable amusement took place at Benham Park, near Newbury, the Hill district of the West Berkshire United Archery Club. Two valuable pieces of plate were contended for by the Members of the following Clubs: the United West Berkshire, the Royal Toxophilites, the East Berkshire, and the Blackmoor Foresters. The shooting at 100 yards distance was superior to any that has been witnessed for a considerable time, as the score fully testified. The first prize, an elegant and chaste Silver Claret Vase and Stand, was won by Edwin Meyrick, Esq. of the W.B.U.A.C., whose score was 203 from 55 hits, in 28 double ends. The second prize, a Silver Inkstand, was awarded to the Rev. Mr. Escott, of the same Club, for the best gold. The day being exceedingly fine, the Archery Ground presented a beautiful appearance, being graced by all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood. Among the Company were the Countess Craven, Lord Craven, and Lady Louisa Craven, who, together with the other branches of their family, seemed to take great interest in the sport. The ball took place on the following evening, and was attended by most of the Noble and fashionable families of Berkshire. About 230 sat down to supper, after which dancing was resumed, and kept up with much spirit to Weippert's band until a late hour. This Meeting concluded the season; and the West Berkshire Club have reason to be proud of the situation they have attained to, as, in point of skill, they are presumed to rank second to no Club in the kingdom. A match between them and the Royal Toxophilites is projected for next season, which must necessarily be ex-

tremely interesting to the Archers of England.

#### CRICKET.

A match, which had caused more than common sensation at York, commenced in a field behind the North-street Bar Walls, on Monday, Nov. 4, and continued the two following days, between eleven of the Malton Club, to be selected from 14 names, including the crack players Taylor and Gatenby, and eleven of the York Club. When the men arrived on the ground, it was announced that Gatenby could not play, and the Malton refused to commence the game unless Whimp of Huthwaite, who is a first-rate player, was put in instead of him. After considerable altercation, Malton positively refusing to fulfil their engagement without Whimp, the York Club, not wishing to disappoint the large concourse of spectators, agreed to let him bat and field, but not bowl. About twelve o'clock the playing commenced by the York Club going in, and their first innings terminated by scoring 115. The Malton Club then went in, and at four o'clock the wickets were struck for the night. On Tuesday morning the game was recommenced, and the Malton Club having gone through their first innings made only 28. The Yorkists in their second innings marked 104. This concluded the business of the second day; and on Wednesday morning the Malton men again went in, and scored for the second innings 37. The game finally terminated about two o'clock, leaving a majority in favour of the York Club of 154.—Whimp scored but 3, two in the first, and one in the second innings, and was caught out in both.

#### SPORTING OBITUARY.

**THE LATE MR. HEBER.**—This celebrated book-collector, who died lately at his house in Pimlico, one of his residences, whom Dr. Dibdin in his *Bibliomania* has conspicuously portrayed under the classical name of *Allicur*, was a descendant from the memorable Reginald Heber, of Racing Calendar renown (we believe a grandson), the successor to Mr. John Cheny in that undertaking in 1751.

He was likewise an extensive publisher of Sporting Books and Prints in Fullwood's Rents, Holborn. The collection of the late Mr. H., without doubt, is the largest ever made by one individual, and is supposed to consist of upwards of 500,000 vols., which it is conjectured will realise, when brought to auction, (as there appears now to be no doubt of that being the case,) from 60,000l. to 80,000l. From Mr. H.'s taste, there will be found doubtless a rich and curious collection of Old Writers on Sporting.

#### ANGLING.

**Henley, Nov. 15.**—Various reports having been in circulation as to the success of our Angling Society in the preservation of the fish, with many a hint thrown out that one part of the water had been preserved, the better to stock and profit the other which had not been, the Committee determined to try the state of the fishery, and for that purpose assembled with the necessary requisites on Tuesday the 12th inst. The first haul soon silenced false Rumour with her hundred tongues, three hundred brace of perch, besides other fish, having come to view: four more hauls were made, and the following quantity of fish was taken: 700 brace of perch, many 5lb. a brace; of jack but very few, owing to the quantity of rushes and weeds in the "jack preserve," by which, at the first haul, nearly all the fish escaped, and amongst them one about 14lb. which was seen twice in the net; roach an immense quantity, some near 2lb. each; one fine carp near 6lb. and a fine salmon-trout about 4lb. The fisherman who assisted states the whole to be 25 cwt. of fish. The "gentle craft," however, need not lament at so many fish being taken out of the river without one day's sport, for nearly the whole of the fish were again deposited in their native element. Mr. Page hoisted his cooking apparatus at the point of one of the aits, and the Committee there assembled, about 80 in number, to taste the roach, which were declared to be very fine. We understand the Committee intend applying to the Lord of the Manor, W. P. Freeman, Esq. for

that portion of the water belonging to the Fawley Court Estate, which if the Society's funds (at present very low) will afford, and they can occupy nearly the whole of the water from Marsh Mills to Millend, in two years the Society will have one of the finest and most beautiful fisheries in the kingdom. The extent of water preserved by the Society is about two miles, but not a quarter was drawn, the other part being staked to prevent poaching.

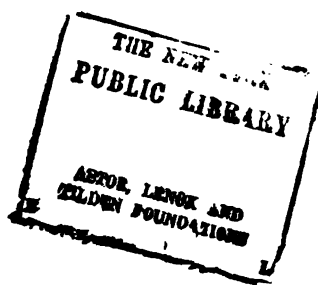
*Caoutchouc, or Indian Rubber.*—Amongst the numerous applications of this substance to which it is now employed, through the investigation and perseverance of Mr. Hancock, those in aid of Piscation, we believe, will not be found the least. We need not revert to the advantages to be derived from *caoutchouc water-proof golothes* and *fishing boots*, apprehending those to be already well known: but we have just heard of a gimp'd Indian Rubber cord, which may be probably turned to account by the fisherman.—The very peculiar cohesive property

that *caoutchouc* possesses, nearly under all circumstances, renders it unfit for fishing lines when formed into cords of itself, or rather uncovered to prevent its cohesion. How far *caoutchouc* in a softened state, or solution, as prepared by Mr. Thomas Hancock, and sold at Messrs. Harvey and Co.'s warehouse, Agar-street, West Strand, will succeed in rendering water-proof some sort of fishing lines, we have not had a fair opportunity of putting to the test; but we have little (if any) doubt that it will completely answer that purpose. We can also venture to prognosticate that on very many occasions, such as joining the various piscatory tackle, this solution will be found extremely useful and valuable. We have made inquiry, and find that the solution in question speedily sets, and in a very short time regains its original properties of elasticity, toughness, and imperviousness to water and damp. *Caoutchouc* can also be procured at the same place in thin sheets, which may be usefully employed on many aquatic occasions.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE learn that a *fracas* has recently taken place between two influential Members of the Turf—Mr. Gully and Mr. Ridsdale—till lately Confederates and confidential friends. It appears the quarrel originated as to the Hon. M.P.'s winnings on the late St. Leger, and that a *blow* was struck, he "not suffering any man to take liberties with his name." The aggrieved party intends appealing to the law for redress.—*Audi alteram partem* is our motto; and we therefore decline entering into an *ex-parte* statement, though authenticated by a Correspondent on whom we unquestionably rely.

**SPANIELS.**—We received the following note from our valued Correspondent A QUARTOGENARIAN, but it arrived too late to attach it to his article.—"In that part where I say, shooting wild spaniels is the only way to steady them from hare, be good enough to add as follows:—I was talking a few days ago to James Moon, the keeper at Strathallan, on this subject, and he tells me that he has this season seven out of ten all steady from hare, and all done by the gun. He told me that when he was a very young man, with the late Duke of Athol, Lord Lonsdale's keeper was down in Blair with a large stock of setters. These, for the time, were of the best kind every way, and in high order; and he mentioned that this man informed him that he had the season before seen the then Duke of Newcastle's spaniels, and that there were from twelve to twenty couple of them all steady from hare and down to shot; adding, that the Duke kept *three clever men*, who did nothing else but attend to and break them. Now if any one could go this expensive way to work with pointer or spaniel, on the same principle as the whippers steady fox-hounds from hare, it would be best and safest, as an accident, especially with so small a dog, might happen to the most careful; but when one man has to do the work of two, or more, and shoot besides, he must call (as in greater instances) machinery to his aid, and the *range* of the gun is the only thing which will convince canine comprehension that the caltiff is *never* out of *your* power of punishment; and which, if out of false feeling you do not enforce, never expect an obedient servant. Some good sportsmen say dogs may be broke too high. This I never can subscribe to; and not looking at it as a mere hobby, or a beautiful system, but as the means to the great and true end, the filling of the game-bag; for never was a truer axiom than that the higher your dogs are broken, by so much greater will be the number of practicable shots you will get in a day either in a wild or good country!"





"TRY BACK."

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.  
SECOND SERIES.

JANUARY, 1834.

No. XLV.

## CONTENTS.

|                                                 |     |                                            |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------------|-----|
| "Try Back!" .....                               | 209 | List of Stallions for 1834, continued .... | 257 |
| Review of the Racing Season 1833, by            |     | Miss Sportley and Skewball .....           | 258 |
| <i>The Young Forester</i> .....                 | 210 | A gentle Rejoinder by "J. B. G." in an-    |     |
| Brighton Hurdle Race .....                      | 216 | swer to <i>Noon Day</i> , &c. ....         | 260 |
| A Shooting Foray to the Welch Moun-             |     | Hounds and Hunting—comprising Ac-          |     |
| tains in Olden Times, by <i>A Quartage-na-</i>  |     | counts from Nineteen Packs, &c. by         |     |
| <i>rius</i> .....                               | 217 | <i>Dashwood</i> .....                      | 266 |
| Paris Races, &c. ....                           | 223 | Woodcock and Water-hen .....               | 275 |
| Coursing Meetings .....                         | 228 | SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:—                    |     |
| Present Race of Fox-hunting Gentlemen, 235      |     | The Turf: Bettings, &c.—the Chase:         |     |
| <i>Harown</i> on breeding from Asiatic Blood .. | 237 | Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. Moray of         |     |
| Canine Pathology .....                          | 238 | Abercainey's Hounds, &c.—Hostility         |     |
| Alleged Cure for Hydrophobia .....              | 242 | to Fox-hunters in Scotland—Foxes out       |     |
| Song—the Chase! .....                           | 243 | of their Places—Emerald Steeple Chase      |     |
| Earl Belfast in Reply to <i>Noon Day</i> .....  | 244 | Cup—Lanarkshire Steeple Chase—Sur-         |     |
| A Few Words from Leicestershire in re-          |     | rey Stag-hounds—Splendid Sporting          |     |
| ply to <i>Will Careless</i> .....               | 246 | Fete—End of the Grouse Season .....        | 276 |
| The Knapton Harriers .....                      | 247 | NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS .....            | 280 |
| New Year's Eve, by <i>Dashwood</i> .....        | 248 | RACING CALENDAR .....                      | 33  |
| Sir Richard Sutton's Hounds .....               | 256 |                                            |     |

## Embellished with

I. TRY BACK! TRY BACK!—II. THE WOODCOCK AND WATER HEN.

## TRY BACK.

"Cast round the sheep's train; cast round, cast round!  
Try back the deep lane; try back, try back."

Engraved by H. R. COOK from a Painting by F. C. TURNER.

**T**HIS is Mr. Turner's fourth plate on the subject, completing the series of illustrations of that far-famed old song—"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

"Hark! I hear some hound challenge in yonder spring sedge;  
Comfort bitch hits it—there, in that old thick hedge.  
Hark forward! hark forward! have at him, my boys.  
Hark forward! hark forward! zounds, don't make a noise!"

The portrait is the celebrated old cropped mare, well known in East Kent, rode by Tom Arnold, of whom honorable mention is made in our fourth volume, Second Series, p. 292, as Huntsman to the East Kent Fox-hounds.

## REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON 1833.

BY THE YOUNG FORESTER.

(Concluded from our last Number, p. 79.)

SIR,

**T**HE Newmarket July Meeting produced but one race of any interest, and that more from its connection with future events than the importance of the current one. Although numerically a large field started for the July Stakes, I am inclined to think very meanly of the lot, and though the race was won easily by Zulima, it says nothing for her chance for the Oaks next year. Unlike the Sultans generally, she is a coarse, strong, and rather vulgar-looking animal, and takes after the dam's sort—the Master Henrys and Richards: her running, however, subsequently in the autumn could not have been right as regarded her July form. With so long an interval from the July to the Prndergast, she should have been tried again, and then “the mistake” would not have happened: she may yet see a better day.

John Day, of Stockbridge, whom everybody knows, long since by his upright and straight-forward conduct on all occasions earned for himself the cognomen of “honest John;” and he certainly is now entitled to vary that at his pleasure with “industrious John;” for if ever man deserved that title, my worthy friend John Day does, if only for the exertions he made at Cheltenham race-time this season to serve one master, without losing sight of the interest of his other. John having been engaged by Mr. West to ride Exile for the Gloucestershire Stakes, anxious not to leave his horses till the last moment (having at that time Revenge and Rover in preparation for Goodwood), although between seventy and eighty long miles yawned between Stockbridge and Cheltenham, actually contrived to be out with his own string on his own Downs on Tuesday morning, and was at Cheltenham time enough to win the Gloucestershire Stakes for Mr. West, and home

again, and out on his own ground the next morning as usual: but that was not all, for on the following (Thursday) morning our hero again headed his own team at home, and reached Cheltenham in time to walk over for the Cup on Exile; for the competitors (on paper) of the latter, terrified more at the perseverance and intrepidity of his jockey than the prowess of the quadruped, withdrew from the contest.

Goodwood could boast this season of by far the most attractive bill of fare for the week over any meeting of the year, and the alteration in the time, by not interfering with the commencement of grouse-shooting, &c. added materially to the attendance. With a few trifling drawbacks, Goodwood is almost perfection—attractive to the betting man by the magnitude of its stakes and the large fields of horses; and to the man of pleasure, by the beauty of the scenery, the *ton* of the company, and the excellence of the racing.

It is a common remark that two-year-olds are almost always over-trained; and yet who would back one that had not been “got ready” if he was aware of the fact? Still exceptions do frequently take place. When Belvoirina won the July Stakes, a friend of mine gave as a reason for her winning, that she had had a sore back, and so could not be galloped, while the others on hard ground had been driven to a stand still. Something of this kind must have been the case with Lord Exeter's filly Mimosa (Sister to Cactus), who won the Lavant Stakes so easily here with 5lb. extra on her back. She had run twice at Ascot when half dead, went home to Newmarket, ran in the July Stakes, went the following week to Stamford, ran a severe race, and was then sent off to travel to Goodwood, something like one hundred and fifty

miles, with about ten days to do it in. This was "strong walking exercise" with a vengeance! Such exertions as these, with an extra load on her back, deserved being rewarded; and she fortunately met with a very bad field, and by the good steering of *Misther* Connolly, she put the Stake into her Noble Master's pocket without trouble.

The Drawing-room Stake had, since the Derby, been a good betting race; and though from the running of *Revenge* at Epsom he was the favorite throughout, yet the performances of *Rapid* at Ascot, and the dark pretensions of *Trepidation* (who had not been tried since his two-year-old running), together with the rush made at one time by the renowned *Tinn*, and the *ruse* of *Chifney's* *Galena* brute, kept up the appearance of a strong field till the day; when the public, finding *Revenge* come to the post in very different plight to his Epsom form, made him at once the decided favorite at odds against the field. I have no doubt the horse won easily; but the two or three persuasive arguments which John Day gave him at the finish to get away from *Cactus*, induced the public to imagine that he only just won. The truth is, I believe, that *Revenge* is a long-striding, easy-tempered beast, and when John found him running away from his horses, within half a distance from home, he intended to ease him, but the moment he touched his mouth for that purpose, the horse threw up his head, and stopped for the instant, which Connolly (on *Cactus*) perceiving tried to take advantage of, and the distance from home being so trifling, John Day was obliged to bustle *Revenge*, and remind him, by a job or two with his heels, that he was on his back. The animal's long stride prevented him from getting on his legs immediately, and made him appear to boggle; but at the post he won a length and a half, which is the true test of difficulty or ease.

On the next day our friend "industrious John," as if to make "assurance doubly sure," and not leave anything to chance as with *Revenge*,

jumped off with that game morsel of horse flesh, *Little Red Rover*, as if the race had been the Two-year-old Course. "He never can get home at that pace," was the cry; but John knew his material, and as he went up the hill so he came down, and, never headed, put the Goodwood Stakes into the pocket of his worthy master, Mr. Biggs, who appeared almost as much pleased as if he had won the Cup at Deptford Inn. If ever nature bestowed an extra-sized heart and pluck on a diminished frame, she has done so in the case of this little *Red Rover*; for a gamier bit of stuff surely never trod on iron. It is true, by Jem Robinson's fine riding, the latter was enabled to make a show just at last with old Guildford, but he never had a chance to win; and had John Day pursued his own way of riding the little horse which he put into practice at Southampton, they would at Goodwood have all tailed off as they did there, and he would have cantered in alone: but some 'good-natured' friends, who did not know the quality of *Rover's* metal, warned John of the severity of the course, and I believe so far influenced him as to induce him to keep within the destructive pace which kills others, but at which the game little *Rover* can begin and finish. It is surprising how the difference between *meum* and *tuum* can alter men's minds: had Windcliffe been any other person's horse on the day he ran for the Goodwood Stakes, Crutch Robinson would have stood a heavy stake against him; for though every one knows that he was once a good horse, yet on the day he ran at Goodwood he was decidedly infirm, and had never been prepared for so severe a race. With all this, which everybody could see, was a strong-minded man like Robinson induced to back him, and largely too; and not only cajoled himself, but influenced others, and among the number the former owner of *Little Rover*, who at least ought to have known better. Windcliffe is now, however, in his right place, and as an addition to Mr. Sadler's stud he is a valuable acqui-

sition; for, from his great size, power, and blood, joined to his racing capabilities *when he was fit to run*, he is sure to get race-horses.

By the bye, the first appearance of the stock of Defence took place at this Meeting, and a most promising one it was, for there was no young one at Goodwood that could compare with him in shape, size, and substance; but, alas! that unfortunate disease which seized upon all the stock upon their first going to Stockbridge has, I fear, fixed its fangs on Defensive, not easily to be shaken off: the field, however, which he beat was most wretched, and will account for his having been backed at 4 to 1. Had Whale succeeded in carrying off the Cup, which I still believe he ought to have done, the Stockbridge division would indeed have gone home in high feather, for subsequently to the Derby Mr. Greville's horse had been also in the hands of John Day: as it was, I still conceive had Nat not been tied so strictly to his orders, to wait till within the distance, but have allowed his horse, after he came round the turn, to make use of his long stride and advantage of weight down the hill home, he would just have got him through: he pursued that plan on the next day for the King's Plate, and won easily.

There can be nothing said for fancies in racing, and indeed were it otherwise half the sport would be lost; but for what reason Beiram was to be exalted into a flyer, and backed to win the Cup nearly against the field, I never could understand: to be sure, after the withdrawal of Camarine, the lot were not looked on as formidable; but then Beiram's public performances were before us, and from them he was entitled to little favour. "But he had run second to Priam for this Cup the preceding year!" So said his partisans, and that certainly was the sum of his pretensions. Hokee Pokee too! since he came from the Chester Circuit, where his performances at three years old were not good enough to win a Maiden Plate, had been talked up when he contrived, in the autumn of last year, to roll in before infirm By-

zantium and a thing of Lord Lowther's. Then came a "great pot" about him for the Craven Oatlands, because "he had given ten pounds to Lady Fly," and they only found out that the horse was amiss just as they were going to start, which was the reason he ran so badly. To make amends for the disappointment there, he was certain to win the Cup here, and long and important confabulations took place, as to whether Jem Robinson should win on him or Gallopade. After his defeat for the Cup, they found out he could not get a distance, and so, as "speed was his best," they ran him the T.Y.C.; but all would not do, and I think by this time poor Hokee Pokee has found his level. A more wretched brute and impostor as a race-horse never ran. Of the winner, Rubini, no one would hear, and little was won about him except by his Noble Master, and that not a tithe of what a good horse like Rubini should have brought him. It was, however, almost a question, even on the over night, as to whether he would have started at all. Why he should have been held so cheaply I cannot imagine: his running in the Craven with Camarine made him decidedly the second best horse at Newmarket; but Mr. Vansittart, as I said before, would not allow him a strong preparation, and always would run him for speed, which was never his forte: for instance, he had been defeated by Kate in the preceding autumn, and by Veatris this year, both short lengths; while here and at Brighton he proved his capabilities for going on, and established himself as one of the best horses in the kingdom, as he certainly is one of the finest, in shape, size, and power. As a racer, I fear his sun is set, for his legs failed before the close of the autumn, and it is doubtful if he will again "shew," though his qualifications for the stud will render him most valuable to a breeder.

The grand "pot" of the Meeting was the Racing Stakes with Marpessa. This must have been a good thing; for such scrambling to "get on" I

hardly ever saw. The Hundred Guinea Stakes which Weeper won, in which Marpessa was engaged, was not good enough; so *that* was relinquished for certain considerations no doubt, and the decks swept on the last day, the odds against her being at 7 or 8 to 1, and finishing at about even. As Hokee Pokee was in Mr. Forth's stable previously to his running for the Cup, he had a capital opportunity of trying Marpessa and the horse together. I wonder what weight for the year the latter gave the former.

The Noble Steward, Lord Lichfield, gave a Hundred Guinea Cup for the beaten horses, which the Duke of Richmond wound up the Meeting with, by carrying off the same, with the aid of quick little Ketchup, to ornament His Grace's sideboard.

On the whole the Goodwood Meeting was the most brilliant of the year; and as the subscriptions to the next are liberal, let us hope that it may be as good in all respects as the last—a better we can hardly desire or expect.

York August Meeting suffered in consequence of following Goodwood so closely; and being divided in attraction with Brighton, occasioned it to be still more slackly attended: the dry weather and the state of the ground prevented some of the principal nags from shewing; and altogether it was an uninteresting affair. The Produce Stakes, the test of many former Leger favorites, brought out this season three of the veriest rips that ever disgraced the name of race-horse. The Two-year-old race was the only one of any interest, and that was won by the fine riding of John Day, who, to follow up the part he had played all the summer of *hic et ubique*, had hardly cooled from his exertions at Goodwood, when we hear of him some two hundred and fifty miles off pursuing his course of success. Emigrant is in the Derby, and will no doubt be a favorite, though I question whether Mr. Ridsdale's filly ought not to have won had she have got anything like a start: be that as it may, all this running looks well for

little Cotillon, who had defeated with ease Emigrant in the Spring.

Brighton, under the management of late years of a venerable coterie of do-nothings, y'clep'd "a Committee," has so effectually cooled down to a respectable provincial meeting, that this year it merited the negative praise of not being worse than it has been for some seasons past. Mr. Gardnor's smart little two-year-old, Comet, regained some of the credit which his defeat at Ascot had deprived him of. The Two-year-old Stake was a certainty; but the performances of Ketchup at Goodwood so recently made the latter the favorite for the Stake in which the two run, though giving upwards of two stone for the year. Comet won so easily, and so early in the race, that it appeared, if it had have been at even weights, the result would have been the same; and although at Ascot Comet gave Louisa 5lb. against the hill, yet had he have made the pace good all the way, the race *might* have finished in his favour, though from the "pot" with Mr. Forth's party on the day, they then considered Louisa invincible. Gallopade was fortunate enough to get through the King's Cup (and that entirely by fine riding), which with the Eclipse Foot is all that 1500gs. worth has returned into the exchequer of Mr. Cosby.

While the principal meetings have been suffering for the last year or two, in consequence of the lack of spirit or money, and over-speculation among the betting fraternity has been the cause of contention in the "circulating medium," legitimate racing in the provinces has been on the increase, and country meetings in general never flourished more than they have done this season. Our national superiority in horses over other countries is so bound up with the prosperity of our system of racing, that I trust we shall never lack encouragement so as to reduce our racing establishments to a lower ebb than they are at this moment. We have this summer had purchasers from Russia, to which country, among much

other stock, have been exported this season, Middleton, Birmingham, colt out of Laurel's dam, &c. From all parts of Germany, we have a continued demand; indeed, so well aware are our friends the Germans to what system we owe our superiority in blood stock, that races have been established in many parts of Germany on the English plan, and a strict attention is paid to their stud-book. A few weeks since we had buyers from France and America, who have taken Lottery, Napoleon, &c., and many mares and young stock. Look at the prices only in a commercial point of view these animals have produced, and who will venture to decry racing? May we not trace our national prosperity and resources in a great measure to the rapidity of our internal communications by mails, coaches, &c.; and could that ever have been produced but by the advantages of our blood horses, which could never have existed but for the establishment of our system of racing, and the encouragement given to it by the Government in its early days, which was wise enough to foresee the results. But "*revenons à nos moutons.*"

Doncaster, in course, did not flourish this season any more than its contemporaries, although the alteration in the amount of the Leger Stake has tended to keep out most of the men of straw, and to blot out the mal-practices of the bettors as to the number starting, &c. The result of the Leger is said to have been a very harmless one, generally speaking; but to the astonishment of some of the most knowing, it tended to fill the pockets of a few outsiders, who by some piece of good luck had contrived to dive into the mysteries of the stable. Mr. Watt, the owner of Rockingham, does not, I believe, back his horses to any great amount; if he did, he has a most able general in the person of his trainer, who certainly managed to keep the public merits of his horses in the dark in a masterly manner; and when it was seen by the sharp ones that the men who might be supposed to know best about his stable backed

Belshazzar, while the little party only stuck to Rockingham, it was considered a certainty which was the right: besides, it was argued "no coach-horse can win the Leger." Rockingham, however, though certainly as powerful as a "coach-horse," has all the activity of a pony; and the style in which he won the Leger, and the Cup afterwards, proves him beyond dispute by far the best horse of his year. The "crack" of the race all through the season had been Muley Moloch; but, in addition to my opinion throughout of his being only a moderate race-horse, the stable had been ill through the summer, which will account for the bad figure Lord Cleveland's horses cut at York as well as Doncaster. Marpessa left the town three or four days previously to the commencement of the race, it was understood, in consequence of *being amiss*: as, however, she travelled some 150 miles to Newmarket, and within a week or two afterwards beat the winner of the Oaks in a canter, she could not at the time of Doncaster have been greatly "*amiss.*" Now there can be no doubt that a man who chooses to run a horse for his own mere amusement, and does not come into the market to back his animal at the public expense, has a right to use his own pleasure, and act as his caprice dictates whether he thinks proper to run or not: in such case the individuals who were foolish enough to bet about such a man's horse must pay the penalty, and have themselves only to blame. But the case is altered directly the owner of a race-horse comes to the public purse to back him: he has not, or at least he ought not to have, any longer the sole control over him; but if the horse remain well, the public have at least a *moral* right to expect that such animal will be run to win if possible. In the case of Marpessa here, it has been said that she was looked upon as the only formidable one in the field, and whose form they knew nothing about; and as the parties having an interest in Marpessa and Rockingham are connected by a strong link, it was thought

better that the former should decamp without beat of drum. A parting shot, however, was expended to some little purpose on the occasion; for one party had intelligence of the movement—who from I cannot of course pretend to guess; but sundry ponies, and “such small deer,” were the price a few unsuspecting dupes paid “for their whistle.”

A strange story, I find, has been told in your last Number relative to “Belshazzar and the Water Wretch:” with the biped I have nothing to do; but with regard to the quadruped, I have no doubt he was safe enough, not by the aid of “pails of water,” or any such “sweetmeats,” but by his own infirmity of stale legs and moderate racing capabilities, and the very superior form of his compeer Rockingham.—The Scotts were right with their horse Mussulman, though the public did not give them credit for it. Speed, however, *must* be his forte, and not distance. Had the pace for the Leger been very severe, he might have been in a different place. There is plenty of running in the two middle miles at Newmarket, which he will find out if he should run for the Port next spring. Cotillon, though she had a bad start, won the Champagne so easily as to exalt her with good pretension to the first place in the betting for next year’s Oaks. By what claim Bubastes aspires to the same position for the Derby I have yet to comprehend: from the way in which he was backed we had almost a right to suppose he had beaten Rockingham at even weights. However, in his case public running must be the test, for we saw him run head and head with his neighbour Warlabay Baylock, and against his will was defeated at last. Excuses were made after the race that he was ridden badly! Will any one pretend to say that Warlabay was jockeyed by a Chifney? Those two had the best of the start and the race all through, and though Warlabay has always in all his races ran a good fair horse, and been forward, he has never been looked on as a flyer; and what is now to alter the Egyptian’s form, unless it be the air of Newmarket?

The wind-up of the season with the three Newmarket Meetings was indeed a sorry one. Six races in the First, scattered over four days, “like Angela’s visits, few and far between,” and those of little interest. Colonel Peel commenced his run of good fortune by winning the Duke Michael Stakes against his expectation, with that infirm horse Nonsense, who luckily was well on that day, and the next week was all to pieces. Ernest, in the same Meeting, won a couple of races; and the Newmarket Leger would have followed, had not Rapid broke down in the race. The three principal Two-year-old Stakes—viz. the Clearwell, Prendergast, and Criterion—followed in the same track, besides nearly every other race that the gallant Colonel ran, and his fortunate jockey (Arthur Pavis) rode for: so that he has the measure of nearly all the horses at Newmarket; and with no less than eleven Derby horses for next year in his stable, we may well ask who is to oppose him?—It gave me great pleasure to see something like a glimpse of the olden times shew itself towards that noble and admirable supporter of the Turf, His Grace the Duke of Grafton, Ægyptus having won in these Meetings nearly a thousand, and the prospect of three times that amount before him in the spring in one stake, which I trust His Grace’s horse will be well on the day to run for: we are then sure he will win if he be good enough. Olympic carried off some seven hundred, and a chance for the Derby, as there is good room for improvement in the animal.

If we look at the character of the Stakes which composed the principal part of the sport at the two last Meetings, we may well exclaim: “Oh! what a falling off is here!” wretched Ten-guinea Handicaps, made only for the pickings of the Legs; hardly a match of any interest; and the attendance and speculation shy in the extreme. After all, Matches are the true test of good sport; but the betting men abhor them, because their chance then is no better than the public in general.

There existed, however, a few rea-

sions why the latter Newmarket Meetings were so dull; and, among them, I know of none more powerful than the projected changes and alterations which were on the eve of taking place in several of the principal stables. It appears, and with good reason, that many of the principal owners of race-horses at Newmarket consider that different interests have become concentrated (in consequence of each trainer having several persons' horses in his stable), so much to narrow the circle as to do away a great part of the interest of the Turf, by, of necessity, all owners of horses in one stable becoming confederates. It was for something like this reason that Lord Chesterfield has withdrawn his stud from Prince's and placed them under the care of Forster, who formerly lived

with Major Bacon and Lord Sligo; but it is understood, I believe, that the Scotts are to put the stable straight when prepared to run. Lord Exeter also was on the eve of changing his trainer, and on that account, no doubt, the two or three Matches of his Lordship which were on paper were not run.

These difficulties disposed of, let us hope for a commencement of the New Year with increased vigour; and even if the field be a little contracted from what of late it has been, that will be of no consequence if legitimate and honorable racing take the place of chicanery, and wild and illusive betting give way to safe and moderate speculation.

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

December 19, 1833.

### BRIGHTON HURDLE RACE.

THE second hurdle race, announced in our last, came off Dec. 20, and although the weather was unfavorable there was a numerous and fashionable assemblage. The conditions were—"A Hurdle Sweepstakes of five guineas each, with a bonus added from the Subscription Fund, for horses not thorough-bred, and that have never won any plate, match, or sweepstakes, 12st. each, over the New Course, one mile and three quarters, heats: the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake: the horses to be *bona fide* the property of Gentlemen, and to be rode by Gentlemen; starting from the Judge's Stand, and taking three hurdles going out, in such places as the Stewards (Earl Errol and Earl of Uxbridge) may fix upon, and the same number returning. Ten subscribers or no race."—Nine horses came to the post; and Mr. Martin and Mr. R. Burrows were subscribers, but did not name. The horses came in as follows:—

|                              |      |      |   |
|------------------------------|------|------|---|
| Mr. Langton's Cheltenham     | 2    | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. Andrews' Swerver         | 1    | 2    | 2 |
| Mr. Herbert's Duvernay       | 6    | 3    | 3 |
| Mr. Sivewright's Sailor      | 3    | dis. |   |
| Mr. Grant's Lalla Rookh      | 4    | dis. |   |
| Earl of Errol's Moonlight    | 5    | dis. |   |
| Mr. Baton's Fearnot          | dis. |      |   |
| Mr. Ellman's Neck or Nothing | dis. |      |   |
| Capt. M'Queen's Chance       | dis. |      |   |

The start took place about half-past twelve o'clock.—Chance (rode by his owner) refused the first hurdle: Neck or Nothing (Owner) fell three times, and then cried "Enough:" Sailor (R. Burgess, Esq.) cleared 23 ft. 6 inches at his first hurdle: and Swerver (T. Smith, Esq.) cleared the extraordinary leap of 29 feet 3 inches over his second hurdle—both measured immediately.—Swerver won the first heat.

Second Heat.—Moonlight (rode by T. Tourl, Esq.), Sailor, and Lalla Rookh (F. Heysham, Esq.) all fell at the return hurdles; and Cheltenham won the heat, beating Swerver by half a length, who slipped on his knees in taking the third hurdle home.

Third Heat.—This heat was beautifully contested by Cheltenham (rode by R. Brackenbury, Esq.) and Swerver, and on leaping the second and third hurdles home it was impossible to say who had it: Cheltenham crossed Swerver, and came in first. The Stakes were consequently disputed by Mr. Smith.

The wind was tremendous. Several Brighton *fly's* were blown away, horses and all, and two young ladies with large sleeves were carried fairly floating on ether to the bottom of the Hill, where they found a prickly berth in the furze.

A SHOOTING FORAY TO THE WELSH MOUNTAINS IN  
OLDEN TIMES.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,

A Score, ay, "or by 'r Lady," a good many more years ago, when the young blood was in its spring, I proposed to a sporting friend, who, from being a few years older, was better up to the matter, to make a grouse-shooting expedition to the Welsh mountains. To this he had no objection: but "where were we to go?"—"Anywhere—North or South Wales—it was all one to me."—"Excellent well; but where were we to get leave?"—"Leave! why take it to be sure. I had walked nearly through the South Welsh mountains last year with my fishing rod, and in the time with my dog and gun, and found no hindrance."—"Indeed! that was all so far so well. And was the sport so good as to render it worth while making a regular expedition? for he'd be — if he would walk a foot, no not even on the mountains, if he could get a pony to carry him." This was not the pleasantest question in the world; for I was barely out of my teens, pretty boy, and had not been able (prices were high then, and perhaps *might* have had something to do with it—at least I was willing to *think* it, or try to do so) to get at a gun which would *kill well*. However, I answered stoutly, "Yes, I had seen plenty of birds;" and in this I did not belie myself, for I had (that is for Wales, as I have since discovered). My friend had a small and very good manor himself, of which he was rather chary, and being an honest good

fellow; the idea of a marauding expedition on other men's lands made him hesitate; but the mountains in South Wales *were not preserved* then, except in very few places, and by inquiry, &c. it was easy to avoid them: in short my entreaties were addressed to one who was just in that temper of mind which a young girl is when she is almost dying to be kissed, but then it would not be pretty; and what would mamma, &c. &c. say? I pushed on, would take no denial, and of course, as in the other instance, carried my point.

This took place one very fine evening in July, in the little parlour of — Hall in Gloucestershire, on the borders of Monmouth; it was and is a very ancient residence, though at the time I speak of it had been newly revived, having for nearly a century or more previously been only in part occupied as a farm house. Its owner could write himself Armiger with the oldest in the county, and his family had taken a decided part with the King's forces in the Civil Wars. The old Hall had been the scene of many a perilous skirmish and hair-breadth escape, and ultimately was sacked, pillaged, and gutted, leaving only its massive brick walls standing. When the Restoration let folks enjoy their own again, it was fitted up as a farm house, and the family lived at another property not far distant, where a smaller edifice was erected; but my friend had a

touch of romance about him, and when he came, after a certain minority, of age, he determined on restoring the old Hall of his ancestors. This he did with good taste and excellent effect; and it was at a little round table that just contained a bottle of old and cool claret, and which with the two compotators were as closely packed in an oriel window which commanded an extensive view of the Forest of Dean, that this (and it was so considered in those days) important expedition was resolved on. "I wonder by Jupiter how old Don will take to the grouse," said my friend; "his father was considered one of the best dogs in Yorkshire."—"That's to be proved; but if the black one is, as said, from Colonel Thornton, he ought to know something of the matter."—"I paid twenty-five guineas for him at Tattersall's," replied he, "among a lot of the Colonel's decidedly, and though a little lame a better dog there cannot be." Now this said dog was a sort of rarity in that remote part in those times, and, coupled with his original owner's name and celebrity, had caused more than one Squire of the very Old School a ride of some miles to see him. Black pointers and black swans were rarer wildfowl in those olden days than they are now. "But," said I, "two dogs will never do, and I drowned that d—d old brute I paid ten pounds for to that scoundrel at Bath last year." My friend's countenance assumed one of those peculiar casts, to describe which there is

no one word in the language, nor should there; however, it conveyed *that* which we can take only with even common patience from our best friends. "Yes, d—you," said I, "my most potent and wise senior, you wrote me not to buy before I tried a dog; but I must get a hack of some sort, and I think I will go to Nash the Quaker for one." This was catching him under the short ribs, the said Quaker, a dealer at Bath, having been moved to stick it into him most unmercifully some short time before. "You may go to the devil if you like!" was the answer; "but I can get old ——— to lend me Comus: he's a little wild, but he'll do when the others are fagged."—"You can do as you like, but I spent some time in the neighbourhood of Brecon last year, and there is a tailor there who I commissioned to have something ready that would be up to the grouse business."—"A tailor!! I think you had better get yourself apprenticed to him!"—"Do you say so? and so I was in one way; for I was every day on the mountain with him last year for a fortnight."—"A tailor\*!"—"Aye, and one that shall cut you out some work, and give you the goose to hold too, if he has the same black and white smooth bitch *Maid* he had last year."—"You are certainly a most experienced and excellent judge, but there's not a tailor in Christendom, even with a sportsman of *your* standing (this was bitterly intonated), that can beat me, I will lay 50." This he said with such energy, accompanied

\* If any one who used to back him to shoot in the neighbourhood of Brecon some twenty or more years ago may cast their eye over this, they will recognise the Llanvalet Tailor, who, as well as his brother poacher Dia-ru-Las, Davy of the Red Lane, always had a good dog or two. I have since seen better broken; never better for use.

by a corresponding thwack upon the table, that it nigh reeled under the emphasis, and brought into the room his youngest sister in alarm. Now there had been between me and this fair maid certain passages which induced me to think that I was dying for her, and never could get through life without her; and the gipsy, whether she *then* thought the same herself, at least gave me no cause to hang myself in my garters, or, what would have been more loving and pathetic, in hers. To the inquiry, what could *all* this be? the answer was from her brother, "Oh nothing, only — here has been apprentice to a tailor." To set both her and her swain on the giggle was no hard matter, and the latter went out after her to get the kiss behind the door. He knew he had only to seek. This upset my friend's anger and his gravity, and when I came back I found him grinning over his old Nock which he had taken down from over the chimney-piece, for the little garden parlour was his sanctum. But woman, thou art all the same! my sweet 17 — she was no more — went while we were in Wales to an aunt at Gloucester, met, and danced with a Captain in a Dragoon Regiment, a dashing good-looking fellow, who struck while the iron was hot, so that when I returned she found occasion on the very first evening to come to a downright quarrel, and was Mrs. Captain, &c. before Christmas-day, leaving me heroically forswearing her sex (*hymenically* at least) in all times to come. On pressing her very closely to declare the cause of her change of mind, it came out that I cleaned

my own gun, and that she never could bring herself to have anything to do with a man that cleaned his own gun. The reader may believe me or not, this is a fact.

But to return to my friend's old Nock. It was one of the very best specimens of the work of that superior artist, to whom we are indebted for the patent breech—a long narrow-bored gun, taking a wonderfully small charge, and killing at extraordinary distances. "It must go to Gloucester to have the breech out," said he; "but come, let's have another bottle and arrange our plans."

In consequence of what was discussed over this bottle, I went the next day to Bath, where, at Cook's the gunsmith's, I furnished myself with a double gun, being aided in the selection by a first-rate judge and sportsman, Mr. Badham Thornhill, author of a well-known work upon shooting, and who, when a boy, I had often attended in the field. I also hired a good stout galloway, upon which I intended to put my lad, with a pair of girth-web traces, tandem before my companion's gigster, to get us up the Welsh hills: nor was fishing-tackle, &c. forgotten: and on a fine evening late in July I set out for Bristol to meet my friend. I found him at that excellent old house (it was so then) the Bush, attended by his old keeper Measter Jan Rook. Old John was an *excellent* servant, that is, when he was allowed to have his *own* way in *everything*; but counter him in any *one*, and he was the epitome of a pig. He had been in the family all his life, and looked upon himself,

and indeed seemed to be considered, a regular member of it. He was a careful preserver, a good vermin killer, and fond of his dogs; could shoot if he could get plenty of time to poke, and accounted himself a good breaker; but of that art really he knew just about as much as he did of Algebra. Whether he held it *infra dig*, or not, or whether the solid flesh which the beef, ale, and cider of the Hall clothed him in rendered it inconvenient to walk too much, it would be hard to say; but he never stirred without his pony, Spare Rib, a rough razor-faced boar-backed Welsh runt, with a devil of an eye in his head, and who, appropriately named by my friend, contrasted admirably with the almost sleepy silkiness of his rider's exterior. When this Welsh tour was first mooted, old Jan expressed as much surprise and consternation as any ordinary person might do when an expedition to the interior of Africa was suddenly and seriously proposed; the idea of climbing the mountains, of which from the level and verdant fields of his own *propria regna*, my friend's manor, he had a daily view, filled him with horror. It set his hair on end, and caused the cold drops to stand upon his brow; besides, Measter Rook religiously believed that all the Welsh were no better than they should be—filthy, thievish varmint—and I am confident, not only that he would never have been prevailed on to go himself, but that he would have counterpersuaded my friend, who, though young, was a stout gentleman, and of an over-easy disposition occasionally, especially when subject to the privileged importunity of

his old keeper. But I laid before Measter Rook's mental optics, through the instrumentality of his stomach, of which, as some philosophers have averred, his brain seemed to be an expansion, such flowing visions of humming pots of Welsh ale, the unrivalled Cwrw Da, such tempting sketches of the delicate proportions and delicious attributes of the mountain mutton, that it thawed his stern resolve—his inward man fairly melted at the tale. He summoned up heart of pith, and said, "that as Measter seemed to ha teaken sich a woundy notion a didn't caare much."

Four o'clock the next morning beheld us astir, for though we meant to go no farther than Uske, we proposed lying by the extreme heat of the day at Black Rock Inn. My friend and self, in his dog-cart *en tandem* as before mentioned, and the old keeper on Spare Rib, now about to revisit his native wilds, need I say that we were in spirits? Partial to one another for years, we were young, healthy, and sufficiently wealthy; besides it was our *first* excursion as grouse-shooters. I have since seen the best shooting on the Grampians and in the North of Ireland, but never felt the same indescribable excitement I experienced in this little tour: it was the bloom of the plum, the grouse shooter's young love, and shed upon us, as we started in

"Morning's winged beam,  
A light that ne'er will shine again  
On life's dull dream."

The New Ferry is too well known to need describing. Black Rock Inn, on the Monmouth side, is a very pleasant spot to while

away the meridian hours of a dog day. The ale suited old Jan to a T, and in the cool of the evening we reached Uske, where we intended to halt for a few days. The very sign of the Inn, "the Three Salmons," was indicative of our purpose; indeed the road, or street, alone separates the house from the river (the Uske). We were both of us but young hands, my friend indifferent to the sport, the water was low, and the weather hot and bright. In the mornings and evenings I succeeded tolerably at the trout, but salmon we toiled for in vain, though constantly egged on by the sharks who accompanied us as guides; indeed even then, as we elsewhere ascertained, they were scarce; so, after two or three days, having given a good share of our tackle at different times to the attending professionals, who, as *Mr. Lobsky* says,

"*Bit though the fish did not,*"

we resolved on a change of quarters. Uske lies in a very pretty country, on a very pretty river, and was a very pretty place, and doubtless is so yet. There were also, God save the mark! some very pretty girls in it, who, as they seemed, from what we saw of them, seriously to incline to the divine behest, have doubtless transmitted some of their charms to the present generation, who, in all likelihood, are now what we saw their mothers. My blessing rest with them! It may serve for once and all—and I say it not invidiously of course, but candour compels me to it—the Welsh generally are rather given to *take strangers in*.

Brecknock was to be our next abiding place; the country around Uske is not much contra-distin-

guished from English scenery in its features; but, on nearing Abergavenny, it takes a decided tone—

"*Rocks rise and rivers roll*"—

and you are aware that you are on the threshold of Cambria. Abergavenny, the Gobanium of Antoninus, though situated in a most romantic country, was not even then a good situation for a sportsman—it was too much haunted, if I may make use of the expression.

At Crickhowell, on crossing the Grunny, a small trouting stream, you enter Wales. This, a remarkably romantic village, was (at least so *Mr. Lascelles*, in his entertaining *Letters*, tells us) formerly a great fishing station: then the fishing was in few hands, and preserved. We were informed, if we chose to stop, that leave might be obtained; but we put on, though there can be no more likely water to look at than the Uske at this place. Immediately outside Crickhowell on the right stands Gwernvale, the seat of *Mr. Gwinne*, who was at that period a star among the grouse-shooters in this district; while, further on across the river, about half-way to Brecon, lies Buckland, then the seat of his father, a veteran sportsman, who kept an excellent pack of harriers, for which the country is peculiarly adapted.

Brecon, Brecknock, or Aberhondŷ, was a remarkably nice country town, and apparently occupied in part by a superior society. The country around is well calculated for fishing and shooting of all kinds, but even then there were enough of competitors, and to spare, especially as far as grouse were concerned: but we found it a very good place to reconnoitre from, though aware

that in the immediate neighbourhood we had but little chance.

The first thing we did, after arranging our domicile, &c., was to call upon the tailor in Llanvaist, a suburb of Brecon, and we found that he still had his bitch "Maid," and another young dog of the same sort. Day-break, on the ensuing morning, found us hammering away to rouse this ninth part of a man, who having contrived, out of a sort of retaining fee, to get as drunk as if he had been stout John o' Gaunt himself, was quite "*oblivious*;" and when his scolding wife had half fisted him into the street, there was no moving him the length of his own sleeve-board until we had knocked up a publican, and procured

"Cool small beer unto the waking drunkard."

The place whither we were bound to try the bitch was a long flat moor, which commences immediately behind the Beacon, and extends more or less nearly to Merthyr Tidvill. The Beacon, or Vana Mountain, the peak of which is called Cadair Arthur, is considered the highest in South Wales: it rises to the height of nearly three thousand feet conically, and immediately bounded at its most abrupt base by the vale, or cultivated country. It lies three miles west of Brecon, and, although of such a height, the ascent is by no means so fatiguing as might be supposed, as it is gradual all the way.

On getting actually on the mountain, not far from the top, we let the bitch go, and she soon found some old cocks who were enjoying the solitude of the craggy peaks, and verified the opinion I had formed of her last

year. In short, I bought her for ten pounds; and, for finding, nose, and steadiness, I never saw a better. The tailor got her when a whelp from Mr. Gwinne of Buckland's keeper. A finer flat of ground than this behind the Beacon there cannot well be. It belonged to Sir C. Morgan, but was not preserved, and there were very few birds upon it: if it has since been taken better care of it must make excellent shooting ground. Some of the Brecknock shots had leave on it; so that, except to try our dogs, we did not give it a thought. My friend's dogs, though a little strange at first, soon took to the moor game; so that in that point we were as well off as we could wish. Our thoughts lay farther to the south, and it became necessary to reconnoitre, making Brecon head-quarters; and, in the course of these surveys, we visited Merthyr, Devaynog, the Hay, Builth, Trecastle, &c. Having arranged our plans, we fixed upon starting from Trecastle, where we engaged beds for the night of the 11th, and appointed a veteran poacher, John of Collenon, to meet us there, who was to be our guide all through.

It was in one of these *trajets* that at the Hay I saw Lord Hereford's dogs, and among them his celebrated one Lash, got by a fox-hound out of a setter, and whom I had occasion to mention in "*Canine Lucubrations*."

As we had a few days on our hands we commenced fishing. Up from Brecon towards Trecastle the Uske is very rapid, rocky, and impetuous; but it is also thickly wooded on the banks, and wading is your only plan. This disgusted my companion at once,

and he gave it up. I persevered, attended by Dia-ru-Las, Davy of the Red Lane, an ally of the tailor's, and a most indefatigable devil; but, not knowing the water, I got two or three sound duckings, and I cannot say my sport was extraordinary, though the trout, when they were got, were excellent.

One day, just under Penpont, and in the worst part of the river, my guide, who always, nevertheless, left me to shew myself the way, got hold of a salmon, and killed it after a terrible fight, in which he was half drowned. I had never seen a salmon killed with the rod, so it was altogether fine fun to me: as to Davy it was nigh the death of him more ways than the drowning: he was nearly out of his wits with joy in the first place; and selling it to the guard of the mail for a good dollop, actually drank himself into a fever, in the second.

There was a tolerably good billiard table, where an hour or two could be whiled away, nor was there any lack of pretty lasses with whom to knock up a flirtation; but the town was also a dépôt for French Officers on parole, and, *poor passer le temps*, they had contrived to appropriate to themselves every pure and light heart in the place. It was in vain that mothers and mistresses scolded,

and warned, and advised in the meaning, if not the words, of the old French song—

Ma fille, soyez sage,  
Fuyez les Officiers,  
On ne leur rend hommage  
Que pour les badiner.

Avec leur politesse  
Et leur jolie façon,  
Ils changent leurs maîtresses  
Comme leur garnison.

But they might as well have whistled to the Beacon to move. From the old widow who let out her spare garret, through every variation of housekeeper, cook, ladies' maid, spider-brusher, &c. &c. down to the little pot-girls, they were all besieged, and as regularly carried. "*Vive l'amour!*" was the order of the day *partout*. There they were, in one place "*avec leur politesse, et leur petit chanson;*" in another strumming away on a guitar, "the prelude to *et-cetera*." Valour was in distress, and the sex, sweet tender souls! were willing to do all they could to alleviate it; and many a young Shenkin, I'll be sworn, at this present day does not know his own father. As for us birds of passage, there was not a chance on the cards; so we had to retire in disgust—it was no go.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

December 10, 1833.

(To be continued.)

## PARIS RACES.

SIR,

I Have the pleasure of handing you, annexed, the report of the Races which have taken place here this year, and which have been more than usually interest-

Paris, Nov. 28, 1833.

ing. A spirit of emulation appears now to be excited, in no ordinary degree, amongst the Gentry of France with regard to this noble sport, and I have no

doubt that it will be more and more encouraged every season, so as to produce the most beneficial results to the breed of horses in France.

A Committee of fifteen Gentlemen (whose names are sub-joined) has been formed, from the Members of the Jockey Club, to regulate the affairs of the Turf; and it was waiting for its decision (in order to communicate it to you) that has so long delayed the report this year. These Gentlemen met on the 11th instant, and arranged as follows:—viz. That the following races shall take place in the Bois-de-Boulogne during the first fortnight in May 1834, the horses to be entered on or before the 20th of April.

*First Prize.*—2500 francs, for horses of all ages and breeds, foaled and trained in France, 3304 mètres (two miles); heats:—three-year-olds, 85lb.; four, 105lb.; five, 115lb.; six, 122lb., seven, 129lb.; and upwards of seven, 136lb. Mares allowed 3lb.

*Second Prize.*—A Silver Vase, value 1500f., and 1000f. in money, for horses of all ages and all countries, Craven weights, two miles, one heat:—two-year-olds to carry 75lb.; three, 104lb.; four, 113lb.; five, 117lb.; six, and upwards, 121lb.

*Third Prize.*—1200f. for half-bred horses of all ages, 1652 mètres (or one mile); heats. Weight to carry:—four-year-olds, 115lb.; five, 143lb.; six and upwards, 150lb. Entrance of each horse for this race 125f.

*Fourth Prize.*—2500f. for colts and fillies of three years old, of all breeds, foaled and trained in France—one mile, in one heat—

carrying the weights fixed by the racing regulations of this country. Entrance 200f. each.

*Fifth Prize.*—2500f. for horses of four years old, and of all descents, foaled and trained in France, two-miles, heats; to carry, horses 105lb., mares 102lb. Entrance 200f. each.

*Sixth Prize.*—A Silver-gilt Cup, given by the Count Demidoff (one of the Gentlemen forming the Committee), for horses of all ages and descents, foaled and bred in France, two-miles, heats; to carry the weights fixed by the regulations. Entrance 500f. each.

The Committee made several rules, but, being chiefly local, they cannot be interesting to your readers; I shall, therefore, only mention the following, viz.:—

That any Gentleman may enter *any number* of horses for those prizes where the entrance money is fixed, but for any of the others he can only enter *one*.

That the Committee shall meet on the 20th of April next, to examine the list of horses entered, appoint four judges, and four assistants for the races, and finally to arrange everything.

Below is also a list of the Gentlemen who have already subscribed.—The pigeon-shooting continues as usual, and will, no doubt, form a permanent source of amusement for the Noblemen and Gentlemen here.

I am, Sir, &c.

T. BRYON,

Tivoli, Rue Blanche, No. 47.

PATRON.

HIS MAJESTY LOUIS PHILLIP.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

The Duke of ORLEANS.

The Duke of NEMOURS.

## MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.

Lord Henry Seymour, President.  
 Count Demidoff.  
 M. Rieussec, Vice-President.  
 M. Delamarre.  
 M. Max. Caccia.  
 Count de Cambés.  
 M. de Normandie.  
 Prince de la Moskowa.  
 M. Charles Laffitte.  
 M. Ernest Leroy.  
 Le Chevalier de Machado.  
 M. Fasquel.  
 Count de Septeuil.  
 Viscount Hoquart.

The following Gentlemen have already subscribed :—

S. A. R. Le Duc d'Orleans .....3000f.  
 M. Thiers, Minister of Commerce...4000  
 Lord Henry Seymour .....2500  
 Count Demidoff.....1000  
 M. Rieussec..... 500  
 M. Max. Caccia..... 300  
 M. Delamarre..... 300  
 Count de Cambés..... 300  
 Le Chevalier de Machado..... 300  
 M. de Normandie ..... 250  
 Captain Jones..... 150  
 M. Palmer ..... 100

## RACES IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

## FIRST DAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

The Government Races commenced this day in the presence of H. R. H. the Duke of Orleans, Count d'Argout, and the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, but under very unfavorable aspects as regarded the weather. It had been exceedingly stormy during the night, and continued so all the day, which caused but a very small assemblage of spectators. Nevertheless the races were interesting: they consisted of the two Arrondissement Prizes of 1500f. each for thorough-bred horses, and two of 1200f. each for half-bred horses, two once and two twice round the Champ de Mars, distance two kilometres, or 1026 toises, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile English. The first (1200f. for half-bred colts and fillies of three years old) was won by Lord Henry Seymour's b. f. Souvenir, 3 yrs (rode by Flatman), in 2 min. 36 seconds, carrying 401 hectogr., beating M. C. Salvador's b. f. Palmyre, 3 yrs, 401 hectogr.; M. Desgrands' b. f. Gémalis, 3 yrs, 401 hectogr.; and M. Fasquel's b. c. Alcibiade, 3 yrs, 416 hectogr. In this race Gémalis broke over

the ropes, and Alcibiade threw his rider.

The second race (1500f. for thorough-bred colts and fillies) was won by M. Rieussec's ch. c. Hercule (rode by Olivier), got by Rainbow, his dam Aimable, 3 yrs, carrying 416 hectogr., beating, in 2 min. 36 sec., M. Salvador's b. f. Miss Annette, 3 yrs, 401 hectogr.; M. Delarrouque's b. f. Miss Tandem, who broke away; Lord Seymour's b. c. Fra Diavolo; M. Desgrands' ch. f. Fragoletta (who broke away just after starting, threw her rider, and bolted); and M. Corringham's ch. c. Faust. M. Rieussec's (brother) gr. f. Hélène was entered for this race, but did not run.

The above two races were once round the Champ de Mars.

The third race (1200f. for half-bred horses of four and five years, twice round the Champ de Mars, 4 kilometres, or 2052 toises) was won by Lord Seymour's b. h. Jambart (by Rainbow, dam Diana), 5 yrs, carrying 563 hectogr. (rode by North), in 5 min. 20  $\frac{4}{5}$ ths sec., beating M. Fasquel's b. m. Oina, 4 yrs; M. Nan's ch. m. Cendrillon,

4 yrs; and M. Beauregarde's ch. h. Sylphide, 4 yrs.

The fourth race (1500f. for thorough-bred horses of four and five years, twice round) was won by M. Rieussec's b. m. Georgina, 4 yrs, by Rainbow, dam Leopoldine, carrying 499 hectogr. (rode by Olivier), in 5 min. 38 sec., beating the King's b. m. Faglioni, 4 yrs; Lord Seymour's b. h. Ernest, 4 yrs; M. Fasquel's b. m. Almada, 4 yrs; and M. Delarrouque's b. m. Lisbeth, 4 yrs (half-bred). M. Schickler's b. h. Milton was entered for this race, but was drawn.

#### SECOND DAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

The weather was again very unfavorable this day, but nevertheless the races were well attended, and the Champ de Mars could boast of a good display of beauty and fashion.

The first race (for the principal Arrondissement Prize of 2000f.) by half-bred horses, twice round the course (heats), was won by Lord Seymour's b. h. Jambart, 5 yrs, 563 hectogr. (rode by Buckle), in 5 min. 8 2-5ths sec., beating M. Fasquel's b. m. Miss Oina, 4 yrs, and M. Delarrouque's b. m. Lisbeth, 4 yrs. Lisbeth did not start for the second heat.

The second race (for the principal Arrondissement Prize of 2500f.) by thorough-bred horses, twice round, heats, was won by M. Rieussec's b. m. Georgina, 4 yrs, 499 hectogr. (rode by Olivier), beating Lord Seymour's b. h. Ernest, 4 yrs; M. Delarrouque's ch. h. Arlequin, and M. Fasquel's b. h. Young Milton, 5 yrs (half-bred). M. de Germigny's gr. h. Canning, 4 yrs, was entered for this race, but drawn. Ernest won the first heat, Georgina second; but Er-

nest, having bolted in the second heat, was distanced; and Georgina, having won it, walked over for the third, and gained the prize.

The third race was for a Silver-gilt Subscription Cup, value 1200f. which was won by Count Demidoff's b. h. Paradox, 6 yrs (rode by Mason), twice round the course (one heat), which he performed in 4 min. 50 sec., beating Lord Seymour's b. h. Tiberius, 5 yrs; M. Ester's b. m. Lady, 5 yrs; and the Marquis de Strada's b. h. Hilderic, 6 yrs. This race was considered to be the best: it was gallantly contested between Paradox and Tiberius, and the former won only by about half a length.

#### THIRD DAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

This day's sport was excellent, and very interesting owing to a variety of circumstances. Notwithstanding the rain, which continued all day with scarcely any intermission, the spectators were numerous, not only in the stands, but all round the course.

The first race was for the Royal Prize of 5000f. by half-bred horses, twice round the course (heats). It was won by Lord Seymour's b. h. Clerino, 4 yrs (got by Rainbow, dam Diana), carrying 105lb. (rode by Buckle); the first heat in 6 min. 19 3-5ths sec.; the second in 5 min. 14 1-5th sec.; and the third in 5 min. 22 sec.; beating M. de Germigny's gr. h. Canning, 4 yrs, and M. Fasquel's b. h. Young Milton, 5 yrs. Mr. Delarrouque's ch. h. Arlequin was entered, but did not start.

The first heat was won by Clerino; but as he did not come in until 9 sec. over the time allowed by the rules (6 min. 10 sec.), the

heat was declared null and void : they were therefore obliged to run it over again, and it was won, as also the second, cleverly by Clerino. Canning did not start for the last two heats.

The second race, for the Royal Prize of 6000*f.* for thorough and half-bred horses, twice round the course (heats), was won by M. Rieussec's b. h. Felix, 5 yrs (by Rainbow, dam Young Folly), carrying 563 hectogr. (rode by Olivier); first heat in 5 min. 6 1-5th sec.; second heat in 5 min. 4 1-5th sec.; beating the King's b. m. Pamela, 5 yrs; Lord Seymour's b. h. Jean-Bart (half-bred), 5 yrs; and M. Delarroque's b. m. Mound, 5 yrs, which last did not run the second heat.

The third race was for a Produce Stakes of 5000*f.* agreed upon by eight subscribers in 1830, for colts and fillies foaled in that year, to run at 3 yrs old, half forfeit. Lord Seymour and M. Delarroque being the only two subscribers who entered for the race, the others paid forfeit. The race was won by Lord Seymour's b. c. Fra Diavolo, carrying 107lb. (rode by Flatman), beating M. Delarroque's b. f. Miss Tandem, carrying 104lb. The distance was once and a half the round of the course. The horses started from that part of the ground opposite the winning-post, but on arriving at the corner to the left of the Pont d'Jena, Miss Tandem (who had the same accident last Tuesday) broke out of the course, threw her rider, and bolted, so that Fra Diavolo had no difficulty in winning; but in consequence of the recent heavy rains the ground was exceedingly heavy, and very disadvantageous for the horses.

#### FOURTH DAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

There were only two races this day : the first for the Duke of Orleans' prize, consisting of a Silver-gilt Cup, value 1000*f.*, and 2000*f.* in money; the second for the King's prize, consisting of a Silver-gilt Cup of 1500*f.*, another of 800*f.*, and 3000*f.* in money. The weather, which seemed very favorable early in the morning, became towards eleven o'clock very gloomy and lowering, and remained so nearly during all the time of the races, with some smart showers at intervals: that, however, did not prevent the course being honored by the presence of H. R. H. the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours, and their suites. There was also a great number of spectators; the stands, in particular, were crowded.

The first prize run for (the Duke's) was won by Lord Seymour's b. h. Ernest, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr. (rode by Buckle), the first heat in 5 min. and 12 4-5ths sec., and the second in the same time; beating M. Fasquel's b. h. Young Milton, 5 yrs; M. Rudoult's b. m. Miss Oina, 4 yrs; and M. Delarroque's b. m. Mouna, 5 yrs. This race was very interesting on account of its being so well contested. The first heat was gained by Ernest's beating Young Milton by a neck, and Miss Oina was only the same distance behind the second.

On starting for the second heat Ernest began to rear and plunge, so as nearly to throw his rider, who succeeded, however, in setting him off; but during the first round of the course, he remained at least 200 yards behind the last of the other three, and everybody

supposed he would have lost: however, in the second round, he pulled up fast, first passing one and then another, and at length came in first, amidst the plaudits of the assembled multitude, winning by half a neck.

The King's Prize was only contested by two—viz. Lord Seymour's b. h. Clerino, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr. (rode by Buckle), and M. Rieussec's b. m. Georgina, 4 yrs, 449 hectogr. (rode by Olivier), twice round the course, heats. The first heat was won gallantly by Clerino; the second (but with difficulty) by Georgina; but, in the third, Clerino unfortunately became lame, having previously strained the sinews of his legs, so that Georgina won the race.

#### FIFTH DAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

The weather proved very favorable, and the Champ de Mars was attended by a greater number of spectators than at any of the preceding races this season. All went off without accident, and those present were much gratified.

The first race was for a Sweepstakes of 1000*l.* each, three subs., twice round the Champ de Mars, one heat; and the ground was walked over by M. Rieussec's b. h. Felix, 6 yrs (rode by Olivier); Lord Seymour's Clerino and M. Fasquel's Young Milton having paid forfeit.

The second race was for twelve dozen of Champagne, presented

by the Jockey Club, twice round the course, one heat, for the encouragement of horses bred in France; each subscriber to pay 40*l.*, to be given to the winner. It was won by M. Delarrouque's b. m. Mouna, 5 yrs, carrying 123*lb.* (rode by Moutel), beating M. C. Salvador's b. h. Palmyre, 3 yrs. and M. Desgrands' ch. m. Fragoletta, 3 yrs.

The third race was for a Purse (subscribed by the Members of the Jockey Club and promoters of racing), amounting to 3055 *l.* once round the course, heats, which was won by M. C. Salvador's b. m. Miss Annette (which had been bought by Lord Seymour), 3 yrs, carrying 80*lb.* (rode by John), beating Lord Seymour's b. h. Clerino, 4 yrs, and M. Rieussec's b. m. Georgina, 4 yrs. Lord Seymour's b. h. Ernest was entered for this race, but did not start. The first heat of this race was won by Clerino, the second and third by Miss Annette.

M. Rieussec's Georgina was unfortunately taken ill in the second heat, from breaking a blood vessel; but by the prompt assistance of a veterinary surgeon, who bled her, it is anticipated that she will recover.

The fourth race was for 500*l.* a-side, once round, half forfeit, and was won by Lord Seymour's b. h. Fra Diavolo, 3 yrs, carrying 83*lb.* (rode by Flatman), beating M. Rieussec's gr. m. Helena, 3 yrs. M. Fasquel paid forfeit.

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### COURSING MEETINGS.

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#### THE ASHDOWN PARK.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1833.

**FOR the Cup.**—Col. Newpot's red b. No no by Goodlake's Galloway out

of his Glean beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Constellation by Cadland out of Calista; Lord Stradbroke's blk. d. Mariner by Ambiguity out of Mouse beat Mr. E. Cripps's brin. b. Envy by Swann's Dart

out of Emma; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pliant by Phlegon out of Pasta beat Mr. Moreton's bl. b. Minikin, late Fenella; Mr. Blythe Harries's f. d. Hebe by Volunteer out of Phoebe beat Mr. Astley's wh. d. Aimwell; Mr. Goodlake's red b. Gong by Euryalus out of Georgina beat Mr. Capel's wh. d. Ivory by Lizzard out of a daughter of Glowworm; Mr. Morant's yel. and wh. b. Miss by Bungey beat Mr. Agg's bl. d. Achilles; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Ettrick by Alexander out of Matilda beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Comet, sister to Constellation; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Elymas by Dart out of Sontag beat Col. Newport's wh. b. Nanny ho! by Nonplus out of Blue Cap.

*For the Derby Stakes, three sovs. each.*  
—Mr. Pettat's blk. and wh. d. Panic by Logic out of Jessamine beat Mr. Morant's brin. d. Moses by Fockabar out of Fountain; Mr. Moreton's wh. d. Manchet by Phlegon out of Hornet beat Mr. Capel's blk. d. Ipswich by Mayfly; Mr. Harries's (Goodlake's) f. d. Grandee by Childers beat Mr. Agg's red d. Abjer by Warrener out of Belle; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pedro by Cambric out of Emerald beat Mr. Cripps's wh. d. Courier by Cataline out of Galista; Mr. Goodlake's red d. Gauntlet by Great Ben out of a daughter of the Gill Mill bitch beat Col. Newport's blk. d. No. 1, by Nonplus; Mr. Etwall's wh. and yel. d. Equinox by Eurios out of Europa beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Erebus by Cambric out of Emerald.

*For the Oaks Stakes, three sovs. each.*  
—Mr. Etwall's wh. b. East Wind by Eurios out of Europa beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Camarine by Cambric out of Emerald; Col. Newport's bl. b. Nerissa by Nonplus out of Nisa beat Mr. Agg's (Moreton's) blk. b. Minion by Eurios out of Virago; Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Girdle Sister to Gauntlet beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's (Etwall's) red b. Erycina by Phlegon out of Highwind; Mr. Harries's blk. b. Hydra by Mr. Jenkins's Sweep out of a Farmer's bitch beat Mr. Capel's (Lord Stradbroke's) blk. b. Mary Ann; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Piquet by Logic out of Jessamine beat Mr. Moreton's brin. b. Mignonette by Eurios out of Europa; Lord Stradbroke's red b. Miniature by Gustavus out of Moggy beat Mr. Astley's f. b. Artless out of a Sister to Amelia.

*For the Weyland Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Moreton's blk. b. Mud by Eurios out of Virago beat Mr. Capel's blk. d. Ignis Fatuus, late Biggs's Balloon; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pounce by Logic out of Louisa beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Exile by Snail out of Elegant; Lord Stradbroke's blk. b. Mistake by Gustavus out of a Garrick bitch beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Charmer by Lizzard out of a Sister to Giraffe.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Pliant beat Elymas.  
Gong — Hebe.  
No no — Mariner.  
Miss — Ettrick.

FIRST TIES FOR THE DERRY.

Grandee beat Equinox.  
Pedro — Manchet.  
Gauntlet — Panic.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS.

Girdle beat East Wind.  
Hydra — Piquet.  
Miniature — Nerissa.

*The St. Leger Stakes, five sovs. each.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guinea Fowl beat Mr. Etwall's wh. and blk. b. Everleigh, late Frontlet; Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eyedrop agst Col. Newport's bl. d. Noll—undecided—Noll won the toss; Mr. Capel's blk. d. Ipswich beat Lord Stradbroke's blk. b. Margaret; Mr. Harries's blk. b. Harkaway beat Mr. Moreton's red d. Mack late Fockabar.

FIRST TIES FOR THE WEYLAND STAKES.

Pounce beat Mistake.  
Mud — Nelly Bustle.

Mistake was killed by running against a horse's leg.

*The Craven All-aged Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Agg's red d. Apollo beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Plumage; Lord Stradbroke's blk. b. Marchioness beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. General, late Major; Mr. Etwall's f. d. Epsom beat Mr. Morant's red b. Mouse; Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Comet beat Col. Newport's wh. b. Nanny ho!

*The Second Class of Craven Stakes.*—Mr. Moreton's bl. b. Minikin beat Mr. Pettat's wh. d. Ploughboy; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Eau de Vie beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Camarine.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gong beat Miss.  
Pliant — No no.

SECOND TIES FOR THE DERRY.

Gauntlet beat Pedro.  
Grandee ran a bye.

SECOND TIES FOR THE OAKS.

Hydra ran a bye—Miniature being drawn, unwell.  
Girdle ran a bye.

SECOND TIES FOR THE ST. LEGER.

Nol beat Ipswich.  
Guinea Fowl — Harkaway.

*Deciding Course for the Weyland Stakes.*—Pounce beat Mud, and won the Stakes.

*Craven Puppy Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Etwall's red b. Erycina beat Mr. Harries's red b. Hecla; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Erebus beat Mr. Agg's red d. Abjer; Mr. Morton's brin b. Mignonette beat Mr. Morant's wh. d. Mask; Mr. Capel's blk. d. Ignis Fatuus beat Mr. Cripps's wh. d. Courier.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CRAVEN STAKES.

Marchioness beat Comet.  
Epsom — Apollo.

*Deciding Course for the Second Class of Craven.*—Miniken and Eau de Vied divided the Stakes.

*Lamborn Puppy Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Eastwind beat Lord Stradbroke's blk. b. Mary Ann; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Panic beat Mr. Morant's red d. Moses.

*Second Class of Lamborn Stakes, All-aged.*—Mr. Morant's red b. Mouse beat Mr. Moreton's red d. Mack; Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Everleigh beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. General, late Major.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Pettat's Pliant beat Gong, and won the Cup.

*Deciding Course for the Derby.*—Mr. Goodlake's Gauntlet beat his Grandee, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Oaks.*—Mr. Harries's Hydra beat Girdle, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the St. Leger.*—Col. Newport's Nol beat Guinea Fowl, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Craven.*—Mr. Etwall's Epsom beat Marchioness, and won the Stakes.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CRAVEN PUPPY STAKES.

Mignonette beat Ignis Fatuus.  
Erycina — Erebus.

*Deciding Course for the Lamborn Stakes.*—Eastwind beat Panic, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Second Class of Lamborn Stakes.*—Everleigh beat Mouse, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Craven Puppy Stakes.*—Mignonette and Erycina divided the Stakes.

The Stewards were Mr. Capel and Mr. Morant.

### THE LOUTH COUNTY.

*The Cup, with ten sovs. added.*—Mr. W. Elmhirst's r. b. Favorite beat Mr.

G. Heneage's r. p. b. Limehouse; Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Harmonicon beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Volage; Mr. Chaplin's blk. d. Childers beat Mr. Berridge's f. d. Truth; Mr. E. Smith's blk. d. Nectar beat Mr. Dawson's r. d. Random (jun.); Mr. Bartholomew's blk. and wh. d. Baron beat Col. Elmhirst's r. d. Brandy; Mr. Hoskins's brin. d. Herdsman beat Mr. Golden's blk. d. Romulus; Mr. Loft's brin. wh. d. Lancer beat Mr. G. Allington's f. and w. d. Clifford; Mr. Hassall's r. and wh. b. Hecubana beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. b. p. Lyre.

FIRST TIES.

Nectar beat Childers.  
Herdsman — Hecubana.  
Baron — Harmonicon.  
Lancer — Favorite.

SECOND TIES.

Baron beat Nectar.  
Herdsman — Lancer.

*Deciding Course.*—Baron beat Herdsman, and won the Cup; Herdsman the Sovereigns.

*The Louth Great St. Leger Stakes of 80 sovs. (15 sovs. to the second best dog).*—Mr. Berridge's blk. b. Transfer beat Mr. Loft's blk. d. Lamplighter; Mr. R. Chaplin's r. b. Countess beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. p. b. Thais; Mr. G. Allington's blk. p. d. Bouncer beat Mr. Wing's blk. d. Gimcrack; Mr. Golden's blk. b. Optima beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. d. Lobster; Col. Elmhirst's blk. b. Wilful rec. from Mr. Best's —; Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Harpocrates beat Mr. Dawson's blk. and wh. d. Hector; Mr. E. Smith's r. b. Minna beat Mr. Chaplin's f. d. Coriander; Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bowler beat Mr. G. Heneage's blk. p. b. Lolah.

FIRST TIES.

Harpocrates beat Minna.  
Transfer — Wilful.  
Bouncer — Optima.  
Countess — Bowler.

SECOND TIES.

Bouncer beat Transfer.  
Countess — Harpocrates.

*Deciding Course.*—Bouncer beat Countess, and won the Stakes; Countess the Sovereigns.

*The Oak Stakes of 16 sovs. for Bitch Puppies.*—Col. Elmhirst's blk. tan b. Midnight beat Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Heedless; Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Lucy beat Mr. Golden's r. b. Rebecca; Mr. Hoskins's bl. b. Hecuba beat Mr. Allington's blk. b. Brilliant; Mr. Berridge's blk. and wh. b. Tawdry beat Mr. E. Smith's brin. b. Miss.

**TIES.**

Midnight beat Lucy.  
Tawdry — Hecuba.

*Deciding Course.*—Midnight beat Tawdry, and won the Stakes.

*The Derby Stakes of 16 sovs. for Dog Puppies.*—Mr. E. Smith's bl. d. Master beat Mr. G. Allington's wh. d. Bridle-groom; Mr. Bartholomew's blk. tan d. Bugle beat Mr. Beridge's bl. and wh. d. Tangent; Mr. G. Heneage's blk. d. Lichfield beat Mr. Hoskins's brin. d. Hungarian; Col. Elmhirst's r. d. Sportsman beat Mr. Loft's blk. tan d. Major.

**TIES.**

Master beat Bugle.  
Lichfield — Sportsman.

*Deciding Course.*—Master beat Lichfield, and won the Stakes.

*The Withcull All-Age Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. Beridge's f. d. Truth beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. p. d. Hayraddin; Mr. G. Allington's f. and wh. d. Clifford beat Mr. Golden's blk. d. Romulus.

*Deciding Course.*—Clifford beat Truth, and won the Stakes.

*The Puppy Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. Beridge's bl. and wh. d. Tangent beat Mr. E. Smith's brin. b. Miss; Mr. Golden's r. b. Rebecca beat Mr. Hoskins's brin. d. Hungarian.

*Deciding Course.*—Tangent beat Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

*The Tathwell All-Age Stakes of 16 sovs.*—Mr. Bartholomew's wh. b. Bonnie Lassie beat Mr. Hoskins's f. p. b. Highland Lassie; Mr. Golden's f. d. Messenger beat Mr. Chaplin's bl. and wh. d. Comet; Mr. Hassall's r. d. Hammer beat Mr. Loft's blk. tan b. Laura; Mr. Beridge's blk. and wh. p. b. Tapster beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Henrietta.

**TIES.**

Hammer beat Tapster.  
Messenger — Bonnie Lassie.

*Deciding Course.*—Hammer beat Messenger, and won the Stakes.

*The Tathwell Grange Puppy Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. E. Smith's brin. d. Blucher beat Mr. Hassall's brin. d. Homicide; Mr. Bartholomew's wh. d. Bustler beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. and wh. d. Highland Laddie.

*Deciding Course.*—Blucher beat Bustler, and won the Stakes.

*First Class Bitch Puppy Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. Hoskins's f. b. Her Highness beat Mr. Chaplin's r. b. Cowslip; Mr. Bartholomew's wh. b. Bella beat Hassall's brin. b. Hagle.

*Deciding Course.*—Bella beat Her Highness, and won the Stakes.

*Second Class Bitch Puppy Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. Beridge's blk. and wh. b. Taglioni beat Mr. Loft's blk. and wh. b. Madge; Mr. Hoskins's blk. and wh. b. Hammeline beat Mr. Golden's r. b. Reticule.

*Deciding Course.*—Taglioni beat Hammeline, and won the Stakes.

*All-Age Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. Beridge's yel. b. Topaz beat Mr. Hassall's blk. and wh. b. Hellespont; Mr. Bartholomew's cr. b. Busy beat Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Horatio.

*Deciding Course.*—Busy beat Topaz, and won the Stakes.

*Caldwell Bitch Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Loft's brin. b. Lark beat Mr. Bartholomew's brin. b. Bartsa; Mr. Hassall's blk. b. Harrington beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Harebell.

*Deciding Course.*—Lark beat Harrington, and won the Stakes.

*The Bye Stakes of eight sovs.*—Mr. E. Smith's blk. p. d. Langa beat Mr. Beridge's blk. p. d. Tremaine; Mr. Beridge's blk. b. Toy beat Mr. R. Chaplin's r. d. Comus.

*Deciding Course.*—Toy beat Langa, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Beridge's Triumph beat Mr. R. Chaplin's Annette; Mr. Loft's Lampighter beat Mr. Meredith's Comet; Mr. Bartholomew's Blackamoor beat Mr. Meredith's Blucher; Mr. Hoskins's Hotspur beat Mr. Beridge's Tabby; Mr. E. Smith's Minna beat Mr. Hoskins's Hotspur; Mr. E. Smith's Miss beat Mr. Hassall's Headless; Col. Elmhirst's Wilful beat Mr. E. Smith's Langa; Col. Elmhirst's Brandy beat Mr. Hassall's Homicide; Mr. Hoskins's Henrietta beat Mr. Beridge's Topaz; Mr. Beridge's Toy beat Mr. Hoskins's Hayraddin; Mr. Hoskins's Hotspur beat Mr. E. Smith's Minna.

**THE HAREWOOD.**

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Anderton's bl. d. Archer beat Mr. Benn's blk. and wh. d. Jack; the Hon. H. Lascelles' blk. and wh. d. Vagrant beat Mr. Teal's f. b. Sweetbriar; Mr. Cholmley's blk. and wh. b. Fly beat Mr. Jowet's yel. and wh. d. Dart; Mr. Gibb's bl. and wh. d. Twist beat Mr. Hargrave's blk. and wh. b. Eclipse; Mr. Holroyd's r. and wh. d. Flyer beat Mr. Roylaner's blk. d. Jaltus; Mr. Harrison's wh. d. Pollux beat the Hon. A. Lascelles' r. d. Childers; Mr. S. Fox's wh. b. Grace beat Sir C. Ibbotson's bl. d. Fairplay; Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant beat the Hon. E. Lascelles' f. d. Templar.

## FIRST TIES.

Archer beat Flyer.  
Pollux — Vagrant.  
Grace — Fly.  
Truant — Twist.

## SECOND TIES.

Grace beat Pollux.  
Archer — Truant.

*Deciding Course.*—Grace beat Archer, and won the Cup.

*Harewood All Age Stakes.*—Mr. Chomley's bl. b. Elyssa beat Mr. Gibbs's bl. d. Gas; Mr. Teal's bl. and wh. b. Woodbine beat Mr. Roylaner's r. b. Duchess; Mr. Anderton's blk. and wh. d. Artless beat Mr. Harrison's blk. d. Ross; Mr. Hargrave's bl. b. Nettle beat Mr. Benn's bl. b. Busy.

## TIES.

Elyssa beat Woodbine.  
Nettle — Artless.

*Deciding Course.*—Elyssa beat Nettle, and won the Stakes.

*Dog Puppy Stakes.*—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vicar beat Mr. S. Fox's blk. d. Bilston; Mr. Benn's brin. d. Pilot beat Mr. Chomley's wh. d. Scylla; Mr. Gibbs's blk. and wh. d. Sapio beat Mr. Fox's wh. d. Tramp; Mr. Holroyd's blk. and wh. d. Saddler beat Mr. Roylaner's blk. d. Adventure.

## TIES.

Vicar beat Pilot.  
Saddler — Sapio.

*Deciding Course.*—Saddler beat Vicar, and won the Stakes.

*Bitch Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Hargrave's r. b. Brunette beat Mr. Holroyd's blk. tan b. Fleet; Mr. S. Fox's wh. b. Ticket beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Venus; Mr. Teal's blk. and wh. b. Fanny beat Mr. Gibbs's blk. b. Fly; Mr. Chomley's blk. and wh. b. Marcia beat Mr. Fox's wh. and blk. b. Tulip.

## TIES.

Fanny beat Marcia.  
Ticket — Brunette.

*Deciding Course.*—Fanny beat Ticket, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of one sov. each.*—Mr. Teal's f. d. Sherwood beat Mr. Harrison's f. d. Marmion; Mr. S. Fox's bl. b. Tipsey beat Mr. Holroyd's wh. d. Major.

*Deciding Course.*—Sherwood beat Tipsey, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of two sovs each.*—Mr. Gibbs's f. d. Tarquin beat Mr. Harrison's r. d. Red Rover; Mr. Berners' bl. and wh. d. Spanker beat Mr. S. Fox's red and wh. d. Rambler.

*Deciding Course.*—Spanker beat Tarquin, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of three sovs each.*—Mr. Chomley's wh. d. Scylla beat Mr. Roylaner's r. b. Duchess; Mr. Benn's bl. b. Busy beat Mr. Truman's wh. d. Nero; Mr. Harrison's red d. Turk beat Mr. S. Fox's f. d. Templar; Mr. Gibbs's red d. Childers beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vagrant.

## TIES.

Turk beat Scylla.  
Childers — Busy.

*Deciding Course.*—Turk beat Childers, and won the Stakes.

## THE ANDOVERSFORD.

*The Cup.*—Mr. Becket's yel. and wh. b. Lady beat Mr. Walker's b. d. Sailor; Mr. Giles's f. b. Gipsy beat Mr. Fletcher's b. d. Hector; Mr. Enock's wh. d. Spring beat Mr. Humphries's yel. and wh. d. Hero; Mr. Hewer's yel. and wh. b. Fly beat Mr. Freeman's b. b. Fancy; Mr. Jones's b. b. Diana beat Mr. Yearsley's b. and wh. d. Youth; Mr. New's b. b. Negus beat Mr. Herbert's b. and wh. Bell; Mr. Turk's r. d. Hector beat Mr. Guy's r. d. Glory; Mr. Cook's pied d. Swing ran a bye.

## FIRST TIES.

Gipsy beat Lady.  
Fly — Swing.  
Negus — Diana.  
Hector — Spring.

## SECOND TIES.

Fly beat Gipsy.  
Negus — Hector.

*Deciding Course.*—Fly beat Negus, and won the Cup.

*Sevenhampton Stakes.*—Mr. Becker's Betsey beat Mr. Herbert's Swing; Mr. Yearsley's Yacht beat Mr. Guy's Lady.

*Deciding Course.*—Yacht beat Betsey, and won the Stakes.

*The Salperton Cup* (given by J. Browne, Esq.)—Mr. Becket's Lady beat Mr. Herbert's Bell; Mr. Jones's Spring beat Mr. Walker's Tailor; Mr. Turk's Amulet beat Mr. Cook's Swindon; Mr. Giles's Brilliant beat Mr. New's Napoleon.

## TIES.

Lady beat Spring.  
Amulet — Brilliant.

*Deciding Course.*—Amulet beat Lady, and won the Cup; Lady the Guinea.

*The Sandiwell Stakes.*—Mr. Freeman's Fancy beat Mr. Hewer's Beauty;

Mr. Guy's Glory beat Mr. Humphries's Hero.

*Deciding Course.*—Fancy beat Glory, and won the Stakes.

*The Hampden Stakes.*—Mr. Enock's Quick beat Mr. Yearsley's Yacht; Mr. Herbert's Betsey beat Mr. Lait's Lance.

*Deciding Course.*—Quick beat Betsey, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Freeman's brin. d. Fly beat Mr. Herbert's No-go; Mr. Freeman's Fearless reed. fl. from Mr. Herbert's Hopeful.

### THE WINCHBURGH.

*Cup of fifteen sovs.*—Mr. Wilson's Dow beat Mr. Brown's Forss; Captain Forbes named Punch beat Mr. Allan's Regina; Mr. John Raimes's Rattler beat Mr. Graham Stirling's Wonder; Mr. Ross's Rasper beat Mr. Sheriff's Saladin—drawn; Mr. Raimes's Rival beat Sir A. Hope named Draft; Mr. Johnston named Dux beat Sir James Dalzell's Rally; Major Sharp named Ponna beat Mr. Forbes's Magic; Mr. Baillie's Don Carlos beat Mr. T. Allan's Deceiver; Mr. Wilkie's Simon beat Mr. H. Dundas's The Duke—drawn; Mr. A. Graham's Dripps beat Mr. Piper's Driver.

#### FIRST TIES.

|            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| Punch      | beat Dow. |
| Rattler    | — Rasper. |
| Rival      | — Dux.    |
| Don Carlos | — Ponna.  |
| Dripps     | — Simon.  |

#### SECOND TIES.

|            |                         |
|------------|-------------------------|
| Punch      | agst Rattler—undecided. |
| Don Carlos | beat Rival.             |
| Punch      | — Rattler.              |
| Dripps     | ran a bye.              |

#### THIRD TIES.

|            |                   |
|------------|-------------------|
| Dripps     | beat Punch—drawn. |
| Don Carlos | ran a bye.        |

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. A. Graham's Dripps beat Mr. Baillie's Don Carlos, and won the Cup.

*Stakes, one sov. each Dog.*—Captain Dalzell named Dairymaid beat Mr. Brown named Dandy; Mr. Baillie named Dumpy beat Mr. Henderson's Steam—drawn; Mr. J. Raimes's Major beat Mr. H. Dundas's Dutchman; Mr. Piper's Dart beat Mr. Dudgeon's Dennis; Mr. J. H. Dundas's Dandy beat Mr. Meiklem's Merk; the Hon. James Hope named The Doctor beat Mr. Aitken's Duchess.

#### FIRST TIES.

|            |                       |
|------------|-----------------------|
| Dumpy      | beat Dairymaid—drawn. |
| Major      | — Dart.               |
| The Doctor | — Dandy.              |

VOL. VIII.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 45.

#### SECOND TIES.

|            |                       |
|------------|-----------------------|
| Dumpy      | agst Major—undecided. |
| Dumpy      | beat Major.           |
| The Doctor | ran a bye.            |

*Deciding Course.*—The Hon. James Hope named The Doctor beat Mr. Baillie named Dumpy, and won the Stakes.

### THE MORFE.

*Puppy Cup and Goblet.*—Mr. Best's bl. b. Brunette beat Mr. Davenport's r. b. Daisy; Mr. Harris's blk. b. Hydra beat Mr. Bache's f. b. Bellona; Mr. H. M. Campbell's blk. b. Huma beat Mr. H. Hill's r. b. Hag; Mr. Parr's brin. b. Penelope beat Mr. Vickers's blk. b. Vanity; Mr. Bates's blk. b. Bun beat the Hon. R. Hill's wh. p. b. Housewife; Mr. Bache's r. d. Baron beat Mr. Vickers's blk. and wh. b. Violet; Mr. Davenport's blk. b. Drill beat Mr. Harris's r. b. Hecla.

#### FIRST TIES.

|          |             |
|----------|-------------|
| Brunette | beat Hydra. |
| Penelope | — Huma.     |
| Baron    | — Bun.      |
| Drill    | ran a bye.  |

#### SECOND TIES.

|          |                |
|----------|----------------|
| Penelope | beat Brunette. |
| Baron    | — Drill.       |

*Deciding Course.*—Baron beat Penelope, and won the Cup; Penelope the Goblet.

Baron was got by Mr. Davenport's Dotterell out of Mr. Bache's Phoebe; Penelope by Mr. Harris's Monarch out of Mr. Parr's Prunella by Mr. Boothby's Webber.

*The First Class Patshull All-age Stakes, of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Bates's r. d. Burgundy beat Mr. Davenport's blk. b. Deborah; Mr. Campbell's blk. and wh. d. Hawthorn beat Mr. Best's blk. b. Blossom; Mr. H. Hill's blk. d. Heretic beat Mr. Bache's bl. and wh. p. b. Butterfly; Mr. Harris's blk. b. Harkaway beat the Hon. R. Hill's blk. b. Hoyden.

#### TIES.

|          |                                |
|----------|--------------------------------|
| Harkaway | beat Heretic.                  |
| Burgundy | ran a bye—Hawthorn drawn lame. |

The Stakes were divided.

*The Second Class Patshull All-age Stakes, of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Parr's blk. b. Hebe beat Mr. Vickers's f. d. Victor; Mr. Bache's r. b. Bracelet beat Mr. Bates's bl. b. Blue Bonnet; Mr. Parr's bl. b. Pastime beat Mr. H. Hill's blk. d.

G g

Hymen; Mr. Beat's r. b. Bonny Lass beat Mr. Vickers's blk. d. Velocipede.

## TIES.

Bracelet beat Hebe.

Pastime — Bonny Lass.

*Deciding Course.*—Bracelet beat Pastime, and won the Stakes.—Bracelet was got by Mr. Vickers's Volunteer, out of Mr. Bache's Phebe.

*The Morfe Puppy Stakes of one sov. each.*—Mr. Davenport's r. d. Dragoon beat Mr. Parr's blk. d. Protector; Hon. R. Hill's wh. d. Hoch beat Mr. Bache's f. d. Brutus; Mr. Campbell's blk. and wh. d. Horatio beat Mr. Beat's wh. b. Blythe.

## TIES.

Dragoon beat Hoch.

Horatio ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Dragoon beat Horatio, and won the Stakes.—Dragoon was got by Mr. Davenport's Defiance out of Mr. Bates's Beasy.

## BIGGAR, OR UPPER WARD OF LANARKSHIRE.

*The Silver Cup.*—Mr. Greenshield's yel. b. Ruby beat Mr. Graham's r. b. Pomney; Mr. Hutchinson's wh. b. Lady Isabel beat Mr. Dickson's blk. d. Black Douglas; Mr. Hastie's brin. and wh. b. Nettle beat Mr. Paterson's brin. b. Polly; Mr. White's yel. d. Czar beat Mr. Todd's f. and wh. d. Nimrod; Mr. Baillie's yel. b. Hope beat Mr. A. Gillespie's brin. and wh. b. Fairy; Lord Douglas's yel. b. Kerse beat Mr. Kerr's blk. d. King; Lord Eglinton's yel. and wh. b. Exotic beat Captain Paterson's yel. d. Hubert; Mr. A. Sim's brin. d. The Major ran a bye.

## FIRST TIES.

Major beat Ruby.

Lady Isabel — Nettle.

Hope — Czar.

Exotic — Kerse.

## SECOND TIES.

Major beat Lady Isabel.

Exotic — Hope.

*Deciding Course.*—Exotic beat Major (after an undecided course), and won the Cup.

At a previous meeting of the above Club, held on the 15th, 16th, and 18th November, a Piece of Plate was won by Lord Douglas's Beauty beating Mr. Greenshield's Hotspur in the deciding course).

## CLYDESDALE.

The Cup for young dogs pupped in 1832, after some admirable sport, in which

five classes were run, was won by Mr. Jardine's Sir Roger beating Mr. Hastie's Jess.

The Champion Collar, for dogs of all ages, was won by Mr. Hastie's Nettle beating the Marquis of Douglas's Sweeper.

The Sweepstakes for all dogs was won in the fifth class by Mr. Jardine's Lady Isabel beating Lord Eglinton's Exotic.

The Stewards were the Right Hon. the Earl of Eglinton and J. B. Jardine, Esq.—Tryer, Mr. Isaac Scott, of Edinburgh.

## LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE.

This meeting took place on Sir John Maxwell's estate of Polloe.

The Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for dogs of all ages, was won, after a succession of beautiful runs, by Dr. Young's Jehu beating Mr. Meiklam's Mark.

A Cup (value 15*gs.*) for dogs not exceeding twenty months was won in the fourth class by Mr. Carnie's Chance beating Mr. Graham's Puzzle.

The Sweepstakes for dogs of a similar age was won by Mr. Graham Ponza beating Mr. Geddes's Sailor.

## BOWERS.

*For the Cup, Goblet, and Gravy Spoons.*—Mr. Jones's (Warman) blk. d. Juror beat Mr. Ensworth's bl. and wh. d. Eurus; Mr. Bennett's (Farrington) blk. and wh. b. Betsy beat Mr. Warman's brin. b. Woodnymph; Mr. Bowles's (Ensworth) bl. b. Elastic beat Mr. Blackhall's brin. b. Brenda; Mr. Cowdery's blk. d. Edwin beat Mr. Beechy's blk. and wh. d. Buffer; Captain Dundas's yel. d. Dictator beat Dr. Mitford's f. d. Myrtle; Mr. Ormond's yel. and wh. d. Organist beat Mr. Kent's blk. and wh. b. Kitty; Mr. Goodlake's r. b. Gong beat Mr. T. Bennett's yel. d. Briton; Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Effie Deans beat Mr. Gearing's blk. b. Gainer; Mr. Sherwood's (T. Bennett's) f. b. Spider beat Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) yel. and wh. b. Whitelock; Mr. Williams's (Ilaley) bl. d. Walter Scott beat Mr. Clarke's r. d. Critic; Mr. Elmore's r. and wh. b. Echo beat Mr. King's brin. d. Peter; Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) yel. d. Whisker beat Mr. Trinder's yel. d. Tressillian.

## FIRST TIES.

Juror beat Betsy.

Elastic — Edwin.

Organist — Dictator.

Effie Deans — Gong.

Spider — Walter Scott.

Echo — Whisker.

## SECOND TIES.

Effie Deans beat Juror.  
Echo — Elastic.  
Spider — Organist.

*Deciding Course.*—Spider won the Cup, Echo the Goblet, and Effie Deans the Spoons.—The three dogs were slipped at a hare with good law, and were in the act of racing to reach her, when another hare jumped up before them, to which the dogs were fairly laid on; but at the first turn a third hare started, when the dogs divided, Spider following the slipped hare, and the other two the fresh one. The course was decided up to the time of such division, and the Cup awarded to Mr. Bennett, on the ground of his bitch having followed the slipped hare.

*The Letcomb Stakes.*—Mr. Clarke's yel. and wh. b. Cowslip beat Mr. Trinder's yel. and wh. d. Trinculo; Mr. Ensworth's wh. b. Ermine beat Mr. T. Bennett's r. and wh. d. Beiram.

*Deciding Course.*—Cowslip beat Ermine, and won the Stakes.

*The Wantage Stakes.*—Mr. Elmore's r. d. Elfyn beat Mr. Williams's (Isley) bl. and wh. b. Wanton; Mr. T. Bennett's yel. d. Barrister beat Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) blk. b. Willing.

*Deciding Course.*—Elfyn beat Barrister, and won the Stakes.

*The Red House Stakes.*—Mr. Ensworth's r. b. Europa beat Mr. Williams's (Isley) yel. b. Whim; Mr. Elmore's brin. b. Ellen beat Mr. T. Bennett's f. d. Bradley.

*Deciding Course.*—Ellen beat Europa, and won the Stakes.

## HAMPTON COURT.

A meeting took place on the 5th of December in the Home Park, permission having been kindly granted by the Earl of Albemarle.

*The Cup and Goblet.*—Mr. Anderson's r. b. Atalanta beat Mr. Danic's b. d. Nelson; Mr. Clarke's r. d. Critic beat Mr. Rice's r. b. Rarity; Mr. Willahen's brin. b. Moll beat Mr. Goodwin's blk. d. Glowworm; Mr. Seymour's r. and wh. b. Sally beat Mr. Farnell's b. b. Fly; Mr. Thompson's r. d. Pilot beat Mr. Osborne's blk. b. Mouse; Mr. Bailly's b. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Patient's b. d. Prince; Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Echo beat Mr. Burnett's wh. d. Bramble; Mr. Collier's r. d. Creeper beat Mr. Nicholls's b. b. Nimble.

## FIRST TIES.

Atalanta beat Critic.  
Moll — Sally.  
Pilot — Blackbird.  
Echo — Creeper.

## SECOND TIES.

Atalanta beat Moll.  
Pilot — Echo.

*Deciding Course.*—Atalanta agst Pilot. The umpires having differed in opinion as to this course, Mr. Thompson offered to run it again, which was at first declined on the ground that Atalanta had won: the proposal was, however, after considerable discussion, subsequently agreed to, but it was too dark; and it was finally arranged that Pilot should have the Cup, and Atalanta the Goblet, receiving also 5l. from Pilot by way of equalising the division.—The hares ran remarkably stout, and defeated the dogs almost in every instance.

## PRESENT RACE OF FOX-HUNTING GENTLEMEN.

SIR,

ONE is continually hearing of the "March of Intellect"—how greatly every branch of society is benefited by it!—but in nothing, in my opinion, is it so perceptible as in the present race of fox-hunting Gentlemen. I had the pleasure, perhaps I should say honor, lately of passing two days with a select party of Meltonians, amongst whom were, the Russian Ambassador, Lords Rokeby and Kinnaird, Mr.

Gilmour, &c. It would be quite impossible for Gentlemen to conduct themselves with greater propriety, or render their company more acceptable to Ladies generally. Although they had most brilliant sport, and we read their satisfaction in their looks, there were no noisy discussions during dinner of the merits of the run: no extravagant praises bestowed on each individual horse that distinguished itself: no bet-

ting, no bargaining, or any *stable subjects*! The conversation was general, intellectual, and such as the Ladies could participate in, to improve and to be improved. Thank heaven! we have no *Squire Westerns* now-a-days to shock us with their profaneness, and disgust us with their profligacy. Fifty years since a lover of the chase was a being to be dreaded, little more intellectual than the animal he pursued..... punch and tobacco seemed to form the *summum bonum* of earthly felicity, and to call the indignant blush into the cheek of a modest female the very acme of wit.

"Look on this picture, and on this."

Now a Meltonian and a Gentleman are synonymous terms. The West End of our gorgeous metropolis sends the choicest scions of fashion to that highly-favored spot. Members of the Senate gladly steal from the cares, the perplexities of a Court, to enjoy its calmer pleasures: Scholars quit their laborious studies for a time, to seek health and innocent recreation: men of the most polished manners, refined ideas, and strictest honor, alone constitute society there. To be one of them a man must be known—his connexions known—his habits of life known: the slightest deviation of honorable principle is his ruin. Let it once be suspected that he is a designing adventurer, and he is shunned spontaneously as a plague. Should any former associate, prompted by compassion or the memory of happy by-gone hours, attempt to palliate the offence, he is looked upon with almost equal suspicion, so scrupulously nice are they respecting character. In support

of these few hasty remarks I have only to evidence Melton's proudest boast—the Ladies—who are delighted to accompany their husbands, and remain during the winter perfectly happy and content. Were fox-hunters such as some would fain represent them, would husbands take their wives, the mothers of their children, to breathe the same atmosphere with beings so depraved?—No, no! the thing would outrage every natural feeling. And that there are Ladies at this moment at Melton of such unsullied purity of character that not even Malignity has ever dared to asperse with its pestiferous and blighting breath, or Envy dreamed of tarnishing, is a fact beyond dispute.

I most sincerely wish those who imagine that the example of a fox-hunter is dangerous to the young and offensive to the old, had but a fair opportunity of judging for themselves. I am confident prejudice would soon yield to conviction, and they would be eager to repair their former injustice; for it too frequently happens that those persons who are most violent against that persecuted race are least able to form an opinion. Excluded by circumstances from personal intercourse, they trust to vague report, which every person of common understanding finds the worst possible evidence, if they will but take the trouble to sift it. I cannot omit observing, what is universally acknowledged, that the *Sporting World* is greatly indebted to you, Mr. Editor, for the liberal encouragement you give to men of education and abilities, for the valuable and amusing articles your unique *Magazine* contains. Not only is

it the invariable companion of the library, but even in the elegant boudoir it holds no unworthy place. Amongst the most *recherché* publications of the present day the brightest eyes of England rest on its pages with more pleasure than any work of fiction can lay claim to. I am

too modest to aspire to increase the number of its talented contributors; but if, Mr. Editor, you deem these remarks worthy a corner in it, I trust they will give umbrage to none, and I know some they will greatly gratify.

I am, Sir, &c. CLIO.

Leicestershire, Nov. 28, 1833;

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### HAROUN ON BREEDING FROM ASIATIC BLOOD.

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SIR,

**Y**OUR Journal having long been looked to for information as well as amusement in the *Sporting World*, many of your readers will no doubt have received both the one and the other from the perusal of the valuable communications of your Correspondents STUB, JAVELIN, &c. on the qualities and breed of Asiatic horses; and as this is a subject on which I have some slight acquaintance, and wish to obtain more knowledge, particularly on one point which has lately been exciting great interest—namely, the probability of any improvement in English stock by the judicious admixture of the pure blood of the Desert with the best of our racers and hunters—you will therefore, it is hoped, make room in your journal for the present address. It will scarcely be necessary for me to premise that my sole object is for information, and by fair discussion to attract attention to the subject.

Whenever I have inquired of sporting men what has been the result of their own experience on this matter, it has been so frequently remarked, "that the best hunter they ever had was got by an Arabian," I have naturally

concluded that fine half-bred mares have been put to him; and as natural an inference followed, that were the best of our racing mares occasionally to be presented to an Arabian of pure blood and known performances, an equally favorable result would be obtained.

The account in your last Number of the get (and their exploits) of the Cole Arabian does not, it is true, favor the above conclusion; but it does not appear, with the exception of Jannette, that he had many good brood mares; and there was one important obstacle to his success as a stallion—he was not only very small himself, but he did not, as many little horses do, get large stock. His blood was undoubted: it must therefore be conceded to STUB that the immediate produce of this horse as racers was a failure; whilst it is very generally allowed in the Green Isle that his hunting stock, though small, were first-rate. Now, Mr. Editor, this is an anomaly well worth the attention, the study, and experience of breeders and *cognoscenti* to clear up. It does not moreover follow, that the failure in the Sulky adventures<sup>1</sup> should be conclusive against farther trials; for if it

were possible to know—and it would be both a curious and valuable inquiry to ascertain—what is the proportion of failures to successful stock, the weeds to the winners, in all the foals produced in any one year (probably 50 to 1), I do not think we should be deterred by one unsuccessful experiment from persevering in the pursuit. I say one unsuccessful experiment; for, as far as my knowledge extends, Sulky was the only Arabian, who had by actual performance proved himself to be good, that was imported into England for some years previous to 1814. These observations are limited to horses of approved good *caste*; for without the substantial test of actual performance on the turf we shall proceed in the dark, and with great risk, in breeding from foreign horses: and it is owing to this essential qualification having been overlooked that one of your Correspondents has said—though I do not quite coincide in the opinion—that the Asiatic horse of former days was better than those more recently obtained from our Eastern possessions. I do, however, most fully concur with him in thinking that any one who has imported a genuine Arab deserves the encouragement of the Sporting community.

It is remarked, and the observation is generally correct, that those who most emprise the breed of Arabia have not the

means to encourage it, whilst those who have will not—(the age of English Nabobs is gone). There are, however, some exceptions to this remark; and amongst others I have heard that Sir R. Dick has a colt, out of *Bravura* by an Arabian, of sufficient promise to have been entered for the *Criterion* and the *Derby*. He did not start for the former; but those of your readers who feel an interest in the subject, and have time and opportunity, might assign the reason, and confer a benefit by informing us of the “mark and likelihood” of this colt; but at the first blush it looks as though he were something better than common. It is also desirable that we should know more of the stock produced from other Arab sires and dams now in this country, particularly of the mare *Furhah* by *Whisker* and *Actæon*, as she produced a winner before she left India. There is also stock from *Harlequin*, *Orelia*, *Signal*, &c. &c.: let us hear something of them from the disinterested and judicious, and whether, in bone, size, symmetry, and breeding, their foals bear a comparison with others *out of the same mares* by English blood horses: these are the data on which we must come to our conclusions, and on which alone any rational judgment can be formed.

Yours, &c.

HAROUN.

Dec. 6, 1933.

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### CANINE PATHOLOGY.

SIR,  
THERE are few subjects more interesting to the Sportsman than the diseases of dogs. The following remarks may be full of

error, as they are the result of common rather than scientific observation; they, however, may throw some light on the subject,

and possibly induce some one of better judgment, as well as experience, to publish the information he may possess through the widely-circulated medium of the *Sporting Magazine*. The disease which more immediately occasioned this letter is of all others the most dreadful, and one that prevails at the present moment to a most alarming extent over the whole of South Wales—I mean Hydrophobia. It originated (at least it is thus traced) in Glamorganshire, and was thence removed by wholesale into Carmarthenshire by a Gentleman's receiving a pack of hounds infected with it from the former county, and afterwards distributing them into his walks in the latter one. This took place last year; ever since which time mad dogs have been continually traversing the Principality, biting every description of animal in their way; and the loss they have caused farmers and others in their cattle, but chiefly in pigs and poultry, is incalculable. As the difficulty of suppressing so extended, and at the same time so insidious, a disease must necessarily be very great, there is but too much reason to believe it will not only reach, but prevail over, the neighbouring counties, if not the whole of England: it, however, travels slowly, having been nearly two years in extending itself thus far.

When an animal has been bitten, the first symptoms are generally shewn within three weeks. A very violent fit of shivering, with hollow and inflamed eyes, are what I have usually observed: he loathes his food, but will *drink*. The next stage, which follows in about twenty-four hours, is that of most de-

cided madness, when they bite and tear everything within reach, and now (and not before as far as I have noticed) does it become hydrophobia, properly speaking, as the sight of running water is most distressing to them. One instance of its extraordinary effect I can give upon the best authority, as it occurred in my immediate neighbourhood. A farmer had a sheep-dog severely bitten by a fox-hound that passed through the fold-yard, and as no hounds of the description are kept within twenty miles of the place, it was naturally concluded that he was under the influence of the disease. The farmer took every precaution that prudence could suggest, applying the different remedies and keeping the dog up, but after a lapse of nearly a month he was taken with the usual shivering fit. In a few hours after, in order to satisfy the man's mind as to hydrophobia, he was taken to a deep pool in the brook just by and thrown in, when to everybody's astonishment he sank to rise no more, without the slightest attempt at self-preservation, so completely paralysed and prostrate did the dog's powers become in the water.

When a dog is approaching to the worst stage of the disorder, his howl is most piteous, and his voice is quite changed, not only from what it was before, but from that of the species generally, becoming something not unlike that of a fox. His whole deportment is changed some days previous to the shivering, inasmuch as he is more quarrelsome, with a sly and peculiarly distrustful expression; and this bears out in some degree what is generally asserted—namely, that a mad dog will

never look a man in the face. There appear to be considerable intermissions in the disease, and that there are short intervals between the violent paroxysms, which ultimately kill him: these, however, do not come on until he has done irretrievable injury if at liberty, for when they wander out and bite they are comparatively in a placid state, and frequently return to their homes for an hour or so, and often spend the time quietly on the hearth or their accustomed bed; but when abroad, on the contrary (which makes me think they have *lucid* intervals), they will bite anything and everything, chasing even poultry and birds: there is, however, nothing of savageness in their demeanour, but rather of mischief: but the career is not long, three or four days generally bringing their miserable existence to a close.

To speak of any treatment besides the gun or cord would be next to useless, for it is all but certain that the most received prescriptions fail when the bite is deep. Dogs *slightly* bitten have not gone mad to my knowledge, when others bitten by the same individual, but more severely, have become decidedly so, and in cases where decoctions of approved herbs, Turbith mineral, and the like, have been administered to all; and perhaps such instances as these may have acquired for particular medicines the character of being antidotes. For my part I am loth, from what I have seen, to put any reliance whatever on them, and have acted accordingly, causing to be shot four of the very best dogs I ever was possessed of immediately upon their being bitten, whether

slightly or otherwise. There are, however, several people in this country who profess to make a drink of certain efficacy—that is, as an antidote, and it is much employed; but with what success must remain in doubt, until we can ascertain exactly with what degree of virulence the infection is given; for, as has been observed above, it has failed, and will fail (so it is allowed) when the wound is very severe and near the throat. There is, however, a remedy, which is said to be of unquestionable power if given any time before the breaking out of the symptoms. It is called *Llaethvaen*, and appears to be a kind of chalky stone, or rather mineral, but what it really is, or whence procured, is now unknown. The word is compounded of two others, which in the Welsh language may signify either “soft stone,” or “milkstone,” according as the first syllable is spelt. It is exceedingly scarce, being possessed by not more than three or four families that I am aware of, and is kept with such superstitious care that no bribe will procure it, except only for the use of a human being. As I did not believe in its efficacy myself until staggered into a sort of acquiescence by a repetition of stubborn facts, I must say I do not expect others to believe from hearsay. Like many, I always looked upon it a vulgar error; but I am almost inclined to think otherwise, for a man must believe what he sees—“*oculis subjecta fidelibus*,” as old Horace says; and there are at this moment upwards of a dozen individuals in this immediate neighbourhood declaring themselves living examples of its virtues. Some of

them have been bitten most severely, bearing the scars to the present day, though many years have elapsed since the occurrences. Others (five children of different ages) were bitten in the course of last winter and the preceding autumn: they took the nostrum, and are as yet well! It is proper to add that the dogs which bit were in some cases proved beyond a doubt to be rabid. An instance or two will not be out of place.

A boy, three cows, and a pig were bitten (the boy first), all within the space of five minutes. The lad had the remedy in question administered to him; the animals had the usual drenches: the pig became furious, and was destroyed in less than a week; the cows survived somewhat longer, yet all became mad; but the boy is now in perfect health, without the slightest fear on the subject. This happened last spring.

Again, the huntsman of Llansevin, in Carmarthenshire, who had to shoot a whole kennel of hounds in consequence of their being almost all in a rabid state, was so unfortunate as to have his arm dreadfully lacerated by one of the most decidedly mad amongst them: he took the medicine, and is alive to tell the story himself! This also occurred last winter or spring. I must add, that the Gentleman through whose instrumentality the Llaethvaen was procured in this case, and who gave me the information, stated, that from being previously a sceptic as to its virtue, he became so far a believer, as that he should, if ever bitten by a mad dog, make it the first source to which he should run for succour.

The Llaethvaen is administered in powder, as much as will lie on sixpence being a dose. It is never repeated, and is given in a spoonful of milk. The powder has a blueish white appearance, and is scraped with a knife from the solid piece, which is not quite as big as a walnut, but is said at the same time to contain sufficient for at least one hundred people. It has in each case been handed down from father to son, and is of course most scrupulously preserved.

It is said Sir Astley Cooper has a portion of the Llaethvaen with him for analysis; and it is not unlikely, for he was lately in Cardiganshire, when its use was much talked of, and in a neighbourhood where a sample of it might readily have been procured. If it really possesses any sanative quality—and I am at a loss how to deny that it does, for in *no instance* to the very best of my knowledge has it failed—the time of the scientific will not be thrown away in inquiring into its nature: and surely the highest object of research will be obtained if it should prove an instrument in the hand of man to shield him from the most dreadful of maladies. HALCYON.

December 8, 1833.

P. S. I have this morning seen three puppies, about four months old, the only remaining ones of an exceedingly beautiful foxhound litter, belonging to Pryse Pryse, Esq. of Gogerddan, in this county (Cardiganshire), and which only three weeks ago bade fair to add to the blood-like appearance, if not excellence of the above Gentleman's high-bred and well appointed pack; but

they have since been bitten by a mad-dog, whilst exercising in a paddock attached to the kennel. Everything recommended as an antidote was tried, but without effect, for three only survive. The first symptom evinced was an inclination to eat their litter or straw. They were opened; and straw, hay, and wool were found in their stomachs, being what they had picked out of their beds; and it is very remarkable that neither in these nor in other cases where the subjects were dissected could the slightest appearance of disease in stomach, lungs, or brain be perceived. I

can only now add, that a very eminent surgeon, who has made the diseases of dogs his study, and who some years ago wrote some very clever letters in the *Sporting Magazine* on Distemper, asserts that the circumstance of a dog's carrying straw, &c. in his mouth is to be considered a strong symptom of approaching hydrophobia; and also that when a dog at this stage is disturbed in his place of confinement, he will generally snap at the person causing it, and then invariably slink away in the most abject and cowardly manner, as under the influence of some agonising mental suffering.

THE cure for hydrophobia has ever been considered the *opprobrium medicinæ*: but we are evidently progressing in science, and we trust the day is not far distant when this reproach, which has so long attached to the Profession, will be removed. The following case, detailed by the eminent individual who was himself the subject of an attack of this dreadful disease, is extracted from the *Athenæum*, a journal which frequently contains the earliest and best accounts on all matters relating to science.

"HYDROPHOBIA.—M. Buisson has written to the Paris Academy of Sciences to claim a paper, which he forwarded so far back as 1823. The paper contained a case of hydrophobia, which was his own: the following is the report of it.

"He had visited a woman, who had been suffering under symptoms of hydrophobia for three days. She had constriction of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of the saliva, and foaming at the mouth. She had been bit by a mad dog forty days previously: she was bled, and died shortly afterwards.

"M. Buisson, whose hands were covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva that adhered with a little water. The ninth day after he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat and eyes. The saliva was continually discharging into his mouth: the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation: his body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height, and experienced a wish to bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally he drank with difficulty, and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain of his throat. These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence up to the shoulder.

"From the whole of the symptoms he judged himself affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour-bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 42° (107° 36' Fah.), when he was equally surprised and delighted to find

himself free from all complaint. He left the bathing-room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves bad, and in no case has he failed except in that of one child, seven years old, who died in the bath. The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bit should take a certain number of vapour-baths (commonly called *Rousseau*), and should induce every night a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels, and covering himself with a feather-bed, the transpiration to be favored by drinking plentifully of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla. M. Buisson declares himself so convinced of the efficacy of this treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease: and as a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration he relates the following anecdote.

"A relative of the musician Grétry was bitten by a mad dog, with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing night and day, saying that *he wished to die gaily*. He recovered.

"M. Buisson also draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes, which never perspire."

### SONG — THE CHASE! THE CHASE!

SIR,

**I**F you consider the inclosed Song worth filling a small niche in your Magazine, it is much at your service.

Elton, December 10th, 1833.

FOXHUNTER.

THE Chase! the Chase! the soul enlivening scene!  
The scarlets bright! the evergreen! the evergreen!  
With cheering horn and gallant hounds  
We drive the fox from his baffling rounds—  
We sweep along like a blast of wind,  
As if all the devils in hell were behind!

Hark to the cry! the joyous cry!  
I am where I would live or die:  
Beneath me bounds my noble horse—  
The hounds right onward hold their course—  
Heads up, sterns down, they seem to race,  
And none but good ones can go the pace!

I love, oh how I love to ride, to ride,  
The brilliant pack my only guide!  
While the fox, hard pressed, tries speed and wind,  
And shelter hopes afar to find,  
But the gallant pack won't be withstood,  
Every hound struggling half frantic for blood.

And blood they'll have as in chases past!  
With hounds like these what fox can last!  
With lolling tongue and brush i' the mire  
He tries each wile his foes to tire;  
But, though game to the last, to death he must stoop!  
Hurra! they have him!.....who-whoop, who-whoop!!

## EARL BELFAST IN REPLY TO NOON DAY.

SIR,

I Should have allowed a letter in your publication for this month, signed NOON DAY, to have passed unnoticed, did I not conceive I am therein personally alluded to on more than one occasion, and consequently compelled (I confess most reluctantly) to notice the remarks of an anonymous Correspondent.

Considering, as I do, an anonymous writer the most cowardly and contemptible of all human beings, NOON DAY will, or ought to do me the justice to believe that I have nothing to say to "J. B. G.;" and consequently, as far as I am concerned, he can have no *weighty* reason for what he calls *puffing* the Water Witch. Let your Correspondent rest assured she requires no puffing: she rests on her own merits, and it is quite a sufficient gratification to the builder of her and myself to know that she has met with the approbation of THOSE who CAN value her good qualities. If your Correspondent terms my letters, and replies to the questions put to me, in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, PUFFING, he is welcome; but let him recollect that MY NAME is ATTACHED TO THEM, and that I am ANSWERABLE for their contents, and do not shield myself under an ANONYMOUS SIGNATURE.

If NOON DAY alludes to me as being concerned in what he terms the "disgraceful squabbles" at Cherbourg, I throw back the insinuation with the contempt it deserves on the heads of those who originated them: and as for the Address voted, as far as I can recollect, there was only one dissentient voice: and as to po-

litical feeling, let NOON DAY rest assured my visit there was solely to please my Commadore, and the friends that accompanied me.

Now for Water Witch's bows—that question has been so fully commented upon already, that I conceive it totally unnecessary for me to refute NOON DAY'S MOST ILLIBERAL imputations. With what FACE can he absolve himself from being a party man, when he ATTRIBUTES the BREAKING OF TWO ANCHORS ON BOARD WATER WITCH as being the FAULT OF HER BOWS? The cause of those anchors being broken rests with me alone.—(But fortunately NOON DAY here shews his true colours—did not the little Emily ride out the gale without loss of anchors, as well as Falcon and Coquette? His partiality and bad feeling, however, cause his temporary disguise to be thrown off.)—It being intended the brig should go into the King's basin, she was not moored on her arrival at Cherbourg, but lay at single anchor (and with which anchor be it remarked she rode out the whole gale). The wind increasing that night, a second anchor was let go underfoot with much too short a range of cable; the wind chopped suddenly round, and with the heavy sea that was rolling into the harbour brought all the strain on that anchor (which was the best bower), and the ground being good, the short scope caused the anchor to snap short. The other anchor that broke was good for nothing; and as I happened to have purchased that anchor on my own judgment, I have myself only to blame, it having proved itself

most defective. If NOON DAY wants an IMPARTIAL opinion of Water Witch's sea-going and RIDING QUALITIES, I refer him to the Noble Commodore and the Officers on board Falcon during the gale. They, I am certain, will testify that no vessel ever rode easier, and that a drop of water never came on her deck. Falcon was regularly moored, as every vessel should be on her arrival in such places; but as for Coquette, she was stripped to her lower masts; and flying light, having just escaped from being wrecked, was in shore under the lee, and consequently did not offer the same resistance.

And now, if NOON DAY HAS ANY CHARACTER, let him come forward, and I DARE HIM, and put down any sum he likes, NOT LESS than 200l. to bring a square-rigged vessel of ANY TONNAGE now in existence to sail against her. As for his remarks on stowage, he has yet to learn that there exists NO ORDER in His Majesty's Navy that COMPELS a Captain of a ship to stow ELEVEN TONS OF STORES IN THE BOWS OF THE VESSEL HE COMMANDS—he MUST TAKE the required quantity of stores on board for three, four, five, or six months, and he is to stow them to the best advantage he can. The Water Witch from her build can stow her stores (or nearly so) for the complement of men as a ship of war (viz. 75) amidships: where then would be the necessity for her placing those stores in her bows?

One word as regards "Albatross." I am confident the owner of her would not sanction NOON DAY in his assertion of any jealousy existing between Water Witch and Albatross. Had there been any, Water Witch had no

thing to do but to have sailed round the course and HAVE CLAIMED THE CUP, Albatross having run foul of her at starting. Secondly, the master of Water Witch was placed at the disposal of Mr. Gower, if he pleased to have him, as well as the crew. No envious feeling could therefore exist, as even a much smaller cutter than "Albatross," with a strong lee tide, by working in the slack water, *as she did*, must of necessity have an advantage, and a very very great one, over a square-rigged vessel working in the mid-channel.

For Mr. Ratsey's vessels, I can only say the master of the Water Witch was to have sailed the Fanny, "who won the Duchess of Kent's Cup," and she had actually half the Water Witch's crew in her for the occasion. No one in his senses ever expected Water Witch to work to windward in SHORT TACKS with cutters INSIDE THE ISLAND; but let NOON DAY produce a square-rigged vessel that will do what Water Witch has done, and is ready to do again.

My object is to encourage ship-building and competition, and not to detract from the merits of any. But I will, as far as in my power lies, uphold those who are really deserving of merit, and who are vainly attempted to be injured by a certain party.

To conclude: it will be more agreeable to me if your Correspondents in future will cease to remark on the merits or demerits of my yacht; as I am confident, that having established her character in the Squadron with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, all further discussions are unnecessary.

BELFAST.

Brighton, Dec. 14, 1833.

A FEW WORDS FROM LEICESTERSHIRE IN REPLY TO  
WILL CARELESS.

SIR,

**Y**OUR Correspondent WILL CARELESS has been rather premature in his dolorous censures against Mr. Greene for not meeting on the first Monday in November; for every gentleman there knew and approved of his reason for violating that long-established custom, the "glories" of which Mr. Greene is as able to appreciate as your Correspondent. It was omitted as a mark of respect to the memory of his lamented friend and brother Sportsman, Sir Harry Goodricke—a man to whom every lover of the chase is deeply indebted, and whose loss is daily and hourly felt to be irreparable. Surely, Mr. Editor, every genuine sportsman will unite in applauding, not only that but every other tribute of affection and respect manifested on such a painful and calamitous event. His premature and ever-to-be-regretted death was a blow that struck at the very root of the prosperity of Leicestershire, the shock of which I fear it will never entirely recover. The heart must be cold and selfish indeed that would repine at losing one day's gratification in compliment to the memory of him who contributed so largely to the pleasures and triumphs of the Field, and who, had he been spared, contemplated rendering this season even more distinguished than its predecessors, so glorious under his management: but, "*hinc illa lacrymæ!*" he is gone for ever! No person is more devoted to the sport, nor more keenly alive to the splendours of Kirby Gate than Mr.

Greene: it was by the magnitude of the sacrifice that he, in conjunction with the Melton and Leicestershire Gentlemen, wished to mark the universal regret and sorrow felt for Sir Harry's untimely death. They offered up their proudest day as an oblation to drooping friendship, and to propitiate the relentless Fate that has robbed them of two of their brightest ornaments, and whose destroying hand has recently sped to the grave several scions of promise in neighbouring counties.

WILL CARELESS also observes, in his peculiarly pathetic style, that "he fears fox-hunting has reached its acme." It has indeed! and frightfully rapid will be its declension, if its most strenuous supporters are to be charged with a "spirit of innovation," and a desire to "violate its ancient rules," when, in fact, their conduct springs from the very opposite motive—an ardent wish to aggrandize and dignify it—uniting the sportsman with the sport in the indissoluble bonds of gratitude, by publicly displaying profound regret for him who spent his time, his fortune, and, I fear, his health, in promoting and establishing it on a permanent and glorious foundation, and as an inducement to others to imitate his generous example.

Mr. Greene's character as a fox-hunter is not likely to suffer from the censures of WILL CARELESS—it is too firmly established in the country to fear any injury from such a source. However, it is not to eulogise but to vindicate him that I trouble you, Mr. Edi-

tor, with this explanation, and to satisfy the minds of your very numerous readers, some of whom might have been ignorant of these particulars. I think Mr. Greene can fairly retort the epithet "cruel" on WILL CARELESS, when he unpitifully suggests the possibility of "blank days," and the horrible prospect of being "devoured at night." From the first there is certainly nothing to apprehend, as foxes literally abound this season; and for the second, those wily animals do not usually penetrate that *sanctum* of Morpheus, a bedroom: so, unless WILL CARELESS is a Pythagorean, and charitably concludes that the numerous foxes whose death-struggles Mr. Greene has so often beheld and promoted with unfeigned exultation, will be disgorged from the "ponderous jaws" of each voracious hound, and "Revisit thus the glimpses of the moon, In shape no bigger than"

those detestable blood-suckers 'cylept fleas, who are to worry him to death with their sanguinary revels,

"Making night hideous;"

there is not much to fear from the concluding part of the denunciation: for first it must be proved that foxes have souls, a point I confess I am sceptical upon, and which I fancy WILL CARELESS, with all his critical acumen, will not be able to clear up: so Mr. Greene may fearlessly exclaim, with the redoubted Richard,

"A weak invention of the enemy!"

I beg you will give this an early insertion in that valuable vehicle of truth and justice, *your Sporting Magazine*.

I am, Sir, your obliged,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Leicestershire, Dec. 11, 1833.

### THE KNAPTON HARRIERS.

SIR,

THE hunting in this part of the world is going on well. The Norfolk Fox-hounds have had some very good sport, though I should think, if the huntsman was by accident to be a little more civil and obliging it would be as much to his credit and the pleasure of the sportsmen. I could tell you a few anecdotes of him, but, lest they be deemed ill-natured, I desist. Notwithstanding I trust that Old Mike and H.H. will give him all the sport he can desire this season.

The Knapton Harriers also are more flourishing than ever, and number among their supporters the best and noblest of this part of

the county. As to their sport at present I cannot speak, but hope soon to have an opportunity of judging for myself; when, should I meet with anything worth noticing, I will let you know, offering you the best wishes of the season both to yourself and Magazine.

The following anecdote of the Hare will doubtless prove interesting to most of your readers. Mr. B., a gentleman residing at Swafeld, near North Walsham, Norfolk, farming upon a large scale, was driving out with one of his men to look after the farm, and, among other things, went to see some labourers who were carting manure. In the field was

a flock of lambs; and, seeing one by itself, quite away from the rest, he asked the man if it were ill, who informed him that the whole were well in the morning. They therefore proposed going to see it; and the lamb continued with its head drooping until they were within about four yards, when, to their amazement, they saw a fine hare sitting and the lamb licking its head within a few yards only of where the men had been passing and repassing all the morning. Doubtless her instinct induced her to remain

quiet; for before Mr. B. had left her ten yards, and conscious that she had been discovered, she quietly stole away; and as the man said, so say I, "Well, that's the queerest fancy I ever see'd."

A person mentioned to me a few days since that he had seen a hare rise up in a field with sheep, and strike her feet several times on the ground, apparently to frighten the sheep from her own form.

I remain your old Subscriber,

PILOT.

North Walsham, December 8, 1833.

### NEW YEAR'S EVE.—BY DASHWOOD.

"Now fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,  
And beck the house baith butt and ben;  
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,  
So let's get in the tappit hen."—ALLAN RAMSAY.

—AND another year, then, is on the point of being added to the long file of the departed. Alas! it will not have passed over us without having swept away from field and board many and many a gallant Sportsman; and, amongst the number, more than one whose hairs were yet unblanched by the snows of Time! A truce, however, to all sermonizing on the subject: look to your motto, friend DASHWOOD, and let the silence

"Of the red cup that crowns the memory"

of those who have left us be succeeded by "the friendly ring of the saluting bumpers" of gratification to the living. In one brief sentence, and one full brimmer then, "The best wishes of the season" to every Member of the

Sporting World: in other words, to every reader of THE SPORTING MAGAZINE!

This glass being duly disposed of, let me look back for a moment on the period that has elapsed since, a year ago, I headed the resumption of my humble labours in these pages with the same title I have again adopted—*cheu! horresco referens!*—and, looking forward with an interest—dare I say *hope*?—that a different tale will have to be recorded this day twelvemonth, it is with pain that I state, I do not consider the cause of fox-hunting to have *progressed* (to borrow an American word) in the eventful year now at its last gasp. True, few if any countries are at this moment unoccupied, and the list of fox-hounds for *thirty-three*

may perchance be somewhat longer than its predecessor for *thirty-two*. Still, as Paul Clifford has it, part of "the spirit has evaporated from the bottle:"

"Where are those martyr'd saints, the  
Five per Cents?  
And where, oh! where the devils are the  
rents?"

and, in obedience to the chilling voice that has whispered "Ruin or Retrenchment" into many and many a good sportsman's ear, in seven countries out of ten I am afraid the studs are lamentably on the decrease.

It is truly painful, too, to witness the spread of emigration to the Continent, so generally rendered *prudent* by the times, if not absolutely *necessary*. How many an old "Hall," or "Park," or "Court," now either stands with its closed windows and smokeless chimneys, untenanted save in one obscure nook by the grey-haired vassal who has served three generations of the family, and now sighs as he crosses the grass-grown court-yard in his solitude; or is let from year to year, for the sake of its "shoot-ing," to some mushroom upstart, on whose plate and gewgaws the old ancestral portraits look down from their frames with a sterner scowl, and before whose incessant and remorseless trigger the once-certain *find* in wood and whin is changed, ere the last leaf has left the oak, into as sure and predetermined a *blank*! Nay, worse even than this in a *moral* sense, since the new Game Bill became law, are there no landed proprietors, who, on shutting up their houses and repairing abroad, absolutely let their game to their own servants, and thereby put a premium, as it were, on the de-

struction of fox-hunting? Would to Heaven I could give the question a direct and decided negative! But, alas! in the very county whence I date this letter (Sussex), there is a notorious instance of the Steward of a Nobleman (now in Italy) renting his master's damned hares and pheasants, and exterminating foxes *by poison* at the very kennel doors of one of the finest packs of fox-hounds that can be met with in the country! Verily the *lachryma Christi*, bought by money thus obtained, must go with infinite *gout* and relish down the throat of an English Peer!!

As regards the Bill that I have alluded to, "*Et tu Brute!*" might the sportsman well exclaim to the "Potent Signiors" of the Senate; and, though utterly hating and abjuring any and every thing that wears the semblance of politics, it is not once in a twelvemonth that I allow myself to approach even the "Land Debateable" of their borders, I must be here permitted to record my decided opinion, that that part of the recent *Huckstering Act* which converts a Peer into a poulterer, and legalises the sale of game, has already done more mischief to fox-hunting (and *more by consequence to unsettle and unsteady the country*) than any Legislative enactment that has become law for the last century. That the inference I have thus drawn will be sneered at I have not the slightest doubt; for fools have at all times been found in abundance to curl the lip in derision, when told that fox-hunting was one of the main pillars and supports of the kingdom. The day, nevertheless, is fast coming, if indeed it is not

already partly come, when the assertion, even to the greatest sceptic, will be but too painfully proven: and whilst the wisacres are racking their brains to discover the cause that has made the roof-tree totter, they will stumble, and it is to be hoped break their shins to boot, over the noble column lying prostrate in decay, which they will then own themselves purblind and besotted not to have seen and admired in its perfection. To use one argument alone (for I am not here going to enter at large on the somewhat hackneyed question), I am prepared to prove that the packs of fox-hounds kept within reach of Edinburgh alone are the cause of at least *thirty thousand pounds per annum* being expended on *horseflesh* and agricultural produce in the different districts that they hunt. Doubtless neither to the breeder nor the farmer can this outlay of capital be of the slightest importance! nor can it at all affect the tradesmen of the Scotch metropolis, or the smaller towns, whether the Lairds get their rents paid punctually or not as they happen to become due!!

But now for two words as to what I have expressed as my opinion of the effect that the sale of game being made legal has had on the noblest sport of the known world. Will it be denied that, since the enactment came into operation, more blank days have been experienced *almost* in every country than were ever previously known or dreamt of? Exceptions there may be, and doubtless are; but speaking *generally*, I think no one will be found hardy enough to risk the contradiction. It may seem in-

vidious to particularize; yet I cannot forbear stating that *three weeks ago* one Master of Fox-hounds had, to my own knowledge, had *eighteen blank days* this season! and this too, in a country hunted last year for the first time *regularly*, and in which there had, previous to the passing of the Game Act, been at all times a sufficient stock of foxes for the various packs of harriers that were in the habit of hunting them. Here I *know* that it is Leadenhall Market that has done the mischief; and by a letter I have this very day received from one of the best countries in Oxfordshire, the shortness of foxes there is unhesitatingly attributed to the same cause—namely, in the writer's own words, "to the rascally keepers, and the still more rascally system of supplying the London markets." The case, in my opinion, stands, in five words, thus:—The pursuit of game has been converted by the late Act from a matter of *sport* into a matter of *profit*: and from the mighty preserver of a thousand acres, down to the tenant who has liberty to shoot and course over his farm of an hundred, a deadly warfare is now waged against the animal that is *presumed* to commit the greatest havoc, and *whom, be it always remembered, the badness of the present times will allow neither landlord nor tacksman to hunt legitimately in the style they used to do.* Even in *very high places* I fear, that "Received of Peter Pluck'em five pounds for pheasants, *as per bill delivered,*" is called but too often a pleasanter item to look at in the steward's account, than a note of a similar sum "*paid to Benjamin Broadcast for oats and*

beans." In short, coming in bad times, when rents, &c. drop in but slowly, this legalized opportunity of making money has been perfectly irresistible, and the unhappy foxes smart accordingly in the flesh—I should say, in the keeper's trap. And to what, and what alone, is this sad "change of markets" (as the Caledonians have it) to be attributed? Why, simply and entirely to the stamp of *legality* being attached to the dirty act of selling their game, that, three years ago, Aristocracy, Gentry, and Yeomanry, would alike have blushed to have had laid at their doors. So long as it was *contrary to law* no gentleman would, of course, have dreamt of thus repaying the expenses of his preservation. Times, however, are now sadly changed; and *certes* the weekly pannier transmitted *legally* to the poulterer\* is a very ready and useful method of balancing the wages of the gamekeeper!

Many highly honorable individuals, I am well aware, have been induced to supply the market, *with the view, not of profit, but of underselling the poacher*; and, to effect this, have bound down the tradesman they have furnished with their hares and pheasants to a certain price per head—a plan which, were it *universally* adopted, might be unquestionably found of avail. This, however, it is preposterous to imagine can at any time be the case in any county in the kingdom; and the mere fact of a few isolated landowners here and there selling their game cheaply cannot, of course, be supposed to have any very decisive effect towards the

actual suppression of the poacher. I give all due honour, nevertheless, to the *motives* of such individuals, though I regard their efforts to be just as efficient as that of the good lawyer (Jekyll), who left his fortune to pay the National Debt, and of whom Lord Mansfield is reported to have said, "he might as well have attempted to stop the current of the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig." Abortive, however, as their attempts may be, they are quite as successful in putting down the poacher as any or all the provisions of the precious Act I am alluding to; and I wish I may be a false prophet, when I predict, that by this day three years (should it continue in force), not only will the demolition of fox-hunting be most widely consummated, but, save in the preserves of men who can afford their hundreds and thousands a-year to protect it, *game* will also have disappeared almost entirely from the face of the country! I could write volumes on this subject (and will certainly recur to it before long): on NEW YEAR'S EVE, however, there has been already "enough and more than enough" of the dismal. And yet, upon my honour, as to country matters, if the dismal are denied to me, I may as well shut up my writing-desk at once. Is not the poacher lighted to his work by the far-flaming fire of the incendiary? But..... bah! John, bring in another long-necked bottle, and let us have a round to better times!

New Year's Eve! New Year's Eve!—what a talisman is there

\* In a recent Number of the *Dorset County Chronicle*, I see that one poulterer of Salisbury received in one day alone, from not an extensive manor, no less than *seventy-three hares and sixteen pheasants!*"

in the sound, of other days and climes! How it at once brings back the boyish season of happiness, and Christmas holidays, and carols! and, oh God! the chimes of Oxford—and the *joir de l'an* of Paris—and the blithe *hogmanay*, for many a year, of auld Scotland! What a sun-gilt panorama of the past to contrast with!..... But away with gloom! New Year's Eve! On no other night does the hearth blaze so brightly, nor so genially flows the bowl! Let me indulge myself, then, by a brief glance at a fire-side or two of happiness: and first, I will raise the curtain on that of as good a sportsman as ever halloo'd to a hound.

I think I see him at the head of his horse-shoe table, doing the honours of *Wilson and Cutler's best*, and though after one daily bumper to "Church and King," and another to "The Noble Diversion," the Bourdeaux passes his own glass untasted, eagerly and hospitably pressing its rounds. The room itself, lit up by the ruddy beams of the blazing log, is the very epitome and personification of comfort. A few well-chosen and unostentatious pictures grace the walls; and immediately above her master's head, the good old huntress "that bore him best" looks down from her canvas, as it were, contentedly on the happy and *Christmas* group below. And of what materials is that group composed; and what the deuce in these times can they find to talk about that makes them all so merry? Perhaps it is the Belgian protocols they are discussing. Not so, believe me: in —shire they order matters far better than after dinner to bring "those weary politics," as the Ettrick Shepherd

expresses himself, on the same board with the claret. It is the *re' maver* of life, as NIM NORTH used to call it—HUNTING—that is the theme of their evening's "crack;" and if hunting and hunting anecdotes, discussed and recited by such professors as are there present, cannot make a man merry under the very ribs of Death, the only physician for his unhappy case that remains, to my knowledge, is that mover of mirth Sir Andrew Agnew.

Look well at the still splendid lineaments of that striking veteran who has just discharged a *broadside* of racy things appertaining to the days of His Royal friend and master, the last, I had almost written *the best*, of the Georges, when, instead of the R, he added the *M. F. H.* to his Princely signature. In those fine features and that yet vigorous frame, it is not difficult to recognise the widely-renowned ———, on whose shoulders it is a question whether the surplice or the hunting-coat appears with the greatest grace, and whose convivial and companionable endowments are alone surpassed by the chivalrous sense of honour and honesty that has distinguished all his actions. In that fearful cackinnation that has made the glasses ring again on the table, you hear the usual accompaniment that marks the close of his rich anecdotes. Take my word for it, however, he is not going to walk over the course without a competitor: and see, with a preliminary shove to the bottle, to remind his left-hand neighbour what he is about, the worthy host himself "takes up the running" without a moment's pause, and another almost endless draft is made from that *stock*

of sporting story that appears to be inexhaustible. Than the afore-said "left-hand neighbour" the flask could not have been passed to a worthier fellow or better sportsman. This, gentle reader, is the Master and Huntsman of the — subscription pack, who, to save his hounds from breaking *their* necks, took a ride the other day, in contempt of *his own*, down the slightly sloping declivity of Cheddar Cliff\*; and he is here to-night, after a brilliant run with the host's own harriers over the cream of the Stalbridge country, and in the firm hope of beginning the New Year well with "ditto repeated" twice over with Mr. —'s fox-hounds, which are to meet at the door to-morrow.

"Rely on it, my dear Sir, there is nothing in the world like mangel wurzel for the kennel!" And pray from whom may this pithy dogma proceed at the other end of the table? Not from Augustus, Emperor of Rome, but Augustus, Emperor in the realms of good fellowship, who first imparted the valuable discovery to the Sporting World, and whom it can hardly ever sufficiently thank for the boon so conferred, and now so generally appreciated. That dignified and placid looking specimen of the good old school of country gentlemen next to him, and into whose ear he has been assiduously instilling, for the last half hour, the kennel secrets, by which he has converted the hides of his Sussex Southrons into so many looking-glasses, by which he shaves himself, is also a master of harriers, and one of the best—alas! also

one of the latest—relics of a race that cannot be renewed. He, too, brought *the old white horse* over this morning to have a look at his friend —'s performances; and, in common with every other member of the field, now kills the last capital hare again over the mahogany, with almost as much zest as when he viewed her, just before she died, out of the coppice into the turnips! But, hold hard! and on the "*dulce loqui et ridere decorum*" of — House I must drop the veil, I have, perhaps, intrusively raised; for, if I mistake not, I hear the sound of the harp in the drawing-room, and, as if to seduce the Gentlemen to close their *sederunt* the sooner, the attractive melody is a sporting one.

Jump we now to an humbler roof, and though not a happier one, still one as happy, far away amidst the hills of heather. Snugly seated at "his wee bit ingle blinking bonnily," and eagerly devouring the last Number of the *Sporting Magazine*, which he washes down with an occasional sip of good stiff toddy, you have before you the far-famed —, the well-known huntsman for the last twenty years of the distinguished L— fox-hounds; and as the light falls on his spare but sinewy frame, his thin silvery locks and broad expansive forehead, and that peculiar sharpness of feature that puts you irresistibly in mind of the wily animal he pursues, you behold a subject well worthy of an artist's pencil, and the very *beau ideal*, in mind and body, of the man born to carry a hunting

\* I never myself saw this beastly *Sassure*—the perfect Marplot, I am given to understand, of a very good grass country; but from everything that I have heard of it, I conceive it to be nothing short of a precipice. The account of the exploit I above allude to I had from a Member of Parliament, who was staying in the neighbourhood at the time.

horn. On one side of his chimney-piece hangs a splendid picture, by an amateur of whom Scotland will be one day proud, in which *Blue-maid* and *Ruby*, the two favorites of his old master, who, though deceased, is yet unforgotten, all but walk out of their canvas; and, as a pendant to it, on the other the lamp-light shews you a tolerably accurate likeness of auld *Bounty* and her good master on her back, with the artist himself on *Jock*, and his two whippers, *Sam* and *George*, just brushing their hounds into *Gladsmuir* Gorse; and, as you look, you listen for the "view halloo." A letter, directed to *DASHWOOD*, detailing the particulars of yesterday's brilliant run, lies as yet unsealed upon the table; and by the side of it you see a heap of hunting cards, filled up with the Duke's appointments for the coming week. Scan minutely the air of perfect contentment and enjoyment that the aspect of the whole scene conveys to you: it is all genuine too, to boot, and were you to probe the bosom of the chief actor in it, you would find none of the "carking cares" that embitter life, disguised under the semblance of a smooth and unruffled brow. As *Paul Clifford* sings of the Bandit—

"Oh! there never was life like the  
hunter's, so

Jolly, and bold, and free!"

—The hounds, thank God! are all as they should be; the young entry has turned out brilliant; we have plenty of *seasoned* foxes left, though we have already killed some sixteen brace of *good* ones; the weather is open, the horses are all sound; and though we have every day a field of near a hundred, the Gentlemen don't ride over them on a cold

scent!—What is there to hinder a man who can say all this, or something like it, all the twelve-month through, from living, if not to the age of Methuselah, at least to that of the old girl who went off the hooks a week ago, as the papers tell us, and remembered (*a grown-up woman at the time*) hiding the unfortunate Charles Edward in his wanderings in the Forty-five? It is quite time, however, that I quit the High Street of Dalkeith: and see—the Magazine is laid down; the kennel whip is taken from its nail; and (a duty which he would delegate to no man) the artist sallies forth to put his darlings from their benches into the green yard for the last time, and see that everything "is made snug" for the night, as they say on board ship, ere he seeks his peaceful pillow. Every good wish of mine go with him! not alone on "New Year's Eve," but on every night and noon-tide of the twelvemonth!

In the words of Sir Walter's imitation of Crabbe, next

"Seek ye yon glades where the proud  
oak o'er tops  
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel  
copse;"

and take a passing peep through the latticed window at the tranquillity and comfort of humble life that reigns within the cottage of the faithful and favorite keeper. The wood-fire blazes merrily up the huge and antique chimney, throwing many a fitful beam on the double-barrels slung in order on the wall hard by: and before it, on the one side, the old bleary-eyed setter, "turned out for life" in consideration of past services, stretches "his length of limb" in peace, and is *matched*, as the housewives say of their corner dishes, on the other, by little Gaylass,

the most privileged and most cunning of all rabbit beagles in the creation. The gladdening beams shine not on them alone, but disclose also a *bink* (to use the Scottish appellation for dresser) arranged with the cleanest of all possible delf, and with metal, in every article on it where metal is to be found, that glances back from its burnished mirror of brightness the cheery lightnings of the hearth. Even here, too, the walls are graced with pictures; and, interspersed with many a song and ballad grotesquely pasted up, in those half-dozen frames of eight-inch diameter, and French origin some half century ago, you may learn how the "*chasse au perdrix, au canard sauvage*," &c. &c. is accomplished by sundry two-legged nondescripts, with a blazing red or blue coat, as the case may be, on their backs, a pair of flaming yellow unmentionables on their "latter ends," and a weapon in their fists, that, if not a musket, must to a certainty be a mop-stick! That sudden flare of light just revealed to me in yonder nook a leash of snipes and a teal, killed! at "the darkening," that will of course find their way into the Laird's larder to-morrow morning: and the same flash shewed me also the well-stored bacon rack; and not only some half-dozen home-made cheeses on yonder shelf, but below a something with a tap that looks marvellously like a cask of home-brewed. But, hark! the old clock commences to tell *nine* from its black and moth-eaten case: John hitches himself in his oaken settle, and yawns awake from the

"forty winks" in which he has indulged after his day's work: the "*gude wife*," as they call her in Scotland, lays by her needle, with which she has been trying to

"Gar auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;"

a huge rabbit pasty decks the clean and well-scrubbed table; little Gaylass barks her longings; poor old Grouse's head is on his master's knee; and the happy group, one and all—as the Parliamentary reporters have it, when they send off to the country the first course of a debate—are left—*eating!*

To make even an allusion to the days of war in these, the piping times of peace, may appear unseasonable and ill-judged. Twenty years ago, nevertheless, that is, on the 31st December 1813, what would not have been given by many an aching and anxious heart, could I have shewn in the magician's mirror the "New Year's Eve" of the war-worn Soldier in his bivouac amidst the Pyrennees! What a "magnificently stern" pageant was revealed on that rugged and rocky stage, by the blazing watch-fires of two mighty armies, divided only by the mountain torrent, that ere dry-break perchance was to pour a redder stream along the mazes of its snow-fringed channels! Yet even here let it not be supposed that "New Year's Eve" went uncelebrated, or that good old English custom was forgotten. The day's operations had ended in the discomfiture and drubbing of old Soult, and our brave bands in Homeric language

—"μέγα φρόνεοντες, ἐπὶ πολέμοιο γεφύρη  
ἔϊστο παννύχιοι πυρὰ δὲ σφίσι καίετο πολλὰ;"

the same fires that shot their flashes on the stands of "un-numbered arms," and were glanced back by blade and bayonet, lit also many a group to the merry dance—their wild ball-room the bleak mountain, the scurried phalanxes of the enemy the spectators! "In spite of our proximity to such queer neighbours," says Colonel Leach, in his admirable Log-book of the Peninsular Campaigns\*, "we got together some females, French and Spanish,

and danced in the New Year." What a transition to baleros from bayonets, that might perhaps be shifted with the rapidity of a scenic change for a return to bayonets from baleros!

I am now warned, however, to conclude this lengthened letter: here endeth, therefore, perhaps abruptly, DASHWOOD'S Chapter for NEW YEAR'S EVE 1833; and as he began, so he concludes, "*Success to The Sporting Magazine!*"

DASHWOOD.

#### SIR RICHARD SUTTON'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

**R**EGULAR hunting commenced as usual in November, by meeting at the kennel the day after the great ball at Lincoln. This always insures a plentiful master of the neighbouring Gentry, and a larger meeting was never seen at the village of Barton, whence the hounds take their name. Of course little sport could be expected, when I say there was a field of between three and four hundred horsemen, many of them being in *statu pupillari*, as we used to say at the "Varsity." Since then, however, the sport has been uninterruptedly good, with the exception of four days' frost, which laid the hounds off in the latter end of November. Many of the runs have been marked by a somewhat unusual severity. Sir Richard hunts the hounds as usual, which are a fine slapping even pack; but Shirley has at length resigned the post as first whip, and retired to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* at Lincoln, where, true to his game, he

has taken the sign of the Fox and Grapes. The Gentlemen of the Hunt had a housewarming there, as it is called, last week, at which Sir Richard kindly presided, and I have reason to believe that Shirley received rather more substantial compliments than the field were wont to afford. As yet there have been but small fields in attendance on these hounds, but Christmas and the months after will bring many into active life.

The Hon. George Pelham has had but a very indifferent season as yet, only three brace of foxes having fallen to his share in *two months*. Lord Yarborough, however, makes up for his brother's deficiency, having already numbered eighteen brace.

Of the South Wold I have heard nothing; but next month perhaps I may have something to say, as I expect to be in the neighbourhood of Horncastle a few days next week.—Yours,

TALLYHO.

Dec. 16, 1833.

\* "Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier," published by Longman and Co., and which I am truly happy to seize this opportunity of recommending earnestly to all my readers as a most interesting and unvarnished account of 21 years' active service.

LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1834.

*Agas at May Day next.*—(Continued from our last Number, p. 174.)

7. **AGREEABLE**, at Brickwall, Welwyn, Herts, at 5*gs.* (half-bred mares half price) :—by *Emilius* out of *Surprise* by *Scud*; grandam, *Manfreda* by *Williamson's* Ditto.

12. **BARYTES**, at Funtington, near Chichester, at 5 *sovs.* and 10*s.* :—b *Walton* out of *Comedy* by *Comus*; grandam by *Star*.

10. **BATTLEDORE**, at Paddington, near Chester, at 10 *sovs.* and half a *sov.* :—by *Sir Oliver* out of *Racket* (Sister to *Bustard*) by *Castrel*; grandam *Miss Hap* by *Shuttle*—Sister to *Haphazard* by *Sir Peter*.

13. **BUZZARD**, at Newmarket, at 20*gs.* and 1 *guinea* :—by *Blacklock* out of *Miss Newton* by *Delpini*; grandam *Tipplecyder* by *King Fergus*.

4. **BEAVER**, at Chiseldon, near Marlborough, at 5 *sovs.* and 10*s.* :—by *Swiss* out of *Wagtail* by *Young Woodpecker*; grandam *Lady-Cow* by *John Bull*.

7. **BROWN HORSE**, at Newmarket, at 10*gs.* :—by *Comus* out of *Rotterdam* by *Juniper*; grandam *Spotless* by *Walton*.

7. **CETUS**, at the Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 15 *sovs.* and 1 *sov.* :—by *Whalebone* out of *Lamia* (Sister to *Quail*) by *Gohanna*; grandam *Certhia* by *Woodpecker*.

12. **COUNT PORRO**, at Willenden, near London, blood mares gratis except 1 *guinea* to the groom :—by *Leopold* out of *Wathcote Lass* by *Remembrancer*; grandam (*Gratitude's* dam) by *Walnut*.

17. **DUKE**, at Porkington, near Oswestry, at 5*gs.* (half-bred mares 2*gs.*) :—by *Comus*, dam (*The Colonel's* dam) by *Delpini*; grandam *Tipplecyder* by *King Fergus*.

17. **DUNSHAKE**, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 6*gs.* :—by *Macbeth* out of *Petera* by *Sir Peter*; grandam *Mary Gray* by *Friar*.

7. **EMANCIPATION**, at Dean's Hill, Stafford, at 12*gs.* :—by *Whisker*, dam by *Arrossan*; grandam *Lady Eliza* by *Whitworth*.

12. **FALCON**, at Bishop Burton, at 10 *sovs.* and 1 *sov.* (half-bred mares 3 *sovs.* and 5*s.*) :—by *Interpreter*, dam by *Delpini*; grandam *Tipplecyder* by *King Fergus*.

14. **HESPERUS**, at Porkington, near Oswestry, at 5*gs.* (half-bred mares 2*gs.*) :—by *Hollyhock* out of *Rally* by *Waxy*.

8. **HINDOO**, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 6*gs.* and a half :—by *Whalebone* out of *Arbia* by *Quiz*; grandam *Persepolis* by *Alexander*.

11. **LAMPLIGHTER**, at Newmarket, at 12*gs.* :—by *Merlin* out of *Spotless* (Sister to *Bolter*) by *Walton*; grandam by *Trumpator*.

8. **LEONARDO**, at Brompton-on-Swale, near Catterick Bridge, at 10*gs.* and 10*s.* (winners and dams of winners at half price : half-bred mares, after May 1st, at 5*gs.* and 5*s.*) :—by *Abjer* out of *Lady Heron* by *Marmion*; grandam *Petera* by *Sir Peter*.

5. **MARGRAVE**, at Bishop Burton, near Beverley, at 10*gs.* and 1 *guinea* :—by *Muley*, dam (*Principessa's* dam) by *Election* out of *Fair Helen* by *Hambletonian*.

12. **REDGAUNTLET**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 *sovs.* and 10*s.* :—by *Scud* out of *Dulcinea* by *Cervantes*; grandam *Regina* by *Moorcock*.

11. **SAILOR**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 *sovs.* and 10*s.* (half-bred mares 5*gs.* and 5*s.*) :—by *Candidate*, dam by *Corporal*.

14. **SHERWOOD**, at Cosham, near Chippenham, at 10*gs.* and 10*s.* (half-bred mares 5*gs.* and 5*s.*) :—by *Filho da Puta* out of *Lampadosa* by *Precipitate*; grandam *Bobtail* by *Eclipse*.

8. **SHORTWAIST**, at Chiseldon, near Marlborough, at 5 *sovs.* and 10*s.* (other mares 2 *sovs.* and 5*s.*) :—by *Whalebone* out of *Precieuse* by *Dick Andrews*; grandam by *Dungannon*.

18. **SULTAN**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 50 *sovs.* and 1 *sov.* :—by *Selim* out of *Baccante* by *Williamson's* Ditto—Sister to *Calomet* by *Mercury*.

15. **SWAP**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 *sovs.* and 10*s.* (half-bred mares 5*gs.* and 5*s.*) :—by *Catton*, dam by *Hambletonian*; grandam *Vesta* by *Delpini*.

7. **TANTIVY**, at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 5*gs.* :—by *Emilius* out of *Moonshine* by *Boothsayer*; grandam *Spitfire* by *Benningbrough*.

## MISS SPORTLEY AND SKEWBALL:

SIR,

I Have been highly amused in the perusal of the "Random Records" of your excellent Correspondent Amzo relative to the Irish Turf. I rely on his candour to pardon my observation, that if he, who writes with the pen of a ready writer, had given us the data when the celebrated horses he has enumerated were in their prosperity, it would have materially enhanced the value of his still valuable communication. His mention of the old song concerning "Sir Ralph Gore," &c. has induced me to "hark back" a little: I find in a small publication (the *Racing Calendar* of that time), intitled *An Historical List of Horse-Matches run for in Great Britain in 1750*, by John Cheny, that at the Curragh Meeting in April of that year, a Sixty Pound Prize was run for, weight ten stone, and won at two heats by Sir Ralph Gore's b. Miss Sportley beating Sir Edward O'Brien's b. h. Cumberland, and distancing Lord Mazarene's brown h. Skim; and at the same Meeting a prize, consisting of fifty pounds, was run for, weight ten stone, and won by

|                                     |      |      |   |
|-------------------------------------|------|------|---|
| Sir Ralph Gore's b. Miss Sportley,  | 1    | 2    | 1 |
| Lord Mazarene's br. h. Skim .....   | 2    | 1    | 2 |
| Mr. O'Neill's b. m. Lady Charlotte, | 3    | 3    | 3 |
| Earl of Antrim's b. g. ....         | 4    | dis. |   |
| Sir Edward O'Brien's b. h. Old Eng- |      |      |   |
| land .....                          | dis. |      |   |
| Mr. Lowther's ch. g. ....           | dis. |      |   |

I deem it probable, that the defeat of Miss Sportley by Skewball took place in the following year, which the song alluded to commemorates. I remember about

thirty-five years ago singing this song at Hambledon after a racing dinner, on the occasion of *Copper Bottom*, certainly one of the most extraordinary gifted little animals ever foaled for speed and stoutness, having in the morning beaten Mr. T. Halstead's grey mare for 100gs. on Broad Halfpenny Down. This was in Copper Bottom's early part of her career; and an excellent engraving of her soon after appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*, mounted by young Westlake, who rode her, I believe, in all her matches, and to whose father, then living at Winchester, she belonged. Notwithstanding the ludicrous circumstances detailed at the *three mile post*, which it must be admitted the author had largely availed himself of poetical licence in relating, the song was well received, and greeted with a hearty and simultaneous *encore* from winners, losers, and neutrals. Should it meet your approbation, here it is, at your service.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CH. CHESTER.

December 10, 1833.

P. S. In a note to Subscribers, signed "John Cheny," in his "Historical List," &c., he says his father spent twenty-three years in bringing this work to its present perfection. This brings the *Racing Calendar* to commence in 1727: probably some of your Correspondents can affix an earlier period.

\* Painted by Marshall, and engraved by Scott. See Number for December 1797, vol. xi. p. 194.

## OLD SONG.

COME, Gentlemen Sportsmen, I pray listen all,  
 While I sing you a song in the praise of Skewball,  
 And of his late actions you'll soon understand—  
 He was bred by Squire Mervin, the pearl of this land.  
 It was Squire Mervin that first brought him o'er,  
 And was soon challenged on by old Sir Ralph Gore,  
 For Five Hundred Guineas on the Plains of Kildare,  
 To run with Miss Sportley, that charming bay mare.  
 The day being come, and the cattle walked forth,  
 The people came flocking from east, west, and north:  
 They had rummaged their closets, I vow and declare,  
 To venture their money upon the bay mare.  
 Then the trumpet did sound, and away they did fly,  
 And Skewball like an arrow passed Miss Sportley by;  
 And the people got up to see them go round,  
 And they swore in their hearts that they ne'er touch'd the ground.  
 Now when they were running by the Three-mile Post,  
 Squire Mervin with his jockey began this discourse:  
 And says, my kind rider, pray tell unto me  
 How far at this moment's Miss Sportley from thee.  
 With that then the jockey replies with a smile,  
 She's distant behind me an eighth of a mile;  
 And while saddle maintains me I'll boldly declare  
 That you ne'er shall be beat on the Plains of Kildare.  
 And as he came in by the grand Judge's chair,  
 All the people cried out, "Skewball never fear:  
 For although in this country you were ne'er seen before,  
 Yet you've beaten Miss Sportley and broke Sir Ralph Gore!"

## NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Now it is not a little singular, that, notwithstanding this song, and the other remarks which have been made on the alleged Match between Skewball and Miss Sportley, the two horses never came in contact in Ireland. What probably gave rise to the supposition was, that on the 30th of March 1782, Mr. Mervin's b. g. Skewball beat Sir Ralph Gore's grey mare, got by *Victorious*, over the Curragh, for three hundred guineas each.

SPORTLEY, a bay mare, foaled in 1740, bred by Fulk Greville, Esq., who sold her to Lord Massarene. She afterwards became the property of Sir Ralph Gore, who sent her to Ireland, where she won two King's Plates, two prizes of 60gs. each, and one of 50gs. "She was," says an old Turfite, "a mare of size, strength, beauty, speed, and bottom." During her racing career she beat some of the best horses of the day, and was winner of several plates, &c. in this country. Sportley was got by Spinner, dam by the Somerset-Diamond.

SKEWBALL, foaled in 1741, bred by the Earl of Godolphin, sold to Sir Harry Harpur, at whose death he was purchased by Lord Robert Sutton Manners. His next master was Mr. Elston, who disposed of him to Arthur Mervin, Esq. who raced him in Ireland, where he beat Sir Ralph Gore's grey mare by *Victorious*, dam by Partner out of a daughter of Makeless. He was also the winner of a great number of Plates and prizes, not only there but in England. It may be noted, that in 1747, he won 40l. at Bury St. Edmund's, July 17th, beating Sportley and two others; and on the 29th of the same month, 50l. at Huntingdon, again beating the beautiful Sportley.—Skewball was got by the Godolphin Arabian, dam by Whitefoot out of the Leedes Mare.

A GENTLE REJOINDER BY "J. B. G.," IN ANSWER TO  
NOON DAY, &c. &c.

## LETTER I.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Portsmouth, Dec. 14, 1853.

WHEN I last addressed you from the Medina Hotel at Cowes, whence I was casting a wistful glance on the pheasants of Mr. Ward, as they popped in and out of the small covert opposite, just above the ferry, I fully thought I was taking leave of you for the season, and was moreover on the point of quitting the Island: you will, no doubt, however, acknowledge that a necessity has since arisen for my continuing in the lists, and replying, in the best way I can, to your new Correspondents of the last Number, who have so unceremoniously undertaken, by a stroke of the pen, to disprove all my statements. I fear your readers will suffer for this, inasmuch as, in one quarter at all events, the reply must be somewhat lengthy. I feel myself bound, nevertheless, to prove that I am as incapable of deceiving either them or you, as of entertaining any other views in my communications to you than those of affording amusement *generally*, and in *particular* of upholding the noble institution of THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON. With this knowledge and feeling within me, it was, therefore, with no little surprise that I read the vulgar and gross attack made on me by a person who styles himself NOON DAY, and who, if rope enough is given him, will to a certainty have the full benefit of a swing: and I can now tell him that I am in possession of information, obtained *both at Cherbourg and Cowes*, that not only

enables me to contradict all and everything he has advanced; but also, by the evidence I have *in store* for him, will make him rue the day he ever set his malignant and meddling pen in motion. To be sure, it may be as well that he has thus early exhibited *his cloven foot*; and certainly nothing can be much more impudent and bare-faced than his abuse and party-spirit as to all that concerns the Water Witch, or his repeated insults to the Royal Yacht Squadron. Leaving this worthy, however, for the present, (I shall address a separate communication to him at his quarters at Sun Hill,) allow me to say a few words to you in reply to the owner of the Albatross, who has deemed it necessary to employ his pen in the supposed defence of his vessel; and, believing *him* to be actuated by very different motives, and understanding that he is a *Gentleman* fond of the thing, and perseveringly devoted to the improvement and management of his yacht, I should have been well pleased (though he is not of my acquaintance) to have expressed some regret at having been the innocent cause of disturbing his peace by stating that his vessel, which is generally acknowledged to be a fast one, could not carry her sail in a certain race. It will be seen, however, presently that what I said *was correct*; and as the owner of the Albatross has employed the word *false* as regards my assertions, I am of course precluded

from following the line of courtesy that would be otherwise so agreeable to my feelings.

To come, however, at once to rather closer quarters. Mr. Gower, in his letter of the 12th November, declares that the assertions of "J. B. G." with regard to the Albatross are "*false*;" stating also that I carefully abstained from giving the difference of tonnage between her and the Alarm in the race for the King's Cup; and communicating the information, that in that for the one given by the Duchess of Kent the Albatross carried away her mast. Now the short, but queer looking word "*false*" is at all times a vastly awkward one; and I think at this particular juncture it must appear pre-eminently so to the Gentleman who thus chooses to employ it, inasmuch as he parades himself in the ridiculous situation of a controversialist *who proves too much*. Only listen, thou first land-lubber I can lay hold of—(for I am not going to insult any man who has ever smelt salt-water with the defence!)—I stated that in the Duchess of Kent's Cup race the Albatross could *not* carry her sail, and her owner, in high dudgeon, gives me the lie, by telling me in answer that *she* carried away her mast! Tinker—plough-boy—sweep—or shoe-black—which-ever you may happen to be—answer me the question—is not this a downright admission of my assertion? *False*, forsooth! "*false* in thy teeth," Mr. J. L. Gower: pray turn to your Johnson's Dictionary, and you will find the meaning of the word to be "*not true*."

As to the difference of tonnage between the Alarm and Albatross being carefully unmentioned, all

I can say is, that I did not believe there was the slightest public interest attached to this race, inasmuch as there was nothing that had any pretensions to contend with the first-named magnificent vessel, which could only be prevented from carrying off the King's Cup by some such accident as that which sometimes happens on a race-course, when a barking cur dog runs in between the legs of the winning horse.

The next complaint is about the Albatross not going over to Cherbourg against a head wind and sea, although she tried to do so the first day in company with the Commodore, but put back; and again the next day, and put back also. The reasons given for her so doing are various; that, however, of the officious Mr. NOON DAY is, I think, the best, when he attributes these various puttings back to the sea-sickness of the Lady on board. But is it not evident that the fact of her being obliged to put back twice remains uncontradicted? and does not your Correspondent corroborate all and everything that has been asserted? No one who knows anything of such vessels as the Albatross could be so silly as to say *she could not* go on to Cherbourg on the occasion alluded to, when all kinds and sizes were there: but if her owner takes every word *au pied de la lettre*, I shall say it is not my business to instruct the amateurs; but they may profit by the amusing information afforded by NEPTUNE, with whom I fully agree, that "*flyers like the I—s, when they try to carry on in a good breeze outside, are sure to get half-buried*." This lesson from my honorable opponent—for

such I consider NEPTUNE to be—will, I trust, be received as it is intended; and I speak from experience when I say, that vessels fitted for racing with disproportionate spars are not equal in bad weather to inferior vessels which are sparred in proportion.

In conclusion, a challenge is offered me to produce a cutter of 74 tons to sail against the Albatross for a hundred pounds; and an assurance is given to the builder of "the Water Witch bows," that the countenancing such attacks upon the property of the Members of the R. Y. S. will bring him neither employment nor support. Now as regards the challenge, it must still remain open so far as I am concerned, as I have neither *Bill Hill* at my command, nor is it my habit to bet, though I delight in honorable competition, and trust the Albatross may soon find her match. What her owner means, however, by the strange terms applied to the builder of the Water Witch bows I cannot divine, for I believe that he who constructed the top and bottom of the Water Witch also constructed both ends. I have certainly

always considered the bows as one of the principal features in the build of a vessel; but it is quite new to me that they entitle the builder, after the manner of the Scottish Lairds, to assume therefrom an appellation. The builder of the Water Witch's barge or jolly boat would be intelligible enough; but, after all, no doubt John L. G. is right; and the words "Falcon bows" may also soon be added and duly registered in the College of Shipwrights, inasmuch as the Noble Commodore intends submitting that splendid vessel to the improving hand of the builder of the Water Witch, who, I feel confident, is as far removed from the insinuations levelled at him, as he is from coveting or desiring any favour or support from those who could do him such an act of injustice.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. B. G.

P. S. In page 187 a verbal error has occurred, which I shall be obliged to you to notice. It should have been stated that the Harlequin is of the same breed and build as Captain Symonds's vessels, *not* of Lord Belfast's.

#### LETTER II.—TO NOON DAY OF "SUN-HILL."

SIR,

OF all the vulgar and impudent statements that have at any time been intruded on the public, most certainly the one bearing your signature deserves to carry away the palm; and when you charge me with "effrontery in making assertions totally at variance with facts, when hundreds of witnesses can disprove nine out of ten of my dogmas," I can truly answer that *your own* effrontery is unparalleled, and it

Portsmouth, Dec. 14, 1833.

is with reluctance that I have consented to make any reply to you. However, I shall now briefly do so, premising that as regards your unworthy insinuation, "that it is generally believed I have weighty private reasons for puffing the builder of the Emily and the Water Witch," it cannot of course be expected that I would condescend to notice it, otherwise than with the strongest expressions of contempt that

words are capable of bestowing. And now for a word or two as to your other assertions.

Your account of disgraceful squabbles having occurred at Cherbourg on the occasion of the Medals being given by the King of the French to the Yachts, is a positive insult to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the R. Y. S.; and as to the builder of the Water Witch, who never escapes your malignant and envious attacks, you would do well to profit by his modesty and good sense, and keep in your proper station. With regard to the differences concerning the Address to His French Majesty, and the answer of Lord Exmouth when invited to dine with him, I have only to say, that if such differences did take place (though I have reasons for thinking that the contrary was the fact), it is disgraceful in the extreme for you thus to give publicity to the discussions of a meeting of the Members of the R. Y. S.; and though the subject of Lord Exmouth's answer is quite new to me, it is utterly impossible that His Lordship could have employed any other terms in reply to the Royal Invitation than those becoming a British Naval Officer appearing in Uniform at the table of a Sovereign in amity with Great Britain.

The remark of the Water Witch having broken two anchors is truly absurd, when stated as a reason that so perfect a model should not have been able to weather a breeze so well as the Coquette and Falcon. But pray here, Mr. NOON DAY (to follow the example of John L. G., whose wife you have so unceremoniously undertaken to make sea-sick), allow me to ask why you abstain from giving credit to the Emily

for having ridden out the gale with the two last-mentioned vessels? Why compare the dismantled Coquette with the Water Witch? and what—pray do explain to us—can the bows of the latter have to do with the breaking of her anchors?—a purely and entirely accidental occurrence. It may serve your purpose to state the contrary; but whilst such a boat as the Emily could ride without shipping water, such vessels as Falcon, Coquette, and Water Witch may fairly be expected not to founder, but ride, as you describe the two former vessels to have ridden, without any apprehension whatever. What can be more illiberal than your remark that the Water Witch has never beaten any vessel in a race; and that, if she carried eleven tons of stores in her bows, which King's ships of her size must stow there when going to sea, you would be glad to witness a meeting between her and any of the brigs built by Captain Symonds! The Water Witch having been included in all the trials with Admiral Malcolm's Squadron, consisting amongst others of the Vernon and Snake built by Captain Symonds, is a sufficient reply *as to what she has beaten in a race*: and as regards the eleven tons of stores which you state every vessel of the size must carry in her bows, you should make known whether they are for a cruise of three, four, five, or six months; though I believe that it would make no difference whatever in the Water Witch, she having capacity equal to the stowage required. You may, moreover, console yourself with the choice of either the Pantaloon as a Lisbon packet, with *few or no stores on board*; or the

Serpent, fitted for foreign service; both these Symonds brigs having been most signally beaten by the Water Witch, and that too in very strong winds; though perhaps this fact may deprive you of the opportunity of being made *glad* in witnessing the meeting that you talk of. Should you still doubt that it is officially considered that the Water Witch is now superior, all I can do is to advise you to hobble up to Charing Cross on the Greenwich Pensioners' day, with the November Number of the *Sporting Magazine* as a voucher.

You next give way to a flood of tears (though no doubt of the crocodile description), and accuse me of descending to calumny, and trying to write down Mr. Ratsey, the *crack* builder of the Albatross, which vessel has "excited all my malevolence, because she beat the Water Witch so signally in the race for the King's Cup." It will be seen, however, that at page 486 of the *Sporting Magazine*, so far from *calumniating* Mr. Ratsey, I expressly remarked that he was a very clever builder. I certainly, nevertheless, cannot lay claim to the merit of having originated the appellation of "crack," and my thanks are therefore due to those whose *puff* in a local print gives this set-off to your contrary assertion. As to the Albatross beating the Water Witch, so long as the two vessels kept together, and pursued the same course, the latter was a-head, and rounded both the Nab Light and the Noman Buoy very considerably first; but *there* the wind became a-head with a strong lee tide, and the cutters of course betook themselves to making short tacks in-shore, both to avoid the tide and to get into

smooth water, whilst the brig was compelled to reach over mid-Channel with the strength of the tide. Against such odds, therefore, how was it possible for any square-rigged vessel to contend? And all this, Mr. NOON DAY, you know well; and likewise the fact that the Water Witch was started to make a race to the Nab Light, and to afford amusement by the starting of *three* vessels. No one could for a moment suppose that there was a possibility, under such circumstances of wind and tide, of her getting up to Yarmouth in proper time; though I really believe the King's Cup would have been awarded to her had not her *Noble owner* refused to go round the *course*.

Your assertion that a cutter was ordered to tow the Emily to Cherbourg is *perfectly untrue*. I have taken care, depend on it, to ascertain that fact; and in your own vulgar way now proceed to pay you off, *by daring you to produce such an order* as the one you speak of. This, I think, is something very much in the shape of a *clinch*. And now a word in your ear. Doubtless you, who are so jealous of the honour of the R. Y. S., must be most impatient to contradict a whisper that is abroad (which of course I do not credit) as to the smuggling of certain naval stores, which, like the Irish Member as regards Mr. Hill, every one will no doubt disclaim all knowledge or cognisance of.

I must now hasten to assure your friend Mr. James Lyon, who your state has been nearly two years *about* a brigantine of 220 tons, and who appears to be jealous of the Emily being considered the first brigantine on the

R. Y. S. list, that it is a little unreasonable to expect that all the world should know that he has been so long about a vessel. If, on the contrary, he had been *building* one for that period, it would greatly alter the circumstance, though I did hear only yesterday at Gosport, that a builder somewhere to the Eastward had refused to set *about* such a job; but for the truth of this I am not of course answerable. However, when this said brigantine is brought into the world, you are bound in common friendship to announce a safe delivery after so very tedious a confinement; and I do hope there will not be a similar complaint with that of the Emily forestalling the honour of being the first of the hermaphrodite rig, in consequence of any ignorant person having unfortunately anticipated your friend, and called his vessel by the same name. I hope also that Mr. J. Lyon will not countenance you in your object of breaking the poor little Emily on the wheel; inasmuch as I have always considered her as a pretty model, used for the purpose of making experiments in *different rigs*; and by detracting from her value, you will enhance neither the merits nor the originality of the vessel belonging to your ally. About Mr. L.'s vessel, however, I shall now say no more, than that though I never make money-bets, I have no objection to offer a *Yankee* one, by risking a *beaver*, or a *hide of French leather*, that this brigantine will not equal the *Water Witch* on *any point of sailing outside* the Isle of Wight.

The latter part of your letter is entirely taken up with a puffing advertisement on the merits of Mr. Ratsey; and you proceed to

give a list of the various vessels built and building by him; adding, that as he does not build *cheaper than others*, there must be good reasons for his yard having the preference! Permit me, therefore, to

"Glad your eyes and grieve your heart," by presenting you with a counter list of vessels built and building by Mr. White, and will preface it by the remark that there must have been indeed some *good* and *cogent* reason for Lord Exmouth to have gone to his yard, after having once agreed to build in Mr. Ratsey's.

| Vessels.                                | Tons. | Owners.               |
|-----------------------------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| Water Witch                             | 330   | Earl Belfast.         |
| Louisa                                  | 164   | Earl Durham.          |
| Trinity Yacht                           | 140   | Trinity Corporation.  |
| Therese                                 | 130   | Mr. Gibson.           |
| Harriet                                 | 96    | Mr. Morgan.           |
| Gem                                     | 136   | Marquis of Waterford. |
| Caroline                                | 49    | } Marquis of Donegal. |
| Zoe                                     | 33    |                       |
| Dream                                   | 66    | Mr. Campbell.         |
| Emily                                   | 33    | Capt. Pechell.        |
| Stag, Wickham, Peole, and several other |       |                       |
| Revenue cutters.                        |       |                       |

I shall pass over without comment your illiberal sneer at the ugliness of the *Water Witch*, being anxious to arrive at and contradict your assertion, that, as the "*Vestal* beat the *Falcon* in so extraordinary a manner, Lord Yarborough had employed a Mr. Fincham to give him the lines of the *Vestal's* bow, to be executed by Mr. List, who, having already three vessels of the largest class building in his yard, might employ some other builder under his direction." Now *I happen to know* that the *Vestal* was beat by both the *Falcon* and *Harlequin*; and it is not very likely therefore that His Lordship would be desirous of putting a bow to his own ship like that of

an opponent he could so easily dispose of; and *I also happen to know* that at this moment there is only one vessel in frame (and she is in the same state as she was last September), and the timber for the keel of another (though not laid down) in Mr. List's yard instead of your "*three largest classed vessels.*" Moreover *I happen to know*, in the third place, that should any alterations be carried into effect towards the improvement of the Falcon, he who puts on such bows as you state are unable to weather a breeze under the breakwater at Cherbourg will probably soon let you know that you have endeavored to prove too much.

One only of your remarks now remains for me to notice: it is that in which you accuse me of malignity and falsehood for stating that the *Turquoise* had lost her sails in the Mediterranean, where you say she neither is nor ever yet has been. Out of this, however, I shall come, as out of all your various attacks, with colours flying; it being generally understood, as you yourself well know, that the vessel in question was bound to the destination I gave her, and that in the very first letter heard of at Cowes from her, it was stated that the sails had been lost! It certainly so happens, however, that the letter came from *St. Sebastian's*, and not

from the Mediterranean, and the assertion was so far unquestionably incorrect. Will you yourself venture to say nevertheless that the trivial error of writing the one word for the other alters in any degree the question as to *the loss of the sails?* It is easy to anticipate the decision as to this by my readers in the *Sporting Magazine*; as also their opinion of your use of the word *malignant* on an occasion that is neither more nor less than tantamount to a slip of the pen.

I now, Sir, take my leave of you, and beg you to understand, that, as my communications from Cowes were sent alone for the purpose of affording amusement and information, and as I do not consider this species of warfare to tend towards the promotion of that object, *I shall not reply to any more of your remarks*, unless official documents are brought forward. Such, for instance, would be Admiral Malcolm's denial of the successful trial of the *Water Witch* with his Squadron; the order to the King's cutter to tow the *Emily*; or Lord Yarborough's order to Mr. List to put on the Falcon a bow like the *Vestal*. To such as these I promise to pay all due attention, and, till you can produce them, beg to sign myself, your most obsequious admirer and servant,

J. B. G.

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#### HOUSES AND HUNTING — BY DASHWOOD.

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"Pour la chasse ordonné, il faut préparer tout;  
Ho! la! Ho! — vite—vite—debout!"

Baron of Bradwardine's *chanson* in "Waverley."

SIR,

I Am bound to commence this letter with an earnest expression of thanks to the numerous

friends and correspondents who have so kindly favored me with their communications; and to

each of whom I thus take leave to tender a brief but sincere acknowledgment of the obligation conferred on me. Having discharged this pleasing duty, I now proceed, without further preface, to open my budget of multifarious intelligence; and as I am much of the same opinion as the bard of Coila, when he sings,

“Of all the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly loe the West,”

I shall commence operations by giving a succinct account of what has been done in the Vale of Blackmoor and its neighbourhood. And first as to the splendid pack that has to call the proprietor of Bryanstone its Master.

I am most truly happy, then, in being enabled to state that Mr. Portman's hounds are doing remarkably well, give very great and general satisfaction, and, though they have not as yet, perhaps, had anything worthy of *Domine Sampson's* three R's to denote *rarissimus*, have had a good deal of steady sport; killing also, at the commencement of this season, quite as many cubs as their country could afford to lose. On the 9th of this month they had a quick forty minutes (finding their fox at *four o'clock*) from Milborne Slaits; but daylight deserted them before they could finish him: and on the ensuing Wednesday, finding in Frith Wood, they brought their fox to Plumley, and through the Caundle Holts to Lord Digby's Park, and thence, in a heavy rain, to Honeycomb, and down the Vale to Whitfield, some nine or ten miles straight, where the weather fairly beat them out of scent. Three foxes have been killed in and from the coverts round Stock House; and in the great Stourton Woodlands, I am glad to say,

they finished with blood on *four days* following. All this sounds well and business-like; and it gives me pleasure to add that Kit Atkins (from the Surrey Union), the new huntsman, is much liked in the country, and appears to have left behind him all the extraordinary freaks I saw him indulge in a twelvemonth back. I understand also, that *nothing can be finer* than the condition of his hounds; and during the dry weather he scarcely lost a fox, from the cool and light system of finding that he adopted. All this it gives me pleasure to record; and the men of Surrey, who were last year eager to eat me up without salt for saying what I did of him, may believe that I am sincere in the expression.

Now comes, alas! the *amari aliquid* that attaches itself to all our pleasures. The worthy Master of the pack has been, and I fear continues, so seriously unwell as scarcely to have seen his hounds since the beginning of October; and for once the panacea of fox-hunting appears to have failed in its effect. I am sure his whole country to a man, from high to low, must join in the most ardent prayers and wishes for his restoration.

Mr. Farquharson has met with a sad misfortune, in being deprived of the services of his old huntsman Ben Jennings, who was unlucky enough to break his arm and otherwise injure himself severely in a fall at the beginning of the season; and Solomon, acknowledged by all, I believe, to be at the very head of his profession as a *whipper-in*, has officiated in his place since the accident. As a first-rate Barrister, however, sometimes makes but an indif-

ferent Judge, so Solomon with the horn is a very inferior man to Solomon with the whip. It were ungracious, nevertheless, to comment with anything like censure on what is merely a temporary make-shift, inasmuch as old Ben returns to his hounds after Christmas, and will, doubtless, be greeted by an enormous field on his first re-appearance at the covert side. Mr. Farquharson's country swarms as usual with foxes, in many places quite absurdly so; and if a draft from many of his coverts of the ringing short-running ones could be effected, it would be a great improvement in his prospects. Verily he may almost everywhere exclaim with truth, "*Inopem me copia facit!*" What other M. F. H. in the kingdom, however, can say the same?

From what Mr. Goring, M. P. told me the other day, who had been staying in the country, I had hoped that Mr. Tatchell's sport had been superior to the account he himself is kind enough to give me of it. He complains a good deal of badness of scent; yet up to the 15th of this month, he had contrived to kill *nine brace*, and earth *four brace and a half* more since the 7th of September. Surely this cannot be called very clumsy work for two days a week!—the accounting, namely, for thirteen brace and a half of foxes in little more than three months space! I am happy to say he writes me word he has as much game in all parts of his country as he could possibly desire; and after Christmas he intends to *put on a leader* to his coach, and hunt five times a fortnight. No doubt he has some splendid runs in store over his magnificent Vale country.

Mr. Drax, of Charborough Park,

who formerly hunted deer, has recently established a pack of fox-hounds on the other side of Mr. Farquharson, and hunts (of course) his own extensive coverts, and all the heath and plantation country from his own doors up to Christ Church. I understand that he has hitherto done tolerably well, turning out in splendid style, and hunting *four* days a week, which is more than his country can afford; and it would be better for *him* also to come to five times a fortnight. All of course must feel interested in, and most anxious to promote, his success; and in these times a heavy debt of gratitude is due to a man who does what he is doing. It is a pity for him to exhaust his country; and I hope he will pardon me (for I wish him well) if I recommend the adoption of the maxim (at least for the present) of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and advise his keeping for the remainder of the season the same time as Mr. Tatchell.

And now for a few words about a pack of Harriers, that, take their season through, shew more real sport than most packs of fox-hounds, in their truly splendid and beautiful country—the Blackmoor Vale of *grass*. I need scarcely say that I allude to the *very perfect* pack of Mr. Yeatman, that I have so often before eulogised, and which stand in their various attributes almost entirely by themselves; and I am delighted to report that their present season has been equal hitherto to anything they have previously enjoyed. They consist at this moment of twenty-two couples of effective hounds; and I am assured on all hands that nothing on earth can be more perfect than the head

they carry—their rush to the front—the solid square in which they traverse the fine and large inclosures—or the soul-searching music with which they ring the knell of their devoted hares. They have missed killing but on two days during the season; ending on the one in storm and tempest, and being *anticipated* on the other by a leash of *sportsmen* with a leash of *greyhounds* at their heels: and by way of sample of what they have done, I beg to give a sketch of three of their days. On Friday the 15th of November they found their first hare at Marnhull, and going away to Hinton killed her handsomely in fifty minutes on the banks of the river Stour. Having found again in a plantation of Mr. Hussey's near Nash Court, after a short ring she crossed the river just mentioned, and went away over a beautiful country *straight*, swimming two streams, the Cale and Bowbrook, as if for Henstridge Marsh, and along the fine grass Vale for Gibbs' Marsh Farm, and was at last run in to in open view under Stalbridge Town in fifty-five minutes, without having been able to bring the pack to a minute's check, and having covered *fully seven miles* from point to point, and *dying in the sixth parish*!—Another day's sport, quite as good, awaited them on the 10th instant; the first run being a good one of an hour and a quarter, when they were stopped with a leash of hares before them, as they approached the Caundle Holts fox-covert: and the second, a magnificent one, from Marsh Coppice to Caundle Marsh, and under Caundle Wood, away for Garver's Lake and Rowden Mill, almost to the coverts round Stock

House; thence turning for Lydlinch, and hurrying along the meadows for Thornhill Coppice, in one field short of which they ran from scent to view, and picked her up in one hour and thirty-three minutes, having covered a *good eight miles of country* out, without measuring a single turn! Lastly, on the 13th they had as splendid a burst of fifty-eight minutes as was ever ridden to, from the favorite meet of Marnhull, away to Hinton St. Mary and Manston Village, and killing her *without a turn* on the bank of the River Stour, in the centre of one of the most extensive inclosures. Their second hare, found near West Orchard, next stood before them for one hour and two minutes, but then met with the accustomed doom in the open, being run in to, as an eye-witness informs me, in as fine a style as was ever seen. Altogether this fine and gallant pack may be said with ample truth to have preserved inviolable the high reputation of their name, and additional laurels are in store for them, after the frost has had its usual effects on the determined Vale of Blackmoor jacks.

Mr. Harding's Mountain Harriers, I hear, are excellent as ever, but I am sorry to understand that they are commencing to desert their legitimate game, and hunt *roe-deer*. This I fear will hardly turn out an improvement, and I should strongly recommend the merry little mountaineers to stick to the scut. All who know either them or their Master must, I am confident, wish them well in every way.

By accounts from Oxfordshire I learn that Lord Radnor has already shewn some brilliant sport in the country last year hunted

by Mr. Parker (who is now gone to the South Wold in Lincolnshire, and with whom I am given to understand his subscribers are well satisfied). His Lordship had two very splendid runs in particular in the November month; one from Shillingford near Faringdon; and the other from a Coppice adjoining the celebrated and well-known *Bagley Wood*, passing Wytham Great Wood, for the first time on record, and crossing the Isis, and killing in fine style on Bladon Heath, not far from Blenheim Park. From what I remember of the country this must indeed have been a magnificent affair; and altogether it may be fairly said of the Old Berkshire, that they have, up to this time, had a capital season, and killed a great many foxes. Will Todd, who was with the Duke of *Bufort*, as John Arber used to style him, is, I understand at their head; and as I intend passing through Oxford before long, I hope to be able to give an account of his performance in the field.

Mr. Drake has had some sharp short things; and, I am sorry to learn, complains of a want of foxes. This used not to be the case in his good but stiff country years ago, and the sooner it is remedied the better. All old *Oxford* men must have the welfare of the "*Sir Thomas*" pack of past times very deeply at heart; and from some cause or other I hope he may have accidentally drawn over his foxes, and that there is no actual scarcity in his coverts.

The Duke, I hear, is amply stocked, but I do not learn that there has been much sport with him up to a fortnight back: nor from the accounts that I have

received am I enabled to compliment Mr. Lowndes Stone either on his pack or performances. Times perhaps, however, may mend; and, as we all know, neither the Imperial City was built, nor can a pack of fox-hounds be formed, without a little allowance of time for the accomplishment of the object.

It gives me very high and sincere satisfaction to announce the perfect success and admirable sport of the Bedale fox-hounds (near Ripon), under the management of Mr. Milbank, the Duke of Cleveland's son-in-law. I well remember him years ago, when he and Major Healey used to lead the way with "the hounds of Old Raby;" and it appears that as a Master of fox-hounds he has lost none of the popularity that he then so highly enjoyed. A friend writes to me from Yorkshire, that "his kindness has gained the esteem of all parties; his hounds are a most delightful pack, beneath the size of the Duke of Cleveland's, and hunted separately, dogs and bitches (than the latter there can be nothing more elegant). They will stoop to the coldest scent, and on all occasions both they and their Master do their best to shew sport, and give satisfaction to the country. They have already killed sixteen and a half brace of foxes, and have shewn some capital sport, worthy of any period of the season." Doubtless George Barwick, late with Mr. Hanbury, must find himself quite at home in the splendid grass country he has now to ride across!

The old Boroughbridge Harriers are going on, I understand, remarkably well under the auspices of Mr. Maynard; and in

the good school that they afford for the education of the rising generation, I hear that a son of Jacob Smith's, and another of the "*Bob*" of the same name (the late scientific huntsman of the pack), are already distinguishing themselves as very awkward customers to get away from; and, young as they are, already promise to be *first-class* men in their time. The latter has got a clipping grey, they tell me, by Octavius out of his father's celebrated old grey mare, whom I well remember that it is almost impossible to pound; and if any one of my readers is in want of a first-rate animal to carry weight well up to hounds, I can earnestly and honestly recommend them to apply to Robert Smith, of Givendale, for his President horse, dam by Helputz. Let me add, that for several years I was in the habit of dealing somewhat largely with this good sportsman and thorough specimen of the English Gentleman, and in every transaction that I at any time had with him he proved himself as true as Ripon steel, near which town is his humble but happy cottage placed. The only caution that I will give in having anything to do with him is for the weak-headed to beware of the hospitality of his mahogany!

Sir Bellingham Graham has, I believe, given up his harriers, in consequence of the country around him being now so well hunted.

With regard to the packs in Sussex, *taking everything into consideration*, Colonel George Wyndham has had quite as fair a season as could reasonably be expected; but I much fear that long and long before May-day he will cry

out grievously as to the scarcity, if not *total annihilation*, of his foxes in almost every part of his two countries. Surely people must see that if he is compelled to give up, *there is no successor to take his place*: it is to be hoped, therefore, that they will be wise in time, and not utterly consummate the ruin of fox-hunting in so extensive and, in some parts, sporting district. Thorpe, the huntsman, who came to Colonel W. last season from Mr. Wyndham of the New Forest, is, I hear, going on very well and steadily (though there is a whisper about his being *slow*), has very much improved his hounds in the short time that he has had them, and turns them out in extremely efficient and creditable condition. I fear, however, he is still too much attached to the vile system of *digging*; than which, *as a system*, I repeat for the hundredth time there can be nothing more unsportsmanlike. I do heartily wish that every man or master who encourages the cowardly practice might be made to ride to their hounds with a spade and mattock slung around their necks as a badge and emblem of their propensities!

The beautiful *quick* pack of Harriers belonging to Mr. Richardson, of Findon, have this year quite surpassed themselves, and have had really brilliant sport in their as brilliant open country. Last Saturday they had a succession of racing things that it was truly worth riding miles to witness: and if the account given me be a correct one, which to *an hair's breadth* I am satisfied it is, no man in his senses would have grudged his thirty miles to covert to have witnessed the performance, on the same

morning, of the E. S. H., which letters being interpreted, gentle reader, may and will stand for East Sussex Hunt, or East Sussex *Humbag*, exactly as you may choose to take them. Suffice it to say, that a piece of furze in the open Down was the scene, and about two hundred *Brighton Sportsmen* the principal actors in it: that round the said furze the serried phalanx formed "close order" for an hour and forty-five minutes, endeavoring, by every method in their power, to prevent the escape of an unhappy wretch, that, without much lack of charity, may be supposed to have been turned down in it for the express purpose. At last the miserable devil did contrive to slip the magnanimous mob, and (oh! summit of joy) was viewed into another small patch not much bigger than my writing desk, some three or four hundred yards off, and to which a charge of cavalry (backed by the usual contingent of infantry *irregulars*, who attend on such occasions on the Downs) was made (leaving of course, and according to established custom, the hounds behind them) that entirely eclipses the *hourra!* of the Cockney Cossacks on the breaking up of the ring at Epsom. In far less time than I have taken in writing the sentence, behold the exulting circle once more firmly formed; "no cat with ninety-nine lives—no witch that ever bestrode broomstick, can now have a chance of escaping us!!" *One man hits him on the head with his stick; another makes his horse lash out and kick him*, and the mighty feat is accomplished!! The hounds, guiltless of his death, are summoned to perform the ceremonies of his funeral: with all the para-

phernalia of pomp, after being duly *brushed and padded*, the, in all probability, *French* victim, throws up with as much triumphant screeching, as if they had brought him from the next country but one; and away clatter home the *sportsmen*, too happy if they can *dirty their boots* by the road, in anticipation of the next Hill appointment that is to witness a similar scene of butchery! And this, forsooth, is a specimen of *fox-hunting* as the noble sport is pursued in England!

I know nothing whatever of the proceedings of the Brighton Harriers save from the local papers, which speak in their usual *sportsman-like* strain of their wondrous performances; but I am assured that the Portslade, or Hove pack, are much improved, and they are attended this season constantly by the *élite* of the Royal Pavilion guests. I am truly glad of this, as they have been always in my remembrance a quiet unostentatious pack, shewing good sport, and having none of that vulgar and noisy gabble about them that so adheres to and distinguishes some of their neighbours; and next season, I am given to understand, they promise to be much stronger, as they have a capital young entry out at walk, if we may judge from present appearances. It is a long look, however, between this and the 1st of next October!

Mr. Steere, in the Horsham country—a country which, whatever Gentlemen who are afraid of getting their faces scratched may say in condemnation of, is a good rough and ready one, and, at least its forest portion, holds at all times extraordinarily strong foxes—has been latterly, I am glad to find, more fortunate in

not drawing repeated blanks than at the commencement of his season. For the first *several weeks* after he began, the account of misery in this respect was quite awful! I do earnestly hope and trust, however, that the eyes of his country are now at last opened to the benefit of a regular pack of fox-hounds being constantly in it, and that we shall hear no more of trapping, or TRACKING (should there come a fall of snow), save by some of those blackguard warreners, who, when detected, should be thrown without ceremony into the first fishpond in the Forest that can be met with.

—*Nota bene*: if frozen over, so much the better; in that case make a hole, put the miscreants in quickly, and either read the burial service over them for those “committed to the deep,” or not, as your conscience and religion may prompt you.—I cannot say I have not seen his hounds, inasmuch as I passed through the midst of them the other day as they were on the road home, whilst I was on my road to the Eastward; but from, of course, the *very trivial* glance I could give them, I am bound to state I never witnessed so great an improvement in appearance in a pack in my life. They look now like a powerful and dangerous lot of fox-hounds; and I am sure, if Mr. Steere has but fair play afforded him, they will and *must* shew sport: and up to this moment, *consideratis considerandis*, barring his blank days, he has no reason to complain of what he has done.

Passing upwards into Surrey, I find that the good old fox-hounds which bear the county appellation, under the *surveillance* of their equally good old Master,

*hold their own* with any of their neighbours, and are this year in their usual form. I have now before me a journal of many days with them (sent by the kindness of a very good sportsman) at the beginning of the season; and from what I read in it, and what I can collect from others, Daniel Haigh is still the Daniel Haigh of other years, not only as regards himself and his enthusiasm personally, but in all the *minutiae* and good points of his establishment. Not a few of the runs my friend describes to me must have been quite sufficient, at that time of year, to try the mettle of the nags; more especially if unfitted, as I fear too many of them may have been, by the joint effects of grass, sun, and flies, when *turned out for the sake of rest and renovation* during the summer in some of the Croydon pastures; and I wish my limits would allow me the insertion of some extracts from his log-book. When, oh! when, by the way, *will* this absurd and most senseless system I have alluded to receive its *coup-de-grace* from “the march of the Schoolmaster?” Alas! I fear not until the East Sussex people become *sportsmen*; and when that will be, as Theodore Hook says, *God Almighty alone can tell!* The old Surrey, I am glad to find, appear to have plenty of foxes, are still hunted by Tom Hills, and have still most of their old faces to be seen constantly at the covert side. The veteran Kay is, I believe, this year an absentee; but the well-known Mr. Hobson (*eighty years of age*), *cum multis aliis*, is still at his post; and the good fellowship and friendly feeling that ought to prevail everywhere is still, if all accounts are true, not the least

striking characteristic that distinguishes this praiseworthy establishment. I say this without fear of contradiction—the county of Surrey can never do too much for Daniel Haigh and his hounds!

The Surrey Union, it is of course well known, are no longer the Surrey Union of last year; that is, if a change of hounds and huntsman can cause a total difference. The one are, most of them, in Colonel Henry Wyndham's kennel; the other, as I have already said, is with Mr. Portman in the Vale of Blackmoor: the wretched *country*, however, remains the same, and the more credit is due to the indefatigable and good sportsman who still continues to hunt it. I should think, if his old huntsman corresponds with him, and gives him a taste, even on paper, of the splendid vales and downs he has now nothing to do but sit still and see his hounds run over, that Mr. Hankey's mouth must water; more especially if his own next fixtures are made for certain parts of his vile territory that I could name. I repeat, however, the thanks of the Union country are pre-eminently due to this distinguished Gentleman: he has done what, I do verily believe, no other man in it but himself would or could have accomplished; and if in a syllable that I wrote last year about his huntsman I gave him offence for a moment, though I go not the length of asking pardon (for that I never ask for doing my duty), I am heartily sorry that I witnessed the occasion that called forth my remark. I say thus much, perhaps the more readily, as I know that to accommodate my brother-in-law,

then living in the Union country, certain fixtures were made (I have not, of course, the vanity to imagine that *I* was personally considered in the arrangement), at more than one period, when it was thought likely I should visit the neighbourhood of Leith Hill for a few days' hunting. As to the sport the Union have this year shewn, I can only speak of it in the words of the same kind Correspondent who has sent me the account of the Old Surrey, and whose last day with them was on the eleventh of November. Up to that period their sport was at least *average*: but now comes something in the shape of a poser, at least to my weak intellects. One friend, writing to me from Dorsetshire about *Kit*, says, "he is a favorite because he is *quick*;" another pretty good judge halloos back from Surrey, "our present huntsman beats him, inasmuch as he is much quicker!" I call this a poser, because (as extremes meet) these two counties are the very counties of all others where huntsmen, *save in particular instances (impossible to put on paper)*, ought to be hung if they are *QUICK* according to the *cigared* acceptance of the term. A *quick* man forsooth in Dorsetshire, capering about on the grass in search of his head, instead of letting his hounds find what his own numbscull cannot direct them to! Let him be as *quick* as he will in his wide woodlands and elsewhere, in God's name, and keep his hounds on the line! But as to *quickness* in flying about, and galloping and *randomising* all over the country, perhaps getting into a corn, and finding a fresh fox; or, if I chose to tell tales out of school, was the

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WOODCOCK & WINTER TREE.

*Woodcock and Winter Tree.*

practice, I well know, so lately as last year, of a man whom the world called a good sportsman (not in Dorsetshire); why I do not say, it is quite as bad as the masculine manœuvres of my allies of the East Sussex, but it is very nearly as unsportsmanlike. Look at Surrey again *e contra*, the place of all others to *fight to points*, and that as *quickly* as may be. Put, however, a man called *quick* by ninety-nine people out of a hundred into it, and I will lay my life he does not kill six brace of foxes in it from October to the Day of Chimney-sweeps. To conclude, however, as to this pack, I have good reason to believe that the Union are going on well—long may they continue to do so!—and on the last day of my friend's hunting with them they killed their fox under peculiar circumstances. After a fair run for the time of year from a covert below Leith Hill, they were working their

fox merrily in Pasture Wood, when on a sudden certain notes were heard that were not thought to appertain to the pack; and at the same moment certain strangers made their appearance, as they crossed some of the rides well bedaubed with mud and clay, that looked as if it had once belonged to *Sussex*. The mystery, however, was soon explained by the who-whoop! of John Jennings (the Union huntsman); and it then appeared that the strangers—I will not call them intruders—consisted of Colonel Henry Wyndham and his hounds, who had brought their fox from a place called Mill, over *good* fifteen miles of country; and both packs luckily settling to the same scent, there was, of course, a very speedy consummation of the affair.

With the wishes of the season,  
I remain, Sir, yours very truly,  
DASHWOOD.

December 20, 1833.

### THE WOODCOCK AND WATER-HEN.

THE WOODCOCK (*Scolopax Rusticola* of LINNÆUS) is so well known, and its habits and manners have been so often described in our pages, that we deem it necessary only to refer the

reader to our Second Volume, *Second Series*, p. 178, for a scientific description of this bird, accompanied with original observations, the result of practical experience, by a real sportsman.

### THE WATER-HEN, OR MOOR-HEN.

(*Fulica Chloropus* of LINNÆUS.)

THE male of this species weighs about fifteen ounces; its length to the end of the tail fourteen inches. The Water-hen conceals itself throughout the day among reeds and willows. In the evening it seeks its food among the loose herbage which overhangs the banks of moats, rivulets, or pools of water, diving on the slightest alarm. The female forms her nest with withered reeds and rushes, near the water's edge, in the most retired situation, which she never quits without covering the eggs. According to

Willoughby she builds upon low trees and shrubs, breeding twice or thrice in the season. The eggs, seven in number, are irregularly marked with rust-coloured spots on a dirty white ground: the young ones swim the moment they quit the shell, and soon shift for themselves.—It strikes with its bill like a hen, and in spring has a shrill call. In flying it hangs down its legs; and in running it flirts up its tail, and shews the white feathers.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

*The Turf.*

THE Bettings at Tattersall's remain *in statu quo*, nothing having been done since our last. Bubastes and Bentley still jog on cheek by jowl at 7 to 1 for the DERBY; and Colonel Peel's Rosalie heads the list for the OAKS at 7 to 1, Cotillon standing at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 (taken).—The nominations for the ST. LEGER will close this day (January 1), the entries for which will of course appear in our next.

The following are the acceptances for the Newmarket Free Handicaps in the First Spring Meeting:—

Wednesday: Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. D.I.

Nitocria, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

Lady Fly, 5 yrs, 8st.

Datura, 5 yrs, 7st. 10lb.

Thursday: Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. T.M.M.

Muley Moloch, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

Revenge, 4 yrs, 8st.

Claret, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.

Friday: Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. A.F.

Belahazzar, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.

Shylock, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.

Jason, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.

Languish, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.

Cowdray, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.

The Stewards for Doncaster races 1834 are, W. Constable Maxwell and Sackville Lane Fox, M.P., Esqrs.; for Newcastle, the Earl of Eglinton and J. Bowers, M.P., Esq.; for Liverpool Aintree Meeting, Sir R. W. Bulkeley and T. W. Giffard, Esq.; and for Stockton-on-Tees, the Marquis of Londonderry, J. Bowes, M.P., Esq., and R. Watt, Esq.

The Corporation of York have voted 200l. per annum during the ensuing four years in aid of the Renewed Great Subscription to the York Races.

*The Chase.*

The Gazette of Friday, Dec. 20, announces His Majesty's permission to Francis Lytton Holyoake, Esq. of Studley Castle, Warwickshire, and of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, Esq. to

assume and use the surname of Goodricke, in addition to and after that of Holyoake, and to bear the arms of Goodricke, quarterly with those of Holyoake, out of regard for the memory of Sir Harry James Goodricke, Bart. deceased.

The Duke of Buccleuch's hounds have been latterly hunting their Kelso (Roxburghshire) country, and have been attended by good fields. They had one capital day's sport from Grahamslaw.—Lord Elcho's hounds commenced hunting the Berwickshire country, formerly Mr. Hay's of Dunse Castle, who some years back hunted the Warwick and Staffordshire countries, on Monday the 19th of November, with every expectation of good sport.

Early in December Mr. Moray of Abercainey's fox-hounds, now hunting the upper part of Strathearn in Perthshire, this being their first season, met at Strathallan Castle, and drawing the extensive coverts there found in a very strong and unusually large whin, whence, with difficulty, they forced their fox to break away over the fine open country, pointing to the Ochill Hills or Mountains, up which he went in the vicinity of Gleneagles. The nature of the ground rendered it impossible for the field any longer to live with them, so that all indeed were flung, or resigned, except the huntsman, who took to the turnpike road through the glen, and after a considerable distance struck into a mountain road or track, which he followed into the heart of the hills; but finding further progress almost impracticable, he was on the point of giving up, when the cry struck his gladdened ear, and, persevering a little farther, had the singular good fortune to come upon his hounds bringing their fox back again down the hills, and on the point of racing in to him, which they did gallantly in a few minutes, turning him up in a peat hag or moss. The best part of this run, which was very severe, the hounds had thus unavoidably to themselves, and it is greatly to their praise thus to have stuck to and killed a

wily old mountain fox, considering that this is their first season, and that they were all drafts; and more even to the credit of the huntsman, an Englishman, who came down late in summer, to undertake the difficult task of drafting, maiming, and screwing them together.

*Hostility to Fox-hunters in Scotland.*—It has been a matter which could not be overlooked lately, that there has arisen, from what exact causes it would be too difficult to determine or detail, a growing spirit of hostility to field sports on the part of the Scotch farmers, and more particularly to fox-hunting. Some of the public prints (and influential ones) have lent their aid to this clamour, and there is scarcely a pack in the North where some *brake* or another has not taken place: but it has broken out in Lothian with a bitterness and hostility, which, if persevered in, may lead to destructive consequences to this ancient, manly, and national recreation. Coarse language, threats, and in many instances these carried into execution, followed up by claims for damages, have too well evinced this strange and novel opposition. It is the more extraordinary in Lothian, as the cultivators of the soil are for the most part what are aptly enough termed Gentlemen farmers. An Englishman of the same grade and situation of life looks upon a fox-hunting establishment (generally at least) in a very different point of view: and many of these Gentlemen are members of Subscription packs, thereby forwarding not only their sport, but their interest. It cannot be a matter of indifference to a farmer that the consumption of such an amount of agricultural produce as the vicinity of one or two packs of fox-hounds causes should be regularly going on in his neighbourhood or no; and the yearly expenditure of the packs within a moderate distance of the Scottish Metropolis cannot be estimated, even at a moderate computation, at less than 25,000*l.* a-year. That the temper of the farmer is often sorely tried cannot be disputed, and the worst is, that the mischief is almost always the work of

irregulars, anything but Sportsmen, except in the colour of their garb and awkward imitation of their betters, and who, with scarlet on back and cigar in mouth, set all propriety at defiance, and really do mischief: and it is still worse, that these, who ought to be made pay severely, always escape; they are never inquired for—they go as they come, Lord knows where, while the damage and dislike fall upon the innocent, and who are almost in every case supporters of the hounds. Really farmers should be more their own friends; and when they find men of fortune disposed to circulate their money freely among them, they should not be so fastidious, but set the loss of a stray foot or two across their wheat or young grass against their great profits. Times are not what they were; but in our best this amusement was vigorously pursued, and barely ever cavilled at. Did the Lothian farmers consult their own interest, they would act differently, and encourage what they thus so recently and hastily oppose; but this is a consummation more to be hoped than probable. As to some remonstrance in one of the principal Scottish prints, answer has been immediately returned, breathing nothing but hostility, justifying the steps taken against those best worth prosecuting, and avowing their determination to proceed.

*Foxes out of their Places.*—In some of the most remote pastoral districts in Inverness-shire the foxes have been extraordinarily busy this year. On the more exposed and mountainous farms the lambs have suffered severely, and in some instances Reynard has betaken to full-grown sheep, which he chases over the precipices, and, after their death by the fall, devours at his leisure. It is a very curious fact, that last year an enormous number of mice was prevalent on the hills, swarming in every direction, and then the sheep escaped with little injury from the fox. This year very few mice are to be seen, and the ravages of the tod have proportionately increased. People generally have a very faint conception of the extent of loss

sustained by the Highland sheep farmer from this cause. Hundreds of pounds are thus sacrificed, while the small tenant, who could otherwise keep a few sheep on the hill side, cannot resist the nocturnal invaders.—Some vigorous measures should be adopted and acted on in concert, by proprietors and tenants, to extirpate (if possible, for it would be a matter of almost insurmountable difficulty) these animals, which here also are equally a nuisance to the sportsman, as none but the shooting one could find any inducement in these Alpine regions.

*Emerald Steeple Chase Cup.*—There was a very strong muster of sportsmen assembled on the Tallaght course to witness the contest for this Cup on Monday the 11th of November—some of the oldest sportsmen in the country, who can calculate the height of a bank or wall or the width of a brook to a fraction. The Cup, which was a very handsome one (entrance two sovereigns each), had been entered for by seven horses, but much dissatisfaction was experienced when but two came to the post—the distance two miles over the course—Mr. Duff's b. h. Johnny Raw, rode by Mr. Dough; and Mr. De Vear's b. m. Maria, owner. The result of the contest between these two, if such it could be called, proved even more mortifying; for the mare, though the odds were 5 to 1 on her, fell badly in the first heat, and was distanced. After Johnny Raw passed the winning post, his rider was *raw* enough also to shake hands with a friend, which was objected to by some of the subscribers: so he went over the distance again, the owner of the mare (for what reason was not stated) declining to contend. But still the Cup was held over for the decision of the Stewards. In fact there was neither race nor sport, and the spectators turned with interest to a Match for 20 sovs. a-side—heats, same course—between Mr. Willan's b. h. and Mr. Norton's ch. m. The Gentlemen turned out in fox-hunting costume, in the best style, and seemed bent on shewing sport; and the first heat,

admirably rode, and well contested, was won by Mr. Willan. In the second, Mr. Norton kissed his mother earth at the third fence, and was gruelled. All was flat and wrong; for there was nothing on the hook but a hack race, one sov. entrance, with a Bridle and Saddle given by the Stewards, catch weights. But all is not gold that glistens, and the excellence of this little affair made up for all. Four started, and, with the exception of Mr. De Vear's b. m. Missing, who was distanced in the first, ran three as good and severe heats as well could be. Mr. Knareborough's Bergami won the first; Mr. Green's b. m., the winner of the two next, being a close second; Mr. Landy's Wicklow Lass well up. The two last heats, between the mare and Bergami, were of the severest and most brilliant character. This is a very zigzag and awkward course: a speedy hot horse has no fair chance on it—a steady inferior horse, handy, and a trained leaper, will beat anything.—It is seldom at any place of public diversion in Ireland but that there is something astir to keep the game alive and create fun and merriment, and on this occasion the bulk of the spectators had no reason to complain. A very deep and rapid mile race forms one of the leaps on this course, and this it would seem held out some powerful inducement to several youthful aspirants to try their embryo prowess, and the cold bath was in such request that it seemed almost as if some regenerating Anabaptist had infused his spirit among them, to the inconceivable amusement of the lookers-on. Such numerous and sound duckings are not often witnessed: it is but justice to say, however, that it also elicited some splendid fencing.

Friday, the 15th November, a grand day's play took place near Carnwarth, Lanarkshire, a steeple-chase between five Officers of the 7th Hussars having been fixed to be run in that vicinity immediately previous to the meeting of Lord Kilburne's hounds. Crowds from various parts assembled, and the hills and eminences were crowned

with the majesty of the people. They started from the West Park of Green-atan, having a distance to the winning post in Kerswell Moor Park of two miles, intersected with thirteen fences. The whole got off very cleverly together, and kept so, taking all gallantly in stroke until the last fence but two, when one was shut out by coming in contact with the branch of a tree; and soon after two more were added to the list of missing, the race now lying between, and severely contested by, Messrs. Butler and Johnstone. These cleared the last wall simultaneously, but immediately after Mr. Johnstone's horse came down, leaving Mr. Butler to win at his ease.

—Immediately after the hounds were thrown into covert, and found: nothing however could be made of it; so they tried afresh, and had rather a rattling affair to the vicinity of Biggar, where Puggy contrived to give them turnips, and escaped, to fight again another day.

*Surrey Stag Hounds.*—The lovers of the chase experienced a great treat on Friday the 6th of December, in a most unparalleled run with these hounds. The appointment was at Caterham Common, where a deer, one of the noblest of its kind, was turned out, to the satisfaction of a numerous field of sportsmen. After a few minutes deliberation he bounded in gallant style over the Common down the Hill in a direction for Godstone: crossing the turnpike road near the toll-gate through Rooks-nest, the seat of C. H. Turner, Esq., he skirted the small but delightful village of Tandridge in a line for Barrow Green, near Oxsted; and then, as if determined to shew his courage, turned down the lane for Crowhurst, through the Wood, then mounting the hill in fine style, descended the valley below into Edenbridge, through which town he ran to the great delight of the villagers, who of late have been unaccustomed to such sights since the loss experienced when His Grace of Derby broke up his establishment. By this time most of the horses had had enough for one day's sport, but not so the

deer: turning short to the left he crossed the hop-grounds in a line for Cowden, where few of the gallant train who followed at the commencement could be seen, and one of the whippers-in was compelled to leave his horse behind and ride *Shank's* mare for the remainder of the hunt, and the other to borrow another nag. At last the deer, some distance below Cowden, and within a few miles of Tonbridge, knocked under, and very coolly ran into a barn and suffered himself to be secured, after a severe run of three hours and a half without a check, over a country exceedingly heavy and abounding in good rasping fences and deep wide rivulets. Few were up at the taking, among whom were G. D. Sewell, Esq. the Master (whose cool judgment in riding everybody admired), Mr. Joye, a Barrister, Mr. G. Penfold, and some others unknown. It is calculated the deer must have run over a country of forty miles in extent.—The establishment of this pack of hounds must be a source of gratification to all and of emolument to many; and it is hoped the opposition existing among a few farmers may not be the means of breaking it up, more especially after the great exertion made by the Master, and his liberal support, in coming forward at a time when the county of Surrey is in great danger of losing the few packs now existing.—*County Herald.*

#### END OF THE GROUSE SEASON.

Reports of the Game Markets for the last few weeks previous to the legal end of the season, have proved the supply of Grouse and Black Game to be short in the extreme, as was natural to suppose from the very bad breed, which, contrary to general expectation, succeeded so many preceding scarce years. Nature, however, is said generally to find cures for these occasional scarcities in her regular process of reproduction, and in this instance placed a most effectual preventive between this species of game and their fell and greedy destroyers in the weather which has prevailed universally in Scotland since

the middle almost of October, it having proved a series of coarse, stormy, wet weather, wherein they bid defiance to almost all attempts. The pursuit of no birds scarcely is so much affected by the weather as these. In such stormy rains there is *no other* way of getting at them but *stalking*—by placing as many guns as convenient in the likeliest ambushes, and sending men miles round to shew themselves, on which they take alarm, and often come over the heads of some of the shots lying in wait: but this can only be done by proprietors and regular sportsmen; and, as yet, such in Scotland are not the purveyors, except in a very few instances. Poachers cannot do it, as it would cause too much notice, and bring so many together that some would be sure to be caught: and as these and the shepherds are, in winter, the sources whence the supply, like water rills which at length furnish a good stream, is derived, this will explain the principal cause of the scarcity in the markets—the thing is impracticable in such weather as has been. Exquisites and young hands, who have kicked up under their feet and slaughtered their hundreds in August, may doubt this, but it is the case. The season being now over, the birds *ought* to be safe; and with a good breeding season to follow, the next *might* hold out hopes to the fair sportsmen; but last year in Leaden-hall there was as much and more grouse and black game *long after*, as in the season; and should a good frost or snow succeed, which in all probability there will, the breeding stock,

short as it confessedly and undeniably is, will suffer beyond reparation. —While those who have the power, allow the game-sellers thus shamefully to laugh to scorn all time, season, and rule, the poachers, shepherds, and irregulars of all sorts will supply them: they have tasted the sweets of blood-money, have been kept short of it by the weather, and when that favours them they will betake to the slaughter with more eagerness than ever.

One of the most splendid sporting fetes which has taken place in the North for some time, was given on the 30th November to the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry, by the Mid Lothian Coursing Club, at Adam's Inn, Dalkeith. The company, amounting nearly to two hundred, and including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, &c. &c. were select and fashionable in the extreme; and the arrangements and fitting up of the magnificent suite of apartments were worthy of such guests, and carried into effect by Mr. Morrison, upholsterer, of Queen Street, Edinburgh, in a manner highly creditable to him. Stewart, Baxter, and Co. were equally successful in the refreshments and supper department; while Spindler's excellent band left nothing to be wished for which could animate and inspire the dancers, who continued their amusement to a late hour. Every one appeared to be favorably impressed with the *tout ensemble* of the fete, which passed off as gaily as a sporting one should.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of "Redcoat"—"Lord Hastings' Hounds and neighbouring Packs, by WILL CARELESS"—"A Bit of a Dragaman"—and other favours; but they arrived too late for the current Number.

"L. G." shall hear from us in a few days.

"X. B." will find his article in a great measure anticipated in the present Number.

We will as speedily as possible pay due attention to the request of "R. T. D."

We are at all times happy to receive communications from young Sportsmen; and if "R. W. E. F." will try his hand at some *novelty*, his letters will be acceptable. The subject of his "first essay," though new to him, has been so ably handled in our pages that we must decline its insertion.



GOOD EVENING.



# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.  
SECOND SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

No. XLVI.

## CONTENTS.

|                                                                                                                       |     |                                                                         |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Good Evening! .....                                                                                                   | 281 | tains in Olden Times, by <i>A Quartagnaria</i> (continued) .....        | 311 |
| Hounds and Hunting, comprising Accounts from Thirty Packs, &c. by <i>Dashwood</i> .....                               | 282 | A Few Words on the Contest between "J. B. G." and <i>Noon Day</i> ..... | 318 |
| The Dublin Country—Lord Howth's Stag-Hounds, their spirited Manager, &c. . .                                          | 289 | Coursing Meetings .....                                                 | 319 |
| team Carriages on Turnpike Roads—present Fast Coaches, &c. ....                                                       | 291 | Fox-hunting in Scotland .....                                           | 323 |
| The Chase! a Parody, by the Author of <i>The Hermit in London</i> .....                                               | 297 | Death of Catton, his Pedigree and Performances, &c. ....                | 327 |
| Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds, by <i>Vagus</i> .....                                                            | 298 | Shropshire Harriers .....                                               | 332 |
| Lord Hastings's Hounds, and neighbouring Packs, by <i>Will Careless</i> .....                                         | 299 | Noon Day in Reply to Earl Belfast and "J. B. G." .....                  | 333 |
| On the Comparative Merits of Thoroughbred Horses as Hunters—purchasing Nags for Hunting, &c. by <i>Ringwood</i> ..... | 303 | The Earth Stopper .....                                                 | 337 |
| Nominations for the Doncaster St. Leger 1834 .....                                                                    | 309 | Inoculating Dogs for Distemper .....                                    | 337 |
| A Shooting Foray to the Welch Moun-                                                                                   |     | Continuation of <i>Dashwood's</i> "Hounds and Hunting" .....            | 338 |
|                                                                                                                       |     | SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:—                                                 |     |
|                                                                                                                       |     | The Turf—Bettings—the Chase—Death of Mr. J. Bowles, V. S., &c.          |     |
|                                                                                                                       |     | NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS .....                                         | 352 |
|                                                                                                                       |     | RACING CALENDAR .....                                                   | 41  |

## Embellished with

I. GOOD EVENING.—II. THE EARTH STOPPER.

## GOOD EVENING!

THIS is an old subject, although new in our Work, and which the increasing imperfections of our numerous Game Laws make worse and worse every time they are taken into consideration. Let a man, as he begins to ascend Holborn Hill, look up on his left, and ask himself whether *that* is the way to preserve game? If it is, our forefathers must have exerted themselves for centuries on totally different grounds, and with what success the game left in the country previous to the passing of the last Act sufficiently proves, however imperfect the old laws might

have been, and how unequal to meet all the difficulties. Among the disagreeable sights in London (next to poverty) is to see the game—the produce, and once the pride, of the Aristocracy—hung upon its walls, or placed in unsightly heaps upon its shambles. Without exciting the feelings of the genuine Sportsman, by recounting the barbarous murders and the cold-blooded cruelties resorted to to furnish (for the time) this vast supply, and without putting him in mind (unless he is a large landed proprietor) of the loss even of his birthright, he takes out a licence, keeps his

N n

dogs, and gets leave perhaps of his neighbour to extend his walk ; and his licences give him the privilege only..... of what?—of fagging the whole day without the chance of getting a single shot ! This Sportsman, too, once the best in the kingdom, is now all but annihilated as far as shooting goes, and his mortification is increased by being denied the pleasure of doing what custom has made natural to him ; such as sending a birth-day present, a basket of game of his own killing to a friend, or something as dear to him, in town, and receiving back, in return, a salmon, or barrel of oysters, &c. made more sweet by the intercourse, as well as benefiting the public coaches, which are as great an accommodation to us as we are to

them when properly conducted ; besides making the disgusting, immoral sight before us less frequent. Good Even ! indeed we may say "good night" to the sport ! Here is Sam *Sharpshot*—well fed and well appointed, with an honest exterior—after a day's shooting for the family (and himself), trading with his friend *Bill Boniface* of the *Green Man*—pheasants for gin and "heavy !" which *Will Whipcord*, the night "dragsman," who calls regularly at the "crib," carries and disposes of in town, where the last Act of Parliament all but furnishes the most desirable facilities, and each so bound by his own interest as to avoid almost every probability of detection,

"With my dog and my gun !"  
we may bid a long adieu !

#### HOUNDS AND HUNTING. — BY DASHWOOD.

SIR,

IN the language of *Mr. Phelim Connor* (see *The Fudge Family in Paris*)—

"Before we sketch the present, let us cast A few, short, rapid glances to the past ;"

or, in other words, before I commence a second Letter under the head of "Hounds and Hunting," allow me, in a note\*, to correct a few typographical errors that doubtless crept into my first one in consequence of the hurry of going to press, as well as into the article "New Year's Eve," which made its appearance in the same Number. With one exception, perhaps, they will nearly all of them have suggested themselves

to the reader in his progress ; and I am the more anxious to notice the particular *erratum* I have alluded to, inasmuch as, though it may generally have been hurried over without observation, both the worthy individual himself to whom it refers, and all who know him, must imagine, until the correction is in print, that I was mocking him with a title, which, though I am satisfied he amply deserves in *substance*, he is far from affecting to be hailed by, and which it would be insult to assign to him. Let me state, therefore, that, in page 271, it was as "a thorough specimen of the

\* Page 248, col. 1, line 18, for gratification read *gratulation*—col. 2, line 12, read "with an intense—dare I say—hope?"—p. 267, col. 2, line 16, for finding read *feeding*—p. 268, col. 2, line 29, for inviolable read *inviolable*—p. 271, col. 1, line 14, put a comma after remember—line 24, for Helputs read *Helperty*—line 29, for Gentleman read *Yeoman*—col. 2, line 12, for Therpe read *Sharpe*—p. 272, col. 2, line 4, for throws up read *is thrown up*—line 7, for country read *country*—p. 274, line 49, for one read *over*, and line 50, for or read *as*.

English Yeoman," not *Gentleman*, (as misprinted,) that I wished to present that sterling good fellow, Robert Smith, of Givendale, to the readers of the Magazine: and in addition to what I then said, will now only tell them, that if at any time they are fortunate enough to have a deal with him in either hound or horse-flesh, they will find that if he repudiates the name, he repudiates also the Repository *trickeries* by which many and many a mis-called *Gentleman* is in the habit of disgracing himself.

Let me now proceed to give a brief summary of Hunting Operations, according to what I have seen and what has reached me since the publication of your last Number; and having returned home only yesterday evening, from a short visit\* into Dorset and Somerset, I shall once more make a beginning in that almost *Metropolitan* district now so well and widely known.

It will be easily supposed that I seized the first opportunity of meeting Mr. Portman at the covert-side, and, I am happy to say, that on Tuesday the 14th I had a day's sport with him, which, in some other countries that I could name, would have been "bruited in men's mouths" till Echo was wearied with repeating the tale. In Dorset, or more strictly speaking, I believe, in Somersetshire, however, it was considered only an average transaction, just sufficient to satisfy the field: and to give my readers some idea of what Mr. Portman's continued vein of sport has made people *expect* every morning on

pulling off their mud-boots, I must be indulged with a short description of it. Drawing, then, the fixture of the day, the Temple Combe Woods, &c. &c. blank, we found our first fox in the last bit of Cheriton Wood, and went away at his brush at a clipping pace through the country already drawn, and down to the fine grass inclosures, leaving Inwood to the left, as if for Lord Digby's Park. Caundle Brake, however, at this point appeared to tempt him; but being headed he made a turn as short as a dying hare, and seemed to put his head for either the Holts, or the chain of coverts below them, into the latter of which, however, we could not hit him, and owing, in my humble judgment, to the up-wind point not having been made good, we did no more with a very gallant fox, that might have eventually taken us to Stock or Rookmoor!—time, from finding to the last fatal check, exactly fifty-five minutes; distance at *least* from seven to eight miles. We then drew Caundle Brake blank—(both fox-hounds and harriers had been close to it—the first indeed in it—only a few days previous)—and late in the afternoon found a brace at Inwood, of which, doubtless, the gallant dog took us straight as an arrow to the Combe Woods, and *through* them without hanging for an instant; but being unfortunately headed, thence broke away in somewhat of a ring to the left; and after running him another mile or two with a scent evidently falling us, we made a finish in some heavy fallows, thus terminating a really

\* I am sorry to say, that in coming home I have crossed more than one valuable packet of letters, that will now, I fear, when re-directed, reach me too late, until "time is up" for the present Number.

beautiful burst of some six or seven miles, with just sufficient day-light left for the hounds to get comfortably home to their kennel. Want of blood was unquestionably a drawback to this otherwise satisfactory day. Mr. Portman's field, however, must not repine at his hounds occasionally missing their fox; for, by Jove! if they go on as they have hitherto been doing, there will not be game enough left for them to finish their March month. Ten days ago they had killed their twenty-three brace and a half (far too many for their country), and are in consequence reduced to the *half-pay* of only two days a week: yet if Mr. Atkins perseveres in his determination to draw on all occasions for a four o'clock fox, and his hounds also persevere in *their* determination to render an account of him if once fairly introduced to his brush, I would not give much for their chance of finding, in some parts of their country at all events, by this day six weeks, notwithstanding the alteration. What a pity that some of Mr. Farquharson's coverts, containing each, *when hunted*, TWELVE and FIFTEEN FOXES DISTINCTLY AND SEPARATELY VIEWED AWAY, and seen in different directions, should not belong to this very first-rate and perfect establishment!

I am bound in justice to say, that, highly as I have always thought of them, I admired both the appearance and performance of Mr. Portman's hounds this day still more than at any previous period; and I am sure I shall be amply borne out in the assertion, that no man in England need possess either a more handsome or

more steady pack. As to the first point, I looked over the six-and-twenty couples at the Henstridge kennel on the afternoon of the Wednesday, after hunting, and can safely base my judgment on an accurate and close inspection of legs and feet, &c.; and as to the second, it is, I believe, all but proverbial in the country they hunt, that every whimper may be cheered as if the villain had already broken! I must here say that in looking over the pack, the two handsomest hounds in it—Liberty, and another bitch, more compact, and with perhaps still greater power, whose name has at this moment escaped me—were bred by Mr. Yeatman, and of course transferred by him with the broad Y upon their sides, to their present owner, on surrendering to him the B. V. H.

The condition of these hounds, as I mentioned had been told to me in my last letter, does Atkins very great credit; and so far as *evenness* of flesh is concerned, I really do not think one animal in his kennel would be found to weigh an ounce heavier than another. Their coats, too, are bright and blooming, and altogether they make a very imposing appearance at the covert-edge to the eye, and appeal even still more forcibly to that organ as the day gets older, and they are seen streaming, as if coupled together, over the splendid Vale, which, to make its eulogium in a word, is *worthy* of the pack that hunts it! If anything, they may be *perhaps* a shade too finely drawn for their work at this time of year; and Atkins will do well to remember, that, in addition to the increasing stoutness of his foxes, his hounds, though hunt-

ing only twice a week, have an immense deal of travelling, *and but little rest on their benches*: secondly, that he has none too many couples in his kennel to finish the season with: and that, thirdly, he is himself not only the last man to give up drawing for his evening fox, but the last man also to give him up when found, so long as either star or moon will enable him to stagger onwards to the finish! I must certainly do him the common justice of saying that there cannot be a more persevering fellow on the face of creation; and I am glad to see that he has recovered his nerve completely, and now bruises across the Blackmoor Vale in the same style in which the original Kit was once seen to follow Sir Bellingham. Of his civility, sobriety, and other good qualities as a servant, there never was the least question; and now that he has got hold of a good country in every sense of the word, I sincerely hope and trust that he will long remain a fixture in it. I should add, before winding up my *say* about his hounds, that they this year had a very important infusion of strength from the kennel of Lord Harewood (Mr. Portman's father-in-law); and, from what I could see of them, strong indeed must that pack be, that, even to so near a connection, could spare so magnificent a draft! I look on one hound in particular, Rallywood, as being, for his stamp, one of the most finely-formed and elegant animals I ever laid my eye on; and

I am happy to find that my friend Mr. Yeatman intends putting to him a Southern bitch or two, by way of infusing a trifle more of *the genuine* into his already superb harriers. Nothing ever could be better than the Harewood blood. Of this I speak from experience, being old enough to remember the period when his present Lordship took the sole management of them with the big and disfiguring F on their white and dingy sides\*; and having for a series of years engaged and taken their entire *small* draft from poor George Payne, who, though no sportsman, was a good servant, and I may say almost invaluable in the kennel.

Mr. Portman's health, I lament to state, if improved at all, was not sufficiently so when I left the country to enable him to see his hounds in the Vale: on the hills, and close to his own doors, I believe he had once or twice contrived to see them find.

The same causes which I stated in my last were operating against Mr. Farquharson and his pack remain still in full force, and will most of them, I fear, continue to operate for an indefinite length of prospect. Poor old Jennings has not yet been able to get again to his hounds; and *I did hear, after a vain attempt to do so, had tendered his resignation altogether*; and if this be fact, giving all due honour to his master's natural reluctance to part with a man grown grey in his service, and admitting to its ut-

\* Lord Harewood took the pack, it will be remembered, from Mr. Lane Fox of Bramham; and for years their distinguishing colour was, and had been, a dirty kind of whitey-brown, to which the immense F was as ything but an ornament. Nothing, even in those days, however, could beat them.

most extent that no one has a right to meddle with an establishment *solely kept at private cost*, and as sacred therefore from interference as the interior departments of his dwelling-house, I must be permitted to say, that I think it is much to be lamented that Mr. Farquharson did not take immediate measures towards restoring that first-rate *whip*, Old Solomon, to his proper and efficient situation, and filling up the very amphibious place (half whip, half huntsman, and therefore neither) he is at present compelled to occupy with an artist that could really do something like justice to the hounds, and give something like satisfaction to the fields that almost invariably attend them. If Mr. Farquharson's *private* establishment, however, is thus tenderly to be spoken of, the case is different with regard to his *public* arrangements as a Master of Fox-hounds: and here no man who has been for years past in his country can deny that he has to thank himself, and his most selfish of all selfish systems, for the bad sport that he has shewn, and the dissatisfaction—aye, in spite of the Plate voted to him—the loud and gathering dissatisfaction that now swells the gale to the very echo. As a public writer I make these several statements on the subject, and if wrong—as I say always I say here—I shall be delighted to be put right. Mr. Farquharson has at this moment more than amply sufficient country for at least three packs of hounds; and so far, therefore, from being enabled to do justice to it, he does not, for he cannot, pay to certain coverts even the compliment of cracking

his whip in them from year's end to year's end! Mr. Farquharson's accumulation and hoard of game is beyond all precedent or belief—ten, twelve, fifteen foxes sometimes found in one single covert! and this, too, in spite of all recent endeavours to *trap* them down (the patience even of Dorsetshire will not endure for ever), *eleven* to my certain knowledge having been thus destroyed last season from one woodland only that I could name, and at least the same number from another not far removed! Yet, on the sole occasion of the horn being blown in the first of these this year, either *five brace and a half* or *six brace of foxes* were distinctly accounted for on foot! To a Sportsman I need not, of course, say a word as to what, *save by accident*, must be the result and consequence of one quarter of these scents being before hounds; nor need I likewise say a word to him as to what *I have heard has been the practice* in Ben's latter days amongst this host; namely, that the *flyers* have been allowed to go, "as the wind, where they listed," and the hounds, if possible, halloo'd and headed back into covert, to mob and murder what was not good enough to go from it. In pursuance of this system, out of *twelve* foxes killed consecutively last spring, *eleven*, I happen to know, were *heavy vixens*. Surely, nothing, I think, can be a parallel for this in the annals of *English fox-hunting*, save the exploits already recorded of the E. S. H. at Scabscastle furze!

The worst page, however, of this sad chapter is yet to come, and it is briefly this:—Mr.

Farquharson, well aware, as he must be, that if he hunted all the year through, and (Sundays not excepted) every day in it, his country would be yet unhunted: well aware also of his *ridiculous* stock of foxes, and of his utter inability (even taking the *vixen system* into account) to keep them down: and more than well aware that his want of sport has been attributable (in great measure at least) to the superfluity of his game—Mr. Farquharson will not cede one inch of country—will not “do to his neighbour” as he would doubtless “wish to be done by,” were he himself under similar circumstances; but has refused constantly, and refuses now, even a morning’s *draw* (unless under threat of the traps being put down); and as a M. F. H. himself, thinks it expedient to make himself the most obnoxious man in the country wherein he resides to all and sundry who have fox-hounds besides himself. Where is his own brother-in-law, that good sportsman, Mr. Grove, badgered by him out of the Cranborne Chase country, that now scarcely hears a hound within its precincts? Why is Mr. Drax obliged, with his magnificent establishment, to hunt now but twice a week? Simply, because Mr. Farquharson will not yield to him, *even conditionally*, one acre of the country which he neither does nor can hunt himself as he should do. Why, again, is Mr. Portman, having drawn, I admit, more blood than he ought to have done in his limited country, now compelled also to come to two days a week, with shoals of foxes grinning at him in sight of his very windows,

and, like the sucking pigs of Utopia, crying—come hunt me, come hunt me? The same, the very self-same cause—the tenacity, the avarice of his neighbour: though as an equivalent, perhaps, for some of Mr. P.’s *own* coverts, Pimperne Wood, &c. &c. the hill district, called the Houghton country, has been with some difficulty *conditionally* ceded by Mr. Farquharson, but of which he can of course resume possession when and how he pleases. And is this a manner in which matters can continue to be conducted in a country like Dorsetshire? Forbid it Justice! forbid it every guardian spirit that is presumed to watch over this Island, and thereby, as one of the greatest stays of its prosperity, to watch over FOXHUNTING AND ITS INTERESTS! Mr. Farquharson is a worthy man I have no doubt; that he is a courteous one in the field, I know; that he has been a Master of Fox-hounds for nearly thirty years at his own cost, I admit; and admit also, in admiration of his long standing, that the splendid tribute of Plate awaiting his acceptance on the 3d of next month, is not one ounce heavier than he deserves: but I have yet to learn that either he or any man has a right to hag-ride an enormous district in the dog-in-the-manger manner in which he mocks his country, permitting no other man to do what it is impossible he can do himself, and insulting those who go out with him with the show of a pack of hounds that on nine days out of ten are intended only to *kill* their fox! Before Heaven! the only charitable construction that can be placed on the iron grasp with

which he holds every hedge-row of his vast dominions is, that he is afflicted with somewhat of the same sort of *mania* as to country that frightens the hundred-thousand-pound miser into the belief that he must die in the work-house if he parts with a penny to put into the poor-box !

My limits warn me to leave this most unpleasant topic ; yet I cannot quit it without suggesting a plan that has often occurred to me, by which all differences and disputes in the noble cause might be reconciled and put straight without either acrimony or difficulty. Why should there not be formed a *controlling* Sporting Club, or Parliament, to which every Hunt in the Kingdom should send its Member or Members, and to which full power should be delegated to decide imperatively, and without appeal, on all fox-hunting questions that might be referred to its adjudication ? I am satisfied, that, were the details once well digested, the establishment of such a Society is not only feasible, but would be found of incalculable benefit : and I am also satisfied, that were the Dorsetshire Question fairly and dispassionately brought before such a tribunal, composed, as it would be, of Gentlemen and Sportsmen from all parts of the United Kingdom, Mr. Farquharson would not for three days longer remain the Autocrat of his unwieldy and un-hunted empire ; but, by being narrowed within a reasonable territory, be compelled to reign as he should do. In most part of his magnificent country, when

treated as it ought to be, he must be a clever fellow indeed as huntsman who could prevent his hounds from shewing sport !

From a letter which I saw from Mr. Butler, I believe that during the week before I quitted Dorsetshire these hounds had two days' sport, somewhat superior to what they have lately shewn ; altogether, however, they have had a miserable season, and killed, as might be expected, an inconceivably short number of foxes, that have run stouter than so many doe-hares.

I do not understand that Mr. Drax has had anything very clipping in the way of sport since I last wrote ; but all who have seen it are loud in their admiration of his well-appointed and even splendid establishment, which wants only a fitting arena whereon to distinguish itself as one of the most business-like in the kingdom. What a pity, or rather what a shame it is, that so fine a stable of horses and so brilliant a kennel of hounds should be cooped up and cabined within their present Lilliputian district of heath and woodland ! It certainly is not Mr. Drax's fault if he does not shew his country sport ; for to my certain knowledge he has within these few years tried his hand at hunting ROEBUCK, WILD BOAR, HARE, and DEER ; and has now embarked his whole heart and soul in the noble cause itself, in whose pursuit for better auspices and unqualified success he must have the good wishes of every Sportsman in the Island !

*For the continuation of DASHWOOD'S LETTER see p. 338.*

THE DUBLIN COUNTRY—LORD HOWTH'S STAG-HOUNDS,  
THEIR SPIRITED MANAGER, &c. &c.

SIR,

**A**LTHOUGH I am aware that want of space often obliges you to reject the favors of your best contributors—those who so ably describe the sports of “Merry England;” still, I trust that some slight notice of “Irish Affairs” may not prove uninteresting to your readers. I address you with the greater confidence from my recollection of much excellent Irish “Sporting Intelligence” which I have met with in your most entertaining Magazine.

Of the five packs of hounds which hunt the Dublin country, no one (good as they all are) deserves more notice than Lord Howth's Stag-hounds, whether their speed and steadiness be the subject of consideration, or the excellent style of their management.

Lord Howth having determined to pass the winter in England, with his usual kind consideration for the sport of others, has given up his hounds and deer to those Gentlemen who were in the habit of hunting with him. But even this generous conduct is no compensation to his brother sportsmen for his loss in the field; for whether as a first-rate rider, or as a most judicious manager of hounds, his place can never be filled by another. Lord Howth bears with him the regrets of every lover of sport; and during his absence no report connected with his name will be heard with such unmixed pleasure as that which will announce his return to Ireland.

The hounds are now managed, under the name of the Garrison Hounds, by the Hon. Charles

Weld Forester, of the 12th Lancers, and Aid-de-camp to one of the best sportsmen in this country—our excellent Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hussey Vivian, who is most deservedly popular with all those who have the honor of his acquaintance. The Sporting World, but particularly that part of it connected with the Garrison Hounds, ought to feel grateful to Sir Hussey Vivian; for not only was he one of the first to give them his liberal support, but whenever his arduous professional duties allow him he cheers the Members with his presence in the field.

As a hunting country Dublin has a decided advantage over every other part of Ireland, without excepting the large grazing fields and stone walls of the County Galway, the County Kilkenny with all its honors (the Leicestershire of Ireland), or even Mr. Kennedy's justly celebrated country the County Kildare; all of which, although called the *hunting counties*, abounding as they do in the best sport and the keenest sportsmen, suffer an alloy of bog and mountain: while in the whole circuit of the hunting country of Dublin there is not an acre of bog, a hill higher than a haystack, or, in a word, a single mile that a stranger might not ride over with the same security as the man who has hunted it for five seasons. The farms are chiefly meadow and pasture lands; the fences are stiff, consisting of single banks, wide drains, and thorn hedges, with an occasional brook; but all, though

large, are fair, and so sound that a regiment of cavalry might strike a bank at once without so much as shaking it.

The pack is strong, composed of dogs and bitches indiscriminately: they are fox-hounds of very high blood, and as they hunt nothing but deer you may form some judgment of their pace.

Captain Forester seems to have been born to hunt hounds: his riding is steeple-chasing—as straight as the bird flies, and nearly as fast. He possesses in an eminent degree the chief qualification for this style of hunting—a determination to *get along*. His seat on horseback is good, and every one who has seen him ride must acknowledge that he is a “chip of the old block.”

M'Evoy, the huntsman, who has hunted the Dublin country for forty years, is an admirable hare huntsman, and of course, as such, fond of *giving the hounds their time*—a system which neither Lord Howth nor the present young manager think it right to practise more than is absolutely necessary, particularly with such a hard-riding field. This hurry causes the old man to shake his head, and swear that “Captain Forester will make the hounds as wild as himself!”

Up to this period, however, such is not the case, for nothing can be more brilliant than the runs he has had; and I am quite sure that nobody can be more anxious to meet every wish of the subscribers, or more determined to shew sport on every occasion, than Captain Forester.

The style of hunting is perfect luxury, the very cream of sport. The spot named for enlarging is generally a pleasant cantering

distance, about seven or eight miles from Dublin: the hour half-past twelve. The *field*—composed of Officers of the Staff and Garrison, with an equal number of Civilians—generally numbers from one hundred to one hundred and fifty scarlet coats, all coming out to ride, and nothing else, and always sure of sport. The duration of the run, usually without a check, is from twenty-five minutes to an hour. The sport, however, is occasionally varied by some of those slashing runs that deserve to be chronicled in your interesting pages. Not unfrequently one of the red deer will afford a clipper of twenty miles, or even more, trying the bottom of the few horsemen who may be with the hounds; and in those cases it requires powers of no common kind, both of horse and man, to keep a place. Fox-hunting is child's play compared with the tremendous pace, unrelieved by the checks which, in any other style of hunting, allow a moment's breathing time. I would pronounce the man who sees the whole of such a run an excellent horseman, one who must possess both decision and judgment, combined with such a degree of nerve as will give him presence of mind in all the varieties of the day's work.....such a rider is Lord Howth. In the longest and severest runs that his hounds have had, he has invariably been first, or with the first, at the end of the day, having kept the same place from the moment the hounds were laid on.

Some such run I will individualise for you on a future occasion, mentioning a few of those who see the whole of it; and I have no doubt your readers will

recognise some of the names as those of sportsmen well known in England. At present I wish to confine myself to introducing to your notice the pack, its spirited manager, and the unequalled country, at the same time giving you some idea of the routine business.

All that relates to the deer—and this branch forms an essential part of the business—is admirably managed by Captain De Montmorency, who has a hunting lodge in the vicinity of the kennel; and no man knows better what hunting is, or ought to be, and no one contributes to its support with greater cordiality.

I need scarcely observe that with such sport a man must be well mounted, blood alone having a chance of living with the hounds; consequently the Mem-

bers of the Hunt escape the nuisance of the *one-horsed* Gentlemen from Dublin, the sporting butcher, or the bouncing tailor, whose useful steeds, all “gentle in harness,” could never see a stag-hound after the first three minutes. Such Nimrods are great supporters of the Harriers; and that they may never be tempted to extend their patronage must be the wish of every man who has seen them in the field.

This letter is, I fear, too long, so I shall conclude rather abruptly, with a promise of again addressing you; but whether it be to give an account of a day with the Kildare fox-hounds, or one with Captain Forester, chance must determine.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A REDCOAT.

Dublin, Dec. 26, 1833.

### STEAM CARRIAGES ON TURNPIKE ROADS—PRESENT FAST COACHES, &c.

SIR,

EVERY age or generation indeed has its distinguishing characteristics. Dr. Kitchen opined that the generation preceding his own was more particularly signalised by the faith and avidity with which individuals of all classes and ages swallowed tar-water for every ill which affects mortality; while that to which he belonged was equally remarkable for its devotion to the supposed infallibility of calomel. But it needs not the “microscopic eye” of such a worthy to decipher the “form and pressure of the age wherein we move and have our being:” he that runs may read. Society in general seems to have received an

impetus, and almost every individual to have been furnished at his birth with an expansion of the bump or organ of volition: to annihilate time and space seems the one thing needful; and of course there are not wanting those who try to profit by this mania: hence the threatened introduction of steam coaches on our turnpike roads. I shall at once candidly confess, that, being a Bit of a Dragsman, I look upon these all-be-puffed and vaunted innovations with no favorable eye. However, let every one have a fair stage and no favour: if they can succeed, and *must* as they say, why well and good; but as I think their pretensions, to say the least,

greatly exaggerated, and that their immediate or remote establishment, as calculated on by them, would, instead of being a national good, prove a source of much injury and loss, both public and private, I shall solicit a nook in your well-established pages to give that opinion as briefly as possible: and as "The Road" has always been a favorite and legitimate subject, however I may fail, it will not be out of place, especially as I cannot, however humbly, but imagine that it may in some sort concern the present coach proprietors, among whom doubtless you have many readers.

Among the numerous speculators, who, since this idea of steam carriages on common roads was first started—who have, thank heaven! as yet enlightened the world with their failures—the two most prominent ones at present are Sir C. Dance and Mr. Maccorone, whose attempts to bring the powers of their respective machines into play have been redoubled this season, and, as was *imagined*, beyond the possibility of failure. The performance of the former's contrivance was so favorable about town and some adjacent roads, that success was booked as certain, and it was puffed in the public prints with all private and public energy—a long tirade appearing in one of the most influential, stigmatising the public indifference to the progress and advancement of Science—calling on the present coach proprietors to come forward and join forces, and asserting that the arrangements were so decidedly complete that it wanted nothing *now* but the formation of Joint Stock

Companies to carry it into perfect and immediate effect. I must own, when I read this, thus dogmatically and pompously asserted, my heart failed me; nor, looking into another column in the same print, was there much "word of cheer" in the information under "Foreign News," that the celebrated mathematician Hoene Wronski had discovered a *complete new system* for carriages on common roads, and all locomotive instruments, ploughs, implements of war, &c., so superior that a French Company were about to give him 4,000,000 francs for it! but in a few days afterwards I read in that same paper of the stick-in-the-mud which had stopped Sir C. Dance's farther capers near Stony Stratford, which has at least set the thing aside just for the immediate present—an interval which, if the coach proprietors do not make use of to their own advantage, they may, should the steamers eventually succeed, have to lament their supineness, not "to the advancement of Science," but to their own nearest interests. Of this hereafter.

Of the general grounds which the steam advocates take in support of the omnigenous utility, benefit, and, Heaven help us! the morality of their speculation, it will also be necessary to allude to; but in the present instance just let the proposition to the present coach proprietors to come forward and join forces be considered. So much is the judgment of the wisest influenced, unknown to itself, by prejudice and feeling, that it is rarely possible for any one to take a really impartial view of any question—and it is abundantly proved here—or such a proposition could hardly have

been dreamt of. The present stage coach proprietors are a set of people located over every part of the Home Empire, and in possession, more or less (some of them to a momentous extent), of property at once expensive and precarious, which is constantly employed in the service of the public, and which it requires an immense capital individually and collectively to sustain—simply and namely, horses, carriages, and harness. Supposing then a steamer established on a line of road, and the old proprietors willing (if such a set of brainless bipeds could be found) to come in; they must get rid of their old stock, as it would be worse than useless then. *Quære*—What are they to do with it?—"Oh, sell it, to be sure," cry the *Scavans*; "it will only be a transfer of property." But, under the circumstances, where or to whom is it to be sold?—The public see a steamer going before their eyes, and a set of proprietors about to join forces!—other proprietors see the same thing: who, then, would bid the one-hundredth part of its value for a property altogether peculiar, and for which there could not be found the slightest use on earth? Not five horses in a hundred would do for general purposes, or at the best any which could obtain the fifth part of their value. And what could be done, by any possibility, with the carriages and harness? Really, when thus considered with the naked eye of common sense, it would be a sort of Hibernian Joint Stock Company, where the steamers would have, what is significantly enough termed in that facetious country, the "biggest half;" and I fear it

would puzzle these *Scavans*, even if they should chance to have among them the man who is to find out the longitude, to get him to convince the proprietors that their *minus* was equal to the others' *plus*.

The principal and main advantage which the advocates for steam carriages put forth, is the vast quantity of corn and other food which the substitution of elemental for animal power would cause to be saved, and, as they hold out, made applicable to the uses of man, more particularly the *least wealthy*, or working classes. To enter into a disquisition on this topic would take up too much time and room here, but I differ *toto cælo* with them on this point. I find it impossible to see how stage-coach passengers, travelling by steam instead of horse power, can create any fund, or cause any such influx of wealth as would furnish any, much less the operative, classes with the means of buying this immense quantity of surplus corn thus thrown upon the market: and as, instead of creating employment, the substitution would throw a vast number of labourers out of work, and severely injure several trades; and as I never yet heard that a working man had anything but his labour to give in exchange for necessaries, I think this a fallacy, even if they could get the farmers to continue growing grain, for which a regular and steady market could no longer be looked for. The only persons, at least it appears so to me, that would be benefited by it would be the coal-owners: and here arises another question, which I have not observed noticed by the steam advocates: what effect

would it not have on the price of coal if brought into general use? I can form no idea what the general consumption would be, but it must be enormous. The Edinburgh steamers consume more than a ton an hour; so that if the whole horse power of Britain were to be done by coals, the rise in price would be tremendous: effect *that*, and you would greatly benefit all classes, more especially the working ones!!

Another of its surpassing merits is held out to be its superior speed: that, however, remains to be *proved*; and I am certain, take the decreased pace which these machines must ever make when working against hills and heavy ground into consideration, that four-horse power, applied and increased as it yet may be, keeping steadily at one and the same rate over all difficulties, may yet challenge competition.

But the grand attraction, and that most likely to interest the feelings of the main body of travellers, the inexperienced, nervous, timid, old, and females, is its supposed safety. I say *supposed*, because there must ever be at the least as much danger, if not more, than by horse power. But, say they, it will go at one steady pace, no galloping, &c. &c.: and you shall see some frightened elderly gentleman, or nervous lady, listening with infinite complacency to the eulogiums of Mr. Gnostic, and longing for the days when they are to be whirled away at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, instead of ten, and that because they are to be thus impelled by steam instead of the occasional gallop of a horse. But manage how they may, or imagine how

they will, a steam carriage will ever be as liable, and in some instances more so, to accidents of all kinds, as a horse power coach *properly* conducted. I grant that many accidents have happened and do occur to the present coaches; but I say that they might nearly be rendered impossible, and that it is yet in the power of the coach proprietors to preserve their property, and compete with the steamers, by making such improvements as may at least *show* the public, if it cannot convince, that their conveyances are in every respect as eligible, and in some superior, to these all-vaunted flying furnaces: and this I shall humbly endeavour to point out subsequently.

But all these are mere leather and prunella to the ensuing—i. e. the *moral* advantages which are to arise from the substitution. In what the morality of steam or elemental power consists I am as yet ignorant; but a Mr. Gordon (an engineer) has published a Treatise upon Steam Carriages on draught and turnpike roads, in which, the advertisement states, the *moral* as well as political advantages of elemental over animal power is illustrated, &c. Now I have not had the good fortune to see this work, and have been sadly puzzled to decipher wherein this vaporous morality can consist; unless indeed this artist, seeing that all attempts to shove these machines against hill and mud have hitherto failed, has in contemplation some all-moving power more, or as, dangerous than the American high-pressure engines; and thinks it a necessary consequence, that when the papers have duly informed the public of three or four regular blows-up,

whereby three-fourths of the passengers have been reduced to cinders or *bouillé*, all succeeding ones, having the laudable and salutary fear of such a perilous pilgrimage before their eyes, and not knowing the moment when they may be blown or boiled into eternity, will comport themselves like Christian men and women in such a crisis; and being provided with proper books, such as *The Whole Duty of Man*, or, for lighter minds, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, &c., or supported by the effusions of some pious passenger, pass their time in a manner befitting the critical emergency of the journey. What the morality of steam *per se* is, I cannot guess at. That horses are sometimes immoral I must confess; but if the proprietors will only attend to the few words I shall venture, we will reform that altogether.

That the possibility of being taken by surprise, and the ruinous consequences which might ensue, has already suggested itself to some of the present proprietors, seems tolerably evident from the fact, that a coach has within this last quarter of a year been put, or accelerated as to time, on the Manchester road, so as to do the distance, 186 miles, under eighteen hours, starting at five in the morning and arriving before eleven at night; and this it has been doing steadily, easily, and well, without accident. This, allowing for necessary stoppages, &c. is as nearly eleven miles an hour as can be. But great as this is, I do think more might yet be done with perfect safety. As to the *pace* itself, the steamers profess to do a great deal more at times, and the public listens to it with com-

placency. What signifies then what the power be? I acknowledge that a great many accidents happen with horses, and that one bad (immoral) one in a team will do mischief; and in this respect the proprietors generally have been very much to blame, both as regards their bounden duty to the public and their own interests. Anything (he must be apparently good now-a-days, formerly anything did) is purchased, provided he be not so notoriously vicious as to be impracticable. The skill of the coachman is relied on, and prided in both by proprietor and artist himself: but this is all wrong: no chance should be thrown away, and any horse who has the least tendency to vice or over-skittishness, or to break away, should be cast immediately—the first loss would prove the best in the end. Were this pointedly attended to, the pace, great as it is at present, might be yet increased with perfect safety; and I could venture to assure the most prejudiced, timorous, or nervous, that they might be taken at the gallop by four steady horses as safely as ever they will be smoked along by steam. And when a horse is thus cast for vice (immorality), he should be sent away altogether, and not sold to the next proprietor. I knew a Northern mail which met with so many accidents, and was so constantly upset, that it was more unusual to hear of its having done a certain stage in safety, than it is commonly to hear of an accident. This was all owing to one horse. At last a life was lost, and he was sold; but another owner bought him, and he repeated the game until he was at length condemned. I maintain that nine accidents out

of ten might be avoided to a certainty by attention to this and other points. Why should ever we hear of that dreadful catastrophe "*broken reins*"? In all lines there should be one or two steady workmen, whose business it should be to be always on the move from stage to stage, and who should keep the harness in unimpeachable repair. A matter of such importance to life and limb should never be left to the option of a hard-working horse-keeper to take to the saddler's or not. This is another point wherein the proprietors frequently are dreadfully and shamefully deficient.

The stages might and ought to be shortened, and the distance the men have to drive made as easy to them as possible; for the present race of coachmen are *generally* as sober and respectable as any men of that description can well be hoped or wished to be. Great as have been the improvements in our coaches, there is room for more; and at night more lights, especially under the coach, should be carried. If the proprietors would generally attend to these matters, and thus safely increase their pace, we of the Sporting tribe, who would rather walk (I know I would) than be stewed up in any d—d seething stewing cauldron, might still hope to see, "in all its beauteous pride," what we have always considered one of our national perfections—a British mail, or light four-horse coach—and the public may rest assured, that, march Science how she may, she never can contrive a machine, which *must* be moved by a fiery furnace, which can ever be as clean, cool, or comfortable as a fast horse coach. Every one

knows what they feel even in them in a hot day on dusty roads in the height of summer: what will it be in the vicinity of a roaring coal fire? In frost or snow it might be an advantage so far. Steam-boats no doubt have got into very general, and in these Islands safe use; but there is a vast difference in forcing a floating vessel *through* a wave, and impelling a wheel carriage *against* a hill: or in deep ground; moreover, steam-boats can use sails when accidents happen; and though doubtless the engineers would soon provide for such necessity, there is such a thing as head-winds, and tacking and wearing in the breadth of our turnpike roads would, I fear, even bid defiance to their art.

I acknowledge, as I did at first, that I am a four-horse partisan; and, although, as the public always do give a clear stage and no favour, the steamers may win the day, I sincerely hope and trust that the present proprietors will not remain *tamely* and *supinely* stationary, and *suffer their property* to be *smoked* from under them, but make a *unanimous and timely* effort, to shew, if they cannot convince, the public that they can do all which the others profess. No one can be insensible to the vast importance of machinery; but if it has been of such gigantic use to this empire, has there been no drawback? What is our present dilemma?—the discontent and want of employment of the working classes. Has machinery had nothing to do with it? Yet there are some, under the specious garb of Science, who are so infatuated that they would go on until they made the *hand* of man *useless*; and they will go on, until, by the action of

apparently natural causes, they will draw down on us that vengeance which those who strove to raise the presumptuous Tower in the Plain of Shinar experienced.

But probably I might as well have amused myself all this while whistling jigs to the mile-stones, which, in spite of my anxious wishes to the contrary, and the destruction of the owners of those coaches which now whirl by them, may yet, and at no distant

period, be passed in smoky majesty by the triumph of that great moral agent, elemental power, when men will have tea-kettles for gigsters, hunt and shoot by means of steam horses and guns—in short, road and field rejoice in a scientific and purified Millennium by means of the powerful and moral progeny of coals and water!—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A BIT OF A DRAGSMAN.  
Dec. 27, 1833.

### THE CHASE!—A PARODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

THE Chase! the Chase! the glorious Chase!  
The fresh, the bold, the ever free,  
The ever, ever free;  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It scoureth the country all around;  
It bears us o'er hills and vales away,  
No coppice nor fence impedes its way.  
I love the Chase! I love the Chase!  
As dashing we fly from place to place,  
With the blue above, and the green below,  
And the rattling pack wheresoe'er we go:  
No storms can impede the bold hunter's flight,  
No flood nor no field stop his courser light.

I love, oh! how I love to ride,  
With the full-toned pack on every side,  
On every, every side:  
Whilst every tongue which Echo hears  
Comes joyously back to the hunter's ears.  
I never was in the dull tame town  
But I long'd for the blast by the huntsman blown:  
And back I flew to the sportsman's ground,  
With horn and with hunters all around,  
For that is the life of the brave and free,  
The Chase, boys! the Chase is the life for me!

The wind was south, and the hunter's horn  
Proclaim'd the hour when I was born,  
When I, when I was born.  
The dogs they bark'd, and the horses neigh'd,  
And great was the rattle our horsemen made;  
And my father with joy was almost wild,  
When he welcomed to life a sportsman's child.  
I have lived since then devoid of strife,  
Full fifty gay summers a sporting life;  
And when under the turf my bed shall be,  
The pray'r of the sportsman shall follow me.

## LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HOUNDS, BY FAGUL.

SIR,

SINCE the opening of the "care dispelling" hunting season here, the sport has been in general most satisfactory. Two runs that came off lately deserve particularly to be narrated, if indeed that can be done in any way to approach the real scene itself when fox-hunting is the theme. "*Arma virumque cano*," as spouts old Virgilius Maro; and though indeed he may have succeeded in bringing them to the "mind's eye" with feeling and life, "the rattling thunder of the field," to be fully felt and described, must alone be the task of him who with the "chosen few" have (as our immortal Thompson has it)

—"topp'd the wheeling chase;  
Have every maize evolv'd, and every guile  
Disclos'd; who know the merits of the  
pack;  
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,  
Without complaint, though by an hundred  
mouths  
Relentless torn:"

Such, alas! Mr. Editor, was not my happy lot. I am but a gleaner of the joyous scene, and you must be content to take the will for the deed.

The Linlithgows commenced in this part of their country some days ago, and met on the 7th of this month at Linlithgow Brigg, on the banks of the River Avon, a place where the nature of the scenery renders the *tout ensemble* of no common interest to the amateur of the *chasse*. Kinnoull Wood was first drawn, and the merry hounds had hardly dashed in, when wily reynard took his hat from the pin, and sallied forth. The hounds, well together, were soon forth of the

Dunblowne, Nov. 19, 1832.

covert, and the cheering "tally" resounded through the wood. Pug then skirted a strong gorse on the top of a hill, and made for the woods of Hopetoun, but was unluckily headed on the road leading to Blackness, and turned to the left: he then sought refuge from his blood-thirsty foes on the banks at Curriden; but futile was his attempt to baffle them—for soon,

"Faithful to the track, the unerring  
hounds  
With peals of echoing vengeance close  
pursued."

Away he went again, with the hounds close at his brush, for the whin covert he disdained before, where they gallantly ran in to him, after a rattling thing of forty minutes (with the exception of one momentary check). The field was small but select, there being out—the Master; Mr. Forbes, of Callandre; Mr. Gattacre; Captain Russell, of the 7th; Mr. Hare, with a sprinkling of amateurs. Thus ended the chevvy of Linlithgow Brigg.

Encore! Thursday, 14th.—The sport of this even rivalled the preceding one of the 7th. Mr. Ramsay, with Major Shairpe (that thorough staunch friend and sportsman), Capt. Russell, Capt. Richardson, Mr. Hare, Mr. Archibald Wilkie, Mr. R. Spiers, Mr. Earl, Mr. Ainsworth, and, though last not the least with me, my old school companion, Dr. Wardrop of London, whose portrait, by my lamented friend Barengey, I wrote purposely to get after his death (represented on old Carmagnol), and failed unluckily in obtaining. The tod,

when found in Livingstone coverts, took the open immediately at minute time, followed by the whole pack in full rattle. His line was through grass fields, at a racing pace, straight for the north hilly land above the ancient Palace of Linlithgow (the highest land in our county), called the Knock: this was done in twenty-five minutes. Here, unfortunately, a venerable old damsel airing herself *sub dio*, presented herself to reynard, who (perhaps being a *Bachelor tod*, and averse to *petticoat government*) took the alarm, wheeled round, and at the same clipping pace retraced his line, or nearly so, crossing the Airdue road, and, within an

"Inch" of losing his life, went to ground at the place which gives birth to my poor pun, being *forty minutes* in all, throughout at a tremendous bat, and his pugship hardly ever viewed but at the commencement of his flight—all the field well in, and going the pace without *flinching* or *craning*.

And now, Mr. Editor, I bid you good bye for the present, hoping that when

"Such deeds are done  
And fields are won"

again, to use the words of John Gilpin,

"May I be there to see!"

I remain, most truly yours,

VAGUS.

## LORD HASTINGS' HOUNDS AND NEIGHBOURING PARKS.

BY WILL CARELESS.

I Fear, Mr. Editor, you will think that I am so great an admirer of times past, that I look upon the present with a jaundiced eye: but though I allow myself, like most old gentlemen, to be something of a "*laudator temporis acti*," yet I am too happy to praise the existing degenerate race when I have a fair opportunity: and as I am just now in one of my blandest moods I will reserve my lament on the altered state of Leicestershire for another occasion. As our county now boasts an additional establishment of fox-hounds, I shall give you an account of their *debut*, which has been highly successful, and took place the latter end of November.

Of Lord Hastings in his new character of a Master of Hounds I cannot speak too highly; extremely, good; humored, and

anxious to show sport, but not interfering with the hunting of the hounds. His country has been pronounced detestable by the unanimous and most "sweet voices" of the Meltonians, being all wood and dirt. There is certainly a good share of woodland, and not any continued extent of grass land; but the foxes are of a wild and stout breed, and, when translated into the Harborough country, have had the high gratification of contributing to the amusement of the Melton fashionables—a gratification that must be denied them for the future, as Lord Hastings has not any superabundance of foxes, owing to their migration into the gorse coverts on the opposite side of the county. The Marquis's country extends into three counties. He takes that part of Derbyshire which lies between the Derwent and the

Erewash, where it joins Nottinghamshire: this is not a good country, and has not contained half a dozen foxes during the last ten years. It belongs to Mr. Meynell, but he has ceased to hunt it for some time, and does not cross the Derwent. In Leicestershire the Marquis has that portion of Mr. Holyoake's country which joins Mr. Meynell's, beginning at Cavendish-bridge, and going up to Lount Woods, near Ashby de la Zouch, taking Calke Abbey from Mr. Meynell. Had the Trent been the boundary line, it would have been a great improvement, as it would have taken in Repton Scrubs and one or two other Derbyshire coverts, which Mr. Meynell rarely draws. I confess, had I been in the Marquis's place, I would not have accommodated the Derbyshire Squires by hunting a bad country a considerable distance from home, unless they had arranged so as to let me have this which is close to home. From Ashby de la Zouch the turnpike road to Loughborough forms the boundary; thence the turnpike road to Nottingham, as far as Bunny, where Lord Hastings's country joins that portion of the old Quorn country which is now lent to the Nottingham pack. From this point we pass to the Kegworth-bridge over the Soar, and going down the left bank of this river till it joins the Trent, we reach Derbyshire again.

The pack consists of thirty couple of hounds, about five-and-twenty of which came from Thruxington, and are quite as good as those left behind; a leash from Sir Richard Sutton; a couple or two from the Cottesmore; and two or three couple more

from other packs unknown to fame. Two days a week will hardly keep this number of hounds in full work; we therefore hope for a bye day pretty often. At this time of year there is great difficulty in getting servants. William, who acted as second whip to Sir Harry Goodricke during his huntsman's illness, has command of the pack, and has the advantage of being well known to the hounds and knowing the country: he is a good horseman, and not afraid to ride. A son of John Shirley, who has whipped-in to his father with Sir Richard Sutton's hounds, is to be first whip, and if there be any truth in blood he must do. The Marquis's pad groom will act as second whip: he has his business to learn, but seems a willing lad.

*Monday, Nov. 25.*—The Marquis took the hounds to Breedon Cloud Wood. I was not out, but understood they only ran a ring round the wood, being out merely for exercise.

*On Wednesday the 27th* met at Staunton Harold; went to Staunton Springs, and found in the bottom; ran through the Springs by the Grange, leaving Breedon to the left, straight for the Cloud Wood; pug tried the earths, but, finding them stopped, ran through to the Ashby side; turned through the Aspinalls, and came into Belton Field, pointing for Whatton Rises, through Mr. Cheslyn's covert; turned to the left by Langley Priory down to Willesdon, where he was headed, and turned up to Breedon village, passed it on the left, and, going straight through the Springs to Calke Park, went to ground. The run lasted an hour and twenty minutes at a very good

pace and a great deal of riding, as the fences were neither few nor small, and gaps there were none.

*Saturday, Nov. 30.*—Met at Lount Gate; found in the wood: the hounds went at a racing pace from one end to the other, but on getting out we had cold hunting up to South Wood, where a fresh fox went away; ran at a moderate pace to Piston Hill, went along the hills for a mile, then across Calke Park to Ticknal, where reynard took refuge in a covered drain: procured all the terriers in the neighbourhood, about a dozen, but they all insisted on keeping a respectful distance, not one venturing into the drain. The Marquis in the mean while had dammed up a small pond so as to run into the drain. The cold bath giving both vigour and courage to pug, out he bolted at half-past one *post meridiem*; went across Calke Park, over the park wall, through Staunton Springs: the hounds divided here, some not getting over the wall: went up to Breedon village—the pace hitherto so fast that from Calke Park there was only one gentleman, Mr. Henson, of Walton, with the hounds, though the way he left one or two of us, not aware of the leading hounds being forward, was not very neighbourly: however, I won't be acrimonious: coming to a check at Breedon the remaining hounds came up together with the major part of the field: passing by Breedon Lodge we had quick running again through the corner of Cloud Wood, over the inclosures, for Osgathorpe; then took along the lane, passing between Osgathorpe and Old Hall House, leaving Grace Dieu Hill to the

right; pointed for White Horse Wood; then bore away over the Loughborough and Ashby road to Whitwick Rocks, over Fenton's Allotment, along the Tin Meadows to Hollyhays, across the Ashby and Leicester road, pointing towards Ravenstone for two miles; turned directly for Bardon Hill, passed over it, leaving Bardon Hall to the right (at the best of paces), over the new inclosures by Shaw Lane to Whitwick Windmill; through Ulverscroft, past Mr. Pares' Lodge, and at dusk the hounds were stopped closed to Steward's Hay. Present at the close, the Most Noble the Marquis of Hastings, and among other Honorable Gentlemen that good old sportsman, Mr. Joe Grundy, of Swannington, who, knowing the country perfectly, scrambled on to the end on what must be a very extraordinary pony. There were also there two Cradocks, the huntsman, Mr. Henson, and one more. In the morning there was rather a large field from Ashby and its neighbourhood, very good men for a spirt, but all found wanting on this occasion. I do not consider the above a very brilliant run, as there were several checks, and the fox was not killed, though he could not have lived had there been half an hour more daylight; but it was highly satisfactory as shewing what the hounds could do, being partly over a very bad scenting country, and there being no tailing when running very fast. I should not forget to mention that the Marquis with the huntsman took the hounds home, as none of his other servants got up to the end.

*Wednesday, Dec. 4.*—Met at Hathern Turn; went to Garen-

don Park, the seat of Charles March Phillips, Esq. M.P. for this division of Leicestershire; found directly in the reed-bed near the house; came out on the Oakley Wood side, ran through the plantations by the side of the Park, crossed a corner of the Park, then over the canal to Five Tree Hill, through the plantation there, pointing for Bawdon Lodge; then to the right by Lub Clouds Farm, across the road to Whitwick, leaving the new church to the left; pointed towards Whitwick Rocks, then bearing to the left went over Collier Hill; came to a check; twenty-five minutes up to here at a slapping pace: then on again over Timber Hill, the Chealey Inclosure, Mr. Gisborne's Birch Hill Plantations, where the fox turned back by Ulverscroft, Hollin Hall, Booth Wood to Garendon Park, where he beat us. It was a very windy day, with many storms, but running directly up wind we had a very pretty burst: directly he turned, cold hunting began, now and then running half a mile, when the wind lulled. I forgot to mention that the greater part of the field were thrown out early in the run by following the hounds into the Park, and not being able to get out owing to the gate on the opposite side being locked. This was no doubt accidental, owing to Mr. Phillips not knowing that the hounds would be at Garendon this day. The hounds ran beautifully through the plantations near the Park among myriads of hares, which one would hardly have expected in a draught pack containing many young hounds.

*Thursday, Dec. 5.*—Met Mr. Meynell at Swarkeston Bridge;

pack of about seventeen couple, very handsome, particularly the bitches; drew a considerable extent of country blank; found at Park Hill in a gorse covert; ran to Etwall, where the fox went to ground; got him out, gave him law, and, after some tiresome slow hunting, lost him.

*Friday, Dec. 6.*—Met Mr. Holyoake's at Bunney Park, a large field, comprising among others half a dozen Melton men not afraid of dirt. Found at Deepdale Gorse; bad scent; soon came to cold hunting, and lost at Normanton on the Wolds. Went to Frank's Gorse; found a bad fox, ran through Cotgrave village over the Wolds to Owthorpe, pointed towards Colston Bassett, and lost near the canal, going the whole way at a snail's gallop. Drew up to Kinoulton Gorse; found there; ran through the wood to the plantations at Owthorpe, over the hill above the village; pointed towards Colston by the Fishpond covert, and turned back to Kinoulton; came to slow hunting at the gorse; picked slowly through, and could not make anything out on the other side; a very pretty ring of thirty minutes. In the first flight were Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Cradock, and H. Pyatt. Went to the Curate, and found again; scent bad; ran a ring, and lost. The hounds behaved very well, and picked out the scent over a wet cold country extremely well in the morning; but where there are so many coverts full of foxes, the huntsman is never allowed time enough on a bad scenting day. On this day four gorse coverts were drawn, every one affording a fox very speedily; and this country is hunted about once a

fortnight, and its coverts drawn about once a month!

*Saturday, Dec. 7.*—Met at Hathern Turn; Lord Hastings's hounds went to Oakley Wood, drew it blank, as also all the Forest country and the gorse coverts and plantations at Lockington. This country was so seldom hunted last season that it would be wonderful if the foxes were preserved. I trust, however, that another season will see it well supplied. There was plenty of riot, but the hounds were very steady, excepting Gladsome, an old bitch, which did not, however, come from Thrustrington.

On the Saturday following I met the same pack at the same place, when they came into Nottinghamshire, and found in Normanton White Hill; ran through Stanford Park, and ran to ground in a drain close to Mr. Buckley's, at Normanton Hill. Upon digging, it was found that there were three foxes in the drain, but as there were several cross-drains, and the people who were digging allowed the foxes to run from one to another, a considerable time elapsed before a fox was bolted, and killed. As neither of the others seemed in-

clined to move, the hounds were taken to Stanford Park: they had got about a mile when they were halloo'd back, our friends having left the drain shortly after we turned our backs on them. We however came too late, as the scent had cooled, and after a little slow hunting, as it was getting late, the hounds went home. This was a very unfortunate day, there being a large field out for that side of the country, and among them some very hard riders—viz. Mr. Willis, Sir John Kaye, Messrs. Dashwood, Rolleston, and Farnham, Lord Ranccliffe, and two or three more equally good.

Mr. Holyoake's hounds hunted the day before from Thrustrington, but had a very indifferent day's sport. They have had some very good runs in the Harborough country, of which I can give you an account if you like, but I think you must have a surfeit of runs for this month.

Melton is getting very full, no new men among them that I am aware of, but several who have not been in the country lately. Among them are an unusual number of hard riders.

WILL CARELESS.

Dec. 24, 1833.

#### COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THOROUGH-BRED HORSES AS HUNTERS—PURCHASING NAGS FOR HUNTING, &c.

SIR,

OF all the various kinds of horses sent for the assistance or amusement of man, there is none that offers such a rich variety of speculation with regard to breeding, from size and general appearance, as the hunter. When we speak of a race-horse

we are all agreed as to the sort of animal intended to be described; and so it is with the cart-horse. These two varieties (the alpha and omega of horse-flesh) have each a real marketable intrinsic value attached to them, varying in degree no more

than other mercantile commodities, *i. e.* a quarter of corn or a fatted ox. But who can value hunters, taking them generally? They vary from 5*l.* to 500*l.* in price, and in kind from the "high-mettled racer" down to sober dobbin who draws the plough. The sum of money exchanged for a horse does not always form the true criterion of the real merits of him as a hunter; for with unprejudiced sportsmen—men who go out to follow hounds and enjoy fox-hunting for its own sake—it must always be "handsome is that handsome does;" and this might be inscribed over the stable door of a hard-riding *lover* of hounds as an appropriate motto. Thanks to a kind Providence, that equalizes our lot much more than dissatisfied man is willing to allow, the "millionaire" in the hunting field in a good run must be contented to take his rank according to his merits. The five-hundred-pounds' worth of horse-flesh between his knees must often succumb to the more humble pretensions of the nag that has been purchased for the vulgar price of 30*l.* or 40*l.*; but this may in some measure be accounted for, when we know that six inches of additional hair on the former animal's tail was perhaps valued at 100*l.* sterling. But I shall for the present defer proceeding with the humbug that governs men of a certain caste in purchasing horses, intending to conclude my letter with remarks of this kind, and with adding a few instances that have come within my own knowledge with regard to the force and effect of prejudice.

In offering these opinions I am

actuated by a desire that some young ones, who may honor these humble lucubrations with their perusal, may search into the truth of the premises, and be induced, in purchasing nags for the sports of the field, to think for themselves: it may cost them some score of pounds at first, but in the end will save them hundreds. Let them consider, that however faultless a hunter may be that falls into their possession (as far as natural qualifications are concerned), one *half* of the value of that hunter must be dependent upon their own management; for of what use would be the best horse on earth to a man who cannot ride him, or who neglects his condition? As well might a man who cannot see three yards straight from his nose give his friend an exorbitant price for his double-barrelled Manton, because he has known him to kill twenty shots in succession. I am ready to grant that it is this going so well across a country that often *felches* the price: but who in general are the purchasers? Sometimes it may be answered, men who *can* ride; but more commonly they are sold to persons who *cannot*, but who have not the modesty to acknowledge, that although a hunter may go well with a real workman on his back, yet, when they who are bunglers attempt to steer him, the quadruped falls to their grade: they find out that money does not make the nag to go over an ugly rasper that requires hand and nerve in the rider; but vanity, that best of blinds to most men's imperfections, keeps up the delusion. At the Creation we know that the brutes were given over to the dominion of man, and in

proportion as his control is exercised wisely or injudiciously, so will the animal instructed rise or fall in utility. I have known some men who scarcely ever had a very bad hunter or pointer for their own use, and it is no difficult matter to find their contraries. Materials may be had from innumerable sources: the workmanship is from man.

On thorough-bred horses as calculated to make good hunters, it is now my intention to offer a few remarks—of all animals by far the most difficult to meet with, and by far the most valuable when obtained. The first and almost insurmountable obstacle to the generality of thorough-bred horses going across a country, is their want of substance; and this defect will never be remedied so long as blood horses are bred only for racing, and so long as all the great prizes are to be obtained by three-year-olds, and the weights and distances are proportioned to speed only. I can never honour any horse with the appellation of hunter whose powers are not equal to 12 or 13 stone; and I look in vain for more than half a dozen of this class amongst the several studs with which I am acquainted. Various are the opinions of their merits amongst men of experience and observation. Racing men who keep hunters, and are fond of hunting, invariably stand up for them in their theory; but even they do not often reduce it to practice: but this may arise from the difficulty I have just stated. In the next place, the habits they have acquired during three or four years' strict discipline in the racing stable, as far as action is

concerned, has in a great measure to be altered and amended—there is so much to *unteach* before anything available can be reckoned upon. Whilst in training, the slightest unevenness of surface is carefully avoided both in walking and galloping, and to trot after they leave the sides of their dams would be deemed *infra dig.* The consequence of this is, that as soon as they are put upon rough or dirty ground, with a man upon their backs, they become alarmed and fretful, stumble, and then stand still, and exhaust the patience of nine men out of ten. Should the rider be of an irascible temper, a fight ensues, and as a matter of course the pupil is worse the next time he goes out, from having the misfortune to be gifted with memory. But should the animal be possessed of a high and generous courage, and overcome these first impediments, he will generally be found to stride too long in his gallop, and he requires a field of ten acres to turn in. In fact, he wants to be broken *de novo*, and converted into a tolerably good hack before he should be requested to perform as a hunter.

Leaping is not so easily learned by a five or six-year-old horse, who has something like an opinion of his own, as it is by one of two or three years of age, at which period all hunters, to be perfect, should be put over some fences; and the greatest care should be taken in selecting such leaps for an aged horse to begin with as are not likely to bruise or throw him down: confidence of his own powers in jumping once established in a powerful blood horse, nothing afterwards can stop him. In one racing stable with which

I am well acquainted all the young ones are taught to jump; and in the winter the two-year-olds are ridden by the lads coursing, who are allowed to gallop after the greyhounds over light ploughed ground, and occasionally to put them over little places in the fences. All this tends to make them fearless and handy, and able to take care of themselves when difficulties are presented by wet weather occasioning race-courses to be dirty and heavy. The stable to which I allude is Isaac Day's, of North-leach; and when we look to the performances of his two-year-olds as racers, and the prices some of them have fetched, who shall find fault with the system? But what would a Newmarket trainer (the most conceited and bigoted of all stable martinets) say to it! But Isaac Day, as an opponent on the turf, notwithstanding his being what they term a provincial, is too well grounded both in theory and practice to be affected by their opinions. From adhering to this plan he has always had amongst his aged race-horses two or three good hunters every season. In the winter of 1831-2 he rode Shark, Brother to Grampus; and on one occasion, in the most tremendous run that the Duke of Beaufort's hounds had, he completely beat every horse out, and was the only man up when the hounds killed their fox. Two others only, out of a field of more than one hundred, crawled up—one the son of His Grace, and the other Mr. John Bailey of Bath—to witness what they before starting would not have believed scarcely possible. In the August following, Shark, within twenty strides of home, and having

beaten all his opponents for the Goodwood Stakes, by one of those unfortunate circumstances which no human foresight can prevent, broke his leg just above the fetlock, and the injury was so extensive as to oblige his owner to have him destroyed. Old Boy Blue still performs the double avocation of race-horse and hunter; and amongst those whose racing career is finished, and are now used for the sports of the field, are, Maldonia, Brilliant, and a bay nag by Spectre out of Liston's dam. All who have seen Isaac Day ride to hounds must be aware that his horses do not go out for form or fashion sake, but they are taken out to carry as fine a horseman as ever sat in a saddle alongside hounds, let them run as fast or as long as they can: his weight on horseback is about 12st. 7lb.

As I believe one of the reasons that we see so few thorough-bred horses good hunters is from want of management, I will add one more instance to shew what may be effected by a good education. One of the most perfect leapers, both with regard to safety and style, I ever saw was the old race-horse Bulow. He did not leave the racing stables till he was aged, and after that was used as a light post-horse in Lady Suffield's carriage, and had never been put at a fence in his life till after this period, when he was purchased by a sporting farmer, and became what I saw him.

One estimable quality which blood horses possess is their being the best of all horses in the stable, the best feeders, the easiest to clean and to keep clean, and they are never alarmed. Every man of course must judge for

himself with regard to the sort of horse he deems most capable of adding to his comfort: but to a young one just beginning to select a stud, I should say, do not attend entirely to the general prejudices against thorough-bred ones for hunters; for if you get the right sort, and persevere, you will be sure to rejoice in the pains you have taken. To run up, in countries where the inclosures are very large, and on days when there is a burning scent, they must have advantages over common bred horses. But generally speaking hunting is not racing, nor, as far as the mere racing powers of an animal are concerned, ever can be made so: for we know that in all hunting countries, even in the fast ones, there are men who ride sixteen stone that are capable of seeing the quickest runs, mounted on nags that have no more pretensions to racing than they have to swimming.

To those who maintain that racing and hunting are now become synonymous, I will propose the following trial. Let a number of the best riders be selected from various Hunts, welters and light weights, mounted on their best tits, and let them run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket: I can fancy we should see the string of a hundred horses reaching from the Ditch Gap home. And who would be first?—Why the light weights that rode the thorough-bred ones. But let the same lot start the following day to follow a pack of hounds, with a good scent, across a strongly-inclosed country, and the case would be materially altered: twelve miles an hour, *for an hour*, would then be about the maximum of the powers called

into action, whereas twenty miles an hour on the day previous was to some of the performers comparatively easy. This is it that equalises the thorough-bred horses and the cocktails; but the feeling there is in the action of a thorough-bred horse to the rider, compared with other horses, is like sitting in a London-built Stanhope after having journeyed in a country-made dog-cart.

I shall now, for the present, take leave of blood horses as hunters, hoping some of your numerous Correspondents will be kind enough to favour us with their experience and opinions respecting them.

Upon the subject of purchasing horses, and the prices given for them (too often a perfect paradox), I have a little to offer, but chiefly in the shape of inquiries. In the first place, how does it happen that the same horse in the county of — shall be worth no more than about 40*l.*: take him into —shire, no one will think of offering less than double the sum for him? In the stable of plain John So-and-so a nag shall be a vulgar brute of little value: let a fashionable horse-dealer purchase him, get 150*l.* out of him, and let My Lord ride him, and he is really a very splendid animal! —From the experience I have had I feel perfectly confident that a man not exceeding the weight I have before alluded to in this letter can, if possessed of judgment and the accomplishment of good horsemanship, be as well carried in any country for 60*l.* or 70*l.* as he can for 600*l.* A few seasons ago I visited the stud of a Sporting Nobleman, not 100 miles from the town of Leicester. This stud consisted of

nearly fifty hunters, the average price of which was at least 120l. Now I will fearlessly assert, that had any good judge been allowed to select ten out of this number, the remainder were not equal in point of appearance to run in our fast coaches; nor would they have fetched (had they been obliged to be sold) more than coach-horse price. The late Sir Harry Goodricke was for the most part furnished in horse-flesh by a Norfolk horse-dealer (George Gould of Swaffham)—the county enough to damn the best horse on earth as to having Leicestershire pretensions, had any man of little calibre have attempted to patronize it. But Sir Harry was one of the few in this leading-string age who dared to have an opinion of his own, and to act for himself. How the Norfolk *couper* and the Norfolk trotting brutes served his purpose (for many of the nags brought to the Melton market by the aforesaid George were of home manufacture) would have been pretty well ascertained had the stud of this lamented Sportsman been brought to the hammer immediately after his decease.

A few years ago, during the time that Mr. Sadler was in business as a stable-keeper in Oxford, he had amongst others, for hire, a very fine well-bred five-year-old horse that had obtained some celebrity by going well on several occasions with the Duke of Beaufort's and Mr. Drake's hounds. A young Nobleman from Christchurch, accompanied by his friend, called at the stables with the intention of purchasing him, and, after the usual viewings, warranty, and so on, demanded the price of the animal, which

(Mr. Sadler being absent was left with his foreman) was only 150l. His Grace shook his head, turned upon his heel, and retreated. A few days after, on Mr. S. meeting the Gentleman who had accompanied the Noble Lord to inspect the tit, expressed his surprise at his not having purchased him, declaring it as his opinion that he would have suited, and was cheap at the money asked for him.—“Cheap!” exclaimed the Gentleman; “why yes, that was the very thing that frightened him away. He was quite sure the horse could not be right for the sum your servant demanded for him: at 300l. he would have jumped at him!”—Such are the effects of prejudice, want of judgment, or the power of making use of it by many people even when possessed of it; and to shew how far fashion and a London stable of high repute can affect the price of a horse utterly destitute of any tried superior ability, I will relate one more anecdote, and with it close this letter.

Two or three summers ago a horse found his way into the stable of a celebrated dealer in Piccadilly, that, like a young lady of great beauty and fortune on her first appearance at Almack's, created quite a sensation amongst a certain set known for their exclusive notions respecting women and horses. The West End was in a state of excitement. My Lord A meets my Lord B, and inquires of him if he has seen the splendid animal at A.'s Repository? Four hundred pounds had been offered and refused by this spirited dealer in hard bargains, who himself had given three hundred for him. The fame of the nag spread even beyond Bow

Bells, and a brother chip from the neighbourhood of Romford even found his business stand still—nobody would come to his yard till the wonder was disposed of. Romford even caught the mania, and was determined to have a peep at the phenomenon, and quietly walked one fine morning into the Mews where the beauty was preserved, and requested to be gratified with a peep. The nag was paraded and viewed, and the following short colloquy passed between the Greeks:—  
 “There, Romford, is not he a

top-sawyer? You complain that I have not bought any horses of you lately: bring such a sort as that, and I’ll buy a hundred.”—Romford picked up his ash plant, slapped it smartly on his boot top, and, walking quietly out of the yard by his friend’s side, said, “Well, Piccadilly, ’tis a nice horse, and he looks fresh and well, and I bought him about eight months ago at Howden fair at thirty-five sovereigns!”.....Such was the fact.

RINGWOOD.

Worcester, Jan. 10, 1834.

### THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER 1834.

**THE ST. LEGER STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Seventy-one subs.—(Tuesday).

Those engaged in the Derby, Oaks, and York Spring St. Leger are designated by the initial letters, *D. O. Y.*

Mr. R. Allanson’s b. c. Cashier, by Banker out of Lady Moore Carew’s dam.  
 Mr. Armitage’s b. c. by Velocipede, dam by Whisker, grandam by Cock Robin.  
 Mr. Armitage’s ch. f. by Velocipede out of Nonplus’s dam.  
 Mr. Arnold’s br. c. Guadaloupe, by Velocipede out of Speck.  
 Mr. Attwood’s b. c. Polander, by Lottery out of Gin.  
 Mr. Batson’s ch. c. Plenipotentiary, by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles—*D.*  
 Mr. Beardsworth’s br. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet—*D.*  
 Mr. Bell’s b. c. by Brutandorf out of a Sister to Blucher by Fitz-Teazle.  
 Mr. Biggs’s b. f. Mulliana, Sister to Muley Moloch, by Muley.  
 Sir J. Boswell’s ch. c. General Chassé, by Actæon out of Hambletonia.  
 Mr. R. Bower’s b. c. Mr. Merryman, by Comus out of The Chancellor’s dam—*Y.*  
 Mr. E. H. Bowser’s b. c. Logic, by Lottery out of Carnaby’s dam.  
 Mr. Bristow’s b. c. Donald, Brother to Uncle Toby, by Cain.  
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley’s b. c. Tom Jones, by Teniers.  
 Lord Chesterfield’s b. c. Mammoth, by Leviathan, dam by Figaro.  
 Lord Chesterfield’s ch. c. Alexis, by Leviathan out of Olga’s dam—*D.*  
 Mr. W. Chifney’s b. c. by Partisan out of Scheme—*D.*  
 Mr. W. Chifney’s gr. f. Sister to Marcus, by Emilius—*D. O.*  
 Mr. H. E. Chisholme’s b. f. by Partisan, dam by Walton or Orville.  
 Mr. Clegg’s br. f. Eleanor, by Comus, dam by Orville.  
 Duke of Cleveland’s br. c. by Muley out of Bequest—*D.*  
 Duke of Cleveland’s b. c. Guardian, Brother to Trustec—*D.*

- Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shillelah, by St. Patrick out of Emiliana's dam—*D.*  
 Mr. George Crompton's br. c. Mellerstein, by Corinthian.  
 Mr. Wharton Crompton's b. f. Mayflower, Sister to Palmflower.  
 Mr. W. Edwards's b. c. Royal William, by Royal Oak—*D.*  
 Mr. S. Fox's b. c. by Figaro out of Governess.  
 Mr. S. Fox's br. c. Goldbeater, by Gaberlunzie, dam by Orville.  
 Mr. French's c. Miranda, by Octavian out of Queen Sheba.  
 Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Billinge, by Belzoni, dam by L'Orient—*D.*  
 Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla—*D.*  
 Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Lady Neville—*D.*  
 Mr. Gully's gr. c. Viator, by Stumps out of Katherine—*D.*  
 Mr. Hebden's ch. c. Rifleman, by Whisker out of Tourist's dam.  
 Mr. Heseltine's b. c. Waraby Baylock, by Blacklock out of Vermin.  
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Darius, by Reveller—*D.*  
 Lord Kelburne's br. f. Sister to Retainer, by Jerry.  
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Valparaiso, by Velocipede.  
 Duke of Leeds's c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye.  
 Mr. Marson's bl. c. Loudon, by Chateau Margaux out of La Fille Mal Gardée's dam.  
 Mr. Maxwell's ch. g. Buccaneer, by Blacklock out of Mina—I'.  
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Brother to Kate, by Lapdog—*D.*  
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Queen Bess, by Chateau Margaux out of Princess Royal.  
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Birdlime, by Comus out of Birdcatcher's dam.  
 Mr. Nanney's bl. c. Sir William, by Camel out of Wedlock's dam.  
 Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amadou, by Sultan out of Mandadine—*O.*  
 Mr. Orde's ch. f. Lily of the Valley, by Dr. Syntax out of Tomboy's dam.  
 Col. Peel's b. f. Rosalie, by Whalebone out of Electress—*O.*  
 Col. Peel's br. f. Miss Ellen, Sister to Myrrha, by Whalebone.  
 Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tarick, by Muley out of Young Sweetpea.  
 Mr. Powlett's br. c. by Figaro or Lottery out of Miss Fanny's dam.  
 Mr. W. Richardson's b. f. by Young Phantom out of Jenny Mills's dam.  
 Mr. W. Richardson's ch. f. Lady Brownlock, by Blacklock, dam by Cerberus.  
 Mr. W. Richardson's b. c. Beverley, by Young Phantom, dam by Mr. Watt's Grenadier—Cerberus.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Marcellina, by Lottery out of Marchesa.  
 General Sharpe's gr. f. Matilde, by Malek out of Fair Helen.  
 Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. Inheritor, by Lottery out of Handmaiden.  
 Lord Sligo's ch. c. Bran, by Humphrey Clinker out of Velvet—I'.  
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Spume, by Roller out of Foam (Sister to Felt).  
 Mr. J. Smith's b. c. Brother to Chorister, by Lottery.  
 Mr. Taylor's b. or br. f. by Lottery out of Madame de Sevigné's dam.  
 Mr. Walker's b. c. Delirium, by Filho da Puta out of Lunatic—*D.*  
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Cotillon, by Partisan out of Quadrille—*O.*  
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Velocity, Sister to Velocipede—*O.*  
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Bubastes, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker.  
 Lord Westminster's b. c. Touchstone, by Camel out of Banter.  
 Sir M. Wood's c. Charivari, by Reveller out of Aline.  
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. Brother to Marpessa, by Muley.  
 Major Yarburgh's br. f. by Velocipede out of Laurel's dam.  
 Mr. Yates's ch. c. Bentley, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth—*D.*  
 Duke of Richmond is a subscriber, but did not name.

## A SHOOTING FORAY TO THE WELSH MOUNTAINS IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

(Continued from the January Number, p. 223.)

SIR,

**WE** had fixed upon Trecastle as the place whence to 'break ground' on the morning of the 12th, or rather the 13th, for the former day fell on Sunday, and had appointed to meet us there a man who went by the name of John of Collennon, and who was to act as our guide, the intention being to shoot our way right across to Bualt, and thence through Rhayader to Aberystwith. This man, who was a noted poacher, we had engaged a fortnight previously by the advice of a person in Brecon, as one who knew every inch of the ground, extensive as it was, and who, having received a retaining fee, had promised to reconnoitre the Moors between Trecastle and Bualt, in the midst of which was situated *sua paupera regna*, the thatched but minutely clean cabin and cabbage-garden of Collennon. On Sunday evening then we rendezvoused at the hamlet of Trecastle on the high road to Milford, where there was a passable inn. We had previously sent our gig, &c. to Bualt, or Builth, as our own route to that town lay entirely "over the hills and far away," and for which purpose we were provided with ponies. John, a very decent fellow, was punctual; and having put all in order for a start at three in the morning, we went to bed—I say to bed, for as to me sleep I could not; it was my *debut* in a regular way, and I felt its full excitement.

My companion, though even more a novice to grouse-shooting, for he had never had his foot upon heather, was older and of a more stayed temperament, so he went to sleep: but his slumbers were soon broken, for it got up as stormy a night of heavy gusts of wind and showers as could be, and set us all upon the fret. We started however at our appointed hour, and, inexperienced as we were, it needed not the long face of the practised mountaineer to assure us that we might reckon on disappointment.

After passing through a long defile of lanes and wood, which passed through more than one deep and tangled cwm or glen, we got out on hill or mountain just as day fairly shewed. It lay before, as in a vast expanse, as far as the eye could reach, but was plainly too devoid of heather to expect any great quantity of birds: indeed our guide told us that he expected to see but three packs there, meaning us to get on towards his own crib for the evening shooting, and that he had arranged to start thus early to get at these birds, as he expected a party from Llandovery would be out for the same purpose. This land of promise, discernible among the surrounding green from its brown heather, like an island in a large lake, lay three miles a-head, and we jogged on in as rough a morning as well could rise. We had got thoroughly

wet coming through the woods, and the howling blast whistled through us as it drove the scud over the mountain brows, adding to the interest of a scene now first viewed under such exciting circumstances; for alternate fluctuations of hope and fear lent their aid with every passing gale to sustain the novelty of the situation, while the slight hardship which the intense cold caused us added its piquancy withal; a sensation in which, I leave it to the feelings of every true sportsman who has experienced such, there predominates a sort of mental energy which nullifies bodily inconvenience. Notwithstanding its cheerless appearance, it was to be a day, however; under the presidency of our better genii: for with every moment as it advanced appearances became more favorable, and by the time we reached our proposed shooting ground, it had ceased to rain, while at the same time the wind was sensibly lowered.

To this favorable change in the elements our guide's countenance responded like a barometer, and had a corresponding effect on our own physogs, which must have been the tint "of three times skimmed sky blue." In short we took a glass of brandy, wiped, blew off and loaded our guns, and prepared for action.

We loosed two dogs, my friend's setter and the bitch I had purchased from the Tailor, and in a few minutes the latter began to draw and presently laid down; after a little more of this, six birds got up, wild, but not absolutely out of range. Neither of us fired, however, though I am certain neither knew why, which, considering the nature of our

expedition, and that we were liable to have to contend for every bird, or be ordered off altogether, was extremely silly, and drew forth such a torrent of Welsh from him of Collennon, that it was evident he was one not to throw away a chance, and that it moved his Cambrian choler to see it done. And here again fortune favored us; for the birds, instead of going off, merely wheeled round a small height, and dropped in again, after a very short flight: with one dog only we followed them, but they rose wild, and at long distance; both, however, fired, and a bird fell. The remainder took a long circuit, and were marked into another patch of heather far to our left, and out of our intended line; but we resolved on following them, and our guide assented, as it was likely to bring us into more birds. Our course was directed straight for them, as the ground between was quite bare and unlikely. About a mile beyond, and bounding our horizon, lay a considerable height or range of hill; and as we reached the heather five or six people, horse and foot, became visible on the sky line. John instantly declared them to be the Llandovery party, and we pushed on to try and fall in with the birds first. To effect this better, both my companion's dogs were loosed, and almost instantly got a beautiful find and back. During the whole of the morning his keeper, for he could not be called his servant, had remained on his pony as if congealed, even beyond the dissolving power of the spirit flask, which he seemed to solicit in vain; and as his employer took

no heed of him either one way or the other, he might have been as well anywhere else: now, however, he volunteered his assistance, and placing himself and single gun on my left, we went up to the point. A fine full grown pack of six or seven brace rose as fair as birds could, and each one dropped his shot. Why my companion, who was more than a fair shot, did not use his second barrel at such a chance he could not explain: as for me, it was not for two or three years after that I acquired the habit of using a double gun properly; moreover I was marvellously well content with what I had done.

The main of this pack went off directly to the party on the hill opposite, who had halted as if to observe us, not over pleased, doubtless, at seeing themselves in a measure forestalled, while three of the tail birds took a long flight back to the right of where we had commenced. Thither we resolved to go, both as it took us back to our intended line, and it would have been shameful to have farther interfered with the other men; so we turned back; and soon heard them fire three shots in the direction the pack had taken. These marchings and counter-marchings to the different patches of heather, which were far apart, took up considerable time, and the sun began to exercise his influence. The birds, however, after a long and careful beat, we could not recover, while both disappointment and fatigue admonished us to take a rest. A proper place for this (we also felt inclined to grub a little) was not just found in an instant, and in fact we had to go a considerable way to find a spring. The moun-

tains of South Wales (at least those I was upon) are not near as well watered any way as those of Ireland and Scotland I have since traversed. At length we came to a fine cool well among a little hillock of small rocks, and few pilgrims in the Desert ever reached that salubrious element with more joy than did my friend's master of the game. The last hour—for the sun had now reached its meridian height and splendour—had been as oppressive and sultry as the morning was keen and piercing, and our ponies being in the distance, he "larded the lean earth," for the perspiration poured down in streams. Even here he found not "refuge from his toil;" for the water, though invigorated by brandy, did not suit, and his lamentations after beer, which he had been so improvident to forget, and maledictions on the country and mountains, where he had nigh perished from the extremes of cold and heat in one six hours, were incessant. He was a nuisance, but occasionally a diverting one. In truth, we were all a little *done*; and having eaten a little, and drank a good deal, fell asleep to a man—a very bad practice by the way, and only to be excused by novices, who think half the sport consists in losing their night's rest; as, though we were on debatable ground, we should have done as well later. Our slumbers were of short duration, one of the dogs having awoken the unlucky keeper, who resented the intrusion in such sort that poor Don's howling roused us all.

Collennon, or the moors in its immediate vicinity, was now the mark, and we jogged away, re-

freshed by our "forty winks' nap," along the widemoors, which had nothing to interest even the actual sportsman. After riding about seven miles, the ground became more hilly and clad with heather, and a single wreath of blue smoke curling in the distance announced that we had gained our ground, for John had previously informed us that there was not another house on the moor nearer than Builth in this direction. Sending our horses by the keeper to the house—a job he seemed no ways loth to accept—we prepared for our evening's shooting about three o'clock. In this our arrangement of working early and late, and lying by in the middle of the day, we thought we were performing *secundem artem*, and like marvellous proper men; whereas we were rambling about like juveniles and *Johnny Raws* as we were. Had we taken our rest and been on the ground, especially after such a stormy night and wild morning, even at eight, the sport would have been better. Even the Llandovery party would have been serviceable to us, instead of a hindrance, as they were by our wild wanderings—for they coming on the feeding haunts could only have got in the first instance the first chances as the birds sprung and went off wild, as was the case with us both; whereas had we come on the ground after them with fresh dogs—and they were both good finders and steady—we should have picked up the scattered birds in ones, twos, and threes: and, had we known *where* to beat in mid-day, must have got on that ground alone, with less fatigue and a quicker succession of shots, a far better day's sport

than we did by covering such an extent of ground in a hurry. I have elsewhere alluded to this, but it is a prevailing error yet, and one which leads to fatigue, disappointment, and disgust. Thus, when we did commence beating at Collennon, the birds were getting on the feed, and, though we saw a good sprinkling, our sport was indifferent (we shot badly, for both were tired), and we bagged but three birds.

It was now time to think of, not so much where we should dine, as where we should sleep. Builth we had decided on, but, on inquiring the distance, were told it was ten miles—we had set it down, from previous information, as only five at the outside; but this was a poser. It was none to John of Collennon, who had reckoned on us for guests, and planned and lied accordingly. From what had been observed of the South Welsh cottages, I cannot say I much relished the proposition, as they are not near as cleanly as the North Wallians, who are so in the extreme generally; but when "*Fessos sopor occupat artus*," and the frame imperatively demands repose, niceties vanish—so we crawled on to this moorland dwelling.

It was situated in a sheltered cwm, or bottom, which was formed by the ground sloping down on each side of a small brook which brawled through the centre. Originally it had been merely taken off the waste; but Time and Industry had surrounded it with a garden, well sheltered by elder bushes and willows, stocked with bee-hives and common vegetables. Sundry small inclosures, hovels, and rude offices, a large peat clamp or

stack, a few cows, with two or three clever hardy Welsh horses, and a profusion of poultry of all kinds, with their concomitant edible the porkers, gave to the whole that air of independent and rough plentiful comfort which mainly distinguish the moorland denizen. In general here the charm for such—at least to me even yet it is—ends, in Scotland and Ireland invariably; for the inside is all abomination, disorder, filth, and peat smoke; and I own, as we stepped over the little stile into the garden, I had my misgivings. The outside, indeed, was washed as white as snow, and the thatch neat and whole: and certainly never were people more agreeably astonished; for of all the very cleanly cottages I had set my foot in, this bore away the bell. A small porch took us into the kitchen, where was the Dame of Collennon, “on hospitable cares intent,” bustling about, and making to and with a servant girl that noise emanating from the red rag, which a Welsh woman pre-eminently, even among her gifted sex, alone can. Reader, did you ever enter a small Welsh town at night late and betake yourself to rest? If you have, by what were you awakened in the morning?—for, unless you are one of the seven sleepers, awakened you are—why, by such a larum of female tongues, in every key to the highest pitch of the human voice, that on the first start of consciousness you have imagined the town was on fire, or the inn at least, and have bolted out accordingly, when you find it proceeds from some dozen of Taffines of all ages, with milk and water pails stuck on top of their men’s

hats, exercising their clappers in a morning sort of drill, as they alone of all their sex can. Of this formidable gift the Lady of Collennon seemed at least not likely to lose the charter. She welcomed us with great frankness, and such volubility as to save the trouble, by preventing the possibility, of a reply. She was a hale buxom woman, with a large handkerchief white as snow tied around her head and under the chin, surmounted by an imposing man’s beaver hat: her ear-rings were large silver ones, and she had some other coarse ornaments, and a large pair of silver buckles which garnished her blue woollen stockings and stout leather shoes. As to the kitchen itself it was the epitome of cleanliness and labour: everything was in its place—coarse, plain, and plentiful—and burnished to the highest polish. It was not the work of an hour or two, got up in the expectation of strangers—what they call in slatternly Scotland red-ding, or, in dirtier Ireland, wisp-ing up—it was the slow but lasting result of “the course of time,” an age of elbow grease. On an oaken table, in which you might have shaved yourself, lay already trussed, &c. some fine plump white-breasted chickens, almost vying in that respect with the pretty Welsh handmaid, whose neckerchief, as she bustled about, had turned sufficiently awry to shew that if the mountain breezes and sun had tinged her cheek and brow, Nature had been eminently bountiful to her. John, who had disappeared at an opposite door, now entered to shew us our apartment, which was clean as the rest, and furnished with two old-fashioned beds. Suffice is to say,

that with some excellent cwrw da (good home-brewed ale), on which the old keeper got muazy, and was put all standing, as the sailors say (all his clothes on), into the servant girl's bed, we fared excellently, and enjoyed a sound night's rest. John and his women must have roughed it, for we occupied all the beds.

The morning was wild and wet, so we lay in bed till eight. While they were getting breakfast, we walked round the moorland homestead. The garden was very characteristic—it was as neat as the inside of the dwelling, and, from the same care (the wife). We could not but see that the house was built at the far end against a small round hillock not quite so high as the dwelling itself; and though the little stream which flowed through the garden made a turn as if to avoid its base, it had not been its original channel, which formerly had been close to this same small rocky mound. Altogether it struck me, who had passed a good many of my early days in a mountain country, and had seen some of their contrivances, as not just exactly and solely what it professed to be—a freak of Nature, though evidently from her hand in the first instance; and this I mentioned to the Lord of the mansion at breakfast. He gaped like a spent salmon in his last efforts just as you are about to land him, but in a little gave a most knowing wink and nod, as much as to say *tace* is Latin for a candle, and if you will hold your tongue and eat your meat you shall presently see.

Taking it in such sort we finished our meal, and were not disappointed, for John immediately appeared with a large key

and a candle. On one side of the fire-place was a closet or cupboard, the door of which he opened, and, taking off a few common articles, pulled out three sliding shelves, at the back of which was another door. This led into the interior of the hillock, which had been partially hollowed with much care, and propped.....it was mine host's *sanctum sanctorum*, his glory-hole, the receptacle of all his sporting apparatus, and, as I had all along suspected, his malt-house and barn! A better contrived one there never was, the smoke of the small kiln issuing from the chimney of the bed-room, while the water for the steep was brought in at pleasure by means of a wooden pipe from the brook. And here also was all the paraphernalia of his principal calling—namely, poaching—and more particularly for woodcock shooting, which used to be greatly in vogue among the South Welsh poachers, so well described by Mr. Dobson in his *Kunopedia*, and which I shall take an opportunity of alluding to on another occasion. Here was the finest silk net for partridge I ever saw. He told us he had formerly been very successful with it, but it required *help*, and that, he said, he was not *fond* of. Indeed John of Collennon did not appear to be one who seemed to place much reliance on others. By avowed calling he was a sort of dealer and drover, and rented a tract of moor round his cot, on which he kept a few beasts, and attended fairs, &c.; but his real bread-winners were the net, gun, &c.; and he had a certain customer in the guard of the Bath and Bristol mail, who took at Treacastle all he

could furnish at a very high price, woodcocks especially, of which he killed a vast quantity. Indeed he had all things within himself; and as he looked out over the wild hills, which few ever visited, he might (a moorland Robinson Crusoe) exclaim, "I am monarch of all I survey!" and in fact he was so as to his own wants and purposes.

A heavy mist, which very soon made it indifferent to ourselves or our *flint* guns what wet might come, did not hinder us from trying the very likely ground which lay to the right of the house, and extended for a great distance. A great deal of this was broken moss or peat hay, with some bilberries and heather, and here we saw a very fair sprinkling of birds, and got some better chances than could be expected, coming unawares on single ones among the broken tufts, where they were sheltering. The miss-fires were terrible; however, we persevered, as we wanted to make up a few to send home, and by giving John my gun, which (to say nothing of his being a capital shot) he also managed to keep drier, we made up two brace. And certainly the young ones of the present generation, who are now making their first essays, have no little advantage over "us youth," who tried it some score years ago: a percussion gun would have bid defiance to the Welsh vapour: but there is no real happiness in this world: and though the tyros of this day have the pull over us so far, we had five birds, &c. for their one, speaking generally. But there are a great many more causes besides this wonderful improvement in the fowling-piece, which have since conducted to the yearly

increasing scarcity of game, except in preserves, and none more than those which arise out of these "piping times of peace." The war was then at its height, and many of the junior members of every family were in arms and away: even the very heads were frequently in the Militias; so that really few were at home. The case now is just the reverse; while the retired ones have nothing better to do: every body shoots, with improved means: but the main and *conservative* cause was the constant drain that was kept up of the idle and dissolute of the lower classes all over the home Empire—those who mainly supply the cravings of our grand gourmands through the instrumentality of Leadenhall, but who then, through the medium of the recruiting Serjeant and press-gang, furnished in their own precious carcasses the unceasing demand there was for *food for powder*.

We had now got five brace of grouse, and were anxious that they should find their way to England, as there had been sundry sly insinuations of roasting all we should kill on fingers, &c. and were contriving how we should best get them off, when the old keeper requested to be himself the bearer. Tiresome as he was I could not help pitying him; he was like a fat horse who had been accidentally ridden a burst in a fox-chase; so the following morning we saw him depart, with a little herd-boy to shew him his way over the hills, and, forewarned fore-armed, with a harvest bottle of the berry brown ale, which he had got from the good dame, slung to his saddle bow. We were ourselves stiff and tired with

the wetting of yesterday, so we sat, the weather being still wild, gossiping over the fire until it was more than time for us to set out for Builth, our next destination, where our gig and servant were awaiting us. On summoning John for that purpose, he said that he should join us the first thing in the morning, as he had matters at home he must attend to, but that he would put us in the right track. He did so; but the mist came on so intensely thick that we lost all chance of distinguishing it, and wandered about until near night fall, when by good accident we came into a high road, and learned we were miles farther from our point than when we set out. It was late (for the road was worse than the moor), when, wet and weary,

our ponies clattered up the narrow and ill-paved streets of the romantic and ancient town of Bualth, or Llanfair, and which was once the Bullæum of the Romans. The inn at Builth proved most comfortable; and after as good, or at least as acceptable a supper as ever Roman partook of in olden days, we turned in early, having many things to arrange and procure in the morning, as we looked to spend a day or two in the remote and mountain-lying village of Llanvihangel Abergwessyn.—Yours, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

(To be continued.)

Two errors occurred in my last paper which I will thank you to correct:—p. 218, first line of note, for "back him" read *happen*; and p. 223, line 37, for "pure" read *spure*.

#### A FEW WORDS ON THE CONTEST BETWEEN J. B. G. AND NOON DAY.

SIR,

THE Gentlemen of the ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON having at length found a Champion worthy of their cause, permit me, as one of the Amateurs present at Cherbourg, to bear testimony to the accuracy of every statement made by NOON DAY relative to the occurrences which took place there. Memories must indeed be exceedingly short to have already forgotten our differences, or the cutting, hashing, and clipping which the Address, as originally proposed, did receive previous to its being permitted to be voted in any shape; and if NOON DAY be a party man, I for one can discover no proof of it in the only statement with which he has hitherto favored the public. Did the Earl

Lymington, Jan. 16, 1834.

of Belfast suppose that an anonymous writer would for ever be permitted to use the *Water Witch* as a vehicle of abuse, to the disparagement of many of the best vessels in the Club, without ultimately coming in for her own share of criticism? And it is now too late for the Noble Earl to express abhorrence at anonymous writers, when, by turning over the pages of the *Sporting Magazine* for the last six months, its readers will in vain seek for any prohibition from him to "J. B. G.," although the *Water Witch* was, during the whole of that period, made the foundry whence emanated all the attacks against the property of others. I trust, therefore, that NOON DAY

will not be diverted from the laudable pursuit which he has entered on, until he has done something more than scotched the viper who has attempted to sting us all. My private notes and memoranda taken at the time are at his service, as well as those of three other Gentlemen who accompanied me: and I think the public ought to be enlightened concerning the recal of the *Secretary's Journal*, after it had been sent to Lord Clonbrock for con-

veyance to England, and the substitution of another statement. The whole may be wound up by the Water Witch taking refuge in the King's Basin, and the desertion from her of the Secretary and Doctor; and if the very able and amusing Poem written by the latter Gentleman on the occasion can be procured, you will by its insertion have much increased the obligation of your readers.

Your humble servant,

BEN BLOCK.

## COURSING MEETINGS.

### THE SOUTHPORT.

On the Manors of Peter Hesketh Fleetwood, Esq. M.P., H. Bold Hoghton, Esq., and C. Scarisbrick, Esq.—on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th December, 1833.

**THE All-age Cup.**—Mr. Kenworthy's red b. Smutt beat Mr. Hargreaves' bl. b. Nettle; Mr. Broadhurst's blk. d. Whisker beat Mr. Ridgway's wh. b. Rebecca; Mr. R. Horrox's bl. and wh. d. Dart beat Mr. Orrell's blk. b. Betty Martin; Mr. Phillips's brin. and wh. d. Primo beat Mr. Knowles's blk. and wh. d. Guido; Mr. Geo. Andrews's blk. d. Jack beat Mr. Sam. Horrocks's wh. d. Harry the First; Mr. Sam. Horrocks's blk. and wh. d. Corsair beat Mr. Ridgway's blk. b. Rhoda; Mr. Lees's bl. d. Ruler beat Mr. Orrell's blk. d. Duster; Mr. Anderton's bl. d. Archer beat Mr. Roylance's blk. and wh. b. Pet.

#### FIRST TIES.

Smutt beat Whisker.  
Dart — Primo.  
Corsair — Jack.  
Ruler — Archer.

#### SECOND TIES.

Dart beat Smutt.  
Ruler — Corsair.

*Deciding Course.*—Dart beat Ruler, and won the Cup; Ruler the Sovereigns.

*The Puppy Cup.*—Mr. Orrell's r. and wh. b. Miss Oddity beat Mr. Broadhurst's brin. and wh. d. Banker; Mr. Hargreaves's f. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Blair's blk. b. Slutt; Mr. Roylance's blk. d. Adventurer beat Mr. Lees's wh. and blk.

d. Dusty; Mr. Phillips's blk. d. Marquis beat Mr. Knowles's red d. Rex; Mr. J. Bellhouse's red d. Leader beat Mr. Orrell's wh. d. Pink Eye; Mr. Anderton's red d. Active beat Mr. W. Bellhouse's red b. Nell Gwynne; Mr. Robert Smith's f. and wh. d. Victoria beat Mr. Sam. Horrocks's brin. d. Hymettus.

#### FIRST TIES.

Miss Oddity beat Hotspur.  
Adventurer — Marquis.  
Active — Leader.  
Victoria ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES.

Adventurer beat Miss Oddity.  
Victoria — Active.

*Deciding Course.*—Adventurer beat Victoria, and won the Cup; Victoria the Sovereigns.

*The Ridgway Stakes.*—Mr. Roylance's red b. Duchess beat Mr. Broadhurst's wh. and r. d. Vicar; Mr. Ridgway's blk. b. Racer beat Mr. Sam. Horrocks's brin. d. Pirate; Mr. Robert Smith's brin. and wh. b. Lively beat Mr. Orrell's blk. d. All-my-Eye; Mr. Lees's bl. d. Vernon beat Mr. Anderton's wh. and blk. d. Artist.

#### TIES.

Racer beat Duchess.  
Vernon — Lively.

*Deciding Course.*—Racer beat Vernon, and won the Stakes; Vernon the Sovereigns.

*The Scarisbrick Stakes.*—Mr. Orrell's blk. d. All-my-Eye beat Mr. Anderton's wh. and blk. d. Artist; Mr. Kenworthy's blk. d. Fly Boat beat Mr. Roylance's r. b.

Duchess; Mr. Ridgway's bl. d. Regent beat Mr. Ramsden's f. and wh. d. Jesse; Mr. Broadhurst's r. d. Spring beat Mr. Knowles's r. b. Busy; Mr. Phillips's brin. d. Moorcock beat Mr. Lees's blk. d. Vernon.

#### FIRST TIES.

All-my-Eye beat Fly Boat.  
Regent — Spring.  
Moorcock ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES.

All-my-Eye beat Regent.  
Moorcock ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—All-my-Eye beat Moorcock, and won the Stakes; Moorcock the Sovereigns.

*The Church Town Stakes.*—Mr. Ramsden's f. and wh. d. Jesse beat Mr. Robt. Smith's brin. and wh. b. Lively; Mr. John Bellhouse's blk. b. Bess beat Mr. Ridgway's blk. d. Rupert; Mr. R. Horrox's brin. b. Miss beat Mr. Harrison Blair's f. and wh. d. Fang.

#### TIES.

Bess beat Jesse.  
Miss ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Bess beat Miss, and won the Stakes; Miss the Sovereigns.

*The Bold Stakes.*—Mr. Roylance's blk. and wh. b. Pet beat Mr. Lees's bl. d. Vernon; Mr. Orrell's blk. b. Betty Martin beat Mr. George Andrews's blk. d. Jack.

*Deciding Course.*—Pet beat Betty Martin, and won the Stakes; Betty Martin the Sovereigns.

*The Southport Stakes.*—Mr. Harrison Blair's blk. b. Slutt beat Mr. Orrell's wh. b. Pink Eye; Mr. W. Bellhouse's r. b. Nell Gwynne beat Mr. Broadhurst's brin. and wh. d. Banker.

*Deciding Course.*—Nell Gwynne beat Slutt, and won the Stakes; Slutt the Sovereigns.

*The Fleetwood Stakes.*—Mr. Kenworthy's r. b. Smutt beat Mr. George Andrews's blk. d. Jack; Mr. Anderton's bl. d. Archer beat Mr. Roylance's blk. and wh. b. Pet; Mr. Orrell's blk. d. Duster beat Mr. Lees's bl. d. Ruler; Mr. Phillips's blk. d. Marquis beat Mr. Ridgway's blk. b. Racer.

#### TIES.

Archer beat Smutt.  
Marquis — Duster.

*Deciding Course.*—Archer beat Marquis, and won the Cup; Marquis the Sovereigns.

*The Crosson Stakes.*—Mr. John Bellhouse's blk. b. Bess beat Mr. Orrell's wh. b. Pink Eye; Mr. Ridgway's blk. b. Rhoda beat Mr. Broadhurst's blk. d. Whisker; Mr. Kenworthy's blk. d. Fly Boat beat Mr. Robert Smith's brin. and wh. b. Lively; Mr. Phillips's brin. and wh. d. Primo beat Mr. Anderton's wh. and blk. d. Artist.

#### TIES.

Rhoda beat Bess.  
Fly Boat — Primo.

*Deciding Course.*—Rhoda beat Fly Boat, and won the Stakes; Primo the Sovereigns.

*The Hoghton Stakes.*—Mr. Anderton's r. d. Active beat Mr. Knowles's r. d. Rex; Mr. Robert Smith's f. and wh. b. Victoria beat Mr. Orrell's r. and wh. b. Miss Oddity; Mr. Bellhouse's r. b. Nell Gwynne beat Mr. H. Blair's blk. b. Slutt.

#### TIES.

Active beat Victoria.  
Nell Gwynne ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Active beat Nell Gwynne, and won the Stakes; Nell Gwynne, the Sovereigns.

*Matches.*—Mr. Orrell's blk. d. All-my-Eye beat Mr. Hargreaves's bl. b. Nettle; Mr. Orrell's blk. d. All-my-Eye beat Mr. Hargreaves's bl. b. Nettle; Mr. John Bellhouse's r. d. Leader beat Mr. Lee's blk. and wh. d. Dusty; Mr. Ramsden's blk. d. Rover beat Mr. Ridgway's blk. d. Rattle Snake; Mr. Ridgway's blk. b. Rhoda beat Mr. Orrell's blk. d. Duster; Mr. Roylance's blk. and wh. b. Pet beat Mr. Orrell's blk. b. Betty Martin; Mr. Ridgway's blk. b. Rattle Snake beat Mr. Ramsden's blk. d. Rover; Mr. Ridgway's wh. b. Rebecca beat Mr. John Bellhouse's r. d. Leader; Mr. George Andrews's blk. d. Jack beat Mr. Ramsden's blk. d. Rover; Mr. Lees's bl. d. Ruler beat Mr. Orrell's blk. d. All-my-Eye; Mr. Knowles's blk. and wh. d. Guido beat Mr. H. Blair's f. and wh. d. Fang.

### THE ALT CAR.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

*For the Cup of Sovereigns.*—Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. Hugo, by Gunshot out of Cora, beat Mr. E. Peddar's r. and wh. b. Puff; Mr. Lloyd's f. d. Lemuel, by Lunardi out of Best's Minikin, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. and wh. b. Handmaid; Mr. Unsworth's blk. b. Ultima, by Gunshot out of Cora, beat Mr. Lloyd's bl. d. Lavater; Mr. E. Alison's r. and wh. b. Apparition, by Rector out of

**Lanaria**, beat Mr. Thompson's bl. and wh. b. Toy; Mr. H. Stanley's blk. d. Sinbad beat Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. d. Hymettus; Mr. E. Pedder's blk. and wh. b. Pastime, by Gunshot out of Cora, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's wh. d. Harry the First; Lord Molyneux's bl. d. Moonraker, by Lanardi out of Young Larkspur, beat Mr. W. G. Borron's brin. and wh. b. Blanche; Mr. H. Hornby's brin. d. Hermon, by Harry Percy out of Hybla, beat Mr. J. Ashton's brin. b. Rosa.

**The Sefton Stakes.**—Mr. N. Blundell's r. d. Brewer, by Milo out of Mignonette, beat Mr. Nicholson's blk. and wh. d. Nabob; Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hebrew, by Hotspur out of Duchess, beat Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luff; Mr. H. Stanley's blk. d. Smuggler, beat Mr. W. G. Borron's blk. d. Blacksmith; Mr. S. Horrocks's blk. and wh. d. Harry the Second beat Mr. Thompson's f. d. Templar.

**The Croxteth Stakes.**—Mr. Unsworth's f. b. U, by Hotspur out of Duchess, beat Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Belinda; Mr. Lloyd's f. b. Lima, by Lanardi out of Lady-like, beat Mr. E. Pedder's wh. b. Duchess.

**The West Derby Stakes.**—Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. d. Hassan, by Helenus out of Brockholes' Belinda, beat Mr. E. Allison's brin. d. Adjutant; Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Minister, by Milo out of Marchioness, beat Mr. H. Stanley's bl. d. Sparrow.

**The Ackers Holt Stakes.**—Mr. Nicholson's r. and wh. b. Nimble beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. b. Urgent; Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. and wh. b. Helenus, by Turk out of Helen, beat Lord Molyneux's yel. and wh. b. Meteora; Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Levite, by Grasper out of Hecla, beat Mr. Thompson's f. d. Tawney; Mr. E. Pedder's f. d. Plunder beat Mr. S. Horrocks's f. d. Harry the Third.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lemuel beat Hugo.  
Apparition — Ultima.  
Pastime — Sinbad.  
Hermon — Moonraker.

#### TIES FOR THE SEFTON STAKES.

Hebrew beat Brewer.  
Smuggler — Harry the Second.

*Deciding Course for the Croxteth Stakes.*—U beat Lima, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the West Derby Stakes.*—Minister beat Hassan, and won the Stakes.

#### TIES FOR THE ACKERS HOLT STAKES.

Helenus beat Nimble.  
Levite — Plunder.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Apparition beat Lemuel.  
Hermon — Pastime.

*Deciding Course for the Sefton Stakes.*—Smuggler beat Hebrew, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Ackers Holt Stakes.*—Helenus beat Levi, and won the Stakes.

**The Ditch-in Stakes.**—Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luff, by Lanardi out of Lady-like, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's blk. and wh. d. Harry the Second; Mr. E. Pedder's wh. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Nicholson's blk. and wh. d. Nabob.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Hermon beat Apparition, and won the Cup—Apparition the Sovereigns.

**The Hill House Stakes.**—Mr. H. Stanley's blk. d. Sinbad beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. b. Ultima; Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. d. Hymettus beat Mr. Lloyd's bl. d. Lava-ter, by Lanardi out of Young Larkspur.

**The Altcar Stakes.**—Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Lizard, by Lanardi out of Love, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. and wh. b. Handmaid, by Smith's Random out of Campbell's Hagar; Lord Molyneux's yel. and wh. b. Meteora, by Meteor out of A. Case's Bitch, beat Mr. Nicholson's r. and wh. b. Nimble.

*Deciding Course for the Ditch-in Stakes.*—Luff beat Duchess, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Hill House Stakes.*—Hymettus beat Sinbad, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Altcar Stakes.*—Lizard beat Meteora, and won the Stakes.

**Matches.**—Mr. E. Allison's brin. d. Rector, by Mentor out of Effie, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. d. Pirate; Mr. J. Ashton's blk. and wh. d. Archer beat Mr. H. Stanley's blk. and wh. d. Sninner; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Luddite beat Lord Molyneux's r. b. Madcap, by Lanardi out of Merry; Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Lizard beat Mr. E. Pedder's blk. and wh. d. Phoebe; Mr. Unsworth's f. b. U beat Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Minister; Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. d. Hassan beat Lord Molyneux's bl. d. Moonraker; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Liege, by Monarch out of Leeway, beat Mr. H. Stanley's bl. d. Sparrow Hawk; Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. d. Pirate beat Mr. E. Allison's brin. d. Rector; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Luddite, by Levite out of Mercia, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's f. d. Harry the Third.

## THE DERBYSHIRE.

This Meeting came off at Sudbury, occupying three days.

The *Aged Cup* was won by Mr. Bates's y. and w. b. Bertha beating in the Deciding Course Mr. Harris's blk. b. Harkaway, who received the *Goblet*:—the *Puppy Cup*, by Mr. Hassall's blk. b. Harrington Hebe beating Mr. Bartholomew's bl. b. Be True:—the *Great Doveridge Stakes* of 3 sovs. each, by Mr. Vickers's r. b. Vanish beating Mr. Parr's bl. b. Posy:—the *Vernon Stakes*, Mr. Bates's r. d. Burgundy and Mr. Hills's blk. d. Hoyden divided:—the *Bye Stakes*, by Mr. Vickers's r. d. Victor beating Mr. Calvert's blk. d. Topper (jun.):—the *Bye Puppy Stakes*, by Mr. Parr's blk. and wh. d. Prude beating Mr. Clowes's blk. d. Clasper:—the *First and Second Class of Sudbury Stakes* were divided from want of light; the former by Mr. Vickers's blk. d. Velocipede and Mr. Bartholomew's blk. tick. d. Bugle; and the latter by Mr. Parr's b. Picture and Mr. Clowes's y. and w. d. Coachman:—the *Cavendish Stakes* were from a similar cause divided between Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hobnail and Mr. Hoakins's bl. d. Hayraddin.—Sixteen matches were run. Bertha, winner of the *Aged Cup*, and Harkaway (the *Goblet*), were two sisters of the same litter by Mr. Davenport's Dotterell out of Mr. Bates's Betsey by Old Grasper.—The winner of the *Puppy Cup* was got by Harold out of Mr. Jones's Jersey; the Second for the *Puppy Cup* was got by Blue Stockings out of Mr. Hassall's Harmony out of his Handy.

## THE NEWMARKET UNION.

This Club held their Meeting on the estate of the Duke of Rutland. The weather being fine, a very numerous and respectable field attended, and considerably more betting took place than is usual on these occasions, from the well-known character of the dogs.

The *Cup* was won by Mr. John Mainprice's (of Soham) Volunteer beating Mr. Law's Umpire:—the *Outlands Stakes* by Mr. Pettit's Gallathea; and the *Puppy Stakes* by Mr. Joseph Rover's Hannah.—Volunteer ran against three Devils, and beat them all; the first, against Mr. Stevenson's Dare Devil; the second, against Mr. Fenton's Fear Devil; and the third, against Mr. Hennessey's Kill Devil.

## THE DEPTFORD INN.

The *Cup* was won by Mr. Biggs's r. b. Bridemaid beating the Hon. H. Moreton's bl. b. Minikin; Minikin the Sovereigns:—the *Oaks*, by Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Belinda beating Mr. Etwall's wh. and y. b. Zarifa:—the *Derby*, by Mr. Good-

lake's r. d. Gauntlet, Mr. Etwall's brn. d. Egad having been drawn:—the *Fisherston Puppy Stakes*, by Mr. Wells's f. d. Pilot beating Mr. Biggs's r. and wh. b. Bauble, sister to Belinda:—the *First Class Codford Stakes*, by the Hon. H. Moreton's r. b. May-hap beating Mr. Astley's bl. and wh. b. Amoret:—the *Second Class Codford Stakes*, by Mr. Wells's bl. d. Worcester beating Mr. Goodlake's r. d. Gong.

## THE LOWTHER.

The *Cup* was won by Mr. H. Jefferson's w. d. Snowball beating Mr. Graham's br. d. Gambler; Gambler the *Snuff-box*.

Match for 40l. the best of three courses, was won by Mr. Benn's f. wh. d. Lowther beating Mr. Speed's blk. d. Swing (winning the first two).

Nineteen matches were run.

## THE LIVERPOOL.

The *All-aged Cup* was won by Mr. Lucas's Linnet:—the *Puppy Cup*, by Mr. Lucas's Victory:—the *Molyneux Stakes*, by Mr. Reddish's Fox:—the *Sefston and Liverpool Stakes*, by Mr. Hutchinson's Heresy:—the *Croxteth Stakes*, by Mr. Reddish's Rockingham:—the *Altcar Stakes*, by Mr. Ball's Jerry:—the *Orrell Stakes*, by Mr. Lowton's Lottery.—The sport was excellent. In one of the courses the hare, hotly pursued by the dogs, took refuge at the feet of a girl, who was standing near the side of a brook; the dogs came with such force against the girl, that she was thrown into the midst of the water; fortunately she was rescued with no other injury than a good ducking.

## THE COCKNEY CLUB.

This meeting took place over Epsom Downs.

The *Epsom Stakes* was won by Mr. Clarke's yel. and wh. b. Cowslip beating Mr. Elmore's f. b. Gem:—the *Ewell Stakes*, by Mr. Clarke's r. b. Carmine beating Mr. Patient's r. and wh. b. Prime:—and the *Warren Stakes*, by Mr. Bailly's r. b. Beebird beating Mr. Anderson's r. d. Lad.

## THE REDCAR.

The *Piece of Plate* was won by Mr. Roe's f. d. Chorister beating Mr. Parker's r. d. Duster.

## • THE MARKET DRAYTON.

The *Cup* was won by Mr. Warren's bl. d. Gelert beating Mr. Bainbridge's r. and w. b. Fancy.

## FOX-HUNTING IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,  
**T**HE season of fox-hunting may be said to have half finished at the commencement of the New Year, so that one may form a pretty fair estimate of what each pack of hounds has done, and is likely to do during the rest of the campaign.

When I last year ventured to give a sketch of the state of fox-hunting in His Majesty's Northern dominions, I was enjoying myself over a bowl of whisky-punch every night at the Cross Keys at Kelso, then justly considered the Melton Mowbray of the North. Such, however, have been the changes in the arrangements and distributions of the countries by the different Hunts, that, I lament to say, Kelso has become a deserted village; and I have not been able, like Napoleon at Waterloo, to place myself on a pinnacle sufficiently central and elevated to enable me with a *coup-d'œil* to observe all that was going on with the different packs, but have been obliged to wander from place to place to see what they are all about.

Two new packs of hounds have been established since last season, so that Scotland can now boast of eight packs of hounds, of which the Duke of Buccleuch's establishment ought certainly to take the lead in giving any account of our doings in Caledonia. These hounds have, as stated last April, given up a sufficient portion of their unparalleled extent of territory for the establishment of another pack; and this pack commenced regular hunting at the beginning of this season under the immediate patronage and super-

intendence of Lord Elcho. The Duke continues to hunt the whole of the Roxburgh country, and those coverts in the vicinity of what His Grace is pleased now to call, in the language of Reform, "My Palace of Dalkeith;" whilst to Lord Elcho have been made over the East Lothian and Dunse countries. I am here grieved, however, to say, that a misunderstanding has taken place between these distinguished Noblemen as to the distribution of some particular coverts, which neither repeated arbitrations, nor voluminous correspondence, nor verbal communications have yet been able amicably to arrange. For the sake, nevertheless, of the noble sport itself, as well as the substantial benefits which society receives from it wherever it is carried on with spirit and amity, it is sincerely to be hoped that the two Noble and discording spirits will soon be harmonized, and not the less so, as there are individuals, who at least pretend to know the "Cabinet Secrets," who declare, that, was it not for certain persons improperly urging on both parties, and exciting feelings inconsistent with the ordinary dictates of the dispositions of either, their disputes never would have occurred at all; far less have assumed their present tone. All to be said is, that it will be unfortunate for every one interested in the noble diversion if these disagreements should cause the Duke to take less interest in, and spend less money on, his hunting establishment, which it cannot be denied has been carried on most liberally, and solely by

him, at a period too, when, if he had not come forward, the country might have been left certainly without an effective establishment. It was natural also to expect, that if he did not give up the whole of his Dalkeith country, and continued to keep a kennel there, he should retain a sufficient number of his coverts in it to enable him to hunt a few days from his "Palace." But it is impossible, and even improper, here to enter into the merits or demerits of a warfare of this kind: let us only hope, therefore, that a satisfactory and speedy arrangement may take place ere I again address you.

*The Duke's Hounds* have been hunting the principal part of the season from their kennel at St. Boswell's Green, and have had good average sport, and particularly several excellent *moorland* runs in Roxburghshire. The hounds are in good condition, very steady good hunters, but, like most other hounds, are too fast when there is a burning scent. Williamson and his whippers, though never famous for the quality of their nags, owing to some of Joey Hume's absurd notions of economy, are always there or thereabouts; and though Williamson himself is said not to be the dashing rider he used to be, yet it must be allowed he is a real good and a neat horseman, whatever he may have been formerly, and still *sticks* well to his hounds in chase. At the early period of his hunting life he could boast of shewing *worse* sport than any huntsman in Britain. Never trusting to his hounds, he was constantly lifting them, and when he did lift them his casts were generally most injudicious, his

"nob" failing him on such momentous occasions. The hounds thus became wild, would never stoop to a cold scent, and seldom killed a fox at the end of a run. "Sad experience," however, taught Williamson rather to trust to the noses of his pack than to his own eyes and ears; and the consequence has been that the whole thing has of late years undergone a complete change: the hounds hunt, and not Williamson. The Duke of Buccleuch's hunting establishment may be considered little inferior to anything that is met with elsewhere.

*Lord Elcho's Hounds* next claim notice; and, putting aside the warfare against the Duke in the distribution of the country, Lord Elcho deserves the highest encomiums for zeal, perseverance, liberality, and the successful manner in which he has, under many disadvantages, brought together a most excellent pack of hounds, and also a beautiful stable of horses. His Lordship had, during the summer, diligently collected drafts from almost every hunting establishment of any consequence throughout the empire; and, by great skill in making selections from them, he has at last managed to draft into his kennel a dog and bitch pack, consisting both one and the other of *really excellent hounds*. The proof of this has been the line of unexampled sport which he has shewn in East Lothian and in the Dunse country, killing a great deal of game, and having some runs of certainly the *very first water*. The run from Broom (not Brougham) Dykes may perhaps be given as an example of one of the most distinguished. A gallant fox was found

in a covert "as thick and strong," as the Laird of Dunse Castle (William Warwickshire Hay) observed, "as Chancellor Brougham's wig!"—and after shewing them his brush over the stiff low country of Berwickshire for an hour and forty minutes at a tremendous pace, and over a line of *fearful fences*, the traitor was turned up at a place called Chirnside, seventeen miles by the map from the place where he was found! Lord Elcho hunts his hounds himself, which circumstance, though it arose from a misfortune—namely, that of his huntsman breaking his leg at the beginning of the season—has turned out a piece of good fortune both to Lord Elcho and his field, as almost from the very week of his first starting the Noble Lord has been compelled to play first fiddle to them in person. In this no man could have succeeded better, having given up all his former skirting and jealous riding, and become a really quiet, steady huntsman, always tied to his hounds, never out of temper either with them or the field, and mounted on first-rate horses, which no man, *even Baird himself*, can beat. Certainly there is something always superior in the style a thoroughbred Gentleman "comes the trick," *when he can do it*, to the manner in which it is done by what is called a *regular huntsman*. Almost the whole expense of this establishment, I should say, rests with Lord Elcho, the subscriptions having been as yet extremely limited.

*The Linlithgowshire Hounds* support their high character, and do great credit to Mr. Ramsay, and Scott their huntsman. No pack

of hounds can be in better discipline or in better condition; and though Scott may, like other people, have his days of bad as well as of good riding, the pack are never without him, or one of his lads, when they are wanted; and his kennel management is undeniably good. Mr. Ramsay mounts his men in superior style; and having always plenty of extra horses, they are never below their work, and "punged up" like Williamson's stud. Scott has not been so successful in killing his foxes this season as the last, but he has had many good runs, and a few quite *ultra*: one fox in particular, at the expense of his own life, afforded them no less than two excellent days' amusement. The first day he was found at Livingstone, and running as straight as an arrow across the country to Dermonte, thence crossing the Bathgate road at a right angle from Dermonte, he bent to the left towards the Bathgate hills, and, after a slight pause at the "Knock Wood," still inclining to the left, he went down the hill to the Inch in forty minutes, without a check, *over a grass country*, where he, fortunately for himself, got a kind friend to take his place, who for his good nature was immediately chopped!

Some weeks afterwards, the identical old fox, looking as blooming as a race horse, was again found, and for the last time, in Livingstone Wood. Leaving it in gallant style, with Scott and his pack sharp at his brush, he took the old line of country, or nearly so, and after a splendid run of forty-six minutes, *at a most awful pace*, he was killed above Wallace, on the summit of the Bathgate hills, *having had*

*only one check!* Scott, as may be supposed without difficulty, was in the highest glee; and well he might, for his hounds, though going like greyhounds, seemed absolutely tied to the scent. Few, very few of the field who saw him found, were able to exist to the finish; but Major Shairpe, Mr. Ramsay, and a few others distinguished themselves, as usual, highly. The whole line of country was grass, and had the fences not been "moderate," such was the tremendous pace that no horse whatever could have lasted the run!

There has been here also some disagreeable skirmishing, I am sorry to say, between Lord Meadowbank and the Members of this Hunt, which has appeared in the public papers — something about riding over his grounds, or some such nonsense; but the whole squabble seems now at an end. Lord M. being a Conservative, or rather a *preservative* of the first class, was the last person to look to for *reform* even in a *hunting* establishment; and it is confidently reported, that, so obstinate was this Noble Law Lord to preserve his *rights* intact, that he sent up *the case* for the consideration, not of the *Jockey Club*, but of the "*Carlton Club*," the intelligent and liberal members of which voted against all farther proceedings!

*The Fife Hounds* have been prosperous this season, and Walker, their huntsman, continues to give great satisfaction. During nine successive days, when hunting the Torie country, they killed nine foxes, of which no less than eight afforded capital runs. They are still under the command of the Gallant Captain of Wemyss

Castle, and meet with every support and encouragement (as they should do) from the Gentlemen of the county.

*Abercairnie's Hounds* are the second new pack Scotland has to boast of this season; and, considering the hills and glens, and lochs and rivers with which Perthshire abounds, the "*Laird*" has great credit in what he has accomplished during this the first part of his first season. He has got a clever active fellow as a huntsman, from the Salisbury (Hatfield) kennel, where he had long been first whip; and though the hounds, from having come from different packs, are not free from riot, they hunt well, and have with wild foxes (with which the country is peopled) had some excellent sport. The Laird has also great credit in having, with almost no assistant, got up the whole thing; and, like a true Highland Chief-tain, not only feeds hounds and horses, but after each day's hunting the Banquet Hall of *Abercairnie* is thrown open to every sportsman, where they have as much rail, haggis, and whisky as they can well find stowage for, and generally make a who-whoop! to the evening's sport with a reel, or a blanket hornpipe, in which nobody can beat *Abercairnie* in the sling when he meets with a partner quite to his fancy!

I have not yet seen any of the other packs; but I have an *itch* once more to hear some of Lord Kelburne's melodies and addresses to those he loves! — For the present, Sir, farewell: you shall shortly again hear from your constant reader,

BIRCH.

Edinburgh New Club,  
Jan. 10, 1834.

## DEATH OF CATTON.

~~~~~  
 "His race is run."
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SIR,

**T**HIS celebrated racer and stallion, who in his day was one of the brightest ornaments of the British turf, and the just pride of his late venerated and Noble owner, closed his mortal race at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Bawtry, Yorkshire, on Christmas Eve 1833. As he was a horse of very superior abilities, and his career distinguished by brilliant achievements, a more lengthened and minute notice of his life than usual may perhaps be looked for in the pages of your Magazine, which I proceed to furnish you with.

During the season of 1808 the well-known horse Golumpus, a son of Gohanna and Catherine by Woodpecker, was placed at Low Catton, near Kexby Bridge, about seven miles from the City of York, at the low price of three guineas and a half for mares, for the season, and while stationed here the brood mare Lucy Gray, by Timothy, then the property of Mr. Horaley and Mr. Samuel King, was put to him; and the produce proving a colt, he was named Catton, after the village where Golumpus, his sire, was stationed. At this period Mr. King was in the capacity of trainer to the late Earl of Scarborough (a post which he retained to his own credit and honour up to the period of the late Earl's death), and the colt, as he grew up a bud of promise, was shewn to the Earl, who soon purchased him of his breeders, as well as the mare Lucy Gray, his dam.

As the young one had at that period not even received a single lesson of his future education, of course his appearance, his lineage, and descent, could be his only recommendation to invite the Noble Earl to possess him; and his pedigree certainly must be acknowledged to be good, full of blood, of the true running sort, as the following outline of his parentage much prove. He was

got by Golumpus, his dam Lucy Gray by Timothy; grandam, Lucy by Florizel; great grandam, Frenzy (the dam of Phenomenon) by Eclipse; great great grandam, by Engineer; great great great grandam, by Blank out of the famed Lass of the Mill by Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound (a son of Greyhound out of Farewell)—Sister to Wilkes's mare by Partner—Brown Woodcock by Woodcock—Lusty Thornton by Croft's Bay Barb—Chesnut Thornton by Makeless—Old Thornton by Brimmer—Dickey Pierson—Burton Barb mare.

We now come to the notice of "the battles fought and victories won" by this justly celebrated and esteemed horse. His first appearance was marked by a successful debut at

York August Meeting, on Wednesday, August 26, 1812, when, rode by Benjamin Smith, he won a Sweepstakes of 325gs. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 7st. 11lb.; two miles, beating Mr. T. Duncombe's Langold, Mr. Clifton's Boadicea, Lord Fitzwilliam's Euryalis, Sir E. Smith's Zig-Zag, and Sir W. Gerard's Don Carliso:—Six to 4 agst Catton, 3 to 1 agst Langold, 5 to 1 agst Don Carliso, and 6 to 1 agst Boadicea. Won cleverly.

At Preston, on Thursday, July 16, 1813, rode by Robert Johnson, he won, at two heats, a Plate of 70 sovs. for horses, &c. of all ages, three mile heats, beating Sir E. Smith's Navigator, Mr. Hewett's Manuella (the winner of the Oaks Stakes at Epsom in 1812, and the dam of Memnon, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger in 1815, Belzoni, &c. &c.), and Mr. Brade's br. f. by Diamond:—Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Catton. Won easy.

At York August Meeting, on Monday, August 23, rode by B. Smith, he won the King's Plate of 100gs. four miles, beating Mr. Rob's Otterington (winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 1812), and Mr. Lambton's Knight Errant:—Five to 4 on Catton, 2 to 1 agst Otterington, and 4 to 1 agst Knight Errant. Won easy.

At Doncaster, on Wednesday, Sept. 29, rode by B. Smith, he won a Sweepstakes of 130gs. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb., St. Leger Course, beating Lord

Fitzwilliam's Algernon:—Three to 1 on Catton. Won easy.

Next day, rode by B. Smith, he won, at two heats, a Plate of 100 sovs. for three and four-year-olds, two-mile heats, beating Sir W. Foulis's Ploughboy, 4 yrs; Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by Sancho, 3 yrs; Lord Belhaven's b. c. by Master Robert, 4 yrs; and Major Bowen's Diabolis, 3 yrs:—Thirteen to 8, and after the heat 2 to 1 on Catton. Won easy.

At Newcastle, on Monday, June 20, 1814, rode by Wm. Peirse, he ran a dead heat with Mr. Riddell's X Y Z, and afterwards walked over for the Northumberland Stakes of 125gs. for horses, &c. of all ages, two miles and a quarter, beating Mr. Don's Agnes Sorrel, and Sir W. Maxwell's Lobo. After the dead heat, X Y Z received a compromise:—Even betting on Catton, and 6 to 4 agst X Y Z.

At York August Meeting, on Wednesday, August 24, rode by W. Peirse, he won one of the Great Subscription Purse of 250gs. for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb, beating Mr. B. Hodgson's Skip:—Seven to 2 on Catton. Won cleverly.

Next day, rode by W. Peirse, and giving away his year, he won another of the Subscription Purse of 250gs. for six-years old and aged horses, &c., four miles, beating Lord Queensberry's Epperston, 6 yrs old, and Mr. N. B. Hodgson's Woodman, aged:—Even betting on Woodman, 6 and 7 to 4 agst Catton, and 5 to 1 agst Epperston. Run in 8 min. and 7 seconds.

At Doncaster, on Monday, September 26, rode by W. Peirse, he won the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 80gs. one mile and a half, beating Mr. Watt's Tramp (Sire of Lottery, Barefoot, St. Giles, and Dangerous, two winners of the Epsom Derby Stakes, &c. &c.), Lord Fitzwilliam's Cossack, Mr. Lonsdale's Ranger, and Mr. Kirby's Fairville:—5 to 4 agst Catton, and 6 to 4 agst Tramp. One of the finest races ever run, and won with difficulty.

On Wednesday, in the same meeting, rode by W. Peirse, he won the Doncaster Stakes of 140gs. for all ages, four miles, beating Lord Milton's Fugitive, 4 yrs, and Mr. T. Duncombe's b. c. by Chance, 3 yrs:—10 to 1 on Catton. Won easy.

Although, as has been shewn, victory had often crowned the efforts of this valued horse, yet Mr. King, his trainer, was far from being satisfied with the results of many of his unsuccessful contests, and, under the feelings of disappointment and suspicion that all was not run on the square, solicited and obtained the permission of his late venerated and

Noble owner to ride him in future himself; and as

"The youth who trains to ride or run a race

Must bear privations with unruffled face," of course King had no little trouble and exertion to undergo, to reduce himself to the requisite weight; for he was at that period past boyhood's years, and possessed "a fair round body," unlike to make a jockey. Perseverance, however, brought him down to the standard, and ever after the favorite Catton and King were inseparable companions in public; and the horse's career, it must be confessed, was afterwards (as the succeeding enumeration will shew) certainly splendid in the extreme.

King first appeared in public mounted on him at

York Spring Meeting, on Tuesday, May 20th, 1815, where he won the Gold Cup, value 150gs. with 10gs. in specie, for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. Peirse's Rosanne, 4 yrs old (the dam of Carnival, &c. &c.), Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by Hambletonian, 3 yrs, and Marchiana, 6 yrs:—13 to 8 on Catton, and 5 to 1 agst Rosanne. Won in a canter.

Next day he won the Constitution Stakes of 150gs. for all ages, one mile and a quarter, beating Duke of Hamilton's William (the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 1814), and Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Miss Cannon:—6 to 4 on Catton, and 2 to 1 agst William. Won easy.

At York August Meeting, on Monday, August 21st, he won a Sweepstakes of 250gs., two miles, beating Mr. Watt's Altisidora, 5 yrs (the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 1813, and the dam of Abram, &c. &c.), and Sir W. Maxwell's Viscount, 6 yrs:—3 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Altisidora, and 8 to 1 agst Catton. Won in a canter. Run in 3 min. 35 sec.

On Thursday in the same meeting he won one of the Great Subscription Purse of 277l. for six-year-olds, aged horses, &c. four miles, beating Mr. Watt's ch. m. Altisidora:—4 to 1 on Catton. The race was distinguished by a very singular and uncommon spectacle, for although the distance was four miles, so tenacious and jealous were the two riders (King and John Jackson) of giving the least advantage to each other, that the two commenced the race by whipping and spurring their respective horses at the start, and continued it for some time in the strain of feeling as they might have been expected to do if they were near the ending post. The struggle, however, gained the mare the lead, which she re-

tained for about a mile and a half; when the horse went up, passed her, came clear away and won in a common canter, amid the cheering of the multitude. The race was run in 7 min. 49 sec.

At Doncaster, on Wednesday, September 27, he won the Gold Cup, value 100ga. for all ages, four miles, beating Sir H. Nelthorpe's Everlasting, 3 yrs; Mr. Garforth's Marciana, 6 yrs; Colonel King's Fulford, 3 yrs; Sir G. Armitage's Legacy, 4 yrs; and Mr. Brown's Fugleman, 5 yrs:—6 to 4 on Catton, and 5 to 2 agst Fulford. Won easy.

Same day he won the Doncaster Stakes of 100ga., four miles beating Mr. Watt's Altisidora:—3 to 1 on Catton. An uncommon fine race, and won with great difficulty.

At York Spring Meeting, on Tuesday May 21, 1816, he won the Gold Cup, value 100ga. with 20ga. in specie, for horses, &c. of all ages, two miles, beating Colonel King's Fulford, 4 yrs; Mr. Frank's King Coll, 4 yrs; Sir M. M. Sykes's Arcot Lass, 4 yrs; Mr. Garford's gr. c. Brother to Oiseau, 3 yrs; and Sir H. Nelthorpe's Everlasting, 4 yrs:—Seven to 4 and 3 to 1 on Catton, 4 to 1 agst Fulford, and 5 to 1 agst Everlasting.—Another singular circumstance marked the conclusion of this memorable race. When within three or four lengths of home, Fulford (who was a very steel sour-running horse, of a curious temper) flew open mouthed (being hard run) at Catton, and bit him in the ear; a favour which Catton returned by flying savage at him, and in the struggle and the fight both horses had nearly gone over the rails.

At Newcastle, on Thursday, June 27, he won the Gold Cup, value 100ga., with 20ga. in specie, for all ages, four miles, beating Mr. Lambton's Shepherd, 4 yrs:—Two to 1 on Catton. Won quite easy.

At York August Meeting, on Wednesday, August 21, he won a Sweepstakes of 250ga., two miles, beating Sir M. M. Sykes's b. f. by Camillus, 4 yrs, and Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Orville, 4 yrs:—Eight to 1 on Catton. Won very easy.

On Friday, in the same Meeting, he walked over for one of the Great Subscription Purse of 277l. 10s. for six years old and aged horses, &c., four miles.

At Doncaster, on Wednesday, Sept. 25, he won the Renewed Doncaster Stakes of 140ga., four miles, beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Dimmont, 4 yrs:—Five to 1, and in running 10 and 15 to 1 on Catton. The severest race ever remembered to have been contested over Doncaster Course.

Catton was then put to the Stud, and in the Spring of 1817 he covered at Mr. G. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe, near York, at 10ga. After the season, he was again put into training, and

At Pontefract, on Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1817, he won a Sweepstakes of 83l. for all ages, four miles, beating Mr. Yates's Gaudy, 3 yrs, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Dimmont, 5 yrs:—Even betting on Catton, 3 to 1 agst Gaudy, and 3 to 1 agst Dimmont.

The epitome of his victories shews us that he was successful in twenty-one contests, and gained one Stake by walking over, making twenty-two prizes, viz.:—

Twelve at York,  
Seven at Doncaster,  
Two at Newcastle, and  
One at Preston;

and it ought to be added, that he won fourteen of the above twenty-two Stakes in succession, uninterrupted by a single failure; in other ten races he sustained defeat. It has been before stated, that he was put to the stud in 1817 at Middlethorpe. In 1818 he was taken from the turf, and ever after was a public stallion, at the following places and prices:—

1818, at Middlethorpe, near York, 5igs.  
1819, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, 11ga.  
1820, at Middlethorpe, near York, 5igs.  
1821, at Brompton on Swale, York, 5igs.  
1822, }  
1823, } at Helperby, Yorkshire, 11ga.  
1824, }  
1825, }  
1826, at The Salutation, Doncaster, 11ga.  
1827, }  
1828, } at The Salutation, Doncaster, 16  
1829, } sovs.  
1830, }  
1831, } at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, 11  
1832, } sovs.  
1833, at Tickhill Castle, 11 sovs.

Of the merits of CATTON as a stallion little need be said. The performances of his progeny sufficiently shew his blood and qualities to be of an estimable sort; and in many future years the name of CATTON will, no doubt, be esteemed a valuable addition even to the best pedigrees, by breeders of judgment and experience.

The following is a list of the several winners of CATTON's got, shewing the year in which each was foaled, the number of prizes each has won, and the value of each horse's winnings:—

| <i>Year.</i> | <i>Name and Owner.</i>                                                                                                                        | <i>Prizes.</i> | <i>Value.</i> |
|--------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1818         | Coronation, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                           | 1.....         | £220 10 0     |
| 1818         | Sandbeck, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                             | 3.....         | 892 10 0      |
| 1819         | Akarius, Mr. Claridge's .....                                                                                                                 | 2.....         | 210 0 0       |
|              | Swap, Mr. T. O. Powlett's .....                                                                                                               | 7.....         | 1302 0 0      |
|              | Brown Filly, dam by Oberon, Mr. Smallwood's .....                                                                                             | 1.....         | 34 13 0       |
|              | Fair Charlotte, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                       | 7.....         | 1323 15 0     |
|              | Regalia, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                              | 4.....         | 803 10 0      |
| 1820         | Panmure, Mr. Maule's .....                                                                                                                    | 10.....        | 890 0 0       |
|              | Scarbrough, Duke of Rutland's .....                                                                                                           | 5.....         | 556 0 0       |
|              | Basbful, Mr. Shackell's .....                                                                                                                 | 1.....         | 105 0 0       |
| 1821         | Diadem, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                               | 2.....         | 445 0 0       |
|              | Luta, Sir D. Moncrieffe's .....                                                                                                               | 1.....         | 50 0 0        |
| 1822         | Vitula, Mr. T. Robinson's .....                                                                                                               | 4.....         | 230 0 0       |
|              | Homer, Colonel Cradock's .....                                                                                                                | 3.....         | 625 5 0       |
|              | Countess, Mr. J. Robinson's .....                                                                                                             | 4.....         | 262 0 0       |
|              | Chestnut Filly out of Sister to Rosette (died in 1825), Mr. W. Powlett's .....                                                                | 2.....         | 95 0 0        |
|              | Congeon, Mr. Bartley's .....                                                                                                                  | 5.....         | 246 12 0      |
|              | Bucephalus, Mr. Alderson's .....                                                                                                              | 2.....         | 202 15 0      |
| 1823         | King Catton, Lord Kennedy's .....                                                                                                             | 1.....         | 675 0 0       |
|              | Missey, Mr. Petre's .....                                                                                                                     | 3.....         | 585 0 0       |
|              | Pasta, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                                | 2.....         | 182 0 0       |
|              | Tarrare, Lord Scarbrough's (including the Doncaster St. Leger) .....                                                                          | 3.....         | 2657 10 0     |
|              | Grecian Queen, Mr. Rolling's .....                                                                                                            | 4.....         | 768 0 0       |
|              | Cromarty, Mr. Farquharson's—(besides the Philworth Stake at Aberdeen in 1828, and a Purse, the value of which has not been made public) ..... | 18.....        | 940 0 0       |
|              | Chestnut Filly out of Altisidora, Mr. Watt's .....                                                                                            | 3.....         | 780 0 0       |
|              | Cream (first called Jessamine), Mr. Harrison's .....                                                                                          | 1.....         | 50 0 0        |
|              | Lady Georgiana, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                       | 6.....         | 1063 6 8      |
|              | Royal Oak (afterwards Mr. Catton), Mr. Harrison's .....                                                                                       | 11.....        | 998 0 0       |
|              | Mulatto, Lord Fitzwilliam's .....                                                                                                             | 11.....        | 1630 0 0      |
|              | True Blue, Mr. Loftus's .....                                                                                                                 | 1.....         | 350 0 0       |
|              | Truth, Mr. Croft's .....                                                                                                                      | 6.....         | 541 17 0      |
|              | Bay Colt out of Little-go, Mr. F. Quarton's .....                                                                                             | 1.....         | 50 0 0        |
|              | Miss Horner, Mr. Francis .....                                                                                                                | 1.....         | 105 0 0       |
|              | Marchioness, Mr. Wilkinson's .....                                                                                                            | 1.....         | 40 0 0        |
|              | Sir Catton, Mr. Hudson's .....                                                                                                                | 2.....         | 50 0 0        |
|              | Judy, Nicholson, Mr. Hobson's .....                                                                                                           | 2.....         | 154 2 0       |
| 1824         | Nonplus, Hon. E. R. Petre's .....                                                                                                             | 5.....         | 1225 10 0     |
|              | Bay Colt out of Maid of Lorn, Sir T. Stanley's .....                                                                                          | 1.....         | 50 0 0        |
|              | Scarbrough (Brother to Pasta), Lord Scarbrough's, afterwards Mr. Houldsworth's .....                                                          | 2.....         | 180 0 0       |
|              | Borderer, Duke of Richmond's .....                                                                                                            | 2.....         | 110 0 0       |
|              | Effie, Sir W. Wynn's .....                                                                                                                    | 9.....         | 761 0 0       |
|              | Inglemere, Lord Mountcharles's .....                                                                                                          | 5.....         | 240 0 0       |
|              | Joceline, Sir T. Stanley's .....                                                                                                              | 11.....        | 1450 0 0      |
|              | Sillery, Mr. Jada's .....                                                                                                                     | 1.....         | 50 0 0        |
|              | Sister to Tarrare, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                    | 2.....         | 155 0 0       |
|              | Brenda, Mr. Dunn's .....                                                                                                                      | 5.....         | 271 0 0       |
|              | Kit Cat, Lord Fitzwilliam's .....                                                                                                             | 2.....         | 130 0 0       |
| 1825         | Cambridge, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                            | 6.....         | 948 0 0       |
|              | Coronet, Lord Mountcharles's (and the Dinner Stakes at Dorchester, the value of which was not made public) .....                              | 28.....        | 2398 10 0     |
|              | Prima Donna, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                          | 1.....         | 100 0 0       |
|              | Milkmaid, Mr. Kittle's .....                                                                                                                  | 1.....         | 150 0 0       |
| 1826         | Cistercian, Lord Scarbrough's (including half of the Doncaster Stake—divided after a dead heat) .....                                         | 5½.....        | 485 0 0       |
|              | Caillus, Mr. Shipley's .....                                                                                                                  | 2.....         | 95 0 0        |
| 1827         | Carolan, Lord Scarbrough's .....                                                                                                              | 5.....         | 680 0 0       |

| Year.         | Name and Owner.                                      | Prises. | Value.   |
|---------------|------------------------------------------------------|---------|----------|
| 1827          | Chancellor, Lord Scarbrough's .....                  | 1.....  | 325 0 0  |
|               | Rolla, Mr. Palin's .....                             | 3.....  | 136 0 0  |
| 1828          | Gallopade, Colonel King's .....                      | 1.....  | 60 0 0   |
|               | Bay Filly out of Dulcinea, Lord Exeter's .....       | 2.....  | 190 0 0  |
|               | Diana, Mr. Gascoigne's .....                         | 12..... | 1525 0 0 |
|               | Butcher Boy, Mr. Broomhead's .....                   | 4.....  | 213 0 0  |
|               | Contest, Mr. Houldsworth's .....                     | 10..... | 1050 0 0 |
|               | Ossian, Colonel Cradock's .....                      | 3.....  | 855 0 0  |
|               | Clarion, Brother to Tarrare, Lord Scarbrough's ..... | 4.....  | 315 0 0  |
|               | Isabel, Mr. Gascoigne's .....                        | 4.....  | 220 0 0  |
|               | Peru, Mr. Whitworth's .....                          | 3.....  | 175 0 0  |
|               | Sally Mags, Mr. Cooke's .....                        | 1.....  | 50 0 0   |
| 1829          | Bassetlaw, Lord Mountcharles's .....                 | 6.....  | 430 0 0  |
|               | Carlton, Mr. Muscroft's .....                        | 4.....  | 200 0 0  |
|               | Lady Barbara, Hon. E. Petre's .....                  | 2.....  | 160 0 0  |
|               | Minster, Lord Mountcharles's .....                   | 7.....  | 485 0 0  |
|               | Sister to Cistercian, Mr. Hall's .....               | 1.....  | 50 0 0   |
|               | Beauty, Mr. Beardsworth's .....                      | 2.....  | 135 0 0  |
|               | Blyth, Lord Mountcharles's .....                     | 2.....  | 150 0 0  |
|               | Catlap, Mr. Burton's .....                           | 5.....  | 160 0 0  |
|               | David, Mr. Houldsworth's .....                       | 5.....  | 495 0 0  |
|               | Mixbury, Mr. Batson's .....                          | 2.....  | 1375 0 3 |
|               | Trustee, Lord Cleveland's .....                      | 4.....  | 1350 0 0 |
|               | Wastrel, Sir J. Hilton's .....                       | 1.....  | 100 0 0  |
|               | Eaton Nun, Mr. Burton's .....                        | 3.....  | 140 0 0  |
| 1830          | Lady Charlotte, Mr. Spalding's .....                 | 8.....  | 465 0 0  |
|               | Anne, Mr. Walker's .....                             | 2.....  | 190 0 0  |
|               | Brother to Homer, Colonel Cradock's .....            | 1.....  | 50 0 0   |
|               | Brown Colt out of Twatty, Mr. Cooper's .....         | 1.....  | 50 0 0   |
| Year unknown— | Legacy—Mr. Jones's .....                             | 1.....  | 50 0 0   |
|               | Brown Mare, Mr. Pearson's .....                      | 1.....  | 35 0 0   |

Although there are as yet but few Catton mares in the stud farms of the British breeders, he is the sire of the dams of Windcliffe, Kilnockey, Falconbridge, &c. &c. The foregoing list gives indisputable proof of the worth of this esteemed horse, and more particularly so when it is taken into consideration that his late revered owner never placed him in a situation or under the management of any who by their influence could aid in procuring him those advantages which other horses with far less claims repeatedly were possessed of. Indeed, from his being first placed in the Stud Farm to the day of his death, he might be said to be left to fight his own battle for fame—his honorable and worthy owner, as is well known, always preferring the honour of superiority to the grovelling and selfish consideration of profit. His steed, as all who knew him know, was his favorite and his pride; and when he was called on to pay the debt of Mortality ALL THE STOCK,

save our favorite CATTON, was brought under Mr. Tattersall's hammer at York: he, as an old servant, was retained in the family, being given by the Countess to the Hon. Frederick Lumley, of Tickhill Castle, near Bawtry, a relative of the family, where the horse stood last season, and where he was purposed to be placed again; but a large swelling or substance some short time since made its appearance below his jawl, to which, after several ineffectual experiments, it was deemed expedient to place a rowel, which also proved of no benefit: the substance eventually got larger and worse, and finally caused his decease on the 24th December 1833, in the 24th year of his age.—Thus ended the life of CATTON, a horse, which, whether we regard him as a racer or a stallion, we must award to him the title of Excellent.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER,  
Edinburgh, Jan. 16, 1834.

## SHROPSHIRE HARRIERS.

SIR,

AS an old subscriber to your most valuable Magazine (for valuable it really is to every man with any of the old English spirit), I hope I may not be considered intrusive, if, instead of singing the praises of Melton Mowbray, the Shropshire Hunt, *et hoc genus omne*—though, by the bye, the latter is not to be put in comparison with the former—I should say a few words in praise of the two packs of Harriers belonging to William Pinches, Esq. of Tickledon, and Thomas Beddoes, Esq. of Longueville Castle.

On Friday morning the 20th of December 1833, the two packs met at Stanway Gorse, having received information from Rd. Wainwright, Esq. of Stanway (of whom more anon), that two or three foxes had been on rather friendly terms with his poultry. The morning was not very propitious, a considerable quantity of snow having fallen the previous night, and consequently the field, though never large on these occasions, on this was rather select, not mustering more than five and twenty horsemen.

About five minutes before ten the dogs were turned into the gorse, and in a few minutes unkenelled a fox—reynard going away from the gorse in greyhound style, never stopping to measure his fences, but, like “the Hero of Waterloo,” taking the field, setting “the hazard on a die,” at a slapping pace, through the Edge Wood to Kenley-Acton Burnell, back again to Tickwood, close to the domain of Dr. Forrester, and across the open coun-

try to Cresnige Park, where he was run in to in gallant style by these little *canaille*.

I was rejoiced to meet at the covert side Richard Wainwright, Esq. of Stanway, whose motto ought to be that of one of our regiments, the number of which I forget, “*Pristina gloria memores*,” for there the old Gentleman was, as in “days of auld lang syne,” in at the death. He is now, however, gradually retiring from the chase; and although he does not follow in the field so arduously as in former days, still the heart is wrapped up in its joys; and when the cares and toils of the day are gone by, he recounts feats of other days at the fire-side, over walnuts and wine, almost with the wonted hilarity of youth. I cannot omit mentioning his nephew, Mr. William Wainwright, of Hungerford, who throughout the day, in a very difficult close heavy country, found no competitor, although several good ones were out, except Thomas Beddoes, Esq. of Longueville. No fence could arrest the career of either of these Gentlemen; and the performance of Mr. Wainwright's celebrated mare on this occasion elicited universal admiration. At the last fence the animal received some injury, but the worthy owner having called in the assistance of the Shropshire Sporting Veterinarian, she was speedily restored.

Of Mr. Richard Wainwright, of Stanway, as an old sportsman, too much cannot be said. Owning a large tract of country, well stocked with game, he would, I

believe, *sur le champ* disinherited either of his sons who allowed a fox to be shot on the estate—a practice since the passing of the late Game Laws too openly tolerated by country gentlemen. The Shropshire hounds now seldom visit this country; but when Sir Edward Smith was in

his hey-day, Mr. Wainwright's was one of the most celebrated coverts, and the hospitality of the owner never flagged.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant and well-wisher,

MARCELLUS.

Church Stretton, Shropshire,  
Jan. 8, 1834.

## NOON DAY IN REPLY TO EARL BELFAST AND "J. B. G."

SIR,

**T**HE denunciation of "J. B. G." in your Number for last month against poaching and poachers, is of too flimsy a texture to blind any of your readers—its clear and palpable object being to point out to the lower orders how easily Mr. Ward might be robbed of his pheasants: and indeed he has reason to congratulate himself upon the success of his suggestion, as I understand that some of our John Clods and Richard Hods (as he is pleased to call them) have actually taken his kind hints, and visited Sussex in order to perfect themselves at head-quarters in the *mysteries of pheasant hinging*: so we no longer perceive "pheasants coming down to the very river side to beg to be shot at," which "J. B. G." assures us was their usual occupation in November. He says, however, that he will compound with Mr. Ward if he will only give him a *good road* from the Club House along the shore to Egypt.

Now, without adverting to the suspicion with which any suggestion coming from "J. B. G." should be viewed by Mr. Ward, I shall merely point out that if this one were followed, the *greatest* inducement would be withdrawn

Sum Hill, West Cowes, January 22, 1834.

from those families which usually make Cowes their summer residence.

At present the ladies and their children have about two miles of beach, where they can wander in *quiet security* in search of health and recreation, the ever-varying solent flowing at their feet, bearing on its bosom numerous outward or homeward bound vessels, while, to enhance the scene, perhaps their own little yacht heaves to in the offing, and sends a boat to take them on board. If a road be made near to this sacred spot, who will trust their *heart's best treasures* to the risks of being run over by restive or runaway horses, or some cigar-smoking tandem-driving dandy?

I now turn to your Number for this month, where I not only find my old friend "J. B. G." in all his glory, but a new and unexpected opponent, in no less a personage than the Earl of Belfast. Whatever intention his Lordship may have for thus entering the lists, I do not quite clearly understand; but its natural effect would, under ordinary circumstances, be to cause a diversion in favour of "J. B. G." I therefore beg his Lordship to

remark, that this contest has not been of my seeking: and as I never insinuated or suspected him of being the anonymous slanderer who signs himself "J. B. G." his Lordship's friends will have to regret that he has thought fit to appropriate any portion of the cap which was so curiously designed to fit another. His Lordship calls me illiberal, because I attribute the breaking of two anchors at Cherbourg to the *much-vaunted* bows of the Water Witch: but surely the Vice-Commodore of the ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON has not now to learn, that in nine cases out of ten the reason why some vessels ride so much *heavier* at their anchors than others, is entirely owing to the fault of their bows, *and to that alone*: and as "J. B. G." tells us the Water Witch is the exact model of the Louisa, only enlarged, it must be obvious that to put a *second mast* into a form originally calculated to carry *only one*, the foremast *must* press too heavily on the bow of any cutter, for which no raking aft can effectually compensate, and nothing but lengthening will *radically correct*. Before taking leave of his Lordship, let me suggest the propriety of his re-perusing the Letters of "J. B. G." from No. I. to No. VII. inclusive, when he may possibly arrive at the conclusion, that whatever the merits or demerits of the Water Witch may be, her most effective enemy is "J. B. G.," who, thinking to ingratiate himself with and toady her owner, has not been content with representing her as

"A faultless monster which the world  
ne'er saw,"

but took those occasions to spurt forth his sweltering venom on all

around, extracting from Mr. Well two letters in defence of the Alarm; two also from Mr. Gower, defending the Albatross; and if others have not acted similarly, it has not been *from want of ample provocation*—as witness the allusions in your Number for this month to Mr. J. Lyon, and the vessel he is now building at Fish-house. I turn therefore to him with more than usual satisfaction; and as he challenges me to take my choice of the Pantaloon or Serpent, I gladly assent; and, lest he should feel disappointed, will grapple with him on both.

The Water Witch with a picked crew, and commanded by an excellent seaman (a Naval Officer resident here), arrived in Falmouth Harbour some days before the Pantaloon was expected to sail for Lisbon with despatches; and as her declared object and express purpose was to beat the Pantaloon, much anxiety was naturally felt by all her well-wishers for the result. But what was that result? The Pantaloon *did reach Lisbon*, and delivered her despatches; while her opponent never got farther than Cape Finisterre, where she gave up the attempt, and returned here to be dismantled: subsequent to which, a flourishing account of *her success*, as usual, appeared in the newspapers. Now, Sir, your readers will be apt to conclude, that *had it been possible* for the Water Witch to have reached Lisbon *before the Pantaloon*, she would not have given up the race after crossing the Bay of Biscay.—The Serpent, when attacked by the Water Witch, was tide-ing it down to Lymington under easy sail, and for a long time quite unconscious that any

vessel could be trying to race with her, loaded as she was with stores, &c. &c. for an *absence of three years* on a foreign station. If this can be called a race, I shall expect to hear the Jockey Club have decided thirty stone to be equal to a feather.

Another instance claimed by "J. B. G." of the superiority of the Water Witch over Captain Symonds, is on the occasion of the Duchess of Kent and the Heiress to the Throne embarking in the Vestal for a morning's amusement!! This was choosing an opportunity with a vengeance, and renders comment superfluous: but is it not certain, that ever since the unfortunate race to Lisbon, the Water Witch has *never sought an antagonist outside of the Isle of Wight* in any vessel built by Captain Symonds? Had she done so, would Lord Yarborough's Falcon and Lord Vernon's Harlequin have been the only yachts that joined the Experimental Squadron assembled at Plymouth last September? The Harlequin was built by Capt. Symonds; but "J.B.G." is such a funny rogue, that I must quote his own words on the result of some of the trials in which he asserts the advantage to be in favour of that vessel. "The superiority of the Harlequin, I should say here, is *accounted for* by her being of the same *breed and build as Lord Belfast's* beautiful vessel; and to *this honour* there is no one who will *dispute her right*, who has at any time seen the bows of the two vessels!!" A Yankee would exclaim, Well, that passes! But this, alas! was written while "J.B.G." thought himself the

Bull in the China Shop; but no sooner does he discover his mistake, than he makes the most *desperately ludicrous attempt* to explain it to be a *verbal error*, that, should any of your readers be desirous of a hearty laugh, pray advise them to turn the P. S. page 262, in your last Number, and I will insure them from disappointment.

"J. B. G." dares me to *produce an order* for His Majesty's cutter Sylvia to take charge of the little Emily. Can he seriously wish to see printed at full length the name of the Officer who went on board and took charge of her, accompanied by various seamen who were at the time in the service of His Majesty? Will nothing but their numbers on the ship's books satisfy him? I sincerely rejoice to perceive that the Lieutenant who did then command the Sylvia has been appointed to another and a better vessel.

"J. B. G." publishes a list of the various yachts launched by his favorite builder in order to shew the repute in which he is held by Members of the R. Y. S. I shall take the liberty of analysing the said list, as I perceive certain Revenue cutters and the *Trinity Corporation* (who I hope will not be angry with me for extracting them from so much good company, notwithstanding they may have entered it by a *mistake*) have crept into the places to which they can have no claim. Nine will still remain to be disposed of, and your readers will perceive that *seven of them were built for one family*—namely, the Earl of Belfast, or his father the Marquis of Donegal!

| <i>Names of Yachts.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Built For</i>     | <i>Sold To</i>                                                                  |
|-------------------------|--------------|----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Water Witch.....        | 331          | The Earl of Belfast. | The Earl Durham.<br>Earl of Chesterfield.<br>Mr. J. Mills.<br>Capt. G. Pechell. |
| Louisa.....             | 164          |                      |                                                                                 |
| Theresa.....            | 131          |                      |                                                                                 |
| Harriet.....            | 98           |                      |                                                                                 |
| Emily.....              | 33           | The Marquis Donegal. | To a Pilot.<br>Out of the Club.<br>Marquis of Waterford.                        |
| Caroline.....           | 49           |                      |                                                                                 |
| Zoe.....                | 33           |                      |                                                                                 |
| Dream.....              | 66           | Mr. Campbell.        |                                                                                 |
| Gem.....                | 124          | Mr. Brett.           |                                                                                 |

I thought I might venture to close this letter here ; but upon looking back to ascertain whether I had omitted any material point on which " J. B. G." desired information, I have discovered that the Gentleman has been all this time in a passion ! Bless me, a downright fury ! Eel-skinning having become *alternate*, has ceased to be to him a *pleasant* pastime. I shall not therefore (as he promises good behaviour) trouble him with any documents, and shall only glance at the abortive attempt made last summer to procure the signature of Sir Francis Collier to a paper on the subject of certain races in which the Vernon was concerned ; and for everything I have said relative to the Falcon and Vestal, and their bows, Lord Yarborough is MY AUTHORITY. His Lordship has shewn to at least one hundred persons the diagram, as drawn by Mr. Fincham, of the Falcon bow AS IT IS, and AS IT IS TO BE when assimilated to the *Vestal*.

I am not conscious of ever having made any attack whatsoever upon Mr. Joseph White ; but as " J. B. G." informs me that "*he never escapes my malignant and envious attacks*," I shall at once beg his pardon : and, as I really wish him success, it would delight me to hear that a portion of the gift of Midas was accorded to him, and all his paper at least turned into gold.

And now, Sir, farewell !—a last, a long farewell ! Having taken up the pen for purposes purely defensive, that object being accomplished, I shall retire with " J. B. G." into that obscurity which best befits us both : and as he so pathetically takes leave of the audience with the assurance that his communications from Cowes were sent *alone* to afford *amusement* and information, I also make my bow, and assure the public, with equal truth, that my efforts have been solely directed to a similar purpose, and I sincerely hope our united exertions have not been entirely unsuccessful. I cannot, however, quit the stage without expressing my gratitude to " J. B. G." for the correction he has inflicted upon my style. I am fully aware of its inferiority ; but, judging from the specimen before me, how few, alas ! can ever hope to attain either the elegance or classical purity of his own ! I shall, therefore, as we are about to part for ever, give him one little bit of sound advice, which is—that should he ever at any future period feel particularly disposed to give vent to his besetting infirmity, and dip his pen in gall, let him pause, and beware lest he catch a Tartar.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The late gales have filled our harbour with what are

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# THE EARTH STOPPER.

By J. M. P. Smith. With 1. Colours. London, 1877.

**technically** denominated **Lame Ducks**, which, being translated, means vessels either dismantled or otherwise seriously damaged; so our shipwrights have full employment.

There is nothing new in the yacht line, except a little schooner building in Ratsey's yard for Mr. Olive, on the reduced lines of a Yankee clipper: there is also the embryo of a very large vessel, but for whom intended is still a secret.

I was on the point of closing this, and sending it off, when the offer of Lord Belfast to wager 200l. upon the Water Witch caught my eye. It is but little to the purpose whether I have or whether I have not any character, as his Lordship must be fully aware, that so long as his proposition is adhered to, in its present form, his money will remain perfectly safe, for the following reasons: neither Lord Yarborough nor Lord Vernon are betting ~~zen~~; I have no yacht of the requisite description, and I fear their Lordships at the Admiralty will not be inclined to place any

of Captain Symonds' brigs at my disposal for such a purpose. But as his Lordship, as well as "J.B.G." seems to be thoroughly convinced that the bad success of the Water Witch in the race for His Majesty's Cup was *entirely* owing to *short tacks* and *slack water*, will he permit me to open his proposition to vessels of *all rigs and sizes*? by which I think I can *ensure* him a race, and a sporting one it will be. Let the course be to or round the Island of Madeira, and home! and, to prevent vessels being sent to sea in an *unfit state*, let it be *imperative* on every owner to go in his own. This, Sir, I think, is a fair proposal; and, to make the excursion agreeable, let there be an understanding that each vessel *must* remain three or five days, counted from the moment she anchors at the Island Metropolis; and further, to insure *that the best vessel shall win*, I propose the first of November as the day to start.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

NOON DAY.

### THE EARTH STOPPER.

Engraved by H. R. COOK from a Portrait by F. C. TURNER.

**THE** subject of this Picture is a faithful portrait of Old WILL NORRIS, of Pelham, the well-known Earth-stopper of the East Kent Fox-hounds, which appointment he has held for *thirty-six years!* and still continues to follow his vocation. He is sitting with his two celebrated Terriers at Hooker's Borrows, a much-frequented earth on the West Cliff, near Hythe.

"Who, that attends the East Kent Hounds, does not know WILL NORRIS? (says one of our Correspondents in our fourth Volume, *Second Series*, p. 292). Tough, bony, hard as iron, no day too long for him, he will tire many a youngster; he is the worthy Earth-stopper, and whenever he himself is *stopped* in, in vain shall we look for another to equal him."

## INOCULATING DOGS FOR DISTEMPER.

SIR,

IF you consider the following remarks worthy of a space in your useful and amusing periodical, I shall deem it an honor to contribute in the least degree to a work that all admire. You must know, Mr. Editor, that I am rather an extensive breeder of dogs, and quite of the Old School. I laughed, therefore, at the new-fashioned idea of inoculating dogs for the Distemper: but I was at last persuaded to try it, and I must confess that I found it perfectly succeed. I had two Newfoundland puppies, born October 1832. At the age of three months I inoculated them on the inside of their fore-leg with cow-pock virus,

having obtained the matter from London on purpose. About three months after, one of the puppies became very much swollen all over his body and legs, and his teeth were much cankered. I gave him doses of aloes for about a month: the swelling completely went down, and the teeth shifted quite white, and he is now a first-rate water-dog and retriever. The other puppy was never affected in the least degree.

They are both now in perfect health, and have never had the least touch of Distemper.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MASTIFF.

The Kennel, Jan. 8, 1834.

\* \* We insert this article at the request of the writer, but take leave to refer him to our remarks on the subject in reply to TOM TIP-TOE on a similar mode of preventing Distemper in Dogs, in our last July Number, p. 280. However confident MASTIFF may be in the success of his experiment to the present time, we still continue of the same opinion as there expressed by Mr. Youatt; but if even no symptoms of the disease should ever appear in these dogs, let him recollect "one swallow does not make a summer."—ED.

## HOUNDS AND HUNTING—BY DASHWOOD.

(Continued from p. 288 of the present Number.)

HAVING gained permission to draw Coker Wood (I am in the secret of the reason why), Mr. Tatchell, I am delighted to say, had on Thursday week a very good hour and twenty minutes with one of Mr. Farquharson's foxes, and ran in to him in most handsome style; and on the Saturday afterwards, after a lively forty minutes (I believe from Kingsdon), again turned up the villain in a highly satisfactory finish. He has had also a number of long runs across the country, but sheer want of scent has almost from the very commencement been his besetting misery. Let us hope, however, that the tide has now turned, and that "The Somerset Vale" will

have that conclusion of their season which all who know their gallant head must sincerely wish him! As I shall be in his neighbourhood in the course of a few days, I shall be fortunate enough, I hope, to witness more than one affair with him that may be worthy of being recorded.

And now for a few words as to the scut and currant-jelly boat; and first and foremost as regards that most superior and killing pack the B. V. H. On Friday the 10th, I witnessed with them perhaps the finest and most extraordinary day's sport that ever fell to the lot of harriers; and I beg to give the following circumstantial detail of it, in order that sceptics may

take down Mudge's Ordnance Map, and, tracing the progress of the two runs recorded with their compasses, make out for themselves the distance covered, and then say if I have exaggerated. I will premise only that in the last run the hounds could not have traversed less than *sixteen or seventeen miles*, and were left for the night under the care of the whipper-in at the village of Bourton, or West Bourton:—

“The Blackmoor Vale Harriers met on Friday the 10th January, at Stalbridge Park Gate, and immediately found their hare by the walk; going away at the top of their speed across the Stalbridge Vale for Henstridge, and on by Stalbridge Park to Toomer, topping the wall there for Caundle Brake, and passing the village of Purse Caundle for Hanover Wood, through the corner of which they let themselves down, and made their way to Milborne Moor, crossing the river for Pinford, and racing their hare in view into Lord Digby's preserves at Crackmoor, where they were stopped at the end of a splendid burst of fifty-five minutes without a turn, having measured a good six miles of ground. A second hare was found near Stalbridge Town, with which they went away at their best pace across the Vale to Henstridge Marsh, crossing the Sherborne Turnpike for Nyland, and over the Bow Brook to Moon's Park, swimming the river Cale for the meadows under Kington Magna, and through that village to Buekhorn Weston, sinking the hill there for the finely extensive surface of the Wincanton Vale, leaving Horwood Well to the left, pointing for Stoke Trister, and away to Cucklington; climbing the hill near Mr. Phelps's Plantation, and on without a turn to West Bourton; their followers at this period of the chase, *from the increasing darkness of the evening*, being guided alone by the thrilling cry and deep-toned chiding of these gallant hounds, as they still pressed eagerly forward for the parish of Silton, where they ran from scent to view and killed, at the end of a run of two hours and forty-five minutes,

*having covered a good twelve miles of ground from point to point*, and having traversed seven several parishes in their way, and killed in the eighth. The severity of these two runs might be appreciated from the fact that out of twenty-four amateurs who graced the commencement, only four were up at the finish of this unprecedented chase!”

Pretty well this, I think, for animals, that, according to some people's ideas, hardly go in the course of the morning out of the same field, and never by any chance out of the parish! It is quite impossible, however, for any written account to impart an adequate conception of the stoutness of the B. V. hares, or the severity of the runs they give; the thing must be *seen* to be believed, and I shall therefore add no more. On the Tuesday following, the same hounds, after tiring down a brace and a half of hares in two hours and ten minutes, went away with a fourth at a tremendous pace, and wound her up in fifty-five minutes at Stourton Caundle, *without a turn*, over a splendid grassy vale in truly fox-hound style: and on the ensuing Friday, amidst storm and flood, and almost every possible difficulty of road and fallow, I saw them walk up to their hare at the end of an hour and a quarter in a manner that a lover of *hunting* would have gone miles on miles to have witnessed. Our finish was rather a singular and certainly a beautiful one. The whole pack ran from scent to view as their hare was tumbling into the river Stour (swollen to the full, I should say, by the flood that covered the whole Valley), and the leading bitch, little Tragedy, as good as she is handsome, made a dash at and caught her in the very centre of the stream, and single handed brought her safely on the bank in triumph. The state of the Vale, I may add, during my stay in it, was little short of awful!—every ditch a brook—every brook a roaring river—every river one wide sea, extending in some instances over miles of inundated country!

In the country adjoining the B. V. H.,

the Cadbury Harriers (Mr. Bennett's) have had, I understand a satisfactory season, and have killed their game in style. Totally distinct in character from their next-door neighbours (being of the light and airy sort, now so much sought after), they are very pleasing to the eye, and altogether as fine a pack of harriers, of that stamp, as any sportsman, fond of racing, could desire to have in his kennel. Few hares, I understand, can live before them much longer than forty minutes, and it must be a stout one that can even last so long; all which may be very well over the open downs or moors, but across the stiffly inclosed and highly scented Vale of Blackmoor, give me, say I, the lighter sort of well-bred Southern, who shall go quite fast enough to bring the best horse that ever saw Leicestershire to his senses at the expiration of a half-hour's burst.

Mr. Tredway's flyers also have had, I hear, a brilliant season's sport, and are as faultless in their symmetry as they are perfect in their performance. If my memory serves me correctly, they were purchased from Mr. Yeatman, and are formed principally of the celebrated Conock pack (for some time in his kennel) and his own beautiful quick "light and airies," which he relinquished when he took to the Southern: but be this as it may, Mr. Tredway has a splendid kennel of hounds, and has shewn a succession of very capital sport this season with them.

Mr. Harding's M. H. or Mountain Harriers go on much as usual; but I do earnestly hope the will relinquish the idea of hunting *Roe* with them; for if he does not, he will spoil his very *unique* and pretty pack to a moral certainty of defeat and misery. Let harriers be harriers in the name of Diana, and stick to the game alone that can be legitimately said to belong to them!

On my road homewards I heard of an excellent run with Mr. Horlock's hounds in the neighbourhood of Bath during the last ten days; but unfortunately I have crossed the letter which, I know, gives me an account

of his season; and also that of Mr. Smith, and the Craven, and which in all probability contains the details of the day in question. From what I could learn, however, in the West, Mr. H., I fear, has not on the whole had too brilliant a season. Mr. Smith, I was told, had been more successful, and though his foxes had run stoutly, he could shew a handsome lot of noses on his kennel door, considering that Christmas was only just over. What the Craven have been doing, I cannot even give a guess at, but shall have an abundance to say about them, and other packs in their neighbourhood, when I again address you.

Mr. King (of the Hambledon) has had, I am rejoiced to learn, a brilliant season's sport; and his beautiful bitches (my readers are aware that he now will not keep a dog-hound in his kennel) have carried everything before them; and, as ladies ought always to be, are completely irresistible. To give my readers some idea of their exploits, I can tell them that from the 1st of November to the 22d December, they hunted twenty-three days, and accounted for twenty-four foxes, killing seventeen and earthing seven, and up to that period had killed altogether fourteen brace, and ran five and a half to ground. Not bad work this, I think, for Hampshire, which, though Mr. King's is the best part of it, never stood high even amongst the provincials as a country favorable for fox-hunting!

In an account which I gave last year of Mr. Tatchell, I mentioned the circumstance of Mr. King's drafting all his dogs, and ventured to say that I thought he would find his error; and though the above account would seem to make me in error, rather than him, I yet adhere to my opinion, and think in the long run that he will find it a mistaken idea. I put the question, not long ago, to one of the acknowledged best practical sportsmen of the present day, and was not a little proud to find that his doctrine on the subject exactly squared and tallied with my own, which, as I have already given on the occasion alluded to, I

will not here reprint, but simply say, that, whether with dogs or bitches, I earnestly hope that Mr. King will have a fitting finish to so glorious a beginning. I may here remark, however, as a singular fact, that, some years ago, at a period during which Mr. Nicoll's dog-hounds could do nothing, whilst his ladies never missed their fox, Mr. Villebeis's small pack were out of blood for weeks, though his dogs never found their game without either killing or earthing him!

Up to a certain period Mr. Wyndham had done tolerably well in the New Forest, and had killed a fair share of foxes: for the last few weeks, however, I am sorry to hear, he has not been so successful, and his hounds have been a good deal out of blood. Judging by what he can afford to draft to Mr. Portman, he must have a magnificent pack indeed within the walls of his kennel: it is well known, however, that he is the strictest martinet in the whole world as to his hounds' behaviour; and what in the eyes of most other Masters would be only the natural dash and vivacity of the foxhound, is with him quite sufficient for an immediate *mittimus* to the establishment of some neighbour. Mr. Wyndham is the only man who has completely triumphed over the lameness that up to the period of his taking the New Forest plagued and persecuted every one who condemned his hounds to hunt it; and being fortunate enough to discover that the mineral properties of the water at the old kennel constituted the cause alone of the mischief, by a very simple process—namely, that of moving his quarters elsewhere—has eradicated the curse *in toto*; and he now knows not what it is to have an unsound hound, whilst his predecessors could not reckon from one day to another on more than half their pack being fit for active service!

Mr. Codrington has done as well as the vile nature of his country will permit him; though anything in the shape of a vein of sport must be considered as quite hopeless in his enormous and overgrown woodlands. Only imagine, gentle reader, two huge fo-

rests—one of two thousand five hundred acres, the other of three thousand—separated by about three miles of open! This is positively his almost only scene of action, and the sole alternation of his appointments is from the eastern to the western extremity of these barbarous back settlements—Grovely on Tuesday, Great Ridge on Friday. Such is the unvarying tenor of his advertisements, that have positively become so monotonous, that if he pays for their insertion it is a culpable waste of money. All that a stranger has to do, if he does not hear the hounds in one woodland, is to ride point blank to the other, and to a certainty he will be let in. Mr. Codrington's hounds are, as they ever have been, and ever will be in the hands of so good a judge, a most efficient and live-hunting pack; and it is really painful to think they should be condemned to hide themselves in this iniquitous corner, to hunt which in another world, would, one would imagine, form a fitting punishment for all sportsmen who had done amiss in this.

In Gloucestershire I hear they complain sadly of the badness of their foxes; and though Lord Seagrave has killed, I fancy, even more than his usual number, there have been but few things (one capital run excepted) that have called the powers of the Cheltenham Tailor into exertion. My last accounts, too, from the Duke of Beaufort do not contain anything very brilliant: I have no reason, however, to believe but that his country is full of foxes (they found three if not four at Dyrham Park the other day), and it is to be hoped that matters will mend now that we have turned the corner of Christmas.

Lord Radnor is still shewing a highly satisfactory season's sport in Berkshire; and since I last wrote Mr. Drake has had some runs, which, if not first rate, are at least average both as to length and pace. Will Todd, the Noble Lord's huntsman, I hear, is rising rapidly in his profession, and more than justifies the good opinion which his late master, the *Blue Duke*, entertained of his abilities. It was, I fancy,

a matter of not a little nicety whether he or Will Long should succeed old Philip as huntsman.

The Warwickshire have had a capital season, and are going steadily on in an almost uninterrupted vein of sport; and this is the more to be rejoiced at, inasmuch as attempts have been made more than once to run down the establishment, for what purpose I leave the authors of the attacks themselves to name. I must add, however, that something was whispered to me a short time since about *want of condition*, and hounds being not only blown, but *beat*, in a run of somewhat above an hour; and if this be true, no huntsman in England can find an excuse for it, unless he is compelled to feed with bad meal, which I am far from insinuating, be it plainly understood, to be the case in the kennel to which I am alluding. May I request my kind Correspondent again to write to me when perfectly convenient to him, and to accept my best thanks for his attention up to the present moment!

Mr. Milbank seems determined to rival the best days and the proudest exploits of his father-in-law, the Duke of Cleveland, when, speaking *agriculturally*, in happier times for Yorkshire, the very name of "Lord Darlington's Fox-hounds" used to send a thrill at the market table to the heart of every jolly yeoman who heard the words pronounced, and acted on anticipation and recollection very much in the fashion of an electric shock. Surely that *Dukedom* has been bought dearly, if its price has been the abdication of the sceptre wielded by the *Earl*! To return, however, to "The Bedale" pack, Mr. Milbank is continuing to do wonders, considering the youth of his establishment; and, since I last addressed you, has gone on as he began, and had some brilliant runs (one in particular, in the first week of this month, over a country that I cannot say I recollect, turning up the traitor in magnificent style), and given the highest and most supreme satisfaction to the truly sporting district in which his lot is cast. Remembering well his gallant

bearing across a country, and remembering also his distinguished urbanity and kindness of manner when I was a complete stranger in Yorkshire, it rejoices me sincerely to read and hear the accounts of his success, that, I was almost going to say, I receive *daily* from twenty individuals that attend his hounds. He may be assured that he has no firmer or more hearty well-wisher than one of the "Scotch Foreigners" (as old Healey used to call a brace of us then stationed at Boroughbridge), whom he assisted out of Snape Myre Cut in the spring of 1821, on the day when the Tom Smith rode Lord Darlington's grey horse Ravenswood, and we ran in to our fox under Mr. Milbank's own windows at his seat at Thorpe. Long and long may this most promising and already celebrated pack continue to go on and prosper!

To jump from Yorkshire ale to London porter—I have no change to report as to the veteran Haigh and his good old "Surrey" pack: they still continue to "tread the even tenour of their way;" and if there is nothing about them superlatively brilliant to record, there is at least the satisfaction of saying that they need not shrink from comparing their log-books with those of any other pack in the immediate vicinity of Cobbett's Wen. The Surrey *Union*, Atkins told me the other morning, had lately been doing little or nothing.

The Vine Hounds, I hear, are decidedly to be given up at the end of the season; and if this be true, there is a capital sportsman to be had in the person of Adamson, who now hunts them, and whom I most strongly recommend to the notice of any Gentleman who may be in want of such a servant in his establishment, as an artist in his way that is not easily to be met with, and about whom a *quondam* Master of Fox-hounds the other day told me distinctly he had a higher opinion, and would sooner engage him than any man he knew of! The Vine's neighbour, Mr. Villebois, has had but a bad season hitherto, I fear, which all who know the establishment must be sorry for. Of this, however, MORE ANON.

It gives me great pleasure to say that Colonel George Wyndham's hounds are having *most unexpectedly* a very excellent season; and, to use his own words, "as good a season as he ever remembers to have had." I say *most unexpectedly*, as anything but satisfaction was anticipated both at its commencement and some time afterwards: there are such things, nevertheless, as agreeable disappointments in this life, and nothing can be sweeter to the county of Sussex at large, and the followers of this perfect pack in particular, than the very pleasant lie thus practically given to all forebodings about the Colonel's sport.

*The newspapers state that the East Sussex have lately had some brilliant and unprecedented runs!*

In this rainy and wretched season it would be naturally supposed that hares would run weak and foggy, as a matter of course: far different, however, has been the tale in every country from which I have received accounts of harriers up even to the present moment, when floods are out in every direction, and hares, if they cross the country at all, must have to swim for it for their lives.

For years and years indeed, whether on the open downs or in the low country, they have not been known to run either so straightly or so stoutly; and in this immediate neighbourhood it gives me pleasure to report that Mr. Richardson's quick and beautiful models of symmetry have shewn a succession of sport beyond all precedent in their fine hill country. During my absence in the West, I understand they had an affair or two that would not have disgraced, in any single circumstance, the best pack of fox-hounds in the country; and of which, perhaps, the most truly clipping was from Steep Down to the very hall door of Captain Pechell at Castle Goring, the hare being fairly turned from the extensive coverts of Clapham Wood, &c. &c.; in which, if there is one of her species, there is at least a *corps d'armée* of one hundred and fifty or two hundred brace! From my knowledge of

the country, I must pronounce this to have been quite an *ultra* thing for harriers, and the pace, I understand, was perfect, without a check up to the very finish.

With hardly one exception, every pack of fox-hounds north of the Tweed has had a season of superior sport; and I shall be enabled in my next letter to you to speak more at large of the "Land of the Thistle," and what has been doing in its various countries. Meantime I am delighted to inform you that the Duke of Buccleugh, to quote the letter of a friend, "has certainly had more good sport in succession, and killed more foxes in a fair and satisfactory way, than I ever remember (twenty-four brace in all, and twenty-two brace since the first of October). The fact is, the pack is composed mostly of hounds that have not exceeded their fourth season, and being, as usual, in most brilliant condition, and *angelically* hunted, as Lord Darlington used to say, they are more than a match for any fox, however stout, that has the temerity to cross their path. You would be delighted to see the quiet manner in which they are permitted to do their work; and their Master, though a young man, has not allowed himself to deviate into young practices about his hounds; nor has he listened, as too many in his situation would have done, to the new-fangled and fanciful notions now so widely afloat." All this, I need scarcely say, is, *to me*, far more than satisfactory, and I rejoice beyond description at the tribute paid, and paid so justly, to William Williamson, whom, I repeat, for the fiftieth time, I consider to be the first and most finished huntsman of all professors of the noble science. His hounds are just now finishing their work in the Home or Dalkeith country; and about the end of the month they will again be in Roxburghshire, which I suppose will hold them for the remainder of the season, and in which there is no doubt of their having a brilliant finish as the crowning ornament of their year's performances.

Lord Elcho's newly established

pack has, both in East Lothian and Berwickshire, achieved wonders, considering that this is his Lordship's first season, and that he did not begin till late. Since his huntsman, who came to him from Mr. Sebright's, broke his leg, he has himself taken the management of his hounds in the field, and acquitted himself, I understand, to admiration in the conduct of them, though not at all to the surprise of those who have known him for years to be as good a sportsman as he is a gallant rider. A first-rate judge writes to me in most glowing language in detail of several of his performances, and I wish my limits would allow me to transcribe some of his descriptions. Suffice it, however, to say, that in his Dunse country he has had a succession of sport of the very first water—not merely bursts and scurries of twenty minutes or half an hour, but really superior and brilliant runs across a country, which, if not unprecedented, have been at least most satisfactory, and have already raised this admirably, although infantile, establishment to an eminence in the Sporting World that many an older one must regard with

envy. In East Lothian, too, these hounds have been remarkably fortunate and successful; and I have heard of one day in particular, when a Yester fox very nearly floored the nags, by leading them a terrific dance across the severest part of the Lammermuirs, *and back*, when they unluckily changed to a fresh one almost at dark, and were obliged to whip off. There is no saying whether there is not in store for his Lordship a second edition of Mr. Hay's well-remembered run from Dunse Wood to Yester—at least eighteen miles as the raven would fly, from point to point, across the naked muirs!

For obvious reasons I shall not otherwise allude to the unpleasant bickerings, which, I fear, still prevail as to the line of demarcation between this pack and the Duke of Buccleuch's, than to express a fervent hope that all differences will be speedily and amicably arranged, and the only strife heard of be that of unceasing emulation to shew the best and most satisfactory season's sport.

DASHWOOD.

January 20, 1834.

#### A FEW LINES FROM *BURCOT* IN REPLY TO *THE YOUNG FORESTER*, AS TO MARPESSA, THE LATE LEGER, &c.

“Distrust the tale that ought not to be true.”—MASON.

SIR,

**I**T was with great pain, mingled also I must say with not a little surprise, that I observed in the very able letter of your talented Correspondent, *THE YOUNG FORESTER*, an insinuation thrown out against the owner of Marpessa in reference to his not starting that mare for the late Leger, and something almost tantamount to an assertion made, that the report of her being *amiss* at the moment was merely one of those racing *ruses* that now so frequently disgrace the Turf. It was with great pain, I repeat, on two accounts, that I perused this misrepresentation: in the first place, I lamented that so grievous and *groundless* a rumour should have been afloat, and received as truth, by any one, more especially by your gifted and highly influential Contributor; and in the second, I felt on the moment that I

had a truly unpleasant duty to perform, namely, that of entering the lists against a fellow labourer in the same vineyard, whom all must acknowledge to be, in his department, a most scientific and accomplished workman. *Knowing, however, what I do on the subject*, and having ventured the assertions which have already appeared in your pages about the mare's chance for the Great Yorkshire Race, I feel myself called on to disabuse him of his error; and I have only to hope that he will receive my remarks in the same spirit in which they are written, and give me credit for the sole motive that actuates me, which is purely that of putting the matter straight before the world.

I beg leave then to assure *THE YOUNG FORESTER* that Marpessa was *bona fide* *amiss* some days before the

Leger came off; and that the loose screw about her consisted of *severe cracked heels*, arising from the more than iron state of the Turf at the time, and to which each morning's exercise was of course adding a material aggravation. Surely then, however just may be the observation (and I fully admit its justice), that after he *has once been in the market*, a race-horse becomes partly public property, and that his owner has no right either capriciously or for his own interest to withdraw him from his engagements, it must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that under such circumstances no man out of a straight waistcoat would run the risk (amounting almost to a certainty) of utterly ruining a most valuable animal, by starting her, to please the public, for a race, which from her infirmity it was impossible she could win! The public in this case are bound to take the owner's word that the animal was unfit to run; and unless proof positive can be adduced in support of the allegation, it is a little hard, I must say, that, some three or four months afterwards, an *almost direct charge of falsehood and conspiracy* should be preferred against him. That such proof can never be brought forward, I am morally and most perfectly convinced, inasmuch as the plain and simple fact, much to Mr. Forth's annoyance, was as I have above stated, (and, I repeat, it was in consequence alone of her being dead amiss with cracked heels,) that Marpessa so prematurely left the Pigworth stables. I well know the "link of connection between the Marpessa and Rockingham parties," which THE YOUNG FORESTER alludes to: the fact, however, that the mare was unscrewed, of course renders null and void the imputation of conspiracy between them; and I shall therefore say no more on that subject, than to state boldly, that had his pet and darling continued in her form, no man nor set of men, either on or off the Turf, could for any "consideration" have persuaded Mr. Forth to draw her. If ever man had made up his mind to put the Leger in his pocket, it was the worthy veteran I have named: he appeared (to me at least) to be looking forward to the day on which it was to come off as the very climax and consummation of his existence; and it has been reported to me, that, one little fortnight previous, he observed to a friend, "if he won it he should die happy, having then carried off the great Northern race, as well as the Derby, Oaks, &c. &c. of the South." It must surely be not a little galling to a man entertaining such ideas, on taking up *The Sporting Magazine*, to find himself *all but accused of having deceived and plundered the public!*

All this, however, I am aware is mere assertion on my part, and can be at once demolished by any proof that THE

YOUNG FORESTER has it in his power to bring forward in support of his suspicions: proceed we therefore to deal with what he alleges as a reason why Marpessa "could not have been greatly amiss at Doncaster."—"She travelled," he says, "some 150 miles to Newmarket, and within a week or two afterwards beat the winner of the Oaks in a canter." Now, not to cavil at trifles, (than which nothing can be a better proof on all occasions of having the worst of the argument,) I must be here permitted to say, that neither in his enumeration of time or distance is THE YOUNG FORESTER "quite correct," the one being nearly as much lengthened as the other is abbreviated. The mare had not to travel one hundred and fifty, but *one hundred miles*; and the Match he alludes to came off on the 15th of October, in the Second Autumn Meeting, as nearly *five weeks* as may be from the period of her quitting Doncaster! The mere fact, however, of her beating so bad a mare as Vespera would be but a very unsubstantial proof even that she was well upon the day; and on my honour and conscience I do verily believe, that, had she met this Queen of the Oaks when *her heels were at the very worst*, the result would have been the same, though perhaps with not quite the same ineffable and incomparable ease! May I not also here observe that the actual matching so indifferent a mare as Sir Mark Wood *must* have known his "flyer" to be, against such a trump as Marpessa proved herself at Goodwood, speaks by itself an ample volume as to the belief entertained that the latter was not up to the mark, and had not yet recovered the effects of her Doncaster indisposition? I now, however, make my bow to THE YOUNG FORESTER on this matter, assuring him that I entertain the highest respect for his abilities; and re-assuring him that no other motive than that of a wish to establish *the truth* could have induced me to enter the lists, I will not say in *opposition* to him, but in the friendly spirit of warfare which I trust has pervaded my remarks.

And now for an apology elsewhere, in a quarter where I feel an apology to be due—namely, to that distinguished Veteran of the Turf, whose name has been introduced into this discussion, and who may be very justly angry with me for thinking that his character required a public vindication. All who *know* Mr. Forth know that his actions require no defence; and I may therefore well ask his pardon for thus stepping forward as his champion: I trust, nevertheless, he will do me the justice to appreciate rightly my object on this, I must repeat, *most unexpected* occasion. In these perilous times of the Turf no honest man ought to allow the very slightest whisper of scandal to pass uncontradicted by him. He who now maintains the

"the mute dignity of silence" on any racing charge against him, must be viewed in the same light as the prisoner, who, on examination before the Bench, "by the advice of his Counsel declines to say anything in his defence;" and, thanks to the villains and sharpers that have brought the Kingly sport to what it is, it has now become necessary for a man to assert his innocence in the face of day, when accused, or *even suspected*, of any of the modern deeds of darkness. I have therefore imposed on myself the task of thus throwing down the gauntlet in the cause of a man, of whom (*personally*) I know little, but respect much; and whom I am satisfied the world reads far from rightly if either in this instance or elsewhere it imagines him capable of dishonesty.

To prove the general honour of Mr. Forth indeed, as to his proceedings on the Turf, would in my opinion be nearly as great a work of supererogation, as to prove that the moon shines at night or the sun at noon-day; nevertheless, I cannot refrain from mentioning two instances from which *those who do not know his practice*, and may in these times be disposed to chime in with anything that may be denounced against racing people, may take their data as to his character. What Turfman of a few years' standing is there who does not remember the outcry raised against him when that rascally vagabond Harry Mills (I think that was the fellow's name), his jockey, bought and sold him scores and scores of times? Mr. Forth, forsooth, dared not part with his servant! Oh! to be sure not—if he did tales would come out—and so forth!—And pray what was the consequence? Why, no sooner was the master convinced of his servant's dishonesty (and, honest himself, he is the slowest man in the world to be suspicious of others), than the latter was discharged and *expelled* from his situation, under circumstances perhaps *more ignominious* than ever fell to the lot of jockey. And where, I should be glad to know, are the mighty tales that this kicked-out vagabond had to disseminate throughout the land?

So much for past time: now for the present. During the last October Meetings a friend of mine (almost wholly unacquainted with Mr. Forth) was anxious to back Marpessa for her Match and Louisa to win the Clearwell as a *double event*; and being resident in a place where no betting was going on, used the freedom of writing to Mr. F. in person, *enclosing him a cheque* for the sum he was disposed to lay out on the

matter, and requesting his good offices to do the needful at Newmarket. Now, had Mr. Forth been so disposed, pray what had he to do but to put this cheque, or rather the amount of it, into his breeches pocket, and have simply written to my friend, acquainting him that he had complied with his desire, had laid out his cash on the *double event*, as REQUESTED, was sorry for the result, &c. &c. Instead of this, however, pray what is the actual conduct of this paragon of dishonor and dishonesty? Knowing perhaps that my friend had little money he could well afford to lose, *he disobeys orders*; will have nothing to do with the *double event*; backs his horses separately for him in their engagements; wins as much for him on the one as he loses on the other, and reinvests to him his cheque: in one of the plainest and most straight-forward letters ever penned on racing topics! And this conduct he repeated (I have seen the letters) to the very same individual at the next (the last) Houghton Meeting, regarding another event I do not choose to speak about, that individual, as I have before stated, being almost a stranger to him but by name\*!

A pretty contrast this, I must say, to conduct *I myself experienced* some years since, from more than one then *reputedly* sound Member of the Yorkshire Turf—*my avowed confederate in the betting-book*—to whom on one Leger alone I had to fork out very nearly a cool thousand, not one sixpence of which, I have since discovered, was laid out for me!

I must now, however, bid adieu to Mr. Forth and conclude my letter.

Having spoken of his former jockey, I must here say one word as to his present one; and, *if he would but conquer our propensity* (I shall at present allude to it in no stronger language), I think that Charles Norman would be a good and valuable servant to his master. Let people say what they please, there are many worse jockeys mounted whenever fifteen or twenty horses get together; and if he was not always in such a confounded hurry to get home, he may depend on it we should much oftener see him *get home the soonest*. I am bound, however, here to pay him a compliment on his riding in the last Oaks. Mr. Gully was heard to say, I understand, that he was surprised he did not win it; but Mr. Gully ought to have said, that he was surprised to see so inferior a mare as the one he rode (Sister to Frederick) so forward, so contrarily to all expectation forward in the race. To my mind, nothing could be

\* To avoid all possibility of a sneer or sarcasm from the resolutely suspicious and censorious, who might turn round and say that Mr. F. was only giving a young one in all this a rope to hang himself with hereafter, I beg leave to say my friend is no "young one,"—and, if a pigeon, one so well plucked already as to be not worth the attention of any hawk however experienced.

more judicious than the play that Norman made, after slipping his horses in the manner he did at the far-famed turn that has decided the fate of so many Oaks and Derbies; and we must all admit that it was not *his* fault if the *soft place* in his mare (to quote his own expression in the Warren) prevented his presenting a second Epsom trophy to the worthy and liberal Squire of Ham\*. It must be remembered also that *Marpessa* has had Charles Norman for her steersman in every engagement that she has won.

And is it possible for any one—much less BURCOT—to quit the Michelgrove stables without one word as to the Norman, no relation to the jockey, who for so many years has awayed the sceptre under Mr. Forth as Prime Minister and manager, and of whom all who have had intercourse with him vie with each other in terms of praise and respect? Forbid it every recollection of the personal civilities I have experienced from him!—forbid it also every recollection of the splendid and magnificent condition in which he brings his horses to the post! Let me put my hand into the bag, and bring out a ticket, quite at hazard, with a name inscribed on it, to his honour—unfolding it, I read the word "*Esquille*!" in the very largest capitals; and every judge

and sportsman who looked on the horses in Epsom Warren in 1829 will agree with me, I am convinced, that the annals of the Turf have never produced, and can never produce, a more perfect specimen of condition and the art of grooming than was displayed in the wretched impostor who was fortunate enough to be placed second in the great race on that occasion. A viler brute, perhaps, has scarcely at any time looked through a bridle at the starting-post; yet the inimitable state of ripeness in which he made his appearance, *all but* pulled him through; and Mr. Forth's stable had that year the high honour of running *first, second, and fourth* for the Derby, with *Frederick, Esquille, and Aaron*! To use a homely expression, which I heard fall the other day from the lips of a good judge of these matters, "On the day of running you may crack a leg on the quarters of all and any of John Norman's horses." I shall add no more than to say, that I wish I had ten thousand a-year, both Mr. Forth and Norman should very speedily and *practically* be convinced of the opinion which I entertain both of their *abilities* and their *integrity*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

BURCOT.

Petworth, Jan. 7, 1834.

\* Ham House, near Angmering, Sussex, the seat of her owner, Mr. Gratwicke, called otherwise, in allusion to the race in 1829, among his familiars, *Frederick Derby, Esq.*

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**T**HE Bettings since our last have assumed no new feature, though some few outsiders have been brought forward by particular parties. The two leading favorites for the DERBY, Bentley and Bubastes, have alternately, like buckets in a well, claimed the ascendancy, the general betting being 7½ and 8 to 1 agst them. Plenipo stands third, and Shillelah fourth, the former at 10 to 1, and the latter at 16 to 1. Of the others the quotation is from 20 to 40 to 1.—For the OAKS, Cotillon and Rosalie still rank in the highest grade at 7 to 1, the only difference being that the odds on the former are marked "taken." Louisa is at 12 to 1 (taken).—So little business has yet been done on the LEGGER, that it is only necessary to give the quotation of the present market-price, any comment on the respective merits of the horses being mere conjecture, the several parties favoring their own opinions. Waraby Baylock and Bubastes are at 10 to 1 (the former taken), Bentley at 15, and Cotillon at 20 to 1.

The Daily Journals have published what they term a List of the Jockey Club; but having ascertained that there are many errors in it, we refrain from inserting it till we receive the official account.

The following are the acceptances for the Free Handicaps in the Newmarket Meetings 1834:—

*Craven Meeting.*—Monday: Handicap Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. D. M.

Mr. Shard's Zitella, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb.

Col. Peel's Harum Scarum, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.

Mr. Gully's Pickle, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb.

Duke of Grafton's Montrose, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.

Thursday: Sweepstakes of 40 sovs. each, 20 ft. T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's Pickle, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb.

Mr. Stephenson's Middleton colt, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.

Mr. Stanley's Skimmer, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.

*First Spring Meeting.*—Monday:

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. A. F.

Mr. Gully's Hokee Pokee, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb.

Colonel Peel's Nonsense, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb.

Mr. Greville's Whale, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.

Duke of Rutland's Shylcock, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.

**York Spring.**—To the Spring St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, there are six subscribers: the Shorts of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, five subs.; Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 23 subs.; the Filly Stakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, six subs.

**Wednesday:** Colonel Thompson's Pro-sody agst Mr. H. S. Thompson's Edie Ochiltree; 12st. each; four miles; 100 sovs. h. ft.; to be rode by Gentlemen.

**York August.**—To the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, there are five subscribers: the Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 23 subs.; Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 18 subs.

**Doncaster.**—To the Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, there are 29 subscribers; the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, nine subs.; the Scarborough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 20 subs.

The Corporation of Doncaster with their usual liberality have signified their intention of adding to the sport of their far-famed races, by giving in future a Plate of 70l. to be contended for by the beaten horses of the week, subject to such arrangements, with the view of augmenting its value, as may be agreed upon to the advantage of the parties interested. The Corporation are also carrying into effect several improvements in different parts of the race-ground, by levelling and re-sodding all uneven or deficient places. The turf on that portion which extends from the St. Leger Starting-post to the Judge's Stand has been taken up, the ground levelled, and the turf replaced, presenting a surface as even as the cricket-ground. The course will be thus rendered one of the most perfect in the kingdom.

A Committee has been formed at Beverley, under very favorable auspices for the future management of the Races. M.C. Maxwell, T. B. Hodgson, and E. H. Reynard, Esqrs. will officiate as Stewards at the ensuing Meeting, which is fixed for the week after Lincoln. The alteration of the time to after Doncaster is, in our opinion, most judicious—horses then being more free from engagements than at any other part of the year, on account of the great number kept for York and Doncaster.

At the next Heaton Park Races, in addition to the usual Subscriptions, upwards of 1000l. will be given in the shape of "public money." Manchester gives 200gs. besides Mr. King's Gold Cup; Oldham gives 50gs.; Campsall 50gs.; the Steward 400gs. &c. It promises to be a very brilliant meeting.

The Marquis of Sligo, during his absence at his new Governorship (Jamaica), does not intend to give up or reduce his racing establishment; on the contrary, his

Lordship has two nominations for the Great St. Leger.

The Whip to be run for at the Cheltenham Spring Meeting is a specimen of superior workmanship. It is mounted with two large knobs of standard silver, on which are beautifully chased views of a race-course, with horses running, the cap surmounted with a horse's head of exquisite symmetry. It is, indeed, a prize worth contending for.

We understand Mr. John Smith, the trainer of Middleham, has sold his mare Zilla (for 800 sovs.), Remember, Actæonidis, a filly by Lottery out of Decision, and a filly by Lottery out of Arabella, to Lord Eglinton.

Mr. Hudson has sold a filly by Velocipede out of Isabella, rising 2 yrs old, to Mr. Attwood.

**Hampton Court Stud.**—(From a Correspondent.)—SIR, in one of your late Numbers you have given a very correct account of the brood mares, &c. in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court; but I think you did not say what horses they were covered by in 1833; and as we all like to look forward, some of your readers may wish to have the produce of a favorite mare, and thus be happy by anticipation.—They are

Fleur-de-Lis, by The Colonel.

Belvoirina, by The Colonel.

Sultana, by The Colonel.

Partisan mare, by The Colonel.

Partisan out of Pawn, by The Colonel.

Arabian mare, by The Colonel.

Comus, by The Colonel.

Elfrida, by The Colonel or Helenus.

Ada, by Emilius.

Elizabeth, by Emilius.

Delphine, by Priam.

Maria, by Priam.

Comus mare, by Waterloo.

Rachel, by Sultan.

Spermaceti, by Sultan.

Galatea, by Tranby.

Gohanna mare, by Tranby.

Juniper mare; Young Phantom; Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules); Drone; Scandal; Sister to Spermaceti; and Posthuma, are barren.

The foals of 1833 are very fine, and will be sold at Tattersall's on the Monday before the Epsom Races.

#### HORSES SENT ABROAD.

##### To France.

Cadland, winner of the Derby 1828.

Lottery by Tramp out of Mandane.

Napoleon by Bob Booty.

Tetotum by Lottery.

##### BROOD MARES, &c.

Chloris.

Henrica.

Ch. filly by Saracen (yearling).

Nine half-bred Mares.

Mr. Scott has sold his ch. c. Constant by Blacklock out of Frailty, also to go to France.

*The Chase.*

A magnificent silver-gilt Vase and Stand, intended for presentation on the 3d of February to Mr. Farquharson by his friends of the Dorset Hunt, was, by desire, exhibited at the Pavilion to the King, on the 17th of January, by Mr. Bridge, one of the partners of the firm of Rundell, Bridge, and Co., goldsmiths and jewellers to their Majesties. The Vase is of the Etruscan order, about 39 inches in height, the body of which is most beautifully enriched with scroll-work in relief, leaving a medallion for this inscription:—"Presented to James John Farquharson, Esq., by the friends of his Hunt, as a proof of their regard, and as a mark of the gratitude which they feel for the very liberal and handsome manner in which he has for 27 years kept a pack of fox-hounds in the county of Dorset—1833:" above which a groupe of five fox-hounds occupy the recess of the neck on one side: the obverse presents a Fox suckling her cub. These designs are chased, and most elaborately and well executed. The cover of the Cup is surmounted by the figure of a Horse, a spirited and exquisite piece of workmanship. The stand is circular, the outer edge composed of Nymphs and Cupids, with foliage finely wrought, the Armorial Ensigns of Mr. Farquharson occupying a central position on the burnished inner rim, finely chased in coloured gold. The value of this fine specimen of Art is stated to be 1000 guineas, and reflects the highest credit on the taste and judgment of that long-established and highly respectable firm.

Lord Howth has been staying for some time past in Dorsetshire, but is just now returned to Ireland, where he has some extraordinary equestrian feats on hand to perform. These disposed of, his hunters go over to Dorsetshire to get a little preparation at Cattistock, where his Lordship intends to conclude the season with Mr. Farquharson's well-known hounds.

On New-year's-day the Ward Hounds met at the seventh mile-stone on the Great North Road, where they enlarged a fine stag for the amusement of the good citizens of Dublin. Among the field, however, were some of the best riders from that most sporting metropolis, in the hunting line at least, and some Fingallians, of whom it may be said with confidence that if they could not pound any other set of men in the world as regards fencing, they would go very near to it. The stag, however, got fair play notwithstanding the numerous muster of all sorts, and went straight away over a deep (from the incessant rains) and difficult country, with some tremendous drains for the hills of Killride, where he was killed after a capital run, the scent being so extraordinarily good that it was utterly impossible to stop the hounds.

Mr. Murray's (of Broughton) hounds, (Dumfriesshire and Galloway) had an excellent day on the 9th of December. Met at Sprinkell, where the worthy and well-known Sporting Baronet (Maxwell) preserves with true fox-hunting zeal. Found immediately at Fairy Knowe; but the varmint was too well acquainted with the extensive coverts and drains to leave such good quarters, and the scent proving as bad as himself, after losing the best part of the day, he was left in one of the latter for another occasion. Went on to Ash-yard's, and found again instant; but it was "Hyporion to a Satyr;" for at the very first halloo, without waiting for obop or challenge, he at once cleared the cop-pies close by the whipper—

"Fresh, quick, and lightsome—every power untried—

The starting fugitive swept by his side. His lifted finger to his ear he plies, And the view-halloo bids the chorus rise." Out they came. Sweeping gusts of wind and rain, however, were no helps to enable them to get on terms with him over the heavy and almost flooded plough lands; but Hetman, Highflyer, and Syren were not to be denied or foiled, and the manner in which they picked it out over the wet and cold fallows was admirable. Thus they carried on his line, and at Stockbridge Brake got up to him; where a fresh find (he had laid up) changed the face of affairs like magic, for they broke in a body almost close at his brush, and away they swept like sea-gulls for Hairgills and Newfield, at such a "death pace" that most of the nags were "free to confess" they could not snew their riders the way. On, on, and on, they streamed a-head for Murrayfield and Tundergarth, which point seemed certain, when puggy, it would appear, deemed it too dangerous an experiment, and turned sharp and short to a deep cleft of the Craig in the plantation of Douglas Hall. Here he was safe at any time, but "twilight gray" would have saved him now. No field could be more completely flung than was nearly the whole from Stockbridge. But Captain C. H. Johnstone, Mr. Dunlop, and Mr. Bell of Whitecastle, went clippingly with them all through.

A curious circumstance took place near Dublin with a pack of harriers who had shaken a bagman early in last month near Castle Knock: being hard pressed he made for the Phoenix Park, where, in spite of the high wall, he contrived to get in. The Rangers would not allow the main body of the pack to enter, but one hound made out to stick to puggy, whom he hunted into a herd of deer. In this phalanx he kept his post good, and bade successful defiance to his staunch pursuer.

In spite of the churlish opposition to fox-hunting which has manifested itself in East Lothian, Lord Elcho's new pack

have afforded excellent sport both in that country and their part of Berwickshire. On the second Saturday in December, they met at Coalston, and found in a few minutes; but there had been something remiss about the earth-stopping, and the fox got to ground. At Gifford Muir a gallant fox got up before them, and made away for Yester High woods, where, after a few traverses, he again faced the open, going straight for the Lammernuir Hills, over Lammerlaw, and away on, pointing for Lauder, the best of the field being hardly able to keep anything near the hounds; but he made a sudden traverse along the hills, and regained the low country by the Hopes; back for Yester High woods, then through the plantations to Townhead Muir, with the hounds so close at him that he barely reached Barra covert. Here a fresh fox got up right before the hounds, and broke away for Whittingham; where, at the dusk of night, his Lordship whipped off. This was as severe a day as has been known in Lothian, Lord Elcho, Sirs D. Baird and D. Kinloch, Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Ainsley being the only ones, with little exception, up in the evening out of a field of nearly eighty, the rest being planted here and there, or left in the hills. Possessed of a fairly successful stud of race-horses, a first-rate shot, and a skilful and bold rider, Lord Elcho could not be said to hold a candle to the very first sportsmen; but the management he has displayed with this pack in their first season, and the style in which he hunts them himself, places him at least *nulli secundus*.

On the 10th of January a meeting was held at the Swan Hotel, Bedford, for the purpose of making arrangements for the future hunting of the Oakley Country, which will be vacant on the 14th of April. Lord Charles James Fox Russell took the Chair, and a Committee, consisting of the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, was appointed:—The Marquis of Tavistock, Earl Ludlow, Lord Charles James Fox Russell, Hugh Houre, Esq., James B. Praed, Esq., William B. Higgins, Esq., and H. Maguire, Esq. The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Lord Charles, it broke up.

#### STEEPLE CHASES.

On Friday, January 3, the annual steeple chase took place at Castle Bridge, county of Wexford. The course was crowded with spectators. The race was closely contested by six first-rate hunters, and won by Mr. Cullaton of Oulart's well-known grey horse; Mr. Waddick's b. g. and Mr. Kelly's Thunderer, second and third.

On November 15 a grand Steeple Chase came off near Carnworth, in Lanarkshire, for five sovs. each, between eleven Officers of the 7th Hussars, stationed at Glasgow, over three miles of very stiff country.

The following six horses came to the post in prime condition:—

Capt. Biggs's b. h. Whitenose.  
Capt. Hon. J. Jocelyn's b. h. Harlequin.  
Mr. Daly's br. h. La Fayette.  
Mr. Daly's b. h. Adjutant.  
Mr. Jumley's ch. h.  
Mr. Cotton's br. h. Buffer.

It was won by Mr. Daly's b. h. Adjutant, jockeyed by Mr. Butler; Mr. Daly's La Fayette, ridden by Owner, 2d; Mr. Cotton's Buffer, Owner, 3d; Capt. Biggs's Whitenose, Owner, 4th. The others did not come in in consequence of falls they received.

At a dinner, on Saturday the 18th of January, at Cheltenham of the Berkeley Hunt Club, a steeple chase match was made by two Gentlemen for 200 sovs. a-side, 100 ft., to come off the day after the Meeting. This excites great interest, and by the spirited manner in which the thing is taken up, there is every reason to expect plenty of sport, and a full attendance.

#### ANGLING.

A fine salmon-trout, measuring three feet two inches, and weighing 15lb., was captured, on Monday, Dec. 9, at Walthamstow Ferry Fishery. It had taken advantage of the recent floods, and had passed mills and locks, and ultimately found its way into the old stream, where it was captured. The depth of this part of the River Lee is influenced by the barge and copper-mill streams, and as the floods subsided the fish found it difficult to pass the fords, on which he was heard splashing and throwing himself up towards a tumbling bay. Mr. Tyler, with a small cast-net used for taking baits, after a few throws inclosed the fish, but the meshes and pursing of the net being so small it did not entangle him. Assistance was obliged to be had from a second person, who got into the water, and secured the leads, and kept the fish inclosed in the net till landed.—A view and description of this Water was given in our 23d vol. N. S. page 52.

#### FEMALE POACHERS.

At one of the last Justice Courts in Perth, Margaret Taylor was fined one pound and expenses for illegally destroying salmon. Her plan was certainly a novel one: she set two dogs (trained, it would appear, for the purpose) into a fishing dam a little below the spawning bed, while she sat several yards above, in the neck of the little stream which formed the dam, up to her hips, while her apron was stretched out under the water. At a signal the dogs rushed forward into the dam, and drove the fish up to the neck of the Bourn (the Shilligan), who had no other alternative than to launch into the extended receptacle of this Highland water-nymph.—Another instance of a young and hand-some female, whose name was also Margaret, being seized with a similar propensity,

though in another line, occurred a few years since in the same county, near (indeed at) the residence of a Nobleman who preserved extensively. One of the fronts of the mansion looked into a very beautiful retired lawn and pleasure-ground garnished with some splendid trees; and there the Lady of the place was particularly fond of seeing the pheasants in numbers, consequently great care was taken to disturb them as little as possible. One winter, when the family was absent, the head-keeper in his rounds became aware that some of the old tame stagers were missing, and he resolved to say nothing, but watch himself. The following night he ensconced himself in a large spruce tree, where he was perfectly hidden, but whence he commanded most of the lawn, particularly a small cottage or *ornée* which was tenanted only by an old gardener and his daughter. At day-light the window of this opened, and Miss Margaret, just sweet seventeen, and who might have sat for a study to Gainsborough or Barker, jumped out with her lapful of something which turned out to be corn, and three or four rat-traps. These she put down and baited in two or three places close to where the guardian lay perdue. She then sat herself down behind a large tree; and presently a slight click and a few struggles called her forth to secure the prey. The keeper instantly descended, and, coming softly behind, took her in the act of loosing a fine cock pheasant from the trap. Her confusion was unbounded; and, being severely threatened, she admitted that her sweetheart, a suspected poacher (and who cut his stick in consequence), had put her up to it. As her father was an old workman of years standing nothing was done to her except being sent out to service.

### Sporting Obituary.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN BOWLES.

On the 12th of January Veterinary Science lost one of its brightest ornaments and its best advocates, and the Sporting World a man as well known as any one left in it, and quite as much esteemed as known:—by the great, for honor, honesty, and uprightness in all his dealings, and for the full exertions of his extraordinary skill when called in professionally:—by the middle ranks, for his affability, unvaried kindness, humanity, and assiduity when administering to their afflicted and suffering animals, always bearing in mind and ever anxious to bring about the greatest possible cure at the least possible expense:—by the poor, tenderly alive to all their sufferings, generously charitable, with as much anxiety to relieve from pain and restore to health and soundness the poor man's donkey as the Prince's race-horse; and, instead of receiving, giving to

procure comfort for the poor animal while under affliction, and to his master too if inconvenienced by the loss of the services of his humble slave.—Dr. Bowles (as he has been invariably called and known by all ranks) was, by some who think and speak in an under-tone, “rather an eccentric.” Yes! if such things as the above, and thousands like them of every-day occurrence, are proofs of eccentricity, it may be as well in these times to admit it: but as it happens that the word means irregular, it cannot apply to the Doctor: for the sixty-five years of his public and private life were all spent in the same liberal, generous, and charitable way. What it has to do with the accumulation of wealth has not transpired: he always said, that “money honestly got and well spent was the only real riches;” and, conscious of this, he always went about with a heart as light as the air he breathed. Of Religion, he used to say, let a man make himself thoroughly to understand the structure of a horse's foot, its economy, its bearings, its beauties, its provisions, and elasticity, and, should he then turn and say “there is no God,” that man is a fool and a liar; and our faith, he always said, is easier understood by what we do, than by what we say; and if “we do to others what we wish they should do to us,” we shall do a great deal to a good purpose. Mr. Bowles studied his professional sciences at the Veterinary College; and though he did not go up in very early life, by which he may have “lost start,” as a Sportsman would say, “yet such was his speed that he was soon found running head for head with those that had preceded him in training;” not losing his time in culling the flowers only of his art; but the fruits he sought most eagerly, by which he might cure the horse, rather than dazzle the understanding of the master, by a display of fine set terms as unmeaning as they are unavailing. The ink had not been long dry on his Licence from the College to “kill, burn, and destroy,” before we find Mr. Bowles in good practice in Cambridge, with the University, town, and county, with all the other counties bordering upon it, looking up to him for aid in all cases of difficulty and danger—Newmarket, of course, the first to avail themselves of the benefits of his science, industry, and talent, where amongst those hospitable people he established a sort of second home, and where he will be remembered by the old till they are all gone, and by the young till they are old. There is a difference between the veterinary practice here and at other places, and Mr. Bowles particularly excelled in making and treating the distinction. Having attended all the horses of note on the Turf, from the days of Hambletonian of old to the Bentley of the present day, he found it

not only necessary to look at the diseases of the race-horse, but at his engagements also. "If he has three engagements in April, where is the use," said he, "of giving him up, that by rest and regular treatment, a cure may be performed in May—during which time something inferior may have run away with the Stakes? No; keep him going as well as you can till these are over, and then, as the common people say, let "Doctor Green" (spring grass) cure what the farrier cannot."—Bowles must have thought much of his College education, though he sometimes spoke slightly of their speculations in that school; but having no successor he placed his nephew, a favorite of the same name, to drink at the same fountain, at which he himself had taken such a store. He had him by his side, seeing the best practice for seven years, and has now left him established in the same place, where he has nothing to do but follow the glorious example set him, and which he can never think on but with gratitude and tears—an example to the very last: he thought, he wrote, he acted for the good of his fellow-creatures, even when the hand of Death was upon him, and he knew it.

On the 29th of December, at Wangles, Suffolk, Mr. Wm. Cox, many years stud groom to Earl Stradbroke.

At Newmarket, Colonel Peel's colt (engaged in the Derby) by Emilius out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet by Blacklock.

The well-known mare Bacchante by Comus, late the property of Lord Normanby, after being posted some years in the Telegraph coach between Leeds and Newcastle, died at Mr. Thomas Ferguson's, Catterick Bridge (her owner's), on Thursday January the 3d, 1834.

#### FUGILISM.

The state of the "Ring" is very different now to what it was in the "olden

time," when everything was conducted "on the square," and "the art and mystery of boxing" was considered a manly accomplishment. The heroes of other days have figured in our pages, and the names of Tom Oliver and Ben Burn are familiar to most of our readers, more particularly the former, who has long held the office of Commissary, or purveyor of the ropes and stakes. These two "old ones," having had some "difference of opinion," determined to settle their dispute in a way most congenial to their fancy, "just to shew the aspirants to pugilistic fame how matters were managed in days of lang syne;" and on Tuesday the 21st of January they met at Combe Warren, the arena of many a "hard fought battle," to decide the question. Here, however, when the lists were prepared, a stopper was put on their proceedings, the Local Authorities having forbidden a breach of the peace in their bailiwick. The "prodigious" assemblage consequently moved off to less "debatable ground," and at three o'clock the combatants entered the ring, which had been hastily formed in a field at Hampton. Oliver attended by Frank Redmond and Owen Swift, and Burn by Young Dutch Sam and Anthony Noon. Six rounds only were fought, lasting exactly twenty-four minutes, when Ben was satisfied—"First blood" was given to Ben, "first knock-down" to Tom. Both men maintained their wonted reputation, and though they did not shew the fire of past days, they were not deficient in the several tactics of "giving and taking" for which they were formerly distinguished, and shewed game to the last. Both were severely punished, and as this was avowedly their "last appearance in that character," each may now exclaim, "farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!"

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL CARELESS's Article was printed off before the receipt of his letter.

The unique Edition of "Arrian on Coursing" was noticed in our 3d Volume, Second Series, p. 108.

We had intended giving a concise reply to the numerous questions put by "R. T. D.," but on again examining his letter, we find it so mixed up with incongruities that we can only consider it in the light of a pleasant hoax. He had much better consult his *Magnus Apollo* when he meets with him—to us the return is *Non est inventus*.

On reconsideration we beg to decline the insertion of "L. G.'s" letter, as leading to no results not generally known. The MS. is left at the office.

AMBO requests the Editor to give his respects to CH. CHESTER, and say that the latter could hardly have read his Random Lines attentively, or he would see that they commence alluding to events which came off beginning in 1813, and the consecutive ones were said to have occurred in the Meeting subsequent of that year and the following; but as they were stated entirely from memory, repeated allusions to that effect were made, with a declaration that he could not take upon himself to state day and week. A reference, however, to the Irish Racing Calendars for 1813 and 1814 will shew the most particular that as to broad facts the "Records" are correct; but AMBO had not an opportunity, being in a remote part of the country, of getting at those documents: otherwise, for his own convenience and satisfaction, he would have been more minute as to points of time.





H. K. and J. K.

BONAPARTE.

G. M. Laporte, 1901

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.  
SECOND SERIES.

MARCH, 1834.

No. XLVII.

## CONTENTS.

|                                                                                                                                                                  |     |                                                                                                                       |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Portrait of Prince George of Cumberland's Charger Bonaparte.....                                                                                                 | 353 | Three Winters in Normandy .....                                                                                       | 380 |
| Hunting in Wales.....                                                                                                                                            | 354 | The Surrey Hunt.....                                                                                                  | 384 |
| A few last Words from Earl Belfast to Noon Day .....                                                                                                             | 357 | German Races—Schleswig and Oldesloe.....                                                                              | 386 |
| Extraordinary Hare-hunting .....                                                                                                                                 | 360 | Capital Run with the Mountain Harriers.....                                                                           | 389 |
| The Ruling Passion.....                                                                                                                                          | 360 | The Farquharson Vase .....                                                                                            | 389 |
| Crops and Game: with Extracts from, and Remarks on, the late Deputation of some of the Perthshire Tenantry to the Earl of Ormelle, M.P., by A Quarlogerian ..... | 361 | A Few Lines on Punt Shooting—Match at 100 Pigeons .....                                                               | 392 |
| Mr. Mark Motzrell's Harriers .....                                                                                                                               | 367 | Spring Coursing Meetings.....                                                                                         | 395 |
| Extraordinary Run with the Harriers of G. St. Vincent Wilson, Esq.—three Days with Mr. Mure's Hounds in Suffolk—Destruction of Foxes, &c.—by Ringwood .....      | 368 | The Horsham Hounds and Country, by <i>The Rambler in Green</i> .....                                                  | 401 |
| The Yacht Clubs—Prospects of the Approaching Season .....                                                                                                        | 375 | Sporting Subjects in the British Gallery Exhibition .....                                                             | 411 |
|                                                                                                                                                                  |     | "Hounds and Hunting"—Chapter the Third for 1834, comprising Accounts from Thirty-five Packs, by <i>Dashwood</i> ..... | 414 |
|                                                                                                                                                                  |     | SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:—                                                                                               |     |
|                                                                                                                                                                  |     | The Turf—Bettings at Tattersall's—the Chase, &c. &c.                                                                  |     |
|                                                                                                                                                                  |     | RACING CALENDAR.....                                                                                                  | 49  |
|                                                                                                                                                                  |     | NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.....                                                                                        | 498 |

## Embellished with

### I. BONAPARTE.—II. THE FARQUHARSON VASE.

## BONAPARTE.

Engraved by H. R. COOK from a Painting by G. H. LAPORTE, Animal Painter to H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland.

WE have diversified our subjects this month by giving a Portrait of a Charger belonging to Prince George of Cumberland. This little horse is interesting as having been the last that Bonaparte ever rode, and almost the first his present Royal owner crossed, at least the first on which he took his lessons and military evolutions. He is a beautiful little chesnut stallion, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and purchased by the late Lord Charles Somerset, then Governor there, and sent to St. Helena for the Ex-

Emperor, and was the only horse he rode in that Island. After Napoleon's death, and on the breaking up of his establishment in the Island, the horse was brought to this country, and presented to the young Prince by His late Majesty George the Fourth: he is very old, of a perfectly docile temper, yet with high courage, and, like all well-bred horses, of a lasting and hardy constitution. Such is the attachment and feelings of the Young Prince to this noble animal, that orders have been given for his

declining years to be made easy and comfortable, ranging in his allotted paddock—a circumstance worthy of imitation by many owners of faithful steeds whose every nerve and sinew have been exerted in the pleasure and service of their masters.

The Portrait is an excellent likeness, and was so approved of by the Duke of Cumberland, with other paintings from the same easel, that His Royal Highness has appointed the Artist his Animal Painter.

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### HUNTING IN WALES.

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“ We will, fair Queen, up to the Mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of Hounds and Echo in conjunction !”

SIR,

THE time of year is now arrived when the thundering tubes of destruction are heard no more ; when the feathered tribe find at least a season of rest ; when setters, spaniels, *et id omne genus, requiescant in pace*. Even the long dogs and harriers must, or ought to be for a while forgotten, and nothing in the way of Sporting is heard or thought of save Fox-hunting, dear, delightful, ecstatic Fox-hunting, that will ever continue the prime favorite among all who can by any means sport a nag and a bit of pink : it is alike the favorite of the old and the young, and may be enjoyed by every class that ought to sport, from the Prince to the respectable Yeoman : and should this meet the eye of a Meltonian, or one who steers his *thorough-bred 'un* over the ox-fences in Northamptonshire, I beseech him not to laugh at the idea of sport in Wales, aye, even in the land of mountain and of flood—the land of kind hospitality and welcome—the land where (I believe it is thought by some who live in the Metropolis) the inhabitants have not yet “ quite rubbed off their tails,” as says Monboddo, and where the

fair daughters of Eve still wear the *clouden shoon*. But I hear my readers say, hark back ! he is running riot.....and so we all do sometimes on a favorite subject.

Were I to enumerate all the hounds that are kept between Monmouth and “ that same blessed place, Milford Haven,” it would astonish those who think hunting impracticable in a mountainous country ; but they are chiefly harriers, and I believe there are but three regular packs of fox-hounds—viz. Mr. Wilkins of Maeslough Castle, the Tivyside, and the Haverfordwest. Mr. Wilkins's were established latterly, and hunt parts of Radnorshire ; Brecknock, and Herefordshire, but owing to the difficulty of the country, combined with many other difficulties which young beginners must ever find, he has hitherto had but little sport. With Mr. Lewis, the old Squire of Llantilio, a true veteran, and a *right good one* in every sense, I have had some very good sport both with the fox and hare, which latter timid animal they forsake for the more wily one after Christmas. They are beautiful specimens of fast harriers,

being, as Paddy would say, more than half thorough-bred foxhounds, but much too large, and too fast to allow a chance for poor puss; and indeed a fox must play all he knows to escape them; but, owing to the mountainous nature of that district, nothing but a Pegasus could have a chance of living with them when a fox takes to the hill country. I have frequently seen the cunning *varmint* unkenelled at the Little Skirrid, and take directly across the Sugar Loaf, one of the highest mountains in South Wales. We have followed in his wake, and, when arrived at the top, the disappointment of seeing him well down the other side was in a degree compensated by the view of the lovely surrounding scenery, which embraces some of the finest valleys in Wales. In a mountainous country like this, the good old Squire thought it was all fair turning out bag foxes, which was frequently done, picking out the best and least hilly parts, where many who lived in the neighbourhood shewed that they were not to be stopped by trifles: even the Monnow, a *great* stream, or a *little* river, was no stopper to them when hounds were going their best pace. At the time of meeting, the old Squire was generally to be seen either in his carriage, or a Bath wheel-chair propelled by two flunkies: he has attained nearly a score of years beyond the *three score and ten* of the Psalmist, and was last season hearty and gay. The poor will indeed miss so kind and good a master, and the rich will say

"We could have better spared another man,"

when the hour shall come that a "few paces of the vilest earth" will be sufficient for him.

There were two very complete packs of harriers kept by Mr. Morgan of Ruperra, and Mr. Hill of Blaven; the former particularly so, and well worthy of notice to those who delight in seeing hounds as tractable and handy as so many setters and pointers. They were both good sportsmen in every way; but they are a little off the line of road; so we must proceed to Brecon, in the neighbourhood of which were some harriers that came from Mr. Templar's, kept by L. V. Watkins, Esq., now Member for that town: he was one of the boldest riders I ever saw.

Mr. Mayberry, who also has the management of a Subscription pack, rode well to hounds, and much like a sportsman. The country from Brecon to Carmarthen gradually improves, and the mountains become hills: thence on towards Newcastle Emlyn (where the Tivyside hounds are kept by subscription), it still improves; and towards the sea the most fastidious rider need not complain, although there are dingles which will occasionally throw the best judges out. I must not omit saying, however, that there is an Annual Hunt Meeting held in the town of Cardigan, which lasts ostensibly only a week; but the inhabitants are so sociably and hospitably inclined, both among themselves and towards strangers, that some days more generally elapse ere regular hours are resumed; and what with public balls and private dances, the fair sex (and without them "life is as tedious as a twice-told tale") are quite worn out: but more of them anon.—During the last two meetings the weather was particularly unfavorable, and, owing to that, the strangers had not an op-

portunity of exhibiting their prads to advantage. In a country where cock-shooting is resorted to *by every one* (thanks to the present most sage Game Laws), there must be a liability to blank days, although there are plenty of foxes; and there are also *holes*, not, as in England, denominated *earths*, but such as would puzzle the devil and all his myrmidons to stop. Taking these two circumstances into consideration, I should say few hounds have had better sport for the last two seasons than the Tivyside. Last season in particular, after noisy spaniels were put by for the cock-shooting, until the finish, they had scarcely a blank day, and generally killed their fox in good style. Were I to give you a minute description of the places where they found, and where they killed, I should should be spinning too long a yarn for your pages; but I must not omit to say that the Cardigan country is generally the best for sport, as the foxes often endeavour to make for the cliffs, when they are safe.

I cannot forbear mentioning one particular day last season. They met near Newcastle Emlyn; some snow had fallen during the night, and there was still sufficient to make the field very select; the wind blew like pins and needles from the N.E., and all who were there predicted *blank*. No sooner had Davies, the huntsman, thrown his hounds into a covert (of which I have forgotten the name), than "Hark to Dauntless and Dido!" were the simultaneous shouts of the Manager of the hounds and the huntsman. He was quickly tally'd by the former, with more than half the pack close to his brush, and

his head looking up wind. "He is off for the sea!" cried all who were on the right side of the river, with exulting countenances. "He can't live up wind," cried they on the wrong side, with lengthened visages. "Are you going to ride over me," said he on the neat little grey, as he came in contact with the long-legged cheanut: "give me fair play, and catch me if you can."—"Well done, Dick! he has got over that cleverly; all right for the sea, and no mistake."—"On, on!" cried Captain Lewis, as he put his horse (by Scarecrow) in a masterly manner over a bank of no ordinary dimensions.—"I would if I could," was the answer of a *trump* of a fellow on "The Squire:"....."I took a little too much out of him at first," he added, as he coolly crammed the horse again at the bank, and a pinch of snuff up his own nostril.—"He will do well yet; hold him hard, and keep the *Brummagem* gently at work."—"Who the devil is that tall stranger with a kind of military seat? he goes well, and won't be denied."—"They go too fast for me," said one of the *Tenth*, as he valiantly crammed his mare into the plantation at Noyadd; but "hold hard!" cried Captain Lewis (who has always eye and ear ready to correct the slightest mistake); "they have o'er-run him. Where the devil is the huntsman? .....Yoiks to Dauntless!"....."Tis the left of the hedge, and o'er the fallow grounds—oh! how beautiful!—you might fling a sheet over them!....." There he goes, by Jove!" cried he on the gallant grey.....'tis coursing, 'tis racing—he is in view for the last three fields: they press him

too hard, and he is driven over the cliff into the sea, and dies ignobly! Alas! poor Reynard! A boat is procured, and his carcase brought to land, when the rest come dropping in, and all are delighted with a run of about ten miles, done in quick time.

It would occupy too large a space to enter into all the minutiae of so good a run, and to mention every rider that distinguished himself either by riding too forward or too back; suffice it to say, there was a small field *out*, and a very small field *in* to witness the death of the fox, although, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, they were in time to see his carcase devoured by his merciless pursuers.

These hounds are kept at New-castle by subscription, and are under the management of J. L. Lloyd and H. Howells, Esqrs.; and, to borrow a passage in *Othello*,

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,"

no two people can endeavour to promote sport more than they do. They are both very fond of it, and possess a zeal in the cause

which cannot but give satisfaction to all parties: and although the latter approaches a welter weight, yet the *light 'uns* must ride very straight to lose sight of his good-tempered visage, which is ever handy, either by voice, ear, or eye, to render them assistance in any difficulty. Were I to extol too much the total want of anything like jealousy, and the great hospitality existing among the Members of this Hunt, I should be accused of humbug; therefore I shall say but one word more, and have done. The Cup, which is used at the Annual Hunt Meetings, is of antique chased silver, in the form of a fox's head, bearing the inscription "*Littora floreat Tivei*." It is expected that every new Member, on being elected, shall quaff off a bumper of its contents to the success of the next Meeting, which in these degenerate days is no small *modicum*, though the *Squire Westerns* of old would have thought little of it. And long may they flourish! say I; for the music of the *canes venatici* will always be dear to the heart of

AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

#### A FEW LAST WORDS FROM EARL BELFAST TO NOON DAY.

SIR,

I Was in hopes that the correspondence between NOON DAY and "J. B. G." would have ceased, at least if they consulted the welfare of the ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

For the last time I shall address a few lines in reply to the FALSE and UNFOUNDED statements again set forth by NOON DAY. He is surprised that I should have noticed his letter of November

Brighton, February 12, 1834.

last! I gave my reasons for so doing before, and I now repeat, "that I considered I was therein personally alluded to; and that had it only related to the *Water Witch's* breaking her anchors, and the ILLIBERAL and MOST ABSURD construction put upon the cause of her so doing by NOON DAY, that would have been a sufficient reason for my contradicting a STATEMENT SO TOTALLY AND

ENTIRELY DEVOID OF TRUTH." And for the same reason I am again most reluctantly induced to reply to that *illiberal and anonymous personage*.

The statement as regards the Water Witch going to Lisbon with Pantaloon shews that this *high-minded gentleman* either is not acquainted with facts, or that he *millingly perverts* them. Water Witch, when she sailed for Falmouth, or when there, had the *very reverse of a picked crew*, of which the Gallant Officer who commanded her had unfortunately too good reason to complain.

Secondly, Water Witch's orders were to sail a trial with Pantaloon WHEREVER SHE COULD BE POUND, AND TO STICK TO HER TILL THE RESULT WAS SATISFACTORILY ASCERTAINED, and never to lose sight of her; and whatever advantage Water Witch might gain by day, she was to bear down on Pantaloon at sunset, and keep near her during the night. But what occurred? These vessels had a fair trial by the wind on the first day leaving Falmouth, in which Water Witch beat Pantaloon *more than a mile an hour dead to windward*; and the Officer in command of Water Witch, according with his instructions, bore down to join Pantaloon as it was growing dark: for he it remembered, it was in November, no moon, very short days, and blowing very fresh with a heavy head sea: and had the latter vessel agreed on keeping company and carrying a light, it would have been, *even then*, no easy matter to have done so. But when the Gallant Officer in command of Pantaloon made no secret of his intention of getting away in the

dark, it was no very difficult matter for him to accomplish his purpose.

Water Witch, so far from going to Cape Finisterre, was never a hundred miles from the land; for her Commander having tacked at 9 P.M. to keep company with a brig to leeward, which was then supposed to be Pantaloon, found, as day broke, that the latter had parted company; and after chasing and coming up with two other brigs, and using every exertion to get sight of her, and having fully accomplished the purpose he went for, viz. that of trying Pantaloon—which he did most successfully—he considered it (and most properly) a useless wear and tear of the vessel's stores to continue at sea any longer, having been previously twice to Lisbon and Oporto in search of Pantaloon without success.

Now, Sir, as to the Serpent—Water Witch and her were under similar circumstances as far as sail went; and if Serpent was loaded with stores, Water Witch had boats on each quarter and stern, and her mainsail up (part of the time), while Serpent had her boats on board and her *mainsail set the whole time*: and it is a libel upon the Commander of one of His Majesty's ships, HAVING RECEIVED HIS ORDERS AND DESPATCHES ON BOARD FOR NORTH AMERICA, TO BE DESCRIBED AS TIDING HIS VESSEL DOWN TO LYMINGTON.

I have often and very repeatedly stated, that Water Witch is ready at ALL TIMES and ALL SEASONS to sail with any square-rigged vessel in the world, and FOR ANY SUM, and I would just as soon it were to the West Indies as to Madeira. NOON DAY knows

*very well* I regretted exceedingly that *Water Witch* was not with the Experimental Squadron; and he also knows that I was ignorant of the Squadron having sailed until too late to follow them, and that it was *suspected the presence of the Water Witch was not acceptable*; besides wishing to make some alterations before I left Cowes, that I dismantled her, and commissioned the *Elizabeth*. However, the passage across to Cherbourg, where NOON DAY WAS PRESENT, afforded sufficient evidence of what the result *must have been* had the *Water Witch* joined the Experimental Squadron with my Noble Commodore.

I now feel called upon to notice that part of the letter of NOON DAY as regards my friend Sir Francis Collier, late Captain of the *Vernon*. A more BARE-FACED AND MALICIOUS FALSEHOOD NEVER APPEARED IN PRINT, as the Gallant Officer's letter annexed will prove; and I shall only add, that NO PERSON ON MY BEHALF, OR TO MY KNOWLEDGE, EVER ASKED SIR FRANCIS COLLIER TO SIGN ANY DOCUMENT WHATEVER!! And whence the necessity? Does not the Report of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who commanded the Squadron, amply suffice? But I rejoice that NOON DAY has made this statement, because it must at once place him with the public in his proper colours.

And now, Sir, for a second challenge:—

WATER WITCH CHALLENGES ANY SQUARE-RIGGED VESSEL NOW IN EXISTENCE TO SAIL WITH HER IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, OR IN THE NORTH SEA, OR ANY OTHER SEA (UNDER THE ORDERS OF THE COM-

MODORE, OR ANY OFFICER AGREED ON), TO SAIL FOR SO MANY DAYS ON EVERY POINT OF SAILING—TO TACK, &c. &c. BY SIGNAL—AND FOR ANY SUM FROM TWO HUNDRED TO FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

If NOON DAY wishes that any further notice should be taken of him, he must appear in his real character; for I shall certainly not give myself the trouble to contradict any more of his *insidious* and *unfounded assertions*.

I remain your obedient and obliged servant,  
BELFAST.

SIR FRAS. COLLIER'S LETTER.  
(COPY.)

Wickham, Feb. 5, 1834.

MY DEAR LORD,

I can have no hesitation in saying you never requested me to sign any document respecting the merits of the *Water Witch* and *Vernon*, or indeed any document at all.

Believe me yours very truly,

F. COLLIER.

To the Earl of Belfast, &c.

P. S. I had nearly overlooked BEN BLOCK. I can tell him I was for many months *totally unacquainted* with the correspondence that was going forward in the *Sporting Magazine*, and that I have repeatedly in the public prints requested the *Water Witch* and myself might remain unnoticed. At all events I think I can see through the disguise of BEN BLOCK; and I assure him he will find that neither his Cherbourg nor Lymington blustering will have any other effect than exciting the increased contempt of,

Your obedient servant, B.

## EXTRAORDINARY HARE-HUNTING.

SOME seasons since, a pack of harriers hunting the fine country in the Golden Vale, not far from Golden Village, in Ireland, found a hare which was remarkable for a large white patch on her back. The run which ensued was almost as singular, as she took them, without a check, a distance of nearly twelve miles straight a-head, and was lost suddenly in the immediate vicinity of one of those raucous and romantic old castles with which that country is studded—the fading, though stern-looking mementos of Cromwell's iron rule. Not a month afterwards the same hare was found in the same field, ran almost exactly her previous ground, and was lost in a similar way close by the old Castle. Again she was started in another part of their country, but the run ended as the two former. A circumstance so singular could not but interest the most indifferent, and the owner determined to decipher it. As to old Barney, the huntsman, he firmly believed she was a witch, since, "Sorrow sweep the scot ivir stud fornint his babbies (hounds) that-a-ways anyhow; and din't the the crapt mare nigh brake his nick and her own—the dat was nivir known to miss a fut, bad, good, or indifferent." Each subsequent hunting day a man was sent to the old Castle with proper directions, and in about a week Puss was again found. The country being flat, the man had a wide view, and when he perceived the hounds in the distance, he had barely time to lift his eyes, when he saw this extraordinary hare coming close to him, a long way before them,

and at a great pace. She ran two or three times close upon her foil round the old inclosure walls, and then entered; she jumped from one mouldering heap of ruin to a second, until she gained an old window; thence from one irregularity to another of the dilapidated walls; and lastly reached a thick and extensive bush of ivy which mantled a tower, on the top of which the man was standing. The hounds were put into a barn hard by, to prevent the chance of her being mobbed, and a boy sent into the ivy. She dashed down her ascent, and went off the same country she had come over, as far as they could see her, and almost on her foil. She was found again that season, and hunted in the same way, the hounds (an excellent pack) never being able to touch her. Next season she was missed from her accustomed haunts, and never seen again. This was proof positive to old Barney, who rejoiced exceedingly, for he had prophesied some terrible catastrophe ..... "God speed thim dat tuk her out av it; troth and she'd lift her mark behind her any how. Sure was the old crapt mare the same baste ivir since in life!"—It was supposed by Barney's master and the Gentlemen who hunted with him, and who were aware of the circumstance, that she had been cursed at some period, and left part of her back in a dog's jaws, which caused the white mark. The rest, of course, no one could conjecture, except old Barney, who was quite satisfied on the subject, and scandalised at the unbelief of the *masker and the jontlemin*.

## THE RULING PASSION.

"THERE is one thing I had clane forgot to till yez," said an old Irish Squire to his son on his death-bed, after he had given him sundry good advices; "and 'tis will it came into the hid av me, or I cudn't have d'ed say. Mind when ya are out dining,

in the winter time tispically, always to come clane an sober off after the tinth turnler of punch; an that's the way yule's nat be braking yure nick by rason of tumlin in ditches like a dzuaken blackguard: now mind that, jewel, an my blamin be wid ya!"

## CROPS AND GAME:

WITH EXTRACTS FROM, AND REMARKS ON, THE LATE DEPUTATION OF  
SOME OF THE PERTSHIRE TENANTRY TO THE EARL OF ORMELIE, M.P.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,

**I** Crave leave, under favour, to assure you and your readers that there is not an individual in the habits of addressing you who more cordially detests the allusion even to anything in the shape of politics in such pages as yours, than does your humble servant, or who would, on almost any other occasion than the present, wave any topic which could by possibility superinduce their discussion: but as it so happens that I reside almost on the spot where the subject which forms the heading, or thesis, of this letter has been lately canvassed, and it does not seem likely that any one else may address you on the occurrence, I should hold myself deficient in proper attention to your *Miscellany* were I to let it pass unheeded: and although I am quite assured that it is a matter which would puzzle much wiser and far better heads than mine to arrange and determine, and consequently labour under the difficulty which such conviction naturally imposes, yet my own local knowledge and information will permit me to make some remarks, though I by no means attempt the presumption of passing anything like an absolute opinion. And indeed the subject *as yet* is so *decidedly local*, that, did it not contain in itself, and the propositions it demands, the germ of everything which would subvert not only *all* sporting pursuits, but their possibilities, as at present established, it would be much

Pittachur, February 3, 1834.

better to let it pass over in the at least *general* inattention which is evident, on the face of the Deputation's interview with the Noble Member for Perthshire, it has heretofore elicited.

The petition of this same party among the Perthshire farmers appeared in your Magazine of August last, and it was consequent on this petition, which Lord Ormelie presented, that on the morning after the great dinner given to his Lordship by the constituency who supported him at the last election, a Deputation waited on him to enforce the arguments and complaints therein contained personally. It was composed of a body of most respectable men in every sense of the word; and whatever might or may be the tendency of their demands, it is but fair to say, that, individually and aggregately, they themselves were deserving every attention. To enumerate them would only take up unnecessary room, and could little interest your general readers. I take my information from their own acknowledged organ, the *Perthshire Advertiser*.

To condense as much as possible *must* be my motto, giving, however, as far as I quote, the words of the Deputies as reported in the above-mentioned print. The first who addressed Lord Ormelie on the part of the Deputation was Mr. Condie, of Hilton —“in the hope that his Lordship would in Parliament give his

support to such measures as would afford relief from the vexatious and oppressive depredations to which the crops of the agriculturists are at present exposed: as the remedy, which a petition, presented from a number of occupiers of land in the county of Perth in the last Session of Parliament, suggested, was by many considered quite inadequate, it was on that account much less numerously signed than it otherwise would have been."

Now I shall take the liberty of commenting on such parts of these addresses as my own local experience allows me to do; and I can safely say (of course what occurred in the immediate vicinity of the Deputies I know nothing of) that in the district where I reside the case was very different; and I had, and took, every opportunity to observe and know its progress, and by whom it was signed: and so far from being as above stated, it obtained comparatively few signatures, and *many of these* people who had nothing to complain of, as they were totally removed, in the first instance, from the vicinity of anything that could be called a preserve, and, in the second, were composed of persons merely renting houses in towns, &c., who signed themselves *tenants*, or who held two or three acres of ground; and others who signed themselves *farmers*, from having once been in that occupation, but who then had no interest whatever in that line, and consequently could suffer none.

"Mr. Condie then read from a printed copy the first five paragraphs of the petition" (for which the reader is referred to the last

August Number); "but the petition by no means stated the full extent of the evil. The rigid manner in which the Game Laws were now enforced had led to the establishment of numerous gamekeepers, who are interested in preserving other destructive animals, particularly rabbits, as well as game. These animals, indeed, a tenant is entitled to destroy on *his farm*, but where it happens to be bounded by plantations or uncultivated ground not in his occupation, he is without remedy from their depredations."

Now how they can depredate on his farm without being there, where, as acknowledged, the farmer can destroy them, I cannot very well understand; but look at it any way, see what a principle this involves. Because a proprietor lets out so much of his land to a farmer, he is not to be allowed to make use of his plantation or waste land (say as a warren even if you like); or, still more preposterous, the farmer is to have liberty to trespass on these plantations, &c. whenever he is, or chooses to say he is, injured by these rabbits. The same principle is applicable to hares and pheasants; and if it was to be conceded, that a man, because he merely rents ground from another, could and should whenever he pleased, as a matter of absolute right, roam at large over that other's *property*, which the latter had planted, adorned, inclosed, and set apart for private use and pastime, and destroy everything which he found there, and which he conceived inimical to himself, I do not understand what the meaning of the word *property* is. That a man's pleasure grounds should be con-

verted into an arena *volens volens* for every idle, discontented, and greedy person upon his estate to fire away upon *ad libitum*, would be, as far as the owner was concerned, verifying the somewhat vulgar but expressive adage of "a cat in hell without claws" with a vengeance. But while thus deprecating the flagrant absurdity, to use no harsher expression, which this desideratum, as expressed in the petition and by the Deputation, involves, I by no means assert or imply that the proprietor is to keep up an overstock of game to the injury and at the expense of the tenant: very far from it; as the one would be nearly an act as outrageous as the position sought to be established. On that point, however, I shall venture a few remarks hereafter.

Mr. Condie concluded a very long address, by stating the Game Laws to be "a very great obstacle to agriculture, and unworthy of a free nation, not possible to reconcile with the principles of common justice, till so modified that the right of killing every wild animal which is destructive to his crops shall be extended to every cultivator of the soil, or any person employed by him for that purpose, except such as by voluntary stipulation shall preclude themselves from that privilege."

Now in the petition the point sought was the right of shooting pheasants and hares *only*: that was not *bad*, as if any man would abstain from killing everything else. But here, although the right of the landlords to appoint, and the fact of their employing, keepers is so bitterly complained of, it is imperiously demanded

by the tenant "*ore rotundo*." Indeed the whole of the reasoning, and arguments adduced nearly, could be confuted from their own principles: to go through and dissect them all, however, would occupy more space than would be desirable in any sense of the word.

Mr. Richmond, of Moneydie, "conceived it could be shewn that a more effectual check could not be given to improvement in agriculture than the present alarming increase of game. He (Mr. R.) had been farming extensively in different parts of the county, and particularly districts affected by game, for the last forty-four years: when he first came to the country" (I believe he is an Englishman) "large districts lay in a state of nature, producing little rent; at that time there being little or no covert, and the country in a poor state, game was not plenty."

Now (with the exception of pheasants, which have only been introduced within the last thirty years) game is not near generally so plenty as it was. Within the last few years the perceptible decrease had been in the mouth of every shooting sportsman, many of whom that I have conversed with are old enough to recollect those times, and one and all agree on that point. My own recollection extends to twelve years of constant residence, and I can safely say that the decrease is not merely striking, but, to use Mr. Richmond's own word, "alarming." That in some few, but very few, preserves an overstock may be kept up, I do not mean to dispute; but in a circuit of fifteen miles round this place, I know but one who can be said

to *preserve* in the full extent of the word—Lord Willoughby, the best and most considerate landlord possible in respect of game and every other way, having given up on Drummond Castle estate.

And again, with respect to game preserving being an alarming and effectual check to agricultural improvement, is there not such a place as the county of Norfolk, and resident in that county the great agriculturist, Mr. Coke? Is not also this Gentleman as great a preserver; and are his tenants destroyed and ruined? I have always understood they were proverbially otherwise.

After alluding to the true spot where the shoe pinches, the low prices, &c. and going into much extraneous matter, Mr. R. proceeded to inform his Lordship that “the breed of long-woolled sheep will probably gain ground in this county; that this breed cannot be kept without a supply of turnips; and that it has become almost impossible to preserve a field of turnips, in many situations, until spring; and that when a turnip is once broken, though the smallest piece should only be taken from it, the whole comes to be destroyed by the frost.”

Now here again must I have recourse to Norfolk, where more turnip is grown than in all Scotland together, and where there is double the game (pheasants and hares especially) than in any other county in Great Britain; so that there must be a way of reconciling these matters—*Q. E. D.*—but how I cannot take on me to say, though I should imagine through the only just or

rational one—the preserver satisfying the tenant for any extraordinary injury.

Lord Ormelie, and Mr. Murray (the Member for Leith, who seconded the petition in the House of Commons), “having then made some remarks as to the difficulty attending the case of the tenantry, arising from the landlord’s *right of property*, Mr. Graham (of Easthaugh) referred to the Reform Act, and stated that, in his opinion, a measure extending to tenants the right of killing game would not be a greater stretch of power than had been exercised in doing away with the qualification of paper voters.”

There is no occasion to make any comment on this last opinion, as it at once avows the principle which was constantly upheld by the opponents of rational reform; viz. that it would be regarded merely as a precedent for the destruction of rights and property. But this the Radicals never denied.

Valuations of the damage sustained on three different farms being handed to Lord Ormelie, which (it was stated) were attested by competent and impartial judges—whence it appeared, that on each of the farms the damage sustained was more than one-fourth of the rent—His Lordship, in reply, stated, “that it was quite a fit topic for the Legislature to take under its most serious consideration: he thought it was only just and reasonable that the cost of rearing the game should fall upon the proprietor, and not upon the tenant; and added, *that he sincerely believed that no proprietor in this county would refuse redress to his tenants, were a statement of such extraor-*

dinary devastation laid before him."

Now, here it would be but natural to suppose that if such had been made and refused, or otherwise relief granted, it would have been so acknowledged by some of the Deputies; but such was not the case, at least as noticed in the *Perthshire Advertiser*; and his Lordship, of whose able, kind, and manly reply these are but very short extracts, continued:—

"He was afraid that, by former decisions of our Courts of Law, the tenant would find a difficulty in obtaining a remedy at law, as the relation between landlord and tenant rested upon the principle of parties having entered into a contract, the mutual obligations of which are expressly specified in the lease, or left to be determined by law and the usage of the country. Common law reserved to the proprietor his exclusive right to preserve, and consequently increase, the game, though not actually mentioned in a lease; and his Lordship thought wisely, for field sports are a natural and healthful recreation; and were the Legislature to divest landed property of this privilege, its value and importance would be considerably diminished. The question was one of great importance, and should be viewed impartially and deliberately:—to protect the tenant without infringing on the privileges of the proprietor, should be the object of their endeavours; and it would be extremely difficult to obtain a Legislative remedy, owing to the nature of the case, and its being only a partial evil, one not generally felt, otherwise tenants of other counties

would have come forward, and moved in the matter: yet he would direct his best attention to it, with a view of devising some remedy. In allusion to what had been stated by one of the Gentlemen of the Deputation respecting the Reform Act, he would beg leave to state that indirectly it would have a most beneficial effect, as its tendency was to strengthen a good and cordial understanding between landlord and tenant. Indeed, so identified are their interests, that one might have thought the consideration would have prevented such questions as these arising between them. If injury accrued to the tenant, sooner or later the landlord must suffer, and thus a temporary evil of this sort would work its own cure. His Lordship concluded by strongly urging those tenants who have suffered such loss to lay statements of facts before their landlords, for he could not but believe that reduction of rent or compensation would be allowed where such serious and unforeseen injury had been sustained."

Mr. Murray addressed the Deputation also at length. "He considered the increase of game a great evil (I should like to see the Honorable Member set down to good hare-soup and a roasted pheasant, with nothing else for his dinner); and although he felt difficulty in legislating on the subject, he would readily turn his attention to any measure affording just relief to the tenantry."—The Deputation then expressed their thanks to Lord Ormelie and Mr. Murray for their attention to their statements, and the meeting terminated.

Now, with all due deference to

Lord Ormelie and Mr. Murray, I cannot see what terrible difficulty presents itself, at least in cases of such serious injury as were laid before his Lordship. It certainly might be very difficult, nay impossible, to frame any law which would *satisfy* the farmer; for I never yet knew one, of any grade, in any times, who was not grumbling about something or another: and now, unfortunately, it is little to be wondered if they feel sore on points they formerly overlooked. But, that where the proprietor preserves to the *positive and obvious* injury of his tenants, he should be legally bound to make reparation subject to fair arbitration, seems to me as much an act of justice, as it would be one of iniquity to take away from that proprietor his present right or superiority over his estate: nor could this, I humbly conceive, be liable to abuse or the injury of the proprietor by litigious or discontented tenants, as it must always be liable to arbitration and reference; at least it *should—not law*; and could only be applied for in the vicinity of large preserves, where hares, rabbits, and pheasants were produced in destructive quantities; for as to partridges and other game, they are not in any degree (to produce *just* discontent) injurious to the husbandman. Grouse and Black Game are out of the question altogether.

¶ No one could be a sincerer Reformer than was the humble individual who has now the honor to address you, and in my small sphere it is well known; but it was reform, not revolution, which was in contemplation, and which I yet trust will really distin-

guish the passages of our late times.

With respect to the immediate Deputation who waited on Lord Ormelie, they were just the same *squad* who originated the petition. Well might his Lordship observe, that it was "only a partial evil." I could, had I room, prove it to be so every way; and, in addition to what I have at the beginning stated as to the false way in which the petition was signed in this district, I can add that numbers positively refused to sign it. Let any man look even at the map of this immense county, and he will see whether it was a really general thing. As to the motives which actuated those who originated, and have so far carried it on, they can in my opinion be easily traced—a few, however they may attempt to disguise it, from a wish to tear that right from the proprietor which they affect to depreciate, that they may enjoy it themselves; others, because they view all passing events with radical feelings; and one or more, from a natural greediness which would upset heaven and earth for a cheese-paring, could they only imagine the possession of it at the hinder end. But, although the Noble Earl, than whom there is not a more straightforward, sincere, and intelligent person living, deemed it truly so far local, or rather "partial," it is not so altogether.

A small treatise or digest of the Game Laws of Scotland has lately been published (I think at Edinburgh) by a Mr. Grigor, either an Advocate or Writer (Barrister or Attorney), of which I have only seen extracts; but he ends by saying that the game ought to be the tenant's, inas-

much as it is a species of property, if it can be so called, "incidental" to the ground. Now, take this principle, and the improving farmer, the keen agriculturist, who looks at everything with the eye only of a utilitarian, may object to any *natural* or "incidental" coppice wood or hedge-row trees which the owner may not have planted and registered; and thus go on, until the crop, being incidental to the land, he insists on having that also: and that trees and plantations (without game) are already considered a nuisance, I can prove, in the instance of the brother of one of the Deputation, who was then a tenant of Lord Willoughby, and who objecting to some hedge-rows, after signing a lease, on account of the injury the roots of these trees did his crops, went to law with his landlord, and litigated it even up to the Court of Session in Edinburgh, and until he had not another farthing to bless himself; and this, too, at a time when his Noble Landlord (though times were much better than now) was giving back fifteen and twenty per cent. to all his tenants.

I have before stated that Lord Willoughby has given up game preserving on the Drummond estate, and *that* at the very first suggestion of his tenants: but when he did preserve, *the one half of whatever was killed was left, with his good wishes, at the house of the farm on which it was*

*found—this always, and without distinction invariably.*

Every man who has crossed the Atlantic knows that its most violent squalls are first indicated but by a very small black speck or cloud, and the generality of your readers may deem this a tiresome Scotch affair. But let the Squirearchy generally over the home empire rest assured that they ought to keep a good look out: and permit me to say a word in the ear of the top-sawyers, the *lads in red*, the cream of the Sporting World, who are rather apt to look down on any less gorgeous pursuit than their own, especially that of the trigger, which now-a-days, more particularly, they seem to say is more than usually destructive of their sport (it never need or should be) —let me, I say, warn them, that when we have to hang our guns on the willows, and sit down and weep—their own who-whoop will not be very far behind. It does become every Sportsman who has *any* influence to look about him. As to those who have been, as the public prints say some have, so weak as to destroy their game, because it was too great a temptation to the lower orders, they are not only far wide of their presumed mark, but criminally culpable, inasmuch as, if I be not actually holding out a premium to laziness, riot, and dishonesty, it is the very next door to it.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

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#### MR. MARK MORRELL'S HARRIERS.

SIR,

I Last season sent to you an account of a day's hunting with Mr. Mark Morrell's Har-

riers, kept near this place, and have to return you my thanks for the insertion of it in your Ma-

gasine. As is generally the case I have occasion to be in Oxford at this season of the year for a few weeks, and have this year. I of course could not deny myself the pleasure of meeting my old friend and his hounds once more.

Our fixture was the eighth mile-stone on the Diddington road, and our find Whitehill field. She led us a dance of thirty-five minutes at the very best pace, and we lost her in consequence of a storm coming on. Our next find Hordley, on the farm of that worthy man Mr. Smallbones. She was headed in her first point by some of the M'Adam fraternity; she now took the lanes till nearly opposite our meet; then to the right, nearly up to the Diddington road: here again she was put to the right about by a travelling tinker putting his face over a gate, and in all probability to this circumstance we are indebted for as good a run as ever was witnessed. She now faced the country for Burton Grove, skirting it over the brook to Glympton gorse, a

sure find in the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, taking the outside, on for Euston field: here she ran a ring, and came back to the furze, where I suppose she saved herself, our hounds having got on the drag of a fox that must have broke covert on hearing the hounds the first time by it. The run lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes, and over at least twelve miles of country—our field not numerous, but I saw two or three very clever nags out.

The next day I joined them at Dorchester field. We found on the farm of a Mr. Latham—a right sort of pace. She led us well for one hour and twenty-three minutes as fast as I ever rode to hounds, without a check, when she dashed into the river at Cull-Hampton bridge, and I suppose the strength of the current carried her down.

I was now obliged to say adieu, having to meet the coach at Dorchester for London at two o'clock.

Should you think this worth insertion, you will oblige your old friend,

SONO.

Oxford, Jan. 28, 1834.

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**EXTRAORDINARY RUN WITH THE HARRIERS OF GEORGE ST. VINCENT WILSON, ESQ.—THREE DAYS WITH MR. MURE'S HOUNDS IN SUFFOLK—DESTRUCTION OF FOXES.**

BY RINGWOOD.

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**H**UNTSMEN, Mr. Editor, like sailors, are many of them superstitious. Sailors will whistle for a wind whilst becalmed, or attempt to invoke or bribe old Neptune by throwing overboard a halfpenny. Huntsmen, after consulting the barometer over night, will rise from their lairs, tail uppermost, in the

morning, will hum over some little hymn to Diana for her protection, and will be frightened by seeing a hound roll himself on the grass on his first escape from kennel. How far these invocations may succeed no doubt is in proportion to the faith employed. All I know is, the day I am about to chronicle in your pages was a

most auspicious one, but how far any of the ancient deities were concerned I shall leave to be determined by my readers.

On the morning of the 6th of January last the harriers of Mr. Wilson, of Redgrave Hall, met at Lopham-Ford-gate, a spot that not only forms part of the line of boundary between Norfolk and Suffolk, but is remarkable as being the source of two rivers that not only add greatly to the beauty, but to the commercial wealth of these two fruitful counties:—one the Ouse, which, running westward, eventually empties itself into the German Ocean at Lynn; the other the Waveney, which takes its course directly eastward, and falls into the same sea through Lowestoft New Harbour. Now you see that old King Neptune, of whom I have before made mention, not only presides over the empire of the sea, but includes and claims all rivers and fountains as being within his manor and jurisdiction; and it might be that he was pleased at hounds meeting at this renowned aqueous spot, and take it as a personal compliment to himself, he not being much of a hunting cove: or it might be that the sight of so many good nags might tickle the old boy's fancy, and remind him of the lark he once (in shape of a horse, perhaps a good Leicestershire hunter) had with a certain Goddess whose pursuits lay chiefly after agriculture. It might be the very anniversary of the day; and we know

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as  
love's young dream;"

and, determined to do the civil thing, he no doubt sent orders to his keeper, old Pan, to find us a

"rum un." Whether this was the case or no I leave to the conjectures of the curious: at all events we were in for a clipper; and now for the detail.

After looking the adjacent fields for more than an hour without finding any traces of Puss (a circumstance I attributed to having seen in our beat about twenty fine young fellows breaking stones in a gravel pit), we trotted on about two miles to the village of Hopton, and the hounds were thrown into the gorse covert on the common. Now here was covert enough to have held a dodging fox for an hour in spite of hounds, and a common sort of hare for ever: but the one we found was of a different stamp, and, instead of availing herself of the advantages I have just mentioned, dashed at once through the river, about six yards wide (no doubt in honour of the patron of the day), went straight through two coverts of the Rev. C. Brown, at Norton, and, at such a milling pace, through the inclosures to the village of North Lopham that made every one suppose, according to the laws of Nature, her life was to be a short and merry one. But this was merely the prelude. She now changed her course, turned to the left, and made for the coverts at the back of Garboldisham Hall, through which she went as straight as a bullet with the hounds within one hundred yards of her; forward, straight forward to Gas-thorpe, Riddlesworth, and down to West Harling: here she was headed by a shepherd, and she turned (but without retracing her steps) back to the confines of Garboldisham; thence inclining

to the left, she rattled through some fine large inclosures to Hill Harling, in which parish, but on the very confines of Kenninghall, this extraordinary little animal was run in to in the open, after going through eight different parishes — time one hour and twelve minutes, *without one moment's check*, in which time, on the most moderate calculation, not less than thirteen miles of country was ridden over.

For many years I have witnessed the exploits of both fox-hounds and harriers. I have seen many hares run longer, and go over more ground; but never did I, nor never do I expect again to witness a run of one hour and twelve minutes, without one moment for resting or dodging, at the pace we rode on the day I have just recorded: her line was so marked, and from the quickness of the hounds she was so constantly viewed by one or other of her pursuers, that the possibility of having changed our hare is entirely out of the question. I therefore think I may send you the account of this run to be inserted as almost unequalled in the annals of hare-hunting.

A high-mettled fox-hound, Mr. Editor, may occasionally run hare; but the moment a fox is found, he takes to his proper game and sticks to it: a change back again to hare would entitle him to a halter. This is the reason why I have thought it best to give you the tale of the merry harriers *before* I offer to your perusal the result of a few days' hunting with the gallant fox-hounds.

It is now about seven years since Mr. Mure's hounds commenced hunting the county of Suffolk, and two since I did my-

self the honour of recording their exploits in your Magazine. I then stated particularly the limits of this Hunt: I shall therefore now briefly observe that these hounds now claim that part of the county formerly hunted by the Duke of Grafton, having in addition a great part of the Thurlow country in the neighbourhood of Newmarket lately used by Mr. Charles Newman. In the commencement Mr. Mure had many and great difficulties to surmount, besides that of collecting and breeding the splendid pack of hounds he now possesses. Most of the Aristocracy of the county were great game preservers, and not hunting men, and a fox's life was not worth five hours' purchase. But Mr. Mure's popularity, the Duke of Grafton's influence and example, and a respectable yeomanry zealous in the cause, started the thing in good earnest, and gave promise that Suffolk would again hold up its head as a fox-hunting country, and equal, if not eclipse, the most brilliant days of Ould Tom Rose. Alas! my fox-hunting brethren, with sorrow do I tell you, that unless some great change takes place, and that shortly, unless most of the game-keepers are transported, and traps and snares prohibited, not all the zeal and ability of Mr. Mure, and the few staunch friends by whom he is supported, can save this county from again becoming what his munificence raised it from—a fattening penn for pheasants and a nursery for poachers. Fox-hunters of Suffolk—

"O! fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint—"

now is your time to rouse yourselves, and put your shoulders to

the wheel. Where do you think you will find another George Mure, should your apathy drive him from you, or force him to give up his hounds? Look through the list of the hunting establishments of England, and learn how few are the men in this penny-counting age that keep fox-hounds in the style that he does at their own expense! Again, you that have leisure, go and inspect the far-famed kennels of what are termed the crack countries, and, if you are judges, you will acknowledge what you have left behind: nay, take the whole kingdom in your tour, if you have time, and you will find that (with the exception of two or three packs matured by time and supported by great power and wealth, and hunting in countries where men are as well bred for the sport as the inferior animals—let me tell you no small advantage) it will puzzle you to find eighteen or twenty couples of such dog hounds (to say nothing of the bitch pack), with servants so efficient, and so magnificently appointed and mounted, as Mr. Mure sends to covert side three mornings in a week for your amusement.

I met these hounds the first time this season on Friday, January 17, at Euston Hall, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Grafton—the bitch pack out, a well-mounted field, and expectation (from the fineness of the morning), as it always should be, tip-top-gallant high. We drew the Euston Cars.....blank!—Rushford Cars....blank!—Sir R. Buxton's broom coverts....blank!—Fakenham Wood, the celebrated in poetical as well as fox-hunting lore, without seeing

even the *ghost* of a fox! and lastly, Sapiston Groves (beautiful coverts).....but all, all blank!! A prophecy in the morning had gone forth that such would be the case: but how difficult is it to make men believe what they do not wish whilst the slightest hope remains! Such, however, was the case, and the hounds went home; the field dispersed; but how differently from that joyous hilarity that beams on the countenance of all at the conclusion of a good day!—no congratulating each other on the goodness of horses; no pressing invitations to brother sportsmen to "take pot luck," and talk over the pleasures of the day in an extra pint of wine; but with looks bordering upon melancholy, and doleful shakings of the head, they depart, some young ones at the rate of twenty miles an hour out of vexation, and the more meditative class in small companies at a funereal pace, venting their sorrow, in "curses not loud but deep," on pretended friends and secret foes. The evening of such a day to a real fox-hunter is cheerless: every glass of wine he puts to his lips is charged to the brim with curses against some vulpecide; and bitter is the contrast he draws "from the days of lang syne." In all countries a blank day is a matter of great vexation both to the Master of the Pack, the Hunt, and the hounds themselves; but all that men feel on ordinary occasions at such annoyances came armed with double force on this, for Euston was the place of meeting, and the best coverts of this splendid domain were without a fox! Nor was this a solitary instance of the kind: the same thing had hap-

pened many times *last season*; and during the *present* this was not the only day of disappointment that had been encountered at the same place. EUSTON without a Fox!!! *proh pudor!* Shade of the Illustrious George\*, whose remains now rest within the confines of this very Park that so often has resounded to the music of "hound and horn," it is almost enough to make thee burst the bars of thy prison-house, and come forth and demand whose doing is this! But peace to thy slumbers! it is well for thee not to know that this generation has fallen upon evil days—different, far different to those when Bloomfield sung, and praised

"The joyous sound  
Of distant sportsmen, and the deep-tongu'd  
hound  
First heard from kennel burling mad  
with joy;  
Where smiling EUSTON boasts her good  
FITZROY."

Euston is indeed a spot sacred and dedicated to fox-hunting in the imagination of every Suffolk sportsman, from the memory of the past: it was the constant theme of our school-boys' days at the commencement and conclusion of every merry Christmas; and many a pilgrimage have we made to the grave of "Old Trouncer," whose bones are interred under the Park wall, close to where the kennel once stood (*hic Ilium fuit*), and over and over again repeated the line inscribed upon a stone erected to his memory—

"Foxes, rejoice; here buried lies your  
foe—"

in as many varied tones of regret and sorrow as ever were poured forth by the sentimental at the grave of Yorick: for the Poet also tells us that

"When the warm pack in fall'ring  
alliance stood,  
His was the note that rous'd the list'ning  
wood."

But I fear I have rather hung upon the scent, or, as Colman the Younger has it, "I merely do apostrophize." I shall therefore proceed to make inquiries into the causes of the disappointment—every sportsman inquiring why are there no foxes at Euston?

It is well known that the Graf-ton family for generations have been fox-hunters; nor is the present Duke a less zealous supporter or a less ardent admirer of this noble sport than his ancestors. From the moment that Mr. Mure's hounds were declared to be a regular pack of fox-hounds, Euston Park gates were thrown open to them: His Grace was the only one of the Aristocracy of Suffolk that aided the undertaking at that period: his influence and example did much; and it was a rare thing, even during the first year the hounds hunted the country, not to find a fox in the Duke's coverts. His orders had been issued for the breeding and preserving of foxes, and they were at that time obeyed. But, unfortunately for the fox-hunters of Suffolk, His Grace does *not* reside at Euston; and still more unfortunately for them, Mr. Cooper, his steward, *does* (or did at the time the destruction of the foxes was perpetrated). This is a personage of whom I know how dangerous it is to speak, and of whom every prudent man within the circle of his sovereignty will think and talk with due reverence; and to mark the sense of the high estimation in which he is held by your humble servant, he is honored with a niche

\* Father of the present Duke—a most devoted and zealous fox-hunter.

in your Sporting pages. To this man, who occasionally styles himself the Representative of the Duke of Grafton, it is said something was offered which he conceived highly offensive to his dignity, but as to the precise nature of the contumely I will not undertake to determine. Common Report states it to have been, that some of the yeomanry, whilst hunting over the Euston estate, were heard to make remarks not very complimentary to Mr. Cooper's management of the agricultural labourers placed under his paw: but let this pass; we vouch not for the fact. However, the war of extermination of the foxes commenced, and in due time was completed. The report of these proceedings reached the ears of the Duke, and what no doubt to his vicegerent seemed an "indelicatè investigation" was set on foot. The result of this case was, that a poor devil of an under-keeper, by name Shadrach Sparrow, was declared guilty, and, whoever else might be implicated, was made the sacrifice and the scapegoat.

Mr. Cooper! you are represented as a man possessing considerable ingenuity, and gifted with no small portion of (what from the general tenor of your conduct you value most highly, I mean) the vulgar endowment, "cunning:" but, in the full possession of these mighty attributes, it would be highly entertaining to us to know in what shape the sop was administered to thy worthy compeer Shadrach, so as to induce him to expiate the offence by giving up his situation without turning King's evidence: it is a masterpiece of diplomacy that even Talleyrand would not be

ashamed of. We will not suppose, that, when poor Shadrach demanded the price of his silence, you could hint to him that pheasants were now marketable: of this connivance at the spoliation of your master we most reverently and decidedly acquit you; and of course your own private feeling at the disgrace that had fallen upon Euston in the Sporting World would prevent your promising to aid or assist him in any way whatever at any future period! No! no! it must all remain, for the present, conjecture. All we know is—the foxes were destroyed, Sparrow deposed, and the year following scarcely a pheasant was to be found in the preserves, over which, in particular, honest Shadrach had the guardianship. A gamekeeper on the Euston Manor going on in destroying foxes without your being privy to it! *Credat Judæus, non ego!* "Lay not the flattering unction to your soul," that in the mind of any man of common sense who knows you, that of the crime of connivance you stand acquitted. Not even thy friend Shadrach's honor, true as it at present remains, can wash away the stain; nor will the *nerve* you evinced (or what some old-fashioned folks might mistake for impudence) in mixing on horseback with the Gentlemen of the Hunt the last time the hounds were at Euston, and witnessing the disappointment occasioned by your own machinations, save you from the merited contempt of all honorable sportsmen. *Mais allons!*

Mr. Mure's hounds met at Beyton Green on the Tuesday following the day I have just spoken of; and fain would I

pass the record *sub silentio*, but as a faithful historian it must be given. Trotted on to Woolpit Wood, upwards of two hundred acres of as fine covert as ever kennelled a fox, and surrounded by a capital country—Charley not to be found, only the report of his foot-prints being seen was circulated: thence to Eastwood, in the parish of Elmswell (if possible a still more beautiful covert than the last); but drew it blank. On to Norton Wood and the adjacent spinnies, but the same bad fortune attended us.....poles about thirty feet long, ornamented from end to end with the carcasses and skeletons of the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air that had dared to interfere with Mr. Gamekeeper's *privileges*, met our view at every turn. In one of the coverts that I have just mentioned was posted up a notice that dog-spears were set, and poison laid; and in another, by the side of one of the rides, laid a trap, strong enough to hold an alligator; and all this happened in the coverts of men who pretend to be friends to fox-hunting! But of this hereafter.

This making five blank days out of six that these hounds had met with, the consequence was the 31st day of January was the last day publicly advertised. On this occasion I again mustered courage to go,

Though Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind:"

but, as if to make some little amends for the past, and give encouragement for the future, the fickle Goddess smiled and crowned the work. The meeting on this occasion was at the village of Little Saxham, distant about four miles from Bury St. Edmund's on

the Newmarket side, whence we proceeded to Ickworth Park, the seat of the Earl of Bristol. The hounds were thrown into the coverts that surround the mansion, and, whilst drawing a corner of great promise, a fox was viewed (by a man on foot) crossing the park in an opposite direction, and evidently in a great hurry. The "halloo" was heard; twang, twang went Will Rose's horn; "hark! halloo!" sang out Sam the first whipper-in; and little Joey cracked his whip, and in his finest soprano screeched "away hounds, away!" and away they did go. All now was animation and excitement: down went the half-burnt cigars; jam went the rowels against the coursers' sides. "Have they found?" inquires a dismounted youth nearly ridden over by half a dozen who have "got the office."—"Who knows the way out of this confounded park?" cries another.—"Follow Tom so-and-so," says a third: "he knows every hole and corner here."—D—n Tom so-and-so!" roars a fourth; "I shall follow the hounds."—Oh the bustling spirit-stirring joys of fox-hunting! the excitement, the delight of a good find after an hour's suspense! Ye only who have souls attuned to its music can taste them; to you only do I attempt to pourtray them. Well! Pug, having gained a momentary shelter in the shrubberies close to the Hall, would fain have been spared the trouble of shewing his pursuers the beauties of the adjacent country; but they were not to be denied, and *volens volens* out he scurried. Now the park-paling presented a barrier too high for horses to leap, and too strong for men armed only with hunting

hips to break down; and by this vent the hounds got out alone, and a "clear stage, and asked no favour;" and such use did they make of their time (being luckily left to settle to their fox), that when the headmost horsemen merged from the park the hounds had got half a mile start, and were going at such a pace as set all hopes of catching them at defiance. At the end of twenty-five minutes from the time the hounds were laid upon the scent, they had cleared the home coverts, got from Ickworth through Great Saxham, and thence to Barrow, where the fox was headed, and they came to a check, which just allowed Rose and part of the field to get up. In two minutes more they were at him again, and, from the fox having gained a little advantage, the pace was not so terrific, but still good, and the hunting of the hounds past all praise—it was perfection. At this work a young bitch called Liberty was pre-eminent. At the end of thirty minutes more, the fox (having been again foiled of his point) had described a circle of about eight miles, and again took shelter in the Ickworth Park coverts: here his intimate knowledge of every bush and briar

gave him manifest advantage over his foes, and prolonged his life for a little; but Will and his tackle stuck to him like glue; they were always at him, and thwarting his most artful dodges, and in about twenty minutes from the time he entered the coverts the second time, "who-whoop" was sounded.

This day's sport was of that sort that cannot fail of being highly satisfactory and delightful to every real lover of fox-hunting. The racing pace at the start, the beautiful quick hunting that followed, and the steady determined manner in which they kept at him, and finished him in a strong covert, could leave nothing to be wished for by the most fastidious.—Like children over their sweets, I left what I trust may be considered the best part of my story till the last, and shall now conclude with the earnest wish that, ere another season be past, the evils I have here complained of may be remedied. From all I have heard of these hounds, and from what I have seen, it is my humble opinion that the fox that escapes them with a fair scent must be either the best or the worst of his species.

RINGWOOD.

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### THE YACHT CLUBS. PROSPECTS OF THE APPROACHING SEASON.

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"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,  
Our souls as thoughtless and our hearts as free,  
Far as the ocean flows, the billows roam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home."—BYRON.

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SIR,

AT the commencement of another season it may be interesting to institute an inquiry into the prospects of the British Yacht Clubs, and to endeavour to

determine the prosperity of their condition at the present period. It will be interesting, because it cannot fail to afford us some earnest of the character of the ap-

proaching season; and useful, inasmuch as it will prove how far these Institutions continue to flourish in their pristine splendour. In the course of the papers which I have had the honour of addressing to you on this subject, I succeeded, I believe, in shewing that the very existence of such Societies is, in itself, productive of great national utility, to say nothing of the many collateral benefits which their encouragement must diffuse throughout every portion of a commercial community. It was at that time my earnest desire to prove that the prosperity of Yacht Clubs is inseparably connected with the interests of naval architecture—that they had contributed in a large degree to establish this latter as a SCIENCE—and that, on this account alone, they were pre-eminently entitled to public favour. It may, therefore, be just to state, that, after an increased and constant attention to this important question, I have seen no reason to retract one opinion which I then advanced: on the contrary, it has afforded me unmixed satisfaction to find my arguments supported by fresh facts, furnished by the history and progress of every Yacht Club in this kingdom: and this satisfaction has been not a little enhanced by the zeal, energy, and talent, with which the subject of naval architecture has been of late discussed. It is, in truth, daily growing in importance; and so long as it continues to wax strong under the tutelage of the most scientific men in the British Navy, we need not fear for the ultimate triumph of its great

truths over all the opposition of prejudice. There cannot be, Sir, a more decisive evidence of the utility of these Societies than the candid and uniform testimony of the gallant Officers before alluded to in favour of the merits and superiority of the Yacht fleets; and I cannot but feel that the labours of the excellent author of “the Apology for English Shipbuilders,” and the beautiful experiments of Commander Pearce\*, will introduce in due time a series of systematic improvements in the practical parts of the science, which will entitle them to the warmest thanks of every well-wisher to Yacht Clubs.

The last season was distinguished by several important events, which it will be our duty to record in the history of the Institutions. Among these, and surely not the least, were—the second visit of the Royal Yacht Squadron to the port of Cherbourg—the interest of the King of France in the proceedings of the British Clubs—and the personal patronage bestowed on them by the Royal Mother of our future Queen. It must be a source of great gratification to every unprejudiced mind to see one of the noblest Institutions of the high national feeling of this country received and welcomed by our enlightened neighbours—to see all rivalry forgotten, all former enmity buried in oblivion, and the right hand of fellowship along with the olive branch of peace extended by the two first people in the world. The Royal Yacht Squadron was not the only Club honored by the approbation of Louis Philippe on this occasion.

\* See *Nautical Magazine* 1833, a work which we have much pleasure in recommending to our Yacht friends as a publication of great merit and impartiality.

The Irish Clubs sent their delegates to swell the gorgeous train: and the Royal Western Club, of Plymouth, was favored by being represented by a Gentleman, who was expressly deputed to the office by the Royal Patroness herself. Hence we have at once a proof, not merely of the national feeling of the French Monarch towards all the Institutions of this kind belonging to the neighbour-kingdom, but also of the general disposition among all ranks of our countrymen to esteem and value their hosts as Noble and Honorable friends. The entertainments given to the English guests by the French Court were truly splendid: Lord Yarborough and the leading Members of the Yacht Squadron were constantly to be seen at the Royal table: the Irish Members were no less the object of attention: and Major Tonkin, of the Western Club, was among the number proposed as candidates for the Legion of Honour. The English, on the other hand, were no less active in their efforts to afford amusement: fireworks, to which the French are much attached, were displayed from their vessels; and their magnificent array of banners, throughout the whole of this combined fleet of pleasure, added to the brilliancy of the stirring scene. It is almost impossible to picture to the imagination this splendid pageantry, without fancying that ever and anon some remembrance of our ancient achievements must have presented itself to the mind, and some bright image of past glory in our naval annals awoke the hallowed memory of departed heroes. If such a thought arose, while pride, and prejudice, and

the rivalry of power were laid aside, we would fondly hope that the feeling may be mutual, and lasting as the worth, the honour, and the bravery of this united people. Before we dismiss this subject, we would beg to express our high sense of the kindness, good-will, and urbanity of the Noble Commodore of the Yacht Squadron towards all with whom he happens to be in any way connected. His high feeling of propriety, his sound judgment, his zeal for the good of his country, and the strict impartiality which he always brings to the decision of every public question which may arise in the discharge of his important office, have secured to him the esteem and respect of all classes, not merely in his Lordship's own Club, but in the different Societies which have had an opportunity of judging on these several qualities: and while he is supported by such men as Lord Belfast, Lord Durham, and Mr. Weld, the well-being of the Squadron can never fail. It may be laughed at by the sneering utilitarian, who will afford no time to the investigation of its merits—its discipline may be the theme of ridicule to those who know not how to discipline their own thoughts and conduct; but the high public and private character of its Members will always be the best foundation on which its prosperity can rest.

*"Justem, et tenacem propositi virum,  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solidâ."*

It is not generally known, although it is a fact which cannot be too extensively diffused throughout this country, that Yacht Clubs have never had a

more zealous or consistent patron, a more warm or consistent friend, or a more sincere advocate, than Her Royal Highness THE DUCHESS OF KENT, and I say it to her praise. Entertaining, as she does, the highest veneration for our naval achievements, Her Royal Highness allows no opportunity to pass by, by which she can in any way contribute to the interests of our National Institutions; and, above all, it is her pleasure and her pride to patronise everything connected with that element on which our most brilliant laurels have been won, because, by so doing, she gratifies the taste and inclinations of her Royal Daughter. It is surely, then, a cause of no small gratification to all who feel desirous for the welfare of Yacht Clubs, that they will, as I fervently pray, continue, for years to come, to have a Patroness of whom they may be always and justly proud. I stated in a former paper that no Club has been yet established which has not at once been honored by the smiles and encouraged by the kind wishes of our countrywomen. They have now, in the example just mentioned, an additional inducement to continue their favour; and as their presence in the scene of action has not hitherto been, like the angel-visits of our Poet, "few and far between," we trust that it will now be more than ever frequent, and not the less acceptable to those whom they may honour by their own personal interest and countenance. They must not forget, that in all our undertakings their smiles and their encouragement soften every difficulty in our path, and incite us to renewed efforts in the cause

in which we embark: and we, on our part, will not fail to remember, that

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O,  
Her 'prenties han' she try'd on man,  
An' then she made the lassies, O!"

After this rapid retrospect of the past state of Yacht Clubs, we shall pass on to the consideration of the approaching season: and I am the more anxious to do so, since I shall have occasion to notice a few improvements which have occurred to me as likely to be useful in their internal management. It has often been regretted that a degree of jealousy has subsisted between the Patrons of Yachting and the Turf, and there *was* a time when this regret was unfortunately too well founded. It is, however, gratifying to see that this unpleasant feeling, so hostile to the real interests of either amusement, and so totally at variance with the spirit of cordiality which should exist between them, has gradually died away; and even at Plymouth, where it was more strong than at any other place with which I am acquainted, it has now almost wholly ceased. The advocates of both are at length convinced that they have each their merits, and are equally entitled to the support of a free people.

From our correspondence with the different Clubs, we have reason to believe that the present year will be memorable in the annals of Yachting. The winter has not been one of idleness, nor, although it has usually been a season of holidays to the Members, has it in this case been spent so inactively as heretofore. The shipwright's hammer is busy in

its operations—the workmen are generally employed—and many handsome vessels are fast advancing to completion. Cowes will, we think, be joyful far beyond what is her usual wont, and St. George's Cross will be hoisted for the first time on some beautiful new models. The "Squadron" continues flourishing as regards its Members, but there has been at times a display of aristocratic feeling towards other Clubs which we have been grieved to witness. We have before stated our belief that the Royal Irish Club was the most splendid Association in Europe; and if we were to characterise these two, we should say that the principle of the latter is liberality—of the former, privacy. We beg to be perfectly understood, in stating our conviction, that this arises, not from the individual feelings of the Members of the Squadron, but from the constitution of the Club itself, which is *exclusive*. We are of opinion, that much improvement might be made in its laws and rules; that Officers in the Army, who may have distinguished themselves by their services, and eminent Civilians, might be advantageously admitted as Honorary Members. Every man has not a yacht, and, therefore, may feel no inducement to enter the Society; but surely, by extending the interests of the Club by a system of liberality which would cost nothing, its high character would be by no means compromised. There are, I am assured, many distinguished Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who are ready to support such a proposition whenever it be started. It is also well worthy of consideration, whether

it would not tend considerably to promote the mutual interests of all the British Clubs, if a fixed number of each were elected Honorary Members of all the others. Thus, twenty Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron might be admitted into the Royal Irish, Royal Western, Northern, and Cork Clubs, and *vice versa*. This would certainly keep up a spirit of friendship among all, and fail not to advance the cause in which they are all embarked. This reciprocal system would also bid fair to increase the splendour of the different Regattas of these Clubs. Those Members who have yachts should be invited by the Committee of the other Clubs to attend their races, and the prizes should be open to all, unless one were given purposely for a particular Club, independently of the usual prizes of the Members. It ought likewise to be perfectly understood that the election of Officers is *final*, and that no one so elected is justified in infringing on the duties of the others. This remark applies particularly to the Royal Western Yacht Club, which is now re-organised on a better plan, and which ought, therefore, to enjoy far greater prosperity. But if the system be adopted, or rather maintained, which prevailed so long in the former Society, under the name of the Plymouth Clarence Club, we shall fear greatly for its welfare. It must never be forgotten, that officious zeal may be carried to an unwarrantable extent, and is far more likely to do harm to the cause than promote its interests; as was too much the case at Plymouth in former days. But the Club, as we have just stated, has

been re-modelled under brighter auspices: and, although the active Managers have commenced their career by forgetting the exertions which secured their very existence as a public body, we wish them "God speed," and unqualified success!

As, Mr. Editor, your excellent Magazine is become the organ of the Yacht Clubs, I have ventured to throw out these hints, in the hope that they may be extensively useful, and be received in the kindly spirit in which they are offered.

The Members of the Irish Clubs are still as active as usual. We have, as we have before said, a great partiality for these Clubs, because they are established on such a large footing of liberality, and are always admirably conducted. There is good taste, opulence, splendour, and goodwill at all times evident in their arrangements, which deserve to be hung up for public inspection in every club-room in the United Kingdom; so that every man concerned may use his best exertions to emulate the fine feeling and ardent zeal which their

Members display. It is well known that many Members of the Yacht Squadron have personally inspected the construction of their vessels: this laudable example is becoming general, and we find some public-spirited Members of the Irish Clubs contributing their share to the great cause of naval architecture. To them, "one and all," we feel, and, with the hand on our heart, acknowledge a deep obligation; because, if we look beyond the present hour, and take a large and comprehensive view of the question in all its bearings, we cannot fail to be convinced of the immense public advantage which must result from such exertions; and the time is come when men are beginning to discover that there is far more real pleasure in advancing the well-being of their fellow-men to the very utmost of their moral power, than in gratifying, however fully, the mere ephemeral desire of their own selfish enjoyment.

In my next I shall enter into a few minor details, and in the meantime remain, Sir, yours, &c.

MOUNTAINEER.

### THREE WINTERS IN NORMANDY.

The Hotel de Lisle et d'Albion—a Rencontre and Departure—the Prairie—English Sportsmen at Dieppe—in the Vicinity—Partridge Shooting—French Gentry—Chasse au Caille—the Hon. Martin Hawke's Hounds—Angling—the Garde de Chasse—the Amende.

SIR,

ON a cold October evening in the autumn of 1831, I was quietly drawing my cigar in the Coffee-room of the Hotel de Lisle et d'Albion in Paris, and fast verging to that state of torpor sometimes produced by *ennui* and the

weed, when by a bustle in the court-yard I was apprised of the arrival of some *voyageurs*, and I heartily prayed that the Diligence might have compassionately brought a countryman, willing and ready to join me in

my solitary cloud, and assist in chasing away the fast-coming vapours, by a little converse on "merrie England."

I had already begun to despair in my hopes, when a tall, stout, gentlemanlike man entered the room, and nearly at the same moment addressed me with some trifling observation. At the first glance I had marked him as a military man, and I was not mistaken. "The witching time of night" had passed by three hours ere we again separated. My new acquaintance knew some one I did, or I some one whom he knew—it was of little moment, we were speedily intimates: both were as free as air, and either might have exclaimed,

"Why then this world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will ope!"

At that time my plans were nearly arranged, and I had decided upon a winter on the "sunny side of the Alps," and Naples was the point where I purposed calling a halt. My new friend was bound somewhere, I now remember not whither: cigars and sundry potations of *eau de vie* and the clear fluid were, however, destined to change all our plans; and Belvoir—for that was my friend's name—proposed my joining him in a trip to Normandy. Partridge and wild-fowl shooting, with a bevy of good fellows there taking their ease together, with field sports of all descriptions, were represented in such glowing terms that I consented to make the experiment for a fortnight. My opinion of the *agrémens* of Normandy may be inferred, when I state the two weeks were converted into as many years.

"I hate the man who can tra-

vel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'tis all a waste;" yet from Paris to Dieppe there is nothing very interesting. We had fixed on the latter as our head-quarters, and a jumble of twelve or fourteen hours brought us to the termination of our journey; and in a few days after we took the field, or rather "prairie," receiving intimation that an arrival of wild-fowl, snipes, &c. had been coincident with our own. Probably seldom were people more fortunate in a first essay: in every direction throughout the "prairie" wild ducks, teal, widgeon, and snipes were plentiful, and generally lying well.

On our first excursion we were accompanied by Mr. Birtwhistle, a gentleman residing at Dieppe, the companion in after-times of many a day's toil: knowing the ground, and shooting remarkably well, eight couple of wild ducks and teal, and fourteen or fifteen of snipes, rewarded the day's exertions. The marsh, or "prairie," extends from Dieppe to the village of Arques (famous for the defeat of the Leaguers under the Duc de Mayenne by the Great Henri), nearly four miles. It has long been celebrated as the resort of most species of wild-fowl, and to the English residents is a great attraction. The sport on the marsh is at times what would be termed "pretty," particularly in the early part of the season: as it advances, the deep ditches, everywhere intersecting the "prairie," become filled, and the sportsman, in the ardour of pursuit, may lay his account to an occasional sousing. At Triport also, about eight miles S. East of Dieppe, there is excellent shooting; as again upon

a "prairie" seven miles S. West of the place. Charmed with the first day's success, and the facilities for sport everywhere offering themselves, here I determined to remain; and for three successive winters I was as constant in my resort to the "prairie" as the wild-fowl themselves: and certainly for sport, combined with its contiguity to England, no place on the Continent offers advantages superior to Dieppe.

My friend was not so happy. Ill health, contracted in India, barely admitted of more than two days a-week. Fortunately at this time Dieppe boasted sportsmen excelled by none in England. Amongst these may be named, Joseph Leeds, Esq., son of Sir George Leeds; — Bray, Esq.; Capt. Kneller, of the Guards; Lord Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle; and lastly, Mr. Birt-whistle, before-named.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that any one intending to shoot in the marsh ought to provide himself with a pair of boots to reach considerably above the knees. Monsieur Valois, who resides near the *Eglise de St. Jacques*, is the crack *artiste* in this line.

For partridge-shooting, I scarcely know to which country to give the preference—everywhere it is good; and here, as elsewhere, sportsmen have their favorite ground. One great point is gained in the neighbourhood of Dieppe—very little is preserved. In various directions throughout Normandy there are English settled, who rent the game. Amongst others, Mr. Barker, who resides at Ouville, has capital shooting on the property of his landlord, Monsieur Suffray, whose estate,

situated near the Far Lighthouse, about nine miles W.S.W. of Dieppe, joins that of the Duc de Fitzjames, where game abounds. "The Duc," however, is extremely tenacious of his preserves, and, by way of retaliation for some of the injuries inflicted upon his ancestors by the English, most rigorously excludes every one of that nation from shooting over his estates. Again, at Tostea, half way between Rouen and Dieppe, where Captain Barswell, and his friend Mr. O'Reilly, R.N. reside, there is also good shooting: and, in fact, were it not for these gentlemen, who are capital shots, the country would be overrun.

This part of France, it may be fairly stated, is well stocked both with hares and partridges; but after the last week in September, or the first in October, this description of sport is little thought of. The country is very open, and the consequent wildness of the birds so great, that the sportsman turns his sole attention to the wild-fowl. At times it happens, indeed, that our countrymen, even after this period, succeed in driving the partridges into the "*colsa*;" and when this is the case they lie exceedingly well, and whole families are put into the bag.

It is but just to state of the French Gentry, that in general they are exceedingly liberal with the game. Monsieur Quenonville, one of the bankers at Dieppe, is very much so, and remarkably good sport at all times may be had on his estate, about nine miles on the road to Ville d'Eu, the Norman residence and private property of Louis Philippe, Again, M. de la Marre and Count

Pouqueville, who breeds some of the best racers in France; but there is so great a choice, and, as before observed, so little preserved, that the sportsman rarely chooses to put himself under an obligation, but takes the line of country most agreeable, seldom or ever meeting with interruption.

Occasionally there is good sport to be had at the *chasse au caille*, and ten or twelve brace, on the arrival of the flights, may be reckoned upon as the reward of a morning's exertion.

At present there is no hunting whatever in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, the Hon. Martin Hawke, who did keep hounds at Arques, having gone further south, either to Tours or Blois, but I understand the former, where he has tolerably good success in boar-hunting. There was formerly an immense number of wolves in the Forest of Arques: at the present day there are very few, and what there are are seldom seen, except by the inclemency of the season they are forced from the coverts. The peasants say they are gone farther south, to Rambouillet.

The winter past, the sportsman may still find amusement in the vicinity of Dieppe, as there are several excellent streams abounding in trout. Among the best in the immediate neighbourhood may be mentioned St. Aubin, Petit Abbeville, Ouville (where there are three streams), the River Arques, and, contiguous to it, a small river, by far the best, and preserved. However, the *gardes* are willing at any time to shew the best places for sport, *quarante sous* being the established price for Englishmen, although there is little doubt but that *vingt* would be readily accepted from a *concitoyen*. Notwithstanding this

it may not be irrelevant to state, that, from the frequent *bouleversements* society has undergone in France, it sometimes happens that these *gardes* are of a superior class.

At the period when *La Belle France* was not quite so much in her glory as at the present moment, it was my fortune to fall in with one who had been proprietor of the domains on which he then preserved the game. The old chateau of his ancestors had been burnt to the ground during the excitement of the Revolution, the head of the family decapitated, and the successor obliged to fly. On Napoleon's amnesty the unfortunate owner returned to France. The estate in the mean time had been confiscated, and the only mode of existence was this occupation. Being far from any other English at this time, I passed the long winter evenings principally with the unfortunate keeper, playing at *picquet*; in the mornings beating for game, with which the estate abounded, scarcely able to repress a smile at the enormous cocked hat of my attendant, or the vagaries of his dog Tabolo (something between the hound and setter), to whom his master kept up a perpetual conversation. Times, however, changed with the old man, and I had the pleasure of meeting him in his own hotel, in the Rue Rivoli, as the Chevalier de C—; and he yet may be seen any sunny day in the Gardens of the Tuileries, decorated with the Cross of St. Louis, but it is very questionable whether the days with Tabolo were not the happiest.

To conclude: some little apology may be expected for quitting Old England just at this critical period. I have shot in many

parts of the Continent, but the perfection of my "day dream" has ever rested on the joys of an English stubble or turnip-field in either Norfolk or Hampshire; and happy should I be to sport in England on a reciprocal system; but the *baitue* is now the rage, and everything connected with sport must be done in droves. Sportsmen at the present day jostle and elbow each other: we are too thick on the ground; added to which the present Game Laws have given a new character to sport in general. There are now new proprietors in the game, and

of a far more litigious description than the old. The man of Ind and the renter of the game in England have their eyes fixed very nearly on the same spot—the one on the *Great House*, the other on the *Great Market*, in *Leaden-hall Street*! A few more years, and the sportsmen of this country will be of a different *caste*. Another consideration—and it is not altogether of trifling import—the *bouquet* of the Burgundy of which you partake after a day's sport is in no degree injured by the reflection that it does no violence to your purse. *AU REVOIR.*

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#### THE SURREY HUNT.

SIR,

I Do not address this letter to you, from a reliance that its individual merits will entitle it to a place in your Magazine, but from a conviction that your pages are ever open to those who have just ground for wishing to lay their communications before the public.

My object, in thus troubling you, is to correct the impression which must have arisen on the minds of many, unacquainted with the true state of the case, from a perusal of an article which not long ago made its appearance in the pages of a would-be Sporting periodical. The article alluded to is, I believe, intitled "*The Swell and the Surrey*," and is evidently the production of some conceited Cockney, upon whose weak mind a soreness appears to exist against the hunting and the country, on account of the ridicule which his own awkwardness, or cowardice, coupled with his amazing assurance, has brought upon him; and it has

since been made the subject of an absurd and vulgar caricature.

Before I proceed further, I must premise that I am not a Citizen, neither am I in any way, directly or indirectly, connected with the Surrey Hunt, save and except that I have been out with them once, the occasion of which will hereafter appear.

I have two reasons for thus standing forward as the champion of the Surrey, the validity of which I leave, Sir, to you and the public.

Firstly.—Because the insinuations contained in the article are without the smallest foundation, and the Hunt is quite undeserving of the insidious attempt that has been made to bring it into disrepute. I speak not from rumour only, but from a conviction arising from personal examination and knowledge of the circumstances. When first I saw the article in question, I must own that I was rather surprised that such a Hunt as is there de-

scribed had existence in this kingdom; and though I did not go the length of believing all the absurdities with which it abounds, I must own that I thought our sport of fox-hunting was at its lowest ebb in the county of Surrey. A few weeks since chance brought me to the *Village*, and passing one morning by a caricature-shop, my eye happened to light upon the representation of the redoubted *Swell and the Surrey*. As I am in this part of the world, thought I, I will go and see how they do things in Surrey: if there be truth in the descriptions of their goings on which I have read and seen, I shall at least have some fun; and if there be no truth in them, I shall see some sport, and bring back a better opinion of the Surrey than I have at present.

The next morning found me on the road to Croydon, a few miles from which place I met the stigmatised Surrey hounds; and I can only say, that, after a very fair day's sport, I turned my horse's head towards London, with a full conviction that the ignorance of the Cockney who penned that calumnious article is only to be equalled by his impertinence; for, with the exception of what he says about the flints and the hills—the case of the latter, however, being grossly exaggerated—there is not a word of truth in the whole rigmarole from the beginning to the end. I am bound to say that I have never seen hunting conducted in a more sportsmanlike manner; neither have I ever experienced personally more courtesy and civility than I did from the Members of the Surrey Hunt, many of whom I am sure would

be “first flight men” were they to be transplanted into the most fashionable countries. As to the flints and hills, all I can say is, that the Members of the Hunt did not themselves make their country, or they would have left them out; and the manner in which they ride over the former, and up and down the latter, does credit to their own nerve and their horses' stoutness.

Secondly.—Because I have a strong opinion that at this time every hunting establishment ought rather to receive encouragement and good wishes than ridicule and contempt; and now that our foggy Island is threatened with the innovation of railways and steam-coaches, which, if introduced, must certainly in many instances be the *who-whoop* of our noble diversion, it more particularly behoves Sportsmen to rally round each other in order to avert the evil—(by the way, the good people of Croydon have just shewn us a good example in opposing the proposed line of railway to Brighton).—Let unity exist between Sportsmen, and we shall prevail; and let not the author of the *Swell and the Surrey* (though he can hardly be called *author*, as it is throughout a servile imitation of a paper in the *Quarterly*) estrange us of the more favored counties from our fellow sportsmen in Surrey.

And having now, I would fain hope, said something towards counteracting the feeling arising from this illiberal attack, I will trouble you no more, but take my leave—of you, Mr. Editor, by wishing prosperity to the Magazine and to fox-hunting in general:—of the Members of the Surrey Hunt, by wishing

them continued good sport:—and of the public in general, by strongly recommending all who have an opportunity afforded them to find their way down to

Croydon, and form their own opinion of this much calumniated establishment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RASPER

### GERMAN RACES.

**I**N forwarding us the Account of the German Races for the past year, our Correspondent omitted those at Schleswig and Oldesloe: we are enabled now to give them to perfect the Series.

#### SCHLESWIG.

THESE Races commenced on the 26th of June.

First Race—for three-year-olds, to carry 114lb.; distance 3000 yards:—the first horse to receive 180 dollars, the second 80, and the third 40:

Baron Cronstern's g. m. Octavia, by Antonius out of Mary..... 1  
B. Ahlefeld's ch. m. Herodia, by Herod out of Miss Rosa..... 2  
Duke of Augustenburg's b. h. Oporio, by Herod out of Young Aquilina..... 3  
Prince Frederic of Augustenburg's bl. h. by Logic out of Wonderful..... 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Captain Carr's br. m. by Antonius; M. Bohnfeld's br. m. by Logic; and Baron Ahlefeld's gr. m. by Truffle.

Second Race—for four-year-olds, to carry 130lbs.; distance 3000 yards: the first horse to receive 200 dollars, the second 80, and the third 30:

Mr. Volker's br. h. Charger, by Pot8o's, 1  
Count Neversdorf's ch. m. Fatime, by Antonius..... 2  
Baron Cronstern's br. m. Cleopatra, by Haphazard out of Mary..... 3  
Prince Frederick of Schleswig's br. m. by Haphazard out of Wonderful..... 0  
Mr. Matthiessen's br. m. by Pot8o's... 0  
Baron Ahlefeld's gr. g. Eclair, by Y. Truffle.....bolted.

Third Race—for five-year-olds, to carry 136lb.; distance 3650 yards: the first horse to receive 300 dollars, the second 130, and the third 50:

Baron Ahlefeld's b. h. Miechtlev, by Herod out of Witch of Endor..... 1  
Mr. Jacobsen's g. by Haphazard out of a country mare..... 2  
Mr. Fischer's gr. g. Victor..... 0

This race was without interest, as the

horse Miechtlev was so far superior in speed to the gelding.

Fourth Race—a Match for 100 dollars, h. ft.:

Dr. Weber's Freya, by Brutandorf out of Infant Lyra, 4 yrs, 127lb..... 1  
Duke of Augustenburg's bl. m. Noma-hanna, by Logic out of Miss Muley, 3 yrs, 103lb..... 2

This was the first time of thorough-breds appearing on the Schleswig course. Freya won easy—time, two minutes and two seconds.

The company was by no means so numerous as might have been expected from the very fine weather.

#### THURSDAY, JUNE 27.

First Race—the King's Prize of 150 dollars for the first horse, and 50 for the second, for three-year-olds and upwards; weight for age; thorough-breds excluded; distance 3000 yards; heats:

Duke of Augustenburg's ch. m. Medora, by Herod out of Miss Rosa, 4 yrs..... 0 1 1  
Count Reventlow's br. m. Eidora, by Pot8o's, 6 yrs..... 1 2 2  
Baron Ahlefeld's ch. m. Herodia, by Herod out of Miss Rosa... 2 3 3  
Prince Augustenburg's br. m. by Haphazard out of Wonderful, 4 yrs..... 3 dr.  
Capt. Carr's br. m. by Antonius, 0 dr.  
Baron Cronstern's br. m. Cleopatra, by Haphazard out of Mary..... 0 dr.

Baron Ahlefeld's Cleopatra, Count Neversdorf's Fatime, Mr. Volker's Charger, and Mr. Fischer's Maugrabbin drawn.

Medora, Eldora, Fatime, Charger, Maugrabbin have been named since last year.

**Second Race**—the Prince Frederic Charles Christian Stakes of 20 dollars each, P. P., for three-year-olds and upwards; weight for age; distance 3650 yards:

Prince Frederic's bl. h. by Logic out of Wonderful ..... 1  
Fatime ..... 2  
Octavia ..... 3

**Third Race**—a Cup, given by the Princess of Denmark, for three-year-olds and upwards, thorough-breds included; English horses to carry 7lb. extra; 3000 yards; heats:

Dr. Weber's Freya, 4 yrs..... 1 1  
Duke of Angustenburg's Blanca... 2 dr.

As Freya won the first heat easily, Blanca was drawn, and Freya walked over the second heat.

**Fourth Race**—a Match for 50 dollars, P. P., once round:

Mr. Fischer's Myrza ..... 1  
Mr. Volker's Maid ..... 2

#### FRIDAY, JUNE 28.

**First Race**—for three-year-olds and aged horses; distance 5000 yards: prize for the winning horse 400 specie dollars, for the second 150, and for the third 80:

Mr. Volker's b. h. Charger, by Pot8o's, 1  
Mr. Fischer's gr. h. Maugrabbin, by Haphazard out of Pipylina, 6 yrs..... 2  
Baron Ahlefeld-Sardorff's b. h. Mlechtelev, by Herod out of Witch of Endor, 5 yrs ..... 3  
Baron Cronstern's gr. m. Octavia, by Antonius out of Mary..... 4

**Second Race**—a Sweepstakes; distance 3000 ells; weight for age:

His Highness Prince Frederic's b. h. Wonderful, by Logic..... 1  
His Highness the Duke of Holstein's br. c. Algiers, by Logic out of Miss Rosa ..... 2  
Count Holstein and Major Ernst paid.

**Third Race**—a Match for 30 dollars, P. P.; distance 3000 ells; weight for age:

Mr. Volker's Maid received from Baron Ahlefeld's Cleopatra by Truffie.

#### SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

**First Race**—the City of Schleswig Prize, for three, four, five, and six-year-olds; distance 3650 ells: the first horse to receive 300 dollars, and the second 100:

Mr. Volker's br. h. Charger ..... 1  
Mr. Fischer's gr. h. Maugrabbin..... 2  
Count Holstein's Fatime ..... 3  
Baron Ahlefeld's b. h. Mlechtelev..... 4  
His Highness Prince Frederic's bl. h. by Logic ..... 0

**Second Race**—for three, four, and five-year-olds, for country half-bred horses; distance 2500 ells: prize for the first horse 100 dollars, for the second 50, and the third 30:

The First Prize was won by M. Matthiesen's br. m. by Pot8o's, 4 yrs.

**Third Race**—a Match for 40 dollars, P. P.; distance 3000 ells; once round the course:

Baron Cronstern's br. g. Hector, 11 yrs.. 1  
Mr. Volker's Maid, by Y. Truffie ..... 2

#### OLDESLOO.

THESE RACES commenced on Monday, July 22d.

**First Race**—for a Prize given by the Magistracy of the Town of Oldesloo, 400 dollars, for three, four, five-year-old, and aged horses; distance 4000 ells; three-year-olds to carry 114lb.; four, 130lb.; five, 138lb.; six and aged, 143lb.; English-bred horses, if imported on the Continent before the 1st of May, to carry 7lb. extra:

Count Hahn-Basedow's br. h. Gondolier, by Godolphin out of Rosaline by Whalebone ..... 1  
Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg's br. m. Somnambule, by Moses out of Dream by Soothsayer, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Dr. Weber's b. m. Freya, by Brutandorf out of Infant Lyra, 4 yrs..... 3  
Baron Biel's b. m. by Mustachio out of the dam of Maria and Elizabeth by Stamford, 5 yrs..... 4

On starting Gondolier led, followed by the Mustachio mare, Somnambule, and Freya. At the first turn Som-

nambule was second; at the bait turning Freya got third, and the Mustachio mare dropped to the rear. Gondolier won by a length.

**Second Race—His Majesty's Prize** of 60 dollars, for three, four, five-year-old, and aged horses; distance 1500 ells; heats:

|                         |   |   |   |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|
| H. Hardt's b. m.....    | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| C. Linen's b. m. ....   | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Bartels' bl. m..... | 1 | 3 | 3 |

**Third Race—His Royal Highness Prince Christian Frederick of Denmark's Prize, a Cup,** for three, four, five-year-old, and aged horses, thorough-breds excluded, 20 dollars each; distance 3000 ells; heats:

|                                                |   |
|------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Volker's br. h. Charger, 4 yrs... 1        | 1 |
| Colonel Ernst's ch. g. by Antonius, 3 yrs..... | 2 |

TUESDAY, JULY 23.

**First Race—His Majesty's Prize** of 400 dollars, for three, four, five-year-old, and aged horses; distance and weights as for the two Plates; heats:

|                                                                                                    |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Baron Biel's b. h. Flame, by Master Robert out of Steam, 3 yrs (Lewis) 1                           | 1   |
| Dr. Weber's b. m. Freya, by Bruntandorf out of Infant Lyra, 4 yrs... 3                             | 2   |
| Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg's b. m. Somnambule, by Moses out of Dream by Soothsayer, 4 yrs ... 4 | 3   |
| Count Hahn's b. m. Eryx out of Misery, 4 yrs .....                                                 | 2   |
| Mr. Volker's b. h. Charger, by Pot-80's, 4 yrs .....                                               | dr. |

At starting Freya led at a smart pace, followed by Flame, and the Eryx mare close up; Somnambule was behind. Freya continued the lead as far as the distance post, where Flame and the Eryx mare came up at a good pace. At a short distance from the winning post, Flame and the Eryx mare were running head and head with Freya, and beating her by half a length. Flame won by a head only.

In the second heat Flame was leading, closely followed by Freya. Somnambule lost ground at starting, but got up at the lower turn, though, having afterwards again lost ground, she was put out of all chance of winning. Flame won easy.

**Second Race—for a Cup given by Her Highness the Duchess Louise** Sophia of Holstein-Augustenburg, for three, four, and five-year-olds, with 20 dollars each—the second horse to receive half of the money; distance 6000 ells; weights as for the first race:

|                                                                        |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Count Hahn Basedow's b. h. Gondolier, by Godolphin, 3 yrs.....         | 1   |
| Baron Biel's b. m. by Mustachio, 5 yrs.....                            | 2   |
| Duke of Augustenburg's b. h. by Y. Moses out of Miss Muley, 4 yrs..... | 3   |
| Dr. Weber's b. m. Freya, by Bruntandorf out of Infant Lyra.....        | dr. |

Gondolier at starting took the lead, and ran in beautiful style, closely followed by the Mustachio mare, Young Moses next, at a tolerable pace, until the first turning, when the pace between Gondolier and the mare considerably increased. Gondolier won, apparently easy. This race was decided in four minutes and eighteen seconds.

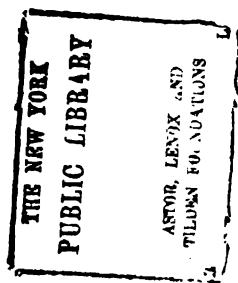
**Third Race—the Frederick Ferdinand Stakes.**—His Highness Prince Frederick Ferdinand was graciously pleased to give the Cup for these Stakes, for horses foaled in 1830; distance 4000 ells; with 40 dollars each, h. ft.: to carry 119lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the second horse allowed the fourth part of the Subscription money: 20 subs.:

|                                                                                    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| His Highness Prince Frederick's ch. h. Soliman by Logic out of Tippetwitchet ..... | 1 |
| Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg's bl. m. Nomahanna by Logic out of Miss Muley .....  | 2 |
| Baron Cronstern's gr. m. Octavia, by Antonius out of Mary.....                     | 3 |
| Count Hahn-Basedow's ch. h. by Sultan out of a Haphazard mare.....                 | 0 |

Sixteen paid.

**Fourth Race—a Sweepstakes for half-bred horses,** weight for age; distance 3000 ells; 20 dollars each, h. ft.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; horses bred in England, and that have been on the Continent for the space of six months, to carry 7lb. extra:

Baron Cronstern's Octavia....walked over.





THE PARQUEHARSON VASE.



## CAPITAL SPORT WITH THE MOUNTAIN HARRIERS.

SIR,

**I**T may seem superfluous, after the succinct yet comprehensive notices of your valuable Correspondent DASHWOOD, of whatever in the shape of sport worthy of record passes in this and indeed in most other districts, to request a corner of your pages as a memorial of a run with the M.H.; which initials, whether meaning (as far as regards the M.) Mountain, or Minimus, I leave to the learned; certain it is, that if it be the latter, it must be owned that the little are at least desperate.—On the 20th of last month they found their hare in a fallow near Dewlish Mill, and at the best pace raced her by Chesilborne through the willow bed; and leaving Henning Hill to the right, crossed the large ewe-leazes northward, and, facing the tremendous hills of Melcombe Horsey, crossed the centre of Liscombe Bottom, to charge the still more tremendous steep to Mr. Miller's plantation: a very seasonable check of a few minutes gave the sobbing nags a chance, and their riders an opportunity to ask themselves whether these were really harriers, and their chase a hare! Mr. Harding, however, soon cut short cogitation by recovering, and cheering the gallant *small ones* down the road to the Folly at Plush, opening the Vale of Blackmoor a-head; but puss would not soil her feet with clay, so turned over the hills

above Liscombe, and was scarcely known to have degenerated in pace, till, after one hour and ten minutes from finding, this unique pack ran in to her in the open opposite Melcombe House.

So far, so good: but, Mr. Editor, my ink is scarcely dry from the record of this really good thing with harriers, when my friend Thistle-whipper calls on me with his nag in want of gruel at ten minutes past sunset three days afterwards, and details, in explanation of his distressed circumstances (in which he by no means stood alone), the particulars of two splendid runs with the same pack, the last of which embraces a tract of country, and was performed at such a pace, with death at the end, as rarely is crossed under the happiest circumstances with the nobler animal wearing the brush. *Mais n'importe*; here you have the particulars of the one, and the generals of the other day's sport: and in conclusion, I may, I believe, in noticing a hint of DASHWOOD's about hunting roe-deer with this pack, say, that whenever it does occur, which is seldom, it is not *con amore*, but a condescension on the part of the Master of the M.H., who cannot for his life avoid doing a good-natured thing.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LONGWAIST.

Dorchester, Feb. 11, 1834.

## THE FARQUHARSON VASE.

**I**N our last we gave a description of the VASE subscribed for by the friends of Mr. Farquharson's Hunt, "as a mark of the

gratitude which they feel for the very liberal and handsome manner in which he has for twenty-seven years kept a pack of Fox-

hounds in the County of Dorset, 1833."—We have thought it incumbent upon us to procure a drawing of this magnificent Piece of Plate, and to engage the tasteful burin of GRÆIG to give it due effect.

We have to add to the description given in our last, that the border of the *tazza*, or dish, which supports the Vase, is in bold relief, and was designed by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A., composed of beautiful groups of nymphs, fawns, boys, tigers, grapes, &c. intermixed with foliage; and the inner part of the dish, like the Vase, is embossed with *Acanthus* leaves, &c. so as to produce perfect harmony.

Mr. Farquharson's armorial bearings are—Quarterly; first and fourth, *or*, a lion, rampant, *gu.*; second and third, *ar.* a fir-tree, growing out of a mount in base, fructed ppr.; on a chief *gu.* the Royal banner of Scotland displayed; a canton of the field, charged with a dagger, also ppr., point downwards.

CREST.—A demi-lion, rampant, holding in the dexter paw a dagger, erect, ppr. pomel and hilt, *or.*

Monday the 3d of February being the day appointed for the presentation of this beautiful work of art, a dinner took place at the King's Arms Inn, Dorchester, to which the friends of Mr. Farquharson's Hunt had invited that Gentleman, and upon which occasion a most agreeable day was passed in the interchange of the most cordial socialities.

At half-past five o'clock the Earl of ILCHESTER took the Chair, supported on the right by James John Farquharson, Esq., Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., W. Hanham, Esq., and G. C. Loftus, Esq., and on the left by Henry Banks, Esq., Lieut.-Gen. Sir

Colquhoun Grant, and John Hesketh Lethbridge, Esq. The Vice-President's chair was filled by Thomas Goodenough, Esq.

In addition to the Gentlemen above-mentioned, the following were also present:—

Sir Henry Blackwood, Bart.  
Hon. Joshua Vaneck, 1st Royal  
Dragoons  
Colonel Porter  
Captain Michell  
Captain Hardwicke  
Captain Goodenough  
Captain Balson  
Captain Donaldson  
Captain Stacey  
Captain Caldwell  
Captain Frampton  
Captain Goodden  
Rev. William Butler  
Rev. Edward Strangways  
Rev. G. C. Frone  
Rev. S. Lane  
C. W. Digby, Esq.  
F. H. Digby, Esq.  
G. T. Jacob, Esq.  
Robert Radcliffe, Esq.  
W. C. Medlicott, Esq.  
T. H. Bastard, Esq.  
T. Grove, Esq.  
W. Grove, Esq.  
H. Grove, Esq.  
T. Banger, Esq.  
J. Floyer, Esq.  
J. Tatchell, Esq.  
W. L. Henning, Esq.  
James Henning, Esq.  
Thomas Bridge, Esq.  
George Bullock, Esq.  
J. F. Brickdale, Esq.  
Michael Miller, Esq.  
Michael Miller, jun. Esq.  
Peter Cox, Esq.  
Thomas Coombs, Esq.  
S. Cox, Esq.  
R. Bridge, Esq.  
James Harding, Esq.  
L. W. Buck, Esq.  
B. Waring, Esq.  
John Cox, Esq.  
W. Mansfield, Esq.  
F. Farquharson, Esq.

James Farquharson, Esq.

B. Fox, Esq.

J. Stone, Esq.

Mr. John Pett

Mr. Thomas Tullidge

Mr. John Parmiter

Mr. R. Ainer

Mr. H. Wallbridge

Mr. William Lock

Mr. William Fooks

Mr. J. V. Fooks

Mr. James Crane

Mr. J. Garland

Mr. H. J. Tizard

Mr. James Burgess

Mr. Henry Nash

Mr. John House

Mr. Turner

Mr. George Hill

Mr. J. Hill

Mr. J. B. Houghton

Mr. B. H. Harvey

Mr. R. Oakley

Mr. W. Ety

Mr. Richard Ety

Mr. Highmore

Mr. William Symonds

Mr. J. H. Hawkins

Mr. George Sheppard

Mr. J. Burgess

Mr. Jesty

Mr. J. Cockell

Mr. J. Furnidge

Mr. Jordan

Mr. Burt

&c. &c.

The dinner was in excellent style, and the wines and dessert of the best kind.

The cloth having been removed, the usual loyal toasts were drunk with enthusiasm, followed by that of the Earl of Digby, Lord Lieutenant of the county.

The Vase was then brought into the room, and the Noble Chairman, in a brief but suitable address, presented it in the name of himself and the other Subscri-

bers, to Mr. Farquharson, requesting his acceptance of it, and concluded by proposing his health with three times three, and with the hope that he would live many years to enjoy it.

The toast was drunk with hearty and reiterated cheers, and one general "view halloo!"

James John Farquharson, Esq. then rose and said—"My Lord, and Gentlemen—In attempting to convey to you my estimation of this mark of unbounded kindness on his Lordship's part and yours, no words can express my feelings, for they overpower me. Magnificent as that Plate is, and far superior to any that has hitherto been manufactured, both as regards its cost and beauty, yet the kind manner in which it has been presented constitutes to me its greatest value. Gentlemen, in whatever situation a man is placed, or in whatever sphere he moves, the approbation of his friends is more gratifying than anything he can receive; and that I have been so fortunate as to meet your approval I am warranted in believing from the proceedings of this day. Gentlemen, the kindness which I have experienced during a long run of twenty-seven years, so far from being lessened, increases every day; and with that manifestation of feeling my gratitude I trust also increases. I now have the pleasure of seeing around

me many old friends who have joined me in the Hunt for twenty-seven years; and I doubt not that my younger friends, if life permitted, would gladly join me for twenty-seven years more. Gentlemen, allow me again to return you my sincere thanks for this magnificent mark of your esteem; and when I can no longer engage in the sports of the field, I shall look with delight on that pledge of your favour, and remember the day on which it was presented to me as one of the proudest of my life. Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of drinking all your good healths."

The Hon. Gentleman's speech was frequently interrupted by cheers, and when he sat down a general burst of applause ensued which lasted for several minutes.

Mr. Frampton then proposed the health of Lord Ilchester, with three times three, which was drunk with great applause, and

which his Lordship acknowledged in grateful terms.

Next followed the healths of the other Masters of Fox-hounds in Dorset; and then that of the Masters of Harriers in the county; for which last toast both Mr. Bastard and Mr. Harding briefly but neatly returned their best acknowledgments.

The Chairman then gave "Colonel Somerset and the Royal Dragoons, three times three."

Captain Stacey, in the name of the Colonel and his brother Officers, returned thanks, and expressed their obligation to Mr. Farquharson for the excellent sport he had afforded them in their present quarter.

Numerous other appropriate toasts followed in quick succession; and when the Earl of Ilchester and Mr. Goodenough vacated their respective chairs, they were replaced by Mr. Hanham and Mr. Tatchell, by whom the conviviality of the evening was kept up with true fox-hunting spirit, and the utmost harmony prevailed from the commencement to the close.

#### A FEW LINES ON PUNT-SHOOTING—MATCH AT ONE HUNDRED PIGEONS.

SIR,

I Presume, Mr. Editor, that you are aware of the fact, that the coast of Hampshire stands pre-eminent among the Southern counties of England for affording a plenitude of that description of sport, to the lovers of it, denominated *Wild Fowl Shooting*, although from the mild temperature of the present winter, a scarcity of birds coming into harbour, has been experienced there, as well as on

the whole line of coast from Dover to the Land's End. Many are the aspirants for fame in this daring amusement of the night, whose early habits and high stations in life, it may be supposed, would have induced them to prefer, on a severe winter's night, the luxuries of a cheerful hearth and down bed, to the unenviable situation of being tossed between large sheets of ice in a long nar-

row punt, perhaps 18 feet by 3 feet, which in perfect smooth water, when manned and armed, is scarcely two inches above the surface ! for the gratification of pouring a discharge of their artillery on a flock of geese or a good bunch of wigeon, when it sometimes happens that the slaughter is tremendous. Colonel Hawker and his friend Capt. Ward have each of them been eminently successful at his sport ; and to the former are we indebted for the best Treatise on the subject in this or any other language ; and which is, for the information and instruction afforded in every branch of shooting, highly esteemed by every lover of the " trigger " in the kingdom. It is the opinion entertained by many old sportsmen that the numbers of wild-fowl have decreased within the last forty years ; and I have listened formerly with admiration, and a due proportion of astonishment, to their details of immense flocks of wigeon covering the muds at low tide, in the harbours of Sussex and Hampshire, to a wonderful extent. If these sportsmen of the Old School are correct in their assertions, to what cause shall the decrease be attributed ? May it not be found in the great increase of gunners, who allow the birds but little quiet ; and the introduction of punts, which cannot, on this coast at least, date farther back than the commencement of the present century ? A good puntman, when he has the knowledge of where the birds are feeding, with muffled paddles steals silently upon them, and, having attained his position, sends a pound of double B shot among them, literally cutting a lane through the flock. It would

astonish any one to see, for the first time, the impetus given to the punt by the recoil of the gun, which is never fired but when twenty or thirty yards of water are astern of the little vessel. I believe there to be, at this time, thirty punts, each having a swivel gun of at least 112lb. weight, and carrying *about* one pound of shot ; most of which have a second gun, called " the little gun," (oh ! my shoulder !) which carries nearly half a pound, to take a departing shot at the flock on wing, after the great gun has taken precedence on the mud, sands, or water. Yes, Sir, thirty of these formidable cruisers are between Selsea in Sussex, and Christchurch in Hampshire.

I am not prepared to say what may have been the best shot to the westward this indifferent season ; but *Clarke*, of Hayling Island, bears the *belle* at present to the eastward of Portsmouth, he having got on the night of the 1st of February, on East Stock Mud, thirty-three wigeon at one shot, and afterwards got a second shot at a little bunch, as he termed it, getting thirteen more—"Thinks I killed 'em all..... didn't see arrow one fly away !"

Among this hardy class of men, who have resorted to the punt and swivel-mounted gun as the means of subsistence, none has pursued it with more success, and obtained more credit for the management of his paddles in many situations, regarded perilous by others, than Samuel Singer. He is a native of Portsea Island, and has for the last twelve years, in Langstone and Chichester harbours, dealt death and destruction among the birds of the "oily feather," both *long-legs* and *flat-foots*, to an amount that would

appear on paper incredible. Sam, too, has a taste for the "cocking piece;" which, on a visit of two months to Pevensy Levels, by the invitation of a gentleman, in the winter of 1831-2 (when he transported his punt and gun—the barrel of which weighed 14lb.—in a cart from Portsmouth thither), he evinced, by beating the two crack shots of the neighbourhood, at twenty-one pigeons and twenty-one sparrows. He took, in each match, every bat offered on his opponents, and pocketed a considerable sum. His next match of note was with Mr. Bloodsworth (at Battersea, I believe), when Sam shot well, but lost. Who can beat Mr. B.? He soon after shot at Southampton an excellent match with Mr. Toomer, and won it, killing twenty-seven of twenty-eight.

It was in conversation on the foregoing, in the early part of January, that the following match was made, and 40l. immediately deposited. Sam was to have a scope of one hundred pigeons to shoot at, and was backed to kill twenty in succession; charge, two ounces of shot; distance, twenty-one yards from the trap. The day fixed for commencing the match was the 21st January; the place named Brockhurst near Gosport. A boisterous wind, with driving rain, in a very bleak situation, greeted Sam and a host of friends from every part of the neighbourhood (and many from considerable distances were on the ground before ten o'clock) rather uncheerily: however, the match must proceed—betting (certainly justified by the weather) at high odds against the performance, although 3 to 1 on the gun was current. It commenced with seven dead

birds of the first ten; then six, eight, seven, four. After killing his fifty-second bird he declined for the day: having early in the match broke the lock of his gun, he then shot in two others.

Wednesday was a hurricane, and he availed himself of the third day, which was yet turbulent. Sam, after killing four of six, seemed settled into good shooting, sixteen birds falling successively, until the seventy-fifth bird flew away. He again from this time appeared winning, killing eighteen, and shot the nineteenth apparently through and through, but which by the "wind was wafted away," and fell dead seven yards beyond the bounds of one hundred. Thus ended the match, with a probability of being renewed hereafter. I have no doubt that the books of the great Clubs, in some of the lengthened matches, may give instances of twenty dead birds, with such names as Kennedy, Ross, Osbaldeston, &c. appended; but the thing is to do it when called upon. The most correct shooting I ever knew was when my late friend, Mr. J. Shoubridge killed thirty-three pigeons in succession at Hoove, Brighton, in 1808 (on the very spot now covered by elegant buildings), only one bird of which flew twenty yards after the trigger was pulled.—I have tired your patience, Mr. Editor, I fear, therefore subscribe myself, yours, &c.

CH. CHESTER.

P. S. I trust AMBO will accept my best respects, and the assurance that his next contribution to the pages of the *Sporting Magazine* will be read by me with equal pleasure and attention.

SPRING COURSING MEETINGS.

ASHDOWN PARK.

FIRST DAY.

**FOR the Cup and Guineas.**—Mr. Capel's bl. d. Indigo beat Mr. Moreton's blk. d. Monk; Mr. Agg's blk. d. Alien beat Mr. E. Crippa's blk. d. Erebus; Mr. Browne's red. d. Belram beat Mr. Morant's d. Mushroom; Col. Newport's wh. b. Noyeau beat Mr. Harries's blk. d. Mortimer; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gloucester (late Worcester) beat Mr. Shard's bl. d. Scrab; Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Hecuba beat Mr. Etwall's f. d. Epsom; Mr. Wells's f. d. Pilot beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pliant; Mr. Moreton's brin. b. Mignonette beat Mrs. Vickers's blk. d. Velocipede.

**For the Hoghead of Claret.**—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guinea Fowl beat Col. Newport's bl. and wh. d. Noll; Mr. Harries's brin. b. History beat Mr. E. Crippa's bl. b. Eyedrop; Mr. Morant's bl. d. Minstrel beat Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal; Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Egad beat Mr. Moreton's brin. b. Maniac; Mr. Hoskins's brin. d. Herdsman beat Mr. Capel's blk. and wh. d. Jonathan, late Hotspur; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pounce beat Mr. Browne's bl. b. Minikin; Mrs. Vickers's blk. b. Virginia beat Mr. Wells's blk. and wh. b. Juliet; Colonel Newport's red b. No-No beat Mr. Etwall's red b. Erycina.

**First Class of Craven Stakes of Three Sovs. each.**—Mr. Wells's fawn d. Pirate beat Mr. Browne's blk. b. Barbara; Mr. Moreton's red b. Mayhap beat Mr. Morant's wh. d. Mask; Col. Newport's red d. Nectar beat Mr. Harries's red and wh. d. Bonny Heck; Mr. Goodlake's red b. Gong beat Mr. Hoskins's fawn b. Highland Lassie.

**Second Class of Craven Stakes.**—Mr. Pettat's red d. Partner beat Mr. Capel's brin. d. Julien; Mr. Wells's red b. Jilt beat Mr. E. Crippa's brin. b. Envy; Mr. Etwall's wh. and yel. d. Equinox beat Col. Newport's bl. b. Nerissa; Mr. Moreton's red. d. Mac beat Mr. Shard's wh. b. Salvia.

SECOND DAY.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Noyeau beat Indigo.  
Blot — Gloucester.  
Allen — Hecuba.  
Belram — Mignonette.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CLARET.

No-No beat Egad.  
Guinea Fowl — Minstrel.  
History — Herdsman.  
Pounce — Virginia.

TIES FOR THE FIRST CLASS OF CRAVEN STAKES.

Pirate beat Mayhap.  
Gong — Nectar.

TIES FOR THE SECOND CLASS OF CRAVEN STAKES.

Partner beat Jilt.  
Mac — Equinox.

**The Ashdown Stakes, two sovs. each.**—Mr. Etwall's fawn d. Epsom beat Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal; Mr. Hoskins's fawn b. Her Highness beat Mr. E. Crippa's bl. b. Eyedrop; Col. Newport's bl. d. Noll beat Mr. Pettat's fawn d. Paleface; Mr. Wells's blk. and wh. b. Juliet beat Mr. Browne's blk. b. Barbara.

THIRD DAY.

**The Lamborn Stakes.**—Mr. Hoskins's bl. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Harries's bl. b. Housewife; Mr. Agg's red d. Apollo beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Eau de Vie; Mr. E. Crippa's bl. d. Exeter beat Mr. Moreton's brin. b. Maniac; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Piquet beat Mr. Shard's brin. and wh. b. Spark.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Allen beat Belram.  
Pilot — Noyeau.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CLARET.

Guinea Fowl beat Pounce.  
No-No — History.

**Deciding Course for the First Class of Craven Stakes.**—Mr. Goodlake's Gong and Mr. Wells's Pirate divided the Stakes.

**Deciding Course for the Second Class of Craven Stakes.**—Mr. Moreton's Mac beat Mr. Pettat's Partner, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE ASHDOWN STAKES.

Juliet beat Her Highness.  
Epsom — Noll.

TIES FOR THE LAMBORN STAKES.

Apollo beat Piquet.  
Exeter — Hotspur.

**The Weyland Stakes.**—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gnat beat Mr. E. Crippa's blk. b. Electress; Mr. Etwall's yel. b. Erycina beat Mr. Shard's brin. b. Shoestrings.

**Match for Five Sovereigns.**—Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurus beat Mr. B. Harries's bl. d. Mortimer, a good course.

FOURTH DAY.

**Deciding Course for the Cup.**—Mr. Agg's Alien beat Mr. Wells's Pilot, and won the Cup; Pilot the Guineas.

*Deciding Course for the Claret.*—Col. Newport's No-No beat Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Fowl, and won the Claret.

*Deciding Course for the Ashdown Stakes.*—Mr. Etwall's Epsom beat Mr. Wells's Juliet, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Lamborn Stakes.*—Mr. E. Cripps's Exeter beat Mr. Agg's Apollo, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Weyland Stakes.*—Mr. Etwall's Erycina beat Mr. Goodlake's Gnat, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Moreton's Maniac beat Mr. Hoskins's Hecuba; Mr. Hoskins's Harriard beat Mr. Moreton's Monck; Mr. Etwall's Equinox beat Mr. Hoskins's Hotspur.

### THE KEMPTON.

The running for the Cup commenced on Saturday the 25th, and concluded on the following Friday, January 31, in the Park of F. Manners, Esq. Kempton, Middlesex, and came off as follows:—

*The Cup.*—Mr. Colvin's blk. d. Walker beat Mr. Thackrah's brin. d. Thrasher; Mr. Tillyer's red b. Fly beat Mr. Perkins's brin. b. Vasp; Mr. Wilshin's red b. Fly beat Mr. Halford's red d. Pam; Mr. Halford's f. b. Fancy beat Mr. H. Farnell's blk. d. Friday; Mr. C. Farnell's blk. b. Frisky beat Mr. Baildon's f. b. Bess; Mr. Watson's blk. d. Wilshin beat Mr. Colvin's brin. d. Hector; Mr. James Farnell's blk. d. Frolic beat Mr. Baildon's red d. Brutus; Mr. Robt. Thackrah's blue b. Thetis beat Mr. Perkins's f. d. Pluto.

#### FIRST TIES.

|                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Walker          | beat Tillyer's Fly. |
| Fly (Wilshin's) | — Fancy.            |
| Frisky          | — Wilshin.          |
| Frolic          | — Thetis.           |

#### SECOND TIES.

|        |           |
|--------|-----------|
| Walker | beat Fly. |
| Frolic | — Frisky. |

*Deciding Course.*—Frolic beat Walker, and won the Cup.

Mr. Cutler was the umpire, and gave, as usual, great satisfaction.—The Sister of Frolic also won the Cup run for on Epsom Downs February 5.

### THE BOWERS.

This Meeting took place on Letcombe Downs, Berks, on the 30th of January.

*The Cup.*—Mr. Williams's blk. and wh. b. Watercress beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Garrick; Mr. Bennett's f. and wh. b. Blast beat Mr. Spicer's yel. and wh. d. Dauntless; Mr. Beasley's yel. d. Blue-

beard beat Mr. Shaw's blk. b. Sylvia; Mr. Palmer's blk. b. Purity beat Mr. Ormond's yel. d. Organist; Mr. Church's f. d. Critic beat Mr. Kent's f. b. Careless; Mr. Trender's yel. and wh. d. Tremaine beat Mr. Canning's blk. d. Fly.

#### TIES.

|          |                  |
|----------|------------------|
| Blast    | beat Watercress. |
| Purity   | — Bluebeard.     |
| Tremaine | — Critic.        |

*Deciding Course.*—Blast beat Tremaine and Purity, and won the Cup.

This is the second Cup Blast has won since November 1832, besides a Sweepstakes in February 1833. She was bred by Mr. Bennett, of Chaddleworth, near Wantage, Berks, got by his dog Beverley out of Wishful by Whisker, &c. Great Ben and Buxton (*alias* Plunder) were by Snail out of Wishful. Tremaine is also Mr. Bennett's, got by Beverley out of Esther.

### THE MORFE.

This Meeting took place on the 23d and 24th of January.

The *All-aged Cup* and *Goblet* were run for by six couples. The *First Ties* were—Mr. Hinckman's Spectre beat Mr. Bache's Baron; Mr. Bache's Bracelet beat Mr. H. Hill's Hirundo; Mr. Davenport's Drill beat Mr. Bates's Burgundy. *Second Ties*: Spectre beat Bracelet; Burgundy ran a bye.—*Deciding Course*: Burgundy beat Spectre, and won the Cup; Spectre the Goblet.

*The Morfe Sweepstakes, one sov. each Dog.*—Mr. Hinckman's Venus beat Mr. H. Campbell's Hornet; Mr. Davenport's Deborah beat Mr. Davenport's Daisy.—In the *Deciding Course, Venus* beat Deborah, and won the Stakes.

The *First Class of Patchull Stakes* was won by Mr. Bache's Baron beating Mr. Clarke's Countess.—The *Second Class*, by Mr. Vickers's Velocipede beating Mr. Clarke's Champion.

*Matches.*—Mr. Bache's Brutus beat Mr. Hinckman's Mulliner; Mr. H. Campbell's Hugonet agst Mr. Bache's Bellona—undecided.

### THE NORTH MEOLS.

Owing to the heavy rains and the high tides, the coursing ground was considerably inundated, and many hares were lost, which caused the Club to adjourn after one day's sport (Jan. 28), but that was excellent.

*The Cup and Sovereigns.*—Mr. S. Horrocks's blk. and wh. b. Hasty beat Mr. E. Allison's r. and wh. b. Apparition; Mr. H. Stanley's blk. d. Smuggler beat

Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Minister; Mr. E. Pedder's blk. and wh. b. Pastime beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ultimatum; Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. Hugo beat Mr. H. Hornby's brin. d. Hermou.

## TIES.

Hasty beat Smuggler.  
Hugo — Pastime.

*Deciding Course.*—Hasty beat Hugo, and won the Cup; Hugo the Sovereigns.

*The Bold Stakes.*—Mr. H. Stanley's bl. d. Sparrow Hawk beat Mr. S. Horrocks's bl. and wh. d. Horatio; Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. and wh. d. Hamus beat Mr. E. Pedder's brin. d. Pilot.

*Deciding Course.*—Hamus beat Sparrow Hawk, and won the Stakes.

*The Hesketh Stakes.*—Lord Molyneux's yel. and wh. b. Meteora beat Mr. H. Stanley's brin. and wh. b. Symmetry; Mr. Unsworth's f. b. U beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Handmaid.

*Deciding Course.*—U beat Meteora, and won the Stakes.

*The Sapling Stakes.*—Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. b. Harriet beat Mr. E. Pedder's blk. and wh. d. Prince; Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. d. Huron beat Mr. H. Hornby's blk. d. Hobby.

*Deciding Course.*—Harriet beat Huron, and won the Stakes.

*The Southport Stakes.*—Mr. H. Hornby's blk. d. Hamlet beat Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. d. Hymettus; Lord Molyneux's r. b. Madcap beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's blk. d. Hassan.

*Deciding Course.*—Hamlet beat Madcap, and won the Stakes.

## THE COCKNEY CLUB.

This Meeting took place at Netherhaven, Wilt, on Monday, February 3, and two following days.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1884.

## AT NETHERHAVEN DOWN.

*For the Cup and Goblet.*—Mr. Seymour's red b. Steamer beat Mr. Bland's brin. b. Brunette; Mr. Clarke's red d. Critic beat Mr. Bland's brin. d. Benedict; Mr. Nicholl's wh. b. Nell beat Mr. Bailly's red b. Bittern; Mr. Elmore's red and wh. b. Echo beat Mr. Patient's red and wh. b. Picture; Mr. Rice's blk. d. Rajah beat Mr. Seymour's red and wh. b. Seamstress; Mr. Chitty's f. b. Careless beat Mr. Anderson's yel. d. Acorn; Mr. Bailly's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Patient's red and wh. d. Pioneer; Mr. Rice's red d. Rejoinder beat Mr. Osborn's redd. Orderly.

*Jenner Stakes.*—Mr. Seymour's red and wh. b. Spinster beat Mr. Elmore's

red b. Elfin; Mr. Anderson's brin. g. Spring beat Mr. Bailly's red b. Beebird; Mr. Patient's red and wh. b. Prime beat Mr. Rice's blk. and wh. d. Rubens; Mr. Clarke's yel. and wh. b. Cowslip beat Mr. Bland's red b. Dart.

*Enford Stakes.*—Mr. Elmore's blk. d. Eagle beat Mr. Rice's wh. b. Rose; Mr. Bailly's blk. d. Barnacle beat Mr. Clarke's f. d. Custard.

*Netherhaven Stakes.*—Mr. Bailly's red b. Bantam beat Mr. Patient's red. b. Puzzle; Mr. Clarke's red b. Carmine beat Mr. Rice's bl. b. Riddle.

## TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

## AT ENFORD DOWN.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Critic beat Steamer.  
Echo — Nell.  
Careless — Rajah.  
Blackbird — Rejoinder.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE JENNER STAKES.

Spring beat Spinster.  
Cowslip — Prime.

*Deciding Course for the Enford Stakes.*—Mr. Elmore's Eagle beat Mr. Bailly's Barnacle, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Netherhaven Stakes.*—Mr. Clarke's Carmine beat Mr. Bailly's Bantam, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Rice's Rubens beat Mr. Bland's Benedict; Mr. Anderson's Bella beat Mr. Patient's Pioneer; Mr. Anderson's Lad beat Mr. Elmore's Badger; Mr. Bland's Benedict beat Mr. Rice's Rubens.

*The Bennett Stakes.*—Mr. Elmore's red b. Elfin beat Mr. Bland's brin. b. Brunette; Mr. Patient's red and wh. b. Picture beat Mr. Bailly's red b. Bittern; Mr. Rice's wh. b. Rarity beat Mr. Bland's red b. Dart; Mr. Clarke's red and wh. d. Comus beat Mr. Anderson's yel. d. Acorn.

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

## AT NETHERHAVEN.

## SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Critic beat Elcho.  
Blackbird — Careless.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Clarke's r. d. Critic beat Mr. Bailly's blk. d. Blackbird, and won the Cup; Blackbird the Goblet.—Critic won the Cup also last February. Blackbird is by Snail out of Lord Rivers's Rosemary.

*Deciding Course for the Jenner Stakes.*—Mr. Anderson's Spring beat Mr. Clarke's Cowslip, and won the Stakes.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE BENNETT STAKES.

Elfin beat Picture.  
Comus — Rarity.

*Deciding Course.*—Elfin beat Comus, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Anderson's Lad beat Mr. Patient's Prime; Mr. Rice's Rush beat Mr. Anderson's Acorn; Mr. Rice's Rubens beat Mr. Bland's Benedict; Mr. Clarke's Cestus beat Mr. Elmore's Eagle; Mr. Elmore's Ellen beat Mr. Seymour's Sempstress; Mr. Elmore's Ellen beat Mr. Bland's Dart.

## THE HAREWOOD.

This Meeting commenced on Tuesday the 4th of February, and was continued on the two following days. The weather throughout was favorable and the sport excellent.

*For the Cup (the second dog to receive 15 sovs.)*—Mr. Harrison's d. Pollux beat Mr. Holroyd's d. Flyer; Sir John Johnstone's d. Truant beat Mr. Teal's d. Lofty; Mr. Benn's d. Lowther beat Mr. S. Fox's b. Grace; Mr. Hargrave's d. Ruler beat Hon. E. Lascelles's d. Pilot; Mr. T. Gascoigne's d. Nimrod beat Sir C. Ibbetson's d. Guy; Mr. Gibbs's d. Gas beat Hon. A. Lascelles's d. Tory; Mr. Anderson's d. Active beat Mr. Jaques's d. Salton; Hon. W. Lascelles's d. Claret beat Mr. G. Fox's d. Ned.

## FIRST TIES.

Nimrod beat Claret.  
Lowther — Truant.  
Gas — Active.  
Ruler — Pollux.

## SECOND TIES.

Lowther beat Ruler.  
Gas — Nimrod.

*Deciding Course.*—Lowther beat Gas, and won the Cup.

*The Goldbro' Stakes.*—Mr. Benn's d. North Star beat Mr. S. Fox's d. Bilston; Sir J. Johnstone's d. Ivanhoe beat Mr. Holroyd's d. Fairplay; Mr. Teal's d. Sherwood beat Mr. Gibbs's d. Childers; Mr. Anderson's d. Archer beat Hon. A. Lascelles's d. Sadler.

## TIES.

North Star beat Sherwood.  
Ivanhoe — Archer.

*Deciding Course.*—Ivanhoe beat North Star, and won the Stakes.

*The Ladies' Stakes.*—Mr. Holroyd's Woodbine beat Mr. Teal's Sweetbriar; Mr. Gibbs's Twist beat Sir John Johnstone's Volage; Mr. Holroyd's Favorite beat Mr. S. Fox's Ticket; Mr. Benn's Dainty beat Mr. Hargrave's Nettle.

## TIES.

Favorite beat Dainty.  
Twist — Woodbine.

*Deciding Course.*—Favorite beat Twist, and won the Stakes.

*The All-Aged Stakes.*—Mr. Anderson's d. Dart beat Mr. Hargrave's d. Hotspur; Mr. Benn's d. Spanker beat Mr. Fox's b. Tipsey; Hon. E. Lascelles's d. Gannet beat Mr. Harrison's d. Turk; Sir J. Johnstone's d. Vagrant beat Mr. Gibbs's d. Lofty.

## TIES.

Gamester beat Spanker.  
Dart — Vagrant.

*Deciding Course.*—Gamester beat Dart, and won the Stakes.

*For the Cigar Case.*—Mr. Teal's d. Lofty beat Mr. S. Fox's b. Tipsey; Sir C. Ibbetson's d. Rokeby beat Mr. Benn's b. Lark.

*Deciding Course.*—Lofty beat Rokeby, and won the Case.

*The Brandy Flask.*—Mr. Teal's Myrtle beat Mr. Gibbs's Childers; Mr. Benn's Jack beat Mr. Holroyd's Sadler.

*Deciding Course.*—Myrtle beat Jack, and won the Flask.

## THE BARTON-UPON-HUMBER.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1834.

*The Cup.*—Mr. Best's cr. b. Truth, by Galloway out of Tibby beat Mr. Winn's fawn dog Duke, by Harold out of Lady Jane; Colonel Elmhirst's blk. p. b. Midnight, by Lloyd out of Matilda, beat Mr. Loft's blk. d. Lamplighter; Mr. Sykes's brin. d. Fred beat Mr. Uppley's brin. b. Cotillion, by Roman out of Caroline; Mr. Smith's red b. Minna, by Navarino out of Fly, beat Mr. J. Richardson's bl. and wh. d. Pilot, by Harold out of Lady Jane; Major Luard's bl. d. Mulatto, by Bluestockings out of Matilda, beat Mr. W. Richardson's bl. d. Roscius, by Roman out of Pledge; Mr. P. Richardson's brin. and wh. d. Claret, by Tripp out of Fly, beat Mr. Kennington's br. d. Midas, by Rapid out of Minna; Mr. Benson's blk. d. Jack, by Monarch out of Fly, beat Mr. Nicholson's bl. d. Bluecap, by Cliff out of Lady; Mr. Darley's brin. d. Dart, by Monarch out of Best, beat Mr. Richardson's blk. and wh. d. Actson, by Cliff out of Lady.

*The St. Leger, five sovs. each.*—Mr. Nicholson's r. b. Violet, by Tripp out of Fly, beat Mr. Sykes's blk. b. Peep, by Cliff out of Lady; Mr. Richardson's wh. d. Lorenzo, by Sretcher out of Fly, beat Mr. Smith's bl. d. Master, by Nelson out of Swift; Mr. Loft's fawn d. Victor, by Blue Ruin out of Vesta, beat Mr. Best's blk. p. d. Bachelor, by Galloway out of

**Butterfly**; Mr. Kennington's blk. d. Major, by Major out of Venus, beat Mr. Darley's brin. d. Query, by Monarch out of Bess.

*The Appleby Car Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Nicholson's brin. d. Rapid beat Mr. J. Richardson's blk. b. Lady, by Smoker out of Lady Jane; Mr. Benson's fawn and wh. b. Lady beat Mr. Smith's bl. d. Langar, by Gondolier out of Lisette; Mr. Loft's red d. Lancer, by Bluestockings out of Fly, beat Mr. W. Richardson's b. and wh. b. Romula, by Roman out of Pledge; Mr. Kennington's blk. b. Music, by Major out of Wing, beat Mr. Best's fawn d. Tristram, by Galloway out of Tibby.

*The Ancholeme Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Healey's brin. d. Robin beat Mr. Best's red b. Trissey, by Galloway out of Tibby; Mr. Richardson's wh. b. Baleine, by Regent out of Pledge, beat Mr. Uppleby's red d. Harlequin; Mr. Smith's brin. b. Miss, by Nelson out of Swift, beat Major Luard's red d. Bronze, by Roman out of Brunette; Mr. Kennington's blk. and wh. d. Monarch, by Monarch out of Wing, beat Mr. W. Richardson's blk. d. Rus, by Bravery out of Trippet.

*The Derby, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Espener's blk. d. Regent, by Actson out of Trinket, agst Mr. Best's red d. Trajan, by Monarch out of Tibby—drawn; Mr. Smith's brin. d. Blucher, by Wellington out of Fly, beat Mr. Nicholson's brin. d. Navarino; Colonel Elmhist's red d. Sportsman, by Paramount out of Sylph, beat Mr. Uppleby's brin. d. Champion; Mr. Loft's blk. d. Logic beat Mr. Chaplin's blk. d. Marmion, by Bugle out of Marcia.

*The Oaks, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Chaplin's bl. b. Clara, by Bluestockings out of Harmony, beat Mr. Loft's brin. b. Luna, by Malton out of Fly; Mr. Nicholson's bl. b. Nimble agst Mr. Best's red b. Gaiety, by Galloway out of Gabrielle—drawn; Colonel Elmhist's blk. b. Belvidera, by Galloway out of Brunette, beat Mr. W. Richardson's red b. Ruby, Sister to Rus; Mr. Kennington's blk. b. Brenda, by Monarch out of Wing, beat Mr. Healey's bl. b. Catch, by Lion out of Fly.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 5TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Dart beat Midnight.  
Jack — Minna.  
Mulatto agst Truth—drawn.  
Claret beat Fred.

TIES FOR THE ST. LEGER.

Major beat Violet.  
Lorenzo — Victor, late Truth.

TIES FOR APPLEBY CAR STAKES.

Rapid beat Lancer.  
Music — Lady.

TIES FOR THE ANCHOLME STAKES.

Baleine beat Monarch.  
Miss — Robin.

TIES FOR THE DERBY.

Sportsman beat Blucher.  
Regent — Logic.

TIES FOR THE OAKS.

Clara beat Brenda.  
Nimble — Belvidera.

*The Barton Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Nicholson's yel. and wh. b. Topaz beat Mr. Benson's blk. d. Rolla; Mr. Loft's red b. Ladylike (late Countess) beat Mr. Richardson's red d. Remus; Mr. Chaplin's wh. b. Cora beat Mr. Loft's blk. b. Bess; Mr. Smith's fawn b. Vanity beat Mr. Darley's fawn and wh. b. Kate.

*The Puppy Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. W. Richardson's fawn b. Rhea beat Mr. Loft's wh. b. Bella; Mr. Egginton's blk. and wh. d. Everton beat Mr. Benson's blk. b. Sleth.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY THE 7TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Dart beat Mulatto.  
Jack — Claret—unsighted.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Benson's blk. d. Jack agst Mr. Darley's brin. d. Dart.—Mr. Benson and Mr. Darley divided the Cup and Sovereigns.

*Deciding Course for the St. Leger.*—Mr. Kennington's blk. d. Major beat Mr. Richardson's wh. d. Lorenzo, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Appleby Car Stakes.*—Mr. Kennington's blk. b. Music beat Mr. Nicholson's brin. d. Rapid, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Ancholeme Stakes.*—Mr. Richardson's wh. b. Baleine beat Mr. Smith's brin. b. Miss, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Derby.*—Col. Elmhist's red d. Sportsman beat Mr. Espener's blk. d. Regent, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Oaks.*—Mr. Nicholson's bl. b. Nimble agst Mr. Chaplin's bl. b. Clara.—Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Chaplin divided the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE BARTON STAKES.

Topaz beat Ladylike.  
Cora — Vanity.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Chaplin's wh. b. Cora beat Mr. Nicholson's yel. and wh. b. Topaz, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.*  
—Mr. W. Richardson's fawn b. *Rhea* beat Mr. Egginton's blk. and wh. d. *Everton*, and won the *Stakes*.

*Matches.*—Mr. W. Richardson's blk. d. *Rus* beat Mr. Loft's fawn d. *Bribery*; Mr. Nicholson's bl. d. *Bluecap* beat Mr. Loft's blk. d. *Lamplighter*; Mr. Loft's wh. b. *Bella* beat Mr. W. Richardson's blk. and wh. b. *Romula*; Mr. Loft's blk. b. *Boss* beat Mr. W. Richardson's red b. *Ruby*; Mr. Fowler's wh. b. *Minna* beat Mr. Nicholson's brim. b. *Fly*.

William Loft, Esq. and E. W. Smith, Esq. were the Stewards.

### THE NEWMARKET NEW CLUB.

This Meeting commenced on Wednesday the 8th of February, and terminated on the following Friday. The couraing on the first day was on Allington Hill, on the second in Chippenham Field, and on the last in Westley Field.

*For the Cup and Goblet.*—Mr. King's *Racer* beat Mr. Briant's *Elliot*; Mr. Fyson's *Fanny* beat Mr. Dunn's *Blinker*; Mr. Gillett's *Galatea* ran a bye; Mr. Marshall's *Medea* beat Mr. Dobede's *Dauntless*; Mr. Edwards's *Auctioneer* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Pretty Darling*; Mr. Fryer's *Cupid* beat Mr. Vipan's *Velocity*; Mr. Finch's *Galatea* beat Mr. Weatherby's *Wee Daisy*; Mr. Inskip's *Isabel* beat Mr. Hall's *Hasty Dragon*.

#### FIRST TIES.

*Medea* beat *Galatea*.  
*Racer* — *Cupid*.  
*Auctioneer* — *Galatea*.  
*Fanny* — *Isabel*.

#### SECOND TIES.

*Fanny* beat *Medea*.  
*Racer* — *Auctioneer*.

*Deciding Course.*—*Fanny* beat *Racer*, and won the *Cup*; and *Racer* the *Goblet*.

*Allington Hill Stakes, for Bitch Puppies.*—Mr. Vipan's *Violet* beat Mr. Dunn's *Beauty*; Mr. Vipan's *Venture* beat Mr. Hall's *Helen*; Mr. Inskip's *Infant* beat Mr. Fyson's *Fancy Dahlia*; Mr. Bryant's *Edith* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Plawheel*; Mr. Gillett's *Gulnare* beat Mr. Finch's *Gipsy*; Mr. Dobede's *Daffodil* beat Mr. King's *Ruby*.

#### FIRST TIES.

*Infant* beat *Edith*.  
*Violet* — *Gulnare*.  
*Daffodil* — *Venture*.

#### SECOND TIES.

*Infant* beat *Violet*.  
*Daffodil* ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—*Infant* beat *Daffodil*, and won the *Stakes*.

### Chippenham Stakes for Dog Puppies.

—Mr. Marshall's *Marquis* beat Mr. Weatherby's *Warwick*; Mr. Fyson's *Frank* beat Mr. Gillett's *Granby*; Mr. Vipan's *Victory* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Partisan*; Mr. Edwards's *Arbutus* beat Mr. Dunn's *Blackbird*; Mr. Dobede's *Druid* beat Mr. Finch's *George*; Mr. King's *Richmond* beat Mr. Inskip's *Inquisitor*.

#### FIRST TIES.

*Druid* beat *Marquis*.  
*Victory* — *Richmond*.  
*Frank* — *Arbutus*.

#### SECOND TIES.

*Frank* beat *Druid*.  
*Victory* ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—*Victory* beat *Frank*, and won the *Stakes*.

*Port Stakes.*—Mr. Dobede's *Diamond* beat Mr. Dunn's *Bluster*; Mr. Fyson's *Flirt* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Puss*; Mr. King's *Rokeby* beat Mr. Bryant's *Euthymus*; Mr. Fyson's *Farmer* beat Mr. Weatherby's *Walnut*; Mr. Gillett's *General* beat Mr. Finch's *Godolphin*; Mr. J. Marshall's *Mars* beat Mr. Vipan's *Vivid*.

#### FIRST TIES.

*Flirt* beat *Rokeby*.  
*Farmer* — *General*.  
*Diamond* — *Mars*.

*Deciding Course.*—Messrs. Fyson and Dobede divided the *Stakes*.

*Matches.*—Mr. Weatherby's *Winned* beat Mr. Bryant's *Elliot*; Mr. Bryant's *Euthymus* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Pimwheel*; Mr. Isaacson's *Pretty Darling* beat Mr. Weatherby's *Wee Daisy*; Mr. Dobede's *Dauntless* beat Mr. Edwards's *Atom*; Mr. Edwards's *Ant* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Puss*; Mr. Isaacson's *Partisan* beat Mr. Hall's *Helen*; Mr. Fyson's *Fancy Dahlia* beat Mr. Vipan's *Viola*; Mr. Weatherby's *Warwick* agst Mr. Bryant's *Ernest*—no course; Mr. Dobede's *Dance* agst Mr. Edwards's *Ale Connor*—no course; Mr. Vipan's *Vivid* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Pet Fly*; Mr. King's *Rattlesnake* beat Mr. Vipan's *Velocity*; Mr. Vipan's *Venture* beat Mr. King's *Ruby*; Mr. Hall's *Hasty Dragon* agst Mr. Edwards's *Alcohol*—undecided; Mr. Edwards's *Ant* agst Mr. Fyson's *Flirt*—undecided; Mr. Dobede's *Diamond* beat Mr. Dunn's *Bluster*; Mr. Dunn's *Blackbird* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Partisan*; Mr. Dunn's *Beauty* beat Mr. Isaacson's *Puss*; Mr. Dunn's *Blinker* beat Mr. Gillett's *Godolphin*; Mr. Finch's *Governor* beat Mr. King's *Romp*; Mr. King's *Risk* beat Mr. Fyson's *Fly*; Mr. Marshall's *Marquis* agst Mr. King's *Rokeby*—off by consent; Mr. Weatherby's *Wee Daisy* agst Mr. Bryant's *Elmott*—off by consent.

## THE EPSOM.

This Meeting took place on Tuesday the 4th and Wednesday the 5th of February, on the Downs, by permission of Mr. Ladbroke, Lord of the Manor. The weather was exceedingly favorable, the sport excellent, and the company numerous.

*The Cup.*—Mr. Thompson's bl. b. Nimble beat Mr. Knight's brin. b. —; Mr. Mustoe's r. b. Fly beat Mr. Cartwright's bl. d. —; Mr. Whittington's r. b. Nettle beat Mr. Hope's bl. d. Hector; Mr. Day's Gipsy beat Mr. Chalkley's blk. b. Lady; Mr. Maydwell's r. d. Lottery beat Mr. De Burgh's r. and wh. d. Nonsuch; Mr. Thompson's r. and wh. d. Pilot beat Mr. Harvey's br. b. Marie; Mr. Bothwell's blk. and wh. d. Rodney beat Mr. Corney's r. and wh. d. Velocipedes; Mr. Cailling's r. and wh. b. Fly beat Mr. Harding's r. b. Fau.

## FIRST TIES.

Pilot beat Mustoe's Fly.  
Lottery — Cailling's Fly.  
Gipsy — Nettle.  
Rodney — Nimble.

## SECOND TIES.

Rodney beat Lottery.  
Gypsy — Pilot.

*Deciding Course.*—Gipsy beat Rodney, and won the Cup.

The courses this day (Wednesday) were of a very superior quality: that between Gipsy and Pilot was remarkably severe, Pilot having the best of it at the commencement, but getting defeated in the end by the superior speed and stoutness of his opponent. The two winners (Rodney and Gypsy) were then put into the slips to decide the Cup. The first was a beautiful course, and was pronounced "no course," owing to a second hare having got up. A second followed, and was of equal severity, but was given "undecided," the work having been fairly divided between them. A third and deci-

sive course ensued—the hare was stout, and gave admirable sport, the bitch winning cleverly, after repeated turns and go-byes, although only 18 months old.

## THE CHATSWORTH.

This Meeting came off on Wednesday the 5th of February, as follows:—

*The Cup.*—Mr. Ogden's blk. d. Spanker beat Mr. Howard's bl. b. Bessy Bedlam; Mr. Ridehalgh's bl. b. True Blue beat Mr. Beeston's f. and wh. d. Spanker; Mr. Wood's bl. and wh. tan d. Bubastes beat Mr. Blackbird's bl. d. Prince; Mr. Owen's bl. d. Remus beat Mr. Slater's blk. d. Spring; Mr. M'Intyre's blk. d. Duke beat Mr. Shaw's wh. and brin. d. Guido; Mr. Beattie's brin. d. Brandy beat Mr. Chew's blk. and wh. b. Music; Dr. Taylor's bl. d. Spanker beat Mr. King's blk. b. Camarine; Mr. Moss's f. and wh. d. Priam beat Mr. Bayley's blk. and wh. d. Champion.

## FIRST TIES.

True Blue beat Spanker.  
Bubastes — Remus.  
Brandy — Duke.  
Spankie — Priam.

## SECOND TIES.

True Blue beat Bubastes.  
Spanker — Brandy.

*Deciding Course.*—Spanker beat True Blue, and won the Cup.

*Cavendish Stakes, for Puppies.*—Dr. Sumner's blk. b. Malice beat Mr. Chew's blk. b. Stella; Mr. Moss's blk. b. Fly beat Mr. King's blk. d. Vanish; Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Guido beat Mr. Norbury's blk. d. Milo; Mr. Shaw's r. b. Skip beat Mr. Bayley's r. d. Spring.

## TIES.

Malice beat Fly.  
Skip — Guido.

*Deciding Course.*—Skip beat Malice, and won the Stakes.

## THE HORSHAM HOUNDS AND COUNTRY.

BY THE RAMBLER IN GREEN.

"There is no one thing in the world that doth make a man more enemies, or doth disoblige more, than a proud and haughty carriage: it is a thing that gives a general distaste to all mankind, and to all dispositions, and makes a man ridiculous."—*Hale's Letter of Advice to his Grandchildren.*

I Have been of a roving disposition from my cradle, Mr. Editor, having never yet found

the place that had sufficient charms to make me wish to spend a week in it; and as for

a length of time I have been able, thank God! to keep a couple of decentish nags in condition all the year round, and am moreover a bluff bachelor, with an uproariously keen appetite for hunting and all that appertaineth thereunto, you may believe without difficulty that in the course of the season I "drop in" on a variety of countries, though this is my first attempt to put on paper (at all events to offer for print) the result of my peregrinations in any one of them. Last year I first took the line of scent in Yorkshire, and systematically carried it on southwards (taking Leicestershire in my path, where, *though I say it*, some of the natives were rather put out at finding "the stranger in green, on a forty-pounder" quite so close to them at the finish), till I arrived at Andover, just in time to be too late for Mr. Assheton Smith's last week's performance: and I have this season already had a spell with the H. H.; the Hambledon; *both* the Wyndham's; the East Sussex; and the pack I have named at the head of my paper, besides a multiplicity of harriers of all sorts, and sizes, and complexions. If hunting therefore be, as I conscientiously and devoutly believe it is, "the life of life," (as "The Corsair" energetically and elegantly expresses himself,) it must be acknowledged that in my homely and rough and ready way I enjoy as much of it as most of my neighbours; and, as to my Tartar-like mode of living, and scrambling to hounds—one day in this country—on the next some forty miles off—with fresh faces—fresh uniforms—fresh hounds—and fresh horses at the covert side—

if any one choose to sneer at it, all I can tell him is that I would not exchange my saddle on my thorough-bred hack, and my throne afterwards in the easy chair of the Village Inn, for the softest couch that ever Sybarite reposed on, or the most sumptuous banquet-hall that ever offered its burnished salvers as the mirrors of state and ceremony! Oh! the delight of vagabondizing as unfettered as air, or as the Arab in his desert, from one splendid pack to another! scarcely ever pitching your tent for three nights together on the same spot, and ninety-nine days out of an hundred sitting down to your well-earned beef-steak in that most independent of all independent places or palaces—as Shenstone justly writes—AN INN, where your money can buy you freedom as well as repose! Talk to me not of being unsocial! there is more sociality in the blazing fire, and the bowing waiter, and the snug round table (*with its dependencies*), and the freshly-arrived newspaper, than, if you have not tried them, are perhaps dreamt of in your philosophy: and though, after a man once gets to his billet for the night after a hard day's hunting, all the society he in general wishes to be indulged with, is that of his groom and his horses, if you are at all disposed to quarrel with your own thoughts, (as I have myself more than once felt inclined to do after being thrown by my own fault or obstinacy out of a good run,) there is, three times out of five, some "character" or other at hand, in all probability the very host himself, to brush down the blue-devils' cobwebs that they are just beginning to

**spin** before you, either by some miraculous tale of deeds "by flood or field," or some astute, and generally in the main correct though biting observations on the new field that you are to meet to-morrow. N. B. In anything like a wild-fowl country be sure and send for the fellow "wot guides the Gemmen a-shooting;" and, depend on it, at the expense of a couple of cheerers for the artist of rum and water half-and half, you will not only seek your pillow with the laughter-colic in your right side, but with your mind not a little enlarged as to the powers and capacity of the human tongue for lying.

In the course of my thus knocking about too at Inns, it has been my good fortune to secure more than one valuable acquaintance (bound partly on the same errand as myself), whose friendship and intimacy I hope to retain, till that inexorable old earth-stopper the Sexton gives a tap on his shovel to tell one of us that "all is ready;" and on my very last birth-day, of the party assembled on the 9th of July at Clifton-le-Willows (my patrimonial property) to do honour to it, no less than four out of the ten "merry boys" that drank a bumper with me to the rising sun, were picked up by the road-side; it so happening that years ago, we were all five of us messing under the same roof, and turning out daily (the stud was then stronger) from that first of all first-rate abodes of comfort, the Crown Inn, Boroughbridge, with Lord Darlington, Lord Harewood, the York and Ainsty, and other packs.

"Enough," however, "and more than enough," as Harvey

Combe said of old Parr's long-winded Spital Sermon, about this part of my subject. Nevertheless I cannot quit it, without venturing to offer one word of advice to all and sundry, who, whether with or without their cavalry, are in the habit of frequenting "The Picture Shops," as Jack Bunce used to term the merry hostelrys I have been speaking of. *Never pay your bill shabbily: i. e.* never grudge a good fee to the servants if they have done their duty decently in attending you: and to convince you of the good effects of civil words, and the extra shilling or half-crown (which you yourself will never miss), all you have to do, gentle reader, is to place yourself by my side when I next pass through a country where "The Rambler's" footsteps have been before. Though you *may* be my junior by a dozen years, and as most likely you *would* at any rate be a much fresher and better looking fellow, I will bet you a dozen of claret that in a month's march I beat you into fits in the number of Betty Chambermaids' chaste salutes; and, as to old Tom, or old Jack, or old Bill, the grey-headed ostler, no sooner does the "Man in Green" make his appearance under the gateway, than down goes the currycomb, My Lord's own carriage horses are turned over to some understrapper forthwith, and, smoothing down his thin locks over his forehead with a reverential rub, behold the veteran, with shaking hand and hatchet-face, at my bridle-rein, and patting his old flea-bitten acquaintance on the neck, and comforting his master with the assurance that "he never did zee ta old oss

looking so well and pure surely!" And credit me, the Yorkshire tyke intends to surrender his charge to me in the morning in the same condition in which he received him: and whether, as I almost always do, I indulge in a long stable lounge after dinner or not, my faithful Stamford will not be cheated out of a grain; but out he will come as big as a bullock, almost refusing to tread on the ground beneath him, and leaving his master no excuse if he does not live throughout the day in the front rank even amongst strangers, and in a strange and unknown country.

The heading of my paper stares me in the face, and I must now proceed at once to business.

Were I disposed to be sentimental, Mr. Editor, according to the taste of the present times, I could easily polish you up a long chapter about *the heart yearning after the scenes of boyhood, and its callous and fossilized affections being thawed into life by revisiting the bowers of innocence and youthful happiness*, and so forth: this at present, however, is not my object, for I am out a fox-hunting, and not a field-preaching; so shall simply say, that, like Ensign Northerton, having "the marks of Homo" still about me from the birch of Professor Thorn-ton, of Horsham; or, in other words, having had what little Latin and Greek I ever was master of ground into me at that place, it was not without satisfaction that I saw an opportunity present itself for my again taking a look in *the way of business* at the old shop where I had formerly bought my gingerbread, and the old bench whereon I had sat to munch it. After finish-

ing, therefore, with the East Sussex towards the end of December, I sent my horses on to Capel (a bad move, as I found out afterwards, for though the stabling was well enough, the place itself is completely out of the way) and quietly cantered my hack one fine afternoon into the King's Head yard, Horsham, and took up my quarters for the evening. The first thing, of course, that occupied me was the ordering my dinner, and the next a stroll into the town on somewhat of an antiquarian voyage of discovery, in search of the reliques of "the olden time;" and here, that is, in the last-mentioned pursuit, I must own that I was successful beyond my hopes. True, the barracks were levelled with the dust, and the monotonous and half-angry sigh of the December wind, that whistled above me as I stood in the old grove on the hill above their site, seemed a dirge over the sights and sounds that I had last seen and heard below me from that lovely spot: yet beyond this, and the mellow impress of his touch that Time will not pass by without bestowing, I saw so little actual change in the town itself, that I could scarcely fancy but that thirty years had passed as a dream, and that I was still a school-boy. The total absence, however, of a face that was familiar to me soon dissipated this illusion, and on a closer inspection there were evident signs of that slovenliness and neglect of appearance that proclaimed, as plainly as words could speak, "*Horsham fuit* :—the prosperity of the town is a thing past and gone:" and the "*Non sum qualis eram*" appeared, to me at least, to be inscribed on

every lintel and over every door-post that crossed my path. Grass grew thickly on the once well-frequented causeway, and down the principal street of the place a cannon loaded with grape might have been securely fired, without the risk of damaging aught save the tail-board of a solitary cart at the Swan door, or putting an extra pellet into the one miserable wild duck that was swinging as an example outside the mansion of Mr. Godsmark, purveyor of game! My old school-house itself was Harlequinized, *mirabile dictu!* into a brewery: not that I ought perhaps to wonder much at this transmutation, after witnessing, as I did the other day, the conversion of a London banking-house, once in no mean repute, into.....ye Gods!.....an eating-shop\*!

However, not to potter about on this cold scent to all but your humble servant, I gathered myself up for the night under the fostering wing of the landlady of the King's Head, and next morning met Mr. Steere's hounds at the New Inn, Climsfold, having amused myself on my road to covert—first, with cursing my own stupidity, that induced me to send my horses almost out of reach, *because* Mr. Steere happened to live only three miles from the place where I chose to quarter them; secondly, with trying to recognize some of the old hedges and ditches over which, pole in hand, I had

jumped, as a truant, after *Squire* Grinstead or *Master* Brook's long-eared harriers; and thirdly, with endeavoring to image to myself what kind of pack I was about to be introduced to, from the notice I had read of the establishment last year in the *Sporting Magazine*—a work, Mr. Editor, which graces my shelves at Clifton-le-Willows in God knows how many thick octavos, my good old grandfather having been one of its earliest subscribers, and his descendants, I need scarcely say, continuing it as a kind of entail that all sportsmen have, or ought to have, on their estate. My flights of imagination were, of course, shortly doomed to make their exit at the covert side; but before reaching it I could not help forming somewhat of an exalted idea of the turn-out, from the three or four flashy and aristocratic-looking red coats, who cantered past me as if the world was all their own, and, as they splashed by "the Man in Green," flirted out their bits of white cambric at him with the air of a Brummell keeping off a street-sweeper, and adulterated the pure air around with a perfume that seemed plainly to say, like that of the skunk†, when his pursuers come to close quarters with him, "Don't get nearer to them, or by Jove they'll poison you!" My God, thought I, if the hounds will only run musk and attar of roses, what a drag we may have to-day, if the Gentlemen will but make a

\* Now mutton's dish'd where men were dish'd before!"

exclaimed a friend of mine, who had hold of my arm as we passed it. As he had been a considerable sufferer by "the unfortunate event" that produced the change, I told him I thought he should be entitled to have a good hot luncheon there *gratis* at least once a month, with the privilege also of inviting a friend to join him.

† A North American brute, about the size of a cat, "remarkable," at the zoologists tell us, "for a fetid suffocating vapour, which it emits, as its best means of defence, when pursued too closely by the hunters."

steeple race among themselves across a country! However, all this scent is a sign I have got into good company, so I must stop my nose, and say no more about it. Just then, however, the scene changed a little, for up came a whole phalanx—some twenty-five or thirty of the “zealous boys,” as Sir Bellingham used to call them, clad in all, and more than all the colours of the rainbow—white, and brown, and blue, and black, and, though last not least, my own especial favorite, the verdant green through all its shades and varieties; and after a friendly salutation from some of them, the whole lot rode briskly forward to the place of meeting; when in a short time “the Rambler” also found himself very busily looking over the hounds, in the presence of about eighty horsemen, of whom certainly not more than twelve or fourteen, including the Master and his servants, sported the colour of the scent-bearers who had preceded me as *avant-couriers*.

Considering the very short time that they have been in the country, I must say that the appearance of the pack pleased me much; and I saw but little I could find fault with either in their symmetry or condition: nevertheless, as must always be the case more or less in an establishment of the same age, and formed by the same means, it was no difficult matter, for an eye at all practised to hounds, to discover at once that it was a lot got together by drafts, and was without that *family likeness* that is the invariable accompaniment of all long-standing and properly conducted kennels. Still great credit is due to Mr. Steere, or those

who have advised him, in having got so far on the high road to perfection in *appearance* as he has already done; and as to *performance*, though I am aware that I am anticipating, I am bound thus early to state, that, taken generally, no hounds on earth could hunt their fox better or more closely than this, comparatively speaking, *scratch pack*, on all and each of the days that I was out with them, in all the varieties of their country. Both Mr. S. and his servants appeared on all occasions that I saw them to be efficiently and sometimes even *superbly* mounted for the distressingly deep country that they have to contend with; and in his whips he has certainly two very bruising performers across the Weald, and two very necessary coadjutors for him to be enabled to shew a day's sport.—But, like a vicious stag-hound, I find I am away after my game before the deer has been turned out of the cart; so let me proceed, or rather hark back, to give a short description of the two best days (and really good ones they were) that I had the pleasure of witnessing with these hounds; and then conclude by a few observations, *some of which may perhaps explain the reason of my choosing the motto at the head of my letter*.

Moving away then, on the morning I have been speaking of, from the meet at Climsfold, we drew the first furze we threw into a decided blank, and had all but finished drawing the next one (a small but most lovely brake), when a single hound breathed a whisper into the traitor's ear to tell him it was time to get on his legs, that I would have pounded to be Gospel against the

world; and in a few minutes, with a crash like thunder at his brush, away went as gallant a fox as ever made love to a vixen, with a capital and *holding* scent behind him; and over a country in which to maintain a decent place a man has much more need of Latchford's spurs than Smith's or Delcroix's double-distilled abominations. The field, as I have already stated, consisted of about eighty when we found our fox; and it was ludicrous enough to see, as we went on, how the snowball kept gradually but constantly diminishing; and at the finish, when we ran in to him at the end of *two hours almost without a check*, not more than seven or eight of "the gallants gay" could be mustered to see the ceremonies of the funeral honours; though it was far from being a straight thing for the principal part of the day, and at last the fox did not die more than six miles, as one of Mr. Hurst's rooks would fly, from the spot where we found him. The country throughout, to be sure, rode awful in the extreme: bad as it was, nevertheless, one of my friends with the scent-box made a capital fight across it, and it did me good to see him saw away like a workman, as I am sure he is. Beyond all question "the leader of the house" on this day was a jolly-looking fellow in green (God save the mark!), on a stiff stuggy galloway *with a shaved tail*, that there was no such thing as touching with the thorough-breeds for more than a minute; for no sooner did they collar him, than away he was again over some h-ll of a fence, and by the side of his hounds, as

if he was glued or skewered to them. Mr. Dawton, his worthy owner, is considered, I heard afterwards, to be one of the very best practical sportsmen in this part of the country, and, judging from what I saw of him on this day and others, I should certainly say that his neighbours have formed a correct opinion of him\*. As to his riding, I am so favorably impressed with his performance, that I should like to match him on the old horse, at even weights, against any man in Sussex for four or five miles across the cream of the Horsham country; and if any man in England has a superior fencer (in his own creeping and quiet way) to the extraordinary animal I have alluded to, I can only say I should think it no trouble to travel a couple of hundred miles to have a look at him. Mr. Dawton, I should say, at the end of this really brilliant run thought himself entitled, as he justly was, to cut off the brush; and, though I have not the pleasure of knowing him, and therefore cannot speak from any experience of the interior of his house, I have no doubt it now ornaments either a bell-pull or a pier glass in the very comfortable looking cottage he appears to have on Horsham Common.

The next run that I have to record with Mr. Steere was on the day (I forget the precise date, but it was on a Thursday) when we found our fox, and a noble one he was, *in a dense fog*, in a covert called the Spooners; and after running him over an enormous tract of country (being at one time not far from the town

\* For many years Mr. D. kept an excellent pack of harriers; but now that Mr. Steere hunts the country they have been given up, and, I believe, sold.

of Guildford), wound him up as stiff as a biscuit close to Ewhurst, at the end of four hours and fifteen minutes hard and incessant work for man, horse, and hound! and for those who have no objection to a severe country, and like to see all the beautiful intricacies and delicacies of *hunting*, I pronounce this to have been a day's sport well worth riding fifty miles to witness. I can form no correct idea of the ground covered, from my want of local knowledge; but, judging from both time and pace, I should decidedly say that this fox must have covered, from find to finish, at least from twenty-five to thirty miles of ground; and if he had not been headed and faced back to Ewhurst, but had gone on, as he was going, into the heart of the *Union* country, you may depend on it, Mr. Editor, that this run would have been considered as one of the most extraordinary upon record. As it was, I shall often look at the *pad*, which I was fortunate enough to secure, when snugly placed in its glass case, as I intend it to be, on my study mantelshelf at Clifton-le-Willows; for, though I have more than once seen as gallant, I never saw a more gallant animal yield his life to hounds in my existence. An old man in a *smock frock*, but riding a perfectly thorough-bred nag, was this day in the front rank (indeed at one time quite by himself) from the beginning to the end of the chapter; and I am given to understand that whenever this said White-boy makes his appearance at the covert side, the lily-white flag is sure to be seen waving at the very sterns of the gallant pack; and that, as to catching him, if he

gets a good start and away by himself, a man might as well pursue a Will-o'-Wisp or Jack-a-lantern across a morass. I regret to say that the name of this singular-looking performer has quite escaped my recollection.

Did your limits allow me, Mr. Editor, I could instance several other days which I saw with these hounds, and which, if not so determined and brilliant, would at least be worthy of record, as displaying a vein of excellent *hunting* sport, and giving great and entire satisfaction, so far as the hounds themselves were concerned, to all who had the pleasure of witnessing their performances. My decreasing paper, however, warns me no longer to trespass on your patience, but to bring matters to a conclusion: and, in so doing, if certain people choose ill-naturedly to compare me with the wasp that carries his sting in *his latter end*, all that I have to tell them is, simply, that my remarks are elicited only in the hope of doing good to a branch of the noble cause whose prosperity I have so deeply at heart, and are far from being drawn from me by any desire or intention to inflict a wound, or to give annoyance.

I turned my back then on Mr. Steere's establishment with a feeling of greater pain than one is in general supposed to feel for the errors of a perfect stranger, or those belonging to and about him; for I can very plainly see, that unless part of the system is very speedily changed, there will be but little use in my sending my horses this day twelvemonth either to Capel or elsewhere, in order a second time to have a fortnight or three weeks' hunting

with him. In three plain and downright words, if he and many of the red-coats that turn out with him do not alter their manners towards the farmers and other brown-coats—the main, indeed the *only real* supporters of the Hunt—he may depend on it that they will alter their manners towards him, and, before he knows where he is, either kill down his foxes, that they now to a man preserve, or take again to hunt them with the innumerable packs of long-cared harriers, that, till Mr. S. established his fox-hounds, were to be met with in almost every parish. Travelling about as I do all over the kingdom, and seeing all sorts of hounds, and the manner in which they are conducted in the field, perhaps my opinion may carry some little weight with it on the subject; and I *must* say, that in the whole course of my career I never witnessed, in any twenty fields of fox-hunters, one-half of the stiff-backed, consequential, and self-arrogant, mock-dignity of manner towards the tenantry that characterised the absurd and most ludicrous demeanour of the little knot of the skillless Don Pomposos of this neighbourhood. For all this the Master of the hounds himself is most unquestionably the first to blame: the field will naturally square their actions and manners in some degree with his; and if they saw him bland and courteous in his carriage, and treating *his real friends* with the affability which they are entitled to, they would naturally “follow their leader,” (excepting, perhaps, in the instance of a determined fool or two, with whom the only fit remonstrance is the horse-pond,) and all would go on well and

smoothly. This, however, I grieve to say, is far from being the case; and I was truly astonished to see Mr. Steere ungratefully lead the van in every kind of disrespect and *hauteur* both of tongue and gesture against those to whom he must know he is *solely* indebted for being able to hunt his country at this hour; and without whose active and most zealous co-operation he must also know that he could not retain it so as to find a fox even unto the end of the season! Farmers are no fools; and when they get quietly seated by the fire-side with their pipe in the mouth, they begin to call in question the right or title by which they have that day been snubbed and passed by unnoticed, save perhaps by a hasty and coarse expression, after having done all in their power to preserve Mr. Steere's foxes and uphold the interests of his Hunt. They know perfectly well, that, if the fox-hounds quitted the country to-morrow, there would be abundance of sport still left for *them*, in the revival of the harriers (to run anything they might happen to find), that I have before alluded to; and I am not at all certain whether many of their number did not *make a great sacrifice* in laying down their few couples of old Southerners, to make straight the path for the fox-hounds. Mr. Steere himself should also gravely consider what qualifications he possesses as a Master of Hounds to justify him in holding his head at all high, or coming the Aristocrat over a body of men, who, whatever may be the length of their purses, are one and all acknowledged good sportsmen, and fond of the thing in all its branches to distraction.

It is impossible, let the trumpet-tongue of vanity and self-conceit bray never so loudly, but that Mr. S. must be deeply conscious, that, beyond keeping the hounds at his own expense, he does not bring into the field with him one single attribute that can command the respect or estimation of a *Sportsman*. He *must* know, that of all the slow tops that ever *creased* their way across a country, he is at once the most helpless and the most timid; that in chase, tho' he affects to hunt his hounds in person, he is never even within ear-shot of them if there is anything like a scent; and that, moreover, when some lucky turn may chance to let him in after a long check, his abortive and puny efforts to recover his fox, in nine cases out of ten, display a depth of ignorance of the science of hunting that can be equalled only by his holy horror of rails and ditches. All this, I repeat, it is impossible but that he must himself be aware of; and all this will inevitably and most naturally flash on the mind of the Sporting Yeomen, when stared at in the morning without a sign of recognition, and afterwards replied to, should he presume to offer a remark, in the self-sufficient and haughty tone I have but too often listened to with disgust: yet all this, and more, would be forgiven, for the sake of the excellent sport his hounds have shewn, were Mr. Steere and his Aristocratic Brethren of the white cambric but decently civil and courteous to those who have a just claim both on their courtesy and civility. The arrogance of false pride is a bad thing at all times and in all places; but I know of no situation in this world where it stinks

more foully in the nostrils than when dispensed by a sweet-smelling gentleman on his hunter in the midst of a circle of rough-and-readysportsmen. How doubly disgusting, and how doubly ludicrous, however, must it be, when the said dispenser is notoriously inferior to the meanest plough-boy present in leather leggings in his knowledge of the sport that has called the field together! Read that inimitable article on the state of society in a late Number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, oh! ye Aristocrats, whether fox-hunters or Philanderers! The greatest part of it deserves to be written down in letters of gold; for it will be only by taking timely warning, by the fearful *exposé* so ably made in its pages, that a total disunion can be averted between the *white cambrics* and the *brown tops*; should which catastrophe ever be inflicted on us, Heaven defend poor Old England as a nation!—I must now conclude, however; and I do so, as I began, and tell Mr. Steere plainly, but sincerely, and with an hearty wish to see his Hunt go on as he himself could desire it in *secula seculorum*, that if he does not condescend to take heed in time, it may be too late, perhaps, for the reformation, even when he is himself convinced of its necessity.

And now for one word at parting, in the shape of advice, which, coming from an *itinerant Sportsman*, somewhat versed in these matters, and mixing in all grades of society in all parts and quarters of the kingdom, may be entitled perhaps to a little respect, and which is offered from the best of motives. Let Mr. Steere forthwith endeavour to repair the

branches he has already made in the affections of his best friends, the yeomen and farmers who attend him; for without that part of the community, no Hunt in the kingdom, and more particularly none in the Horsham country, can keep its footing for any continuance. Let him do so—not by running into the opposite extreme, and adopting an hypocritically assumed and forced manner of familiarity and freedom, which is at all times one of the flimsiest veils which an Aristocrat can throw over his pride, and is, perhaps, even worse than the starched-up buckram of pragmatic reserve; but by that dignified courtesy of conduct, and that considerate amnesty of deportment that marks the true and polished Gentleman, and makes his inferiors feel at once *at home* and at their ease in all their intercourse with him. Let him court their opinions on the sport of the day, and other topics with which they are conversant. Let him have a nod and a smile for every man, however humble, that pays him the compliment of attending his hounds. And lastly, let him consider whether the example set by that distinguished Sportsman, Mr. Villebois, be not worthy of his imitation, and whether a good plain dinner once or

twice a-year to all the Yeomanry of his Hunt would not tend to cement the bond of union that in all countries should subsist between the Master of the Hounds and the cultivators of the soil over which he pursues his game. According to my judgment, the benefit arising from such a meeting is almost incalculable!—To sum up all—and here, though I know I am putting my finger on a sore place, I shall do so without compunction or remorse—let Mr. Steere, at the end of the season, procure an active and efficient huntsman, if such a servant is to be had in the kingdom (Hopkins, his first whip, is about as fit for such a situation as his master, not possessing the ghost of an ounce of brains in all his noddle), and entrust the conduct of his pack, both in field and kennel, implicitly and entirely to his control. The Horsham country and Mr. Steere's hounds will then, I am satisfied, have but few if any superiors in what are called “the provincials;” and no one will rejoice more sincerely to hear the best of all accounts of them, than one of your constant Subscribers, Mr. Editor, who now begs leave to sign himself,

THE RAMBLER IN GREEN.

Rickmansworth, Feb. 14, 1834.

### SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE BRITISH GALLERY EXHIBITION.

STR,  
THE other day, in one of my strolls down Pall-Mall, I looked in at the British Institution, where there is at this season of the year an Exhibition of Modern Paintings. I intended only to have had a glance round,

but was so amused that on coming away my watch told me the morning was flown. I know of no public sight in London where your shilling or time is so rationally spent as at the Exhibitions of Pictures of those subjects

that immediately interest the Sportsman. The accompanying is a list; and in making the remarks that attend it, I hope I shall not be censured by the artists as a severe critic; but should they offer an observation that may amuse the readers of a *Sporting Work*, interest them to an admiration of the Fine Arts, and point out subjects that might escape their notice, I am satisfied. Referring to the catalogue—

No. 20. *Shooting Pony and Russian Setters*—by H. WHEELWRIGHT.—A clever, useful pony, doubtless a good portrait; with the ugly, though often good dogs of a cross breed, sometimes confounded for the Russian setters, here well depicted.

No. 24. *Playfulness*—R. LONGBOTTOM.—A portrait of a good honest-looking old-fashioned horse frisking with a fawn-coloured greyhound.

No. 31. *The Young Warrener*—C. HANCOCK.—A clever and beautiful painting, with much execution. A little more freedom, and it would be equal to Landseer, whose works this artist seems to imitate, and is going the pace with him.

No. 39. *Returning from the Mill*—J. WOODWARD.—An old farmer returning with his ground grain upon the back of an old grey mare, which no doubt has been to him a better horse. There is a foal following in as natural and playful an attitude as I ever saw depicted, staring at a robin on the bank side. A showery sky is described. The painter has not been successful in the tone of this picture.

We now come to a masterpiece, No. 144. *Suspense*—EDWIN LANDSEER.—For harmony

of colouring, boldness and beauty of execution and expression, equal to any ancient master of such subjects.

No. 156. *Deer and Deer-hounds in a Mountain Torrent*—by the same Artist.—This picture we remember in the Somerset House Exhibition—admiring it as much then as now for its composition and energy.

No. 170. *The Poor Man's Companion*; and a better companion he cannot have than a faithful dog.—This is a pretty little picture, by W. BARRAUD.

No. 210. *The Perch Fisher*—J. INSKIP.—A circumstance a sportsman must often have seen, though not under such a singular sky.

No. 244. *The Pony stopping to drink against the wish of the Rider*—T. WOODWARD.—This is rather a ludicrous subject, of a country girl endeavoring to make her pony cross the brook, and a nice well-fed little fellow he is, such as any man would wish to see in his stable.

No. 247. *Ferretting Rabbits*—A. COOPER.—A lively scene. This picture is so cold in colouring, that it would make a man shiver looking at it, were it not hung near a rousing fire.

No. 275. *Shooting Pony, Spaniels, Game, &c.*—A. COOPER.—This is a pleasing little picture. There is a rough, and he looks like a steady, white pony in it cleverly painted.

No. 301. *Dray Horses used at Messrs. Barclay and Co's*—J. F. HERRING.—A true and careful representation of a breed of cart horses peculiar to this Metropolis.

No. 303. *The Lodge Gate*—G. H. LAPORTE.—This is a very

natural circumstance of two children opening the Lodge Gates for a Sportsman on a beautiful-actioned hack, evidently going to meet the hounds. The tinge in the sky shews it to be morning; the rider sits very firm in his saddle, and has the seat of a Gentleman and a rider. 'This is a spirited picture.

No. 332. *The First of September*—R. W. BUSS.—This is a capital thing. Fancy an old fellow bandaged with flannels, &c. from the effects of gout, not able to move on the first of September, saying to himself, "A fine shooting morning this—how the birds will lay: scent must be perfect!" In the old fellow's countenance is truly expressed the enthusiast, infirm in body from a too free use of the good things of this life; but the circumstance shews he has still in idea the energy of youth, so has ordered his footman to get ready his Merlin chair, and with his percussion and dogs to sally forth. The critic will, perhaps, say the painter has taken the idea from my Uncle Toby, the sentry-box, and his fortifications; but starts of enthusiasm are common to our nature. I remember a Reverend Divine, advanced in years, being carried from the sofa and put upon his horse, to have a gallop with the harriers, came home delighted, and forgot all about the gout till three days after.—This picture is well painted, and there is something in the atmosphere that gives you an idea it is September. The story is kept up by the black servant suppressing his laughter. The dogs are the worst part of the picture.

No. 346. *Hawking Party*—A. COOPER.—A pretty subject, de-

scriptive of the sports of our ancestors.

No. 379. *Harvest Field*—F. R. LEE.—A beautiful bit of Nature. The scene seems to be a Sussex one, from the distant Downs and the red oxen in the foreground carting the corn. The Sussex ox is a beautiful animal, perhaps next in symmetry to the Devon, if not in profit to the farmer.

No. 415. *Head of a favorite Horse*—W. HAWKINS.—A good picture, and like Nature.

No. 474. *Youthful Equestrian*—H. B. LEIGLER.—In this we recognise a portrait of the Prince George of Cambridge, and very well he is placed on his horse. The animal is stiff, with a want of anatomical knowledge.

No. 507. *Dead Pheasant*—W. FOWLER.—A well coloured and painted picture. Admiring it, I leave you to pun upon the artist's name.

No. 568. *A Group of Horses in Bronze*—T. G. LOUGH.—Here they are in attitude and passion.—We would remind our friends, who are admirers of bronzes, of groups of horses we have seen from time to time at Somerset House, by an artist of the name of HENDERSON, where Nature was elegantly described, and not over-done.

Hoping I have not intruded on your valuable pages, I conclude in the words of Pope:—

"Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art."

In some fair body, thus th' informing soul  
With spirit feeds, with vigour fills the whole."

I remain, Sir, &c. EDGAR.  
Burlington Hotel, Feb. 14, 1834.

## HOUNDS AND HUNTING—CHAPTER THE THIRD FOR 1884.

BY DASHWOOD.

SIR,

A Vast deal of croaking (in my mind much more than there is any occasion for) is to be heard just at this moment in the Sporting World, respecting the numerous retirements of Masters of Fox-hounds that are about to take place at the end of the season; and even those who assume to be best informed on the subject throw up their eyes in despair, and assert loudly that several of our best countries are doomed to a certainty next year to remain untenanted. Begging their pardon, nevertheless, I both think and trust that these prophecies of evil augury will find themselves somewhat mistaken in their predictions; and though I am free enough to admit that the prospect of some eight or ten countries (three or four of their number, too, the very best in the whole Island) becoming vacant all at once, without an heir-apparent already declaring himself to secure the dynasty, is anything but cheering or satisfactory, I can still glean from the accounts that reach me sufficient food for an earnest hope, that, so far from their remaining unhunted, there will, in a decided majority of them, be an *improvement* in next season's arrangements. It cannot, of course, be expected that I should now specify the individual districts to which I allude; nevertheless I repeat, and the event will prove my correctness, that *malgré* the little difficulty of replacing some good folks now at the head of affairs, who fondly imagine that their loss will be irreparable, not only will every decent country find a master (or masters) between this and the fourth of June, but eventually the cause of fox-hunting will be benefited, and that materially, by the bursting of the very storm that now seems so threateningly to overshadow it. I may seem to speak in parables; but, granting that all the resignations we hear so much of *do actually and bona fide* take place, there will be a time,

and that ere long, for these parables to explain their own meaning; *and it will be seen that I am in the right.*

But now for the Budget of Hunting Operations that has been so kindly sent to me by my numerous Correspondents, and which this season *for the third time* I have the honour of presenting to my indulgent readers. Drawing out the first letter that presents itself in my portfolio, I observe that it is dated from those head-quarters of good sportsmen and good fellows, the merry banks of the Yorkshire Ouse. My friend thus writes to me of the old York and Ainsty pack, with which we have side by side, in days of yore, had many and many a spinning gallop:—"I was in the York kennels yesterday, and was as pleased as you would have been, had you seen them, with the condition and appearance of Jack Wilson's hounds; and I am truly happy to tell you they have had as splendid a season as any pack can have had within a hundred miles of them. I cannot refrain from sending you an account of two of their good days lately, in *their huntsman's own words*, which I am sure you will agree with me do him credit:—"January 23d. Met at Stillington, and found near Huby, ran him thence to Stillington, and on to Brandsby, skirted Yearsley Moor, and turned to Stearsby Hag, and down to Spella Wood, and thence to Sutton Forest; and, crossing Huby Field, ran in to him at Stillington in *two hours and twenty-seven minutes*.—January 28th. Met at Dringhouses, found a bad fox at Prest's Bog, and killed in Chaloner's Whin. Found a second in the bogs (*Aisham* I presume), ran a short ring in them, and came out at the North end, and took to Acomb Nurseries; and thence to Rufforth Grange, and by Rufforth up to Hulton, where he was run in to at the end of the best and quickest forty-five minutes that I have seen for the last two years."

Bravo, bravo! say I, Jack Wilson; go on and prosper, and shew the York and Ainsty Cigar Divan what it is to have a sportsman at the head of that gallant pack, which your predecessor, old Nayler, excellent kennelman as he was, could scarcely ever bring home from the field, without also bringing home with him the mortification of defeat and disappointment. If all goes right, I intend availing myself, before I am too completely black in disgrace with my kind Correspondent, of his repeated invitations, and once more hope to breathe the free Yorkshire air by the side of a pack of hounds, though from previous engagements it must be *at the very close* of the present season.

Mr. Milbank, I rejoice to learn, is still enjoying a continued vein of really admirable sport; and it cannot be matter of surprise that his already established fame has filled the country round him with an influx of strangers and their horses, thus affording another proof, if another indeed were wanting, of the practical benefit that a good pack of fox-hounds confers on farmers, innkeepers, tradesmen, and all, in short, who come within the sphere of the operations and the influence of the noble sport! A large addition, too, in the shape of visitors to his field, is expected, I understand, to witness the end of the season; and I cannot, therefore, pass by this opportunity of recommending to all my brother sportsmen, who may be on the wing to enjoy a week or two with him, the excellent accommodation for their hunters, and the still, if possible, *more excellent* accommodation for themselves, that they will be sure to meet with at that good fellow's "Rest for Travellers," Mr. Stott's, Crown Inn, Boroughbridge. I can speak from experience, for I have lived months together in it in my time; and if the qualities of the best hotel in England be the extreme of comfort, the extreme of civility, and the extreme of moderation when you come to examine the items of the bill, most assuredly the aforesaid "Crown Inn

and Posting House" must bear the bell from any in which I have ever kissed a chamber-maid in my existence!

I much wish that I could hear a better account of Lord Harewood's hounds—a pack that from old associations I feel very deeply interested in, and sincerely wish all good sport may ever attend. I fear that, like another magnificent pack, (the Duke of Beaufort's,) however, they have hitherto had only an indifferent season; and that from some cause, scarcely to be accounted for, they have this year allowed their neighbours to outstrip them so far; though perhaps the actual finish may yet tell a different tale, and I shall be delighted to record it.

Before I quit Yorkshire, let me here announce publicly, that, if any hard-riding man amongst my readers is in want of a clipper to carry thirteen stone up to hounds *in any country in the kingdom*, I am happy to say that I have it in my power to recommend one of the most perfect animals that ever looked through a bridle, for rather more than the weight I have named; and if I am applied to by letter at the office of the *Sporting Magazine*, I shall be happy to give all the particulars in my power, and *do my brother sportsman a service, by putting a valuable hunter into his hands.*

Pursuing my way Southwards, and *presuming* for one moment to trespass on the Aristocratic and Metropolitan Turf of Melton, I have to state that Mr. Holyoake Goodricke's hounds did little or nothing at the beginning of their season, and were scarcely able to kill a fox, owing to *something wrong* about the pack, which, in my opinion, has been erroneously attributed to *damp in the kennel*. Be this, however, as it may, since the alteration that was in consequence made at the end of November in the floors of their lodging rooms, &c. &c., the hounds have recovered, and had a continued vein of excellent sport, quite as good, I believe, as that of their neighbours, which is, this winter,

saying not a little. The Duke of Rutland's, or rather Lord Forester's, are turned out in their usual style, and have had nothing short of a capital season hitherto, with every probability of a brilliant finish: nor has the venerable Peer of Cottesmore failed to shew some of his usual unique and admirable hunting runs with the wild woodland foxes so peculiar to his splendid country. The hounds themselves, I am given to understand, are even more perfect and more powerful than ever; and altogether this establishment continues, as for years it has been, to be one of the best appointed and most truly sporting of any to be found in the realms of fox-hunting. I do not learn that there are this year many young ones chipping the shell at Melton, and giving promise of future excellence: most of the old workmen, however, have been there during the season, and the Ex-Russian Ambassador, of "Protocol" notoriety, continues to be one of the Stars of the first magnitude, or, as Lord Alvanley calls him *par excellence*, the POLAR STAR, his Countship being a Pole by birth. I am glad to hear that he is now a much better man in the saddle than when he began the trade of fox-hunting; nor does he ride to his hounds at all the worse in consequence of having subdued the inhuman gesticulations and contortions of countenance with which, when charging his fences, he was formerly in the habit of endangering the lives, by laughter, of all the Melton youths who were near him.

From the Metropolis of Hunting, as it is foolishly called, let me now make a transition to the Metropolis of other matters, and see what has lately been doing in some of the districts round London in the way of sporting operations. And first, as to the King's Stag Hounds, which must, of course, claim due precedence over all others in their neighbourhood.

This once distinguished pack, then, has, I regret to be informed, fallen off this season to an almost inconceivable extent; so much so, indeed, that what with bad stags, and hounds no

better than they should be, they have so disgusted people, as scarcely ever to have a field turn out with them worth speaking of, nor, until they went to the Vale of Aylesbury the other day (in which they had a seven week's sport), can it be said that they have had altogether more than a run or two of any consequence. This "fallen state" of the Royal Buckhounds is attributed by more than one of my Correspondents to the absence of the "Master's eye," Lord Lichfield's health (or rather the want of it) having completely disabled him from attending to his *sporting* duties, which all those who remember either the man or his most brilliant "Anson" fox-hounds must be sincerely sorry for and lament.

I am delighted to learn that the Old Surrey Fox-hounds are still steadily going on in the enjoyment of an excellent season's sport. Let those who please sneer at this establishment, and term it disdainfully "one of the Cockney Hunts;" I can only tell my readers that it is as well and efficiently appointed as nine-tenths of the crack packs in the crack countries of the kingdom, and that, take their seasons through from beginning to end, the veteran Haigh and his Prime Minister Tom Hills shew as much sport, and have as wild and stout foxes to contend with, as if the Cupola of St. Paul's was as distant from them as York Minster or Great Tom of Lincoln.

It is strange, but true, that in the very next country the Surrey Union can do little or nothing; and the only remarkable thing that I have yet heard of their season's sport, beyond its extreme indifference, is the newspaper account of their finding one fine morning, not a fox, but a dead body, whilst drawing some Common or other near their kennel.

I am vexed beyond belief to read the accounts that reach me of Captain Freeman and the Old Berkeley: let me earnestly express my hope, however, that the conclusion of the season may, in every way, be far different from the wretched details of misery

that have hitherto solely marked their career, and that, in my next letter, I may have to announce the death of a few gallant foxes, *well found, and Oldacre-like* run in to handsomely in the open! Neither have I as yet anything satisfactory to record of the Hatfield Hounds, inasmuch as up to this period they have been most unfortunate in having a very indifferent season, and their sport has been hitherto quite as much below par as it was last year above it. *The tenth of April, however, is not yet come*, though, if they mean to do anything like business, it is high time that they should bestir themselves.

I regret also to find that Sir Thomas Dyke's Hounds are about to be given up at the end of the season, having met with little or no support, and done but badly up to the present date. I had hoped better results, I must confess, from this once very sporting pack; and the best thing, perhaps, that Mr. Jolliffe can do will be to take them back again into his kennel at Merstham, and try his hand once more with the Surrey foxes, to the no small delight of old Roffey and all the country that used to hunt with him. Report states that one reason of this establishment being broken up is the non-preservation of their foxes in certain quarters where promises were abundantly held out; and if this be true, let those blush for their delinquency, who are thus robbing a populous neighbourhood of all the countless advantages that a pack of fox-hounds cannot exist without dispensing around them!

In Sussex, I rejoice to say that Colonel G. Wyndham is still working out his season in a most satisfactory manner to his country, and on nine days out of ten that he goes out has a run or two at all events up to par, whilst not a few of his performances have been truly *brilliant* times, and, if not unparalleled, have been at the least quite as superior and clipping things as the oldest sportsmen can remember in the county. He has turned up perhaps rather more foxes than his (not over-stocked) countries well can

warrant; but as Sharpe, his huntsman, justly says, it is no easy matter to prevent his hounds from tasting the traitor, now that they have acquired such a daily habit of giving an account of him. They have also run to ground, I understand, almost the same number (about twenty or twenty-two brace) that they have worried. Colonel Henry likewise has had, I hear, quite as much sport as could be expected from the woodland and inferior country which he is doomed to hunt; and, like the Surrey Union, his hounds have also tasted the scent of the "*bipes implumis*," though with them it was not a mangled corpse, but the living carcase of a healthy thief. Passing a cottage-door one morning with his hounds (I believe in the act of making a cast with them), he was stopped by the unfortunate owner of it, who was wringing her hands in the most poignant misery, and on inquiry found that a huge hulking scoundrel had a few minutes previously broken into her house, and, having carried off with him all the little valuables he could lay his hands on, had contrived to reach the covert of a large wood some few fields in the distance, just as the gallant Colonel hove in sight, and was doubtless waiting there till he took his departure. "Is he, by God!" exclaimed the Colonel; "then if we don't hunt him fairly down and run in to him, may I never handle a fox again, or give a view-halloo in my existence!" The wood was in consequence immediately surrounded, and the merry pack laid on, and in less than ten minutes the villain was *who-whooped* in the act of untying his bundle in the very centre of the covert; and on that day week, and no later, I believe he had the comfort of hearing his fortune told from the Bench at Petworth—a pleasant voyage at His Majesty's expense to New South Wales, and an establishment there for life, being the richly-deserved reward of his morning's achievements in the widow's cottage. Doubtless many of my readers, when they hear of this, will remember a

somewhat similar discovery of a gang of sheep-stealers, made by the celebrated Colonel O'Kelly, or rather by his famous and low-scenting pack of harriers, on either Exmoor or Dartmoor, I forget which, that is recorded, and well recorded too, in one of the Numbers of the *Sporting Magazine* some ten or a dozen years ago.

In the Horsham country, I am truly pleased to hear on all hands that Mr. Steere's hounds are enjoying a vein of sport that is *absolutely wonderful*; and that, stout as the Forest foxes have always proved themselves, they are this year running strong beyond all precedent, and have shewn a succession of "*dings*" (as they say in Somersetshire), that both for length and pace are quite unparalleled in the memory of the oldest sportsman in the Hunt. A capital account of some brilliant days with these hounds reached me just too late for my last letter; and as it would now almost come under the denomination of stale news, I shall only allude to the heads of three mornings' performances that would do credit to any pack in the wide universe. Suffice it therefore to say, that on the last day of December they had nothing short of a *first-rate run of two hours, almost without a check*, over a most severe and difficult country, and ran in to him as fox-hounds should do, in the presence of only six out of a large field that saw him found—that worthy fellow and good sportsman, George Dawson, mounted and carried as usual on his famous "*Sprigtail*," bearing off the brush in triumph. They had then, some few days afterwards, a run, that, had it taken place in any country *with a name attached to it*, would have been talked of for a twelvemonth: for what think you, gentle reader, of *four hours and a quarter* without a check, over the severest country to cross, as I know amply from experience, ever traversed by horse or hound! A handsome kill was again the finish to this most extraordinary morning's sport, and every horse in the field, I understand, was brought to a stand-still, or something nearly

approaching to it, when the welcome who-whoop was chaunted over as good a fox as hounds ever encountered either in the Forest country or any other.

Their next day's sport, kindly communicated to me, was one of the *best* order (but highly satisfactory), in the course of which they killed a dog fox in about half an hour, and then ran the vixen to ground, after an admirable display of nose and perseverance with a bad scent, in an hour and twenty minutes. But now comes the crowning ornament of the whole, so far as *length and pace* are concerned, though the day ended in the abandonment of the gallant animal, that, it must be acknowledged, fairly earned his escape by his intrepidity and undaunted courage. On one of the first days of the present month Mr. Steere's hounds found their fox in Tickfold Gill, or Dingle, from which he took them as straight as an arrow for about six miles up to May's Green, which he all but touched; but, being headed, thence made his point for Rowhook and Slinfold, and, threading a strong chain of woodland belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, up to Deddome, and, again headed, away for Strood, and through Mr. Commerell's Park onwards to Sir Timothy Shelley's, and thence to Old Horse Farm, and through Warnham and Kingsfold, and bearing gallantly forwards to Ockley, and Ockwood Hill, &c. &c. Here, at the end of *three hours without a check*, almost every horse in the field had had enough, and many turned their heads towards home in absolute despair of ever reaching it, if they were not wise enough to steer for it without delay: the hounds, however, still held the line, and for another hour and a half stuck determinedly to this most gallant and extraordinary fox, when, at half-past five o'clock, with the light failing them, and every horse dead beat and brought to a walk, they were stopped reluctantly and walked to their kennel, it is to be hoped to have another brush ere long with one of the stoutest animals that ever stood before a pack of

*x-hounds. On the loosest computation, and measuring the distances on a map with a pair of compasses, the hares that lived throughout this most extraordinary day must have traversed at least forty miles!!*

I have also heard that these hounds had a splendid thing of about half the above distance, *straight an end*, on the Tuesday following, from Mr. Hunt's, at Crabbett; but, as no particulars have reached me, I can only give the rumour as I myself have heard it. On last Friday, however, I know that after hunting him by the drag for several miles across the country, they at last unkenelled the villain, and in a pretty burst of twenty minutes ran in to him in good style at Horley. After this detail of Mr. Steere's proceedings, will my readers be kind enough to turn to the prediction that I ventured last year to offer as to the prospect of sport in the Forest country, provided only that the natives would cease to destroy the game? They will find, I think, that every word I then gave utterance to has turned out correct to the very letter.

I much wish that it was in my power to give as satisfactory an account of the season of that worthy fellow, Mr. Smith, of Uckfield, who, it will be remembered, took to hunting fox, at the close of last season, in what is called the Ashdown Forest Country, extending along the London road from his own doors to the Godstone boundary of the Old Surrey. I am sorry to say, however, that he has hitherto been unfortunate in the innumerable blanks that he has had the misery of drawing, as well as in running almost all his best foxes to ground, and thus cheating his hounds of the blood they so richly merited. He has had, nevertheless, several very superior runs; and as his country comes to be hunted, and the earths and drains are better known to his whip and stoppers, it is but fair to look forward next year (if people will only abstain from killing) to some brilliant days' sport with his woodland foxes, that are almost as proverbial for their

courage and stoutness as those of his neighbour of St. Leonard's Forest. Mr. Smith, I should add, has at least one very killing pack in his kennel; and, considering that his hounds have been got together entirely by drafts from other establishments, there is no little credit justly due to him for the very clever appearance that they already make at the covert side; where, I am sure, that every man of his acquaintance must wish him all good sport and all good fortune.

The Sussex Harriers, like all others this year, are continuing in an almost unheard of vein of sport; and, from what cause I leave to philosophers to divine, hares were never known to run so stoutly, whether the scene of action be the open Downs, or the inclosed low country at their base. A few days ago, too, Mr. Richardson's hounds, of Findon, stumbled on the stinking animal himself somewhere near the Mount Etna of Steepdown Hill, and, being close to his brush, would not allow themselves to be stopped till they had fairly run in to him on the banks of the Arundel River, as the crow flies seven or eight miles good measure from point to point, and over turf almost all the way as smooth and level as the velvet of a race-course or the lawn of a lady's flower garden! Mr. Falknor's very clever pack, near Henfield, have also, I hear, had an uncommon season's sport; indeed Mr. F. gave me some details of it in person, when I did myself the pleasure of calling at his house the other day to purchase a couple of hounds for a friend of mine who was in want of some. Mr. Falknor quite agreed in the general opinion that game had seldom, if ever, been known to run so lastingly as during the whole of the present season; and his hounds, I believe, are not absolutely guiltless of tasting the blood of a Weald fox, that they happened not long since to unkenel quite by accident. I am no friend, however, be it remembered, at any time to harriers deserting their legitimate game, and presuming, even accidentally, to interfere with the fox-hounds.

The East Sussex have decidedly had a good season, when at a distance from the Brighton mob, and away from the hills, on which it was certainly never meant that a pack of fox-hounds should appoint their fixtures. On the very day I went to Mr. Smith's (about three weeks now ago) they had a truly splendid thing from Lord Gage's covert, called the Plashetts, over some of their best and most stiffly inclosed country, and crossing Berwick Common (I believe), and climbing the hill afterwards, ran in to him in first-rate style somewhere near Exceat Bridge, after the best and most determined run, according to all who saw it, that they have had for many a day. From what little I know of the country, I should suppose that they must have run over at least thirteen or fourteen miles of ground, and the pace I understand was perfect from the covert-edge to the very finish.

There is no change, I understand, in the fixed determination to break up *The Vine* establishment at the end of the season, or at least to transfer it to other hands. I am not aware that they have lately been doing much; indeed I have heard decidedly that they have done but little; and from more sources than one I happen to know that they are plagued with a lot of weak and bad young foxes, that either get to ground at the end of a short skurry, or are most ignominiously run in to without the semblance of a morning's sport. The H. H. too, I am given to understand, have not this year had their usual share of sport; and people do say, that Master Foster is getting both slacker and slower than he ought to be, and is seldom now to be seen in the place which for years he so brilliantly occupied—namely, by the side or at the sterns of the gallant pack he was formerly glued to after they had found their fox. We must all, it is true, yield to the iron hand of the old Scythe-man in our turns; but Foster has as yet no excuse to urge on the score of age, being now only, as my memory in-

forms me, in his fifty-second or fifty-third year.

With regard to Oxfordshire, I have been abused like a pick-pocket for saying only what I did about the splendid season that Mr. Drake has had throughout, and I hope is still having, go wherever he will, in his fine and truly fox-hunting country. Let my friends, however, rest assured that it has been solely from a desire *not to say too much*, but adhere strictly, as I always do, to the very letter of the communications which reach me, if I have unwittingly shorn this justly celebrated pack of *one leaf* of the well-earned wreath of laurels that overshadows them and their worthy master. From what I have heard since I last addressed my readers, this old and splendid pack must indeed have had a glorious season, almost from the very day of their first public appointment; and no doubt, if their stock of foxes will but last them until March winds and March dust make, as they generally do, a premature finish to everything in the shape of sport, their conclusion will be commensurate with the brilliancy of their acted achievements.

Lord Radnor's excellent pack, I have the best authority for stating, are still doing what hounds have never before done in their country, and finishing a season beyond all precedent in the recollection of Berkshire sportsmen. They have to thank their talented manager, Mr. Blandy, I believe, for not a little of the distinguished success that has hitherto marked their proceedings; and I am sure they could not thank a more sporting individual, or one more deeply interested in the prosperity of all that belongs to Lord Radnor and his fox-hounds.

The Warwickshire, I understand, now lay claim to the honours of having had "the best season of any hounds in the kingdom." All this, however, is nonsense, good as I admit their sport to have been; and they had much better be content to kill their foxes with good runs in silence, and

Let the trumpet remain on the shelf until another year, for more reasons than one, that must be obvious to all in the secrets of the Leamington prison house. I speak this, from really wishing well to the establishment, as I mentioned in my last letter; and I do hope that its injudicious friends will for the rest of the season remain quiet, and allow the hounds themselves to earn the reputation which I am satisfied will be their portion, without the meretricious aid of puffing, whether in private or in public.

And now for an awful jump from the Avon to the beather-fringed margins of the Tweed and Tyne, or, in other words, to the northern packs of my Lord Elcho and the Duke of Buccleuch. About the first-mentioned pack I have to correct an error in your Correspondent BIRCH's statement, that I have no doubt was involuntary, but nevertheless ought to be corrected. In speaking of the "Broom Dykes" day, he states the distance from point to point to have been *seventeen* miles, whereas in reality it was *not more than five*; and the run altogether, although a good one, but in a large ring, did not extend beyond ten or twelve miles of country. In this I fear that I myself also "*præbo crura sagittis*" (see my last account of sport): however, I may be let off easy, perhaps, by thus taking the earliest opportunity of confessing that I have been mis-led, and that my kind Correspondent has in his zeal said rather more than he should do, more especially when he knew that his communication to me was to be made public. Lord Elcho's sport has continued excellent since I last wrote to you, and he has had some runs during the past month quite sufficient of themselves to establish his pack, even if they had had nothing previously of serious moment; witness his day, for instance, from Coalston Wood, through Yester, and away to The Hopes, and skirting Die Moss, and up to Tollis Hill, and nearly to Carfrae Mill, where they ran in to him: and again, the beautiful thing from Gifford Muir up to Hopes, and by the Castle Wood down to Coalston, and thence to Stevenston (where they crossed the Tyne), and away to Beannston, and the strips of plantation leading to Poncrig, where at last they got up to him, and killed in style. On last Thursday, too, I understand they had a capital day from Edington Hill, in Berwickshire (where they now are), though whether with or without a kill, the friend who writes to me had not heard.

His Grace of Buccleuch has just finished in his home country about Dalketh with a very fair and satisfactory account of sport, though it is all but impossible that anything extremely brilliant can be shewn in it, from the almost innumerable bars to fox-hunting that cross the huntsman's path at every step. I am glad, however, to notice a very pretty thing they have had from Penycuik, of a clear eight miles as the hounds went, and killed him handsomely at Roseberry (late Clerkington) without a check; and also to record the rather singular occurrence of a couple of hounds slipping away from the same covert with a second fox, and running him by themselves for four hours till close to Edinburgh, WHERE THEY KILLED, in presence only of a farmer, who fell in with them on his road home from market! On another day they found a capital fox in Humble Wood, and ran him by Keith Banks, and by Penston up to Huntlaw Muir; and thence, by Winton and Pencaitland to the Tyne opposite to Hermandston, where they turned, and took by Jerusalem and through the Gladsmuir Woods to Penston, and down to the high road, where, being headed, he turned through Tranent Muir, and went by Ormiston and Winton, back to Huntlaw Fox-covert, where there was at least a brace of fresh foxes on foot as soon as the hounds got into it; and of course defeat was the end of the day, having run over an enormous tract of country, and been hard at work for two hours and ten minutes from first finding up to the return to the covert at Huntlaw. Ten days afterwards, however, they found what was supposed to be the same fox in Humble Wood a second time, and, running him merrily partly over the same country, turned the rascal up in the handsome style in which they used to worry them in the days of "*lang syne*" and unforgotten good Mr. Baird, at a place called Red Cole, just above Gosford, the splendid seat of Lord Elcho's father. I hope in my next to be able to announce that the knotty questions as to country, &c., so long agitated between these two establishments, are brought to a satisfactory termination: meantime I am afraid there is as much jealousy and bad blood as between the occupants of the Dutch and Belgian Crowns, though all good Conservatives know in both instances which of the two Sovereigns happens to have the best of the argument!

And now to make a finish (and I have kept it as a *bonne bouche* for my readers) in the splendid country and amidst the splendid sportsmen of the Valcs of Dorset and Somerset, where I have usually made a beginning. Let me, in the first place,

announce the important change that has transferred the management of the Blackmoor Vale Fox-hounds, at the end of the season, from the jurisdiction of Mr. Portman to that of Mr. Hall, of Butleigh Court, whose name is of course familiar to all my readers. The case, I understand, stood simply thus. Mr. Portman's health having unfortunately failed him, so as to render anything beyond a quiet ride from his own hearth a matter, if not of actual danger, at least one of inconvenience and of risk, his friends persuaded him, with reluctance, to seek a substitute for his Vale country, and for the future to limit his hunting to the hill district within easy reach of his own doors at Bryanston, and trust to the liberality of the future possessor of the B. V. Fox-hounds for an occasional draw below the Downs, so that he might not altogether exhaust the coverts in the narrow tract to which he was to confine himself. A meeting of all concerned was accordingly held at Henstridge Ash, to receive Mr. Portman's resignation, and make the necessary arrangements with regard to his successor; when Mr. Hall, in the most spirited and sportsmanlike manner, offered at once to incorporate the Somerset Vale Establishment (at whose head as huntsman and manager I need not remind my readers, is Mr. Tatchell) with that of the B. V. F., and at his own expense to hunt the two consolidated countries three days a week; allowing to Mr. Portman a certain covenanted number of draws in the fine vale extending from Rooksmoor Coppice to the Sherborne and Shaftesbury turnpike road, or, in other words, permitting him on defined occasions the use of Mr. Yeatman's magnificent coverts of Stock Wood and Rooksmoor, together with those of Caundle Brake and Inwood—the very cream, it may be truly said, of all the appointments in the Blackmoor Vale. I need, of course, scarcely observe that this highly-liberal and sporting offer was accepted with all the enthusiasm that it deserved; and a string of resolutions was immediately drawn up (and inserted in the county papers), declaratory of the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Hall, and setting clearly forth the various arrangements under which the countries were to be hereafter hunted. A vote of earnest acknowledgment to Mr. Portman for his past great services, accompanied by the expression of the meeting's sincere regret for the cause of his retirement, was then carried by acclamation; and the thanks of the meeting were, in conclusion, directed also to be conveyed to Mr. Drax for his offer to take the management of the Blackmoor Vale, which however the circumstance of the S. V. H. being at all events to be continued, rendered it im-

possible for them to accept. Thus the Mr. Hall, at the conclusion of the season, will be fairly established as Master of a country, which in the eye of the sportsman I do not hesitate to say ranks amongst the very first in the United Kingdom. May the best of good sport and good luck (without which, as poor Mr. Baird used to say, there is no getting on with fox-hounds) attend him in every manner and on every occasion! The country, I ought to add, has principally to thank Mr. Yeatman for the highly satisfactory and clearly defined arrangements thus contracted; and though the formality of voted acknowledgments to him was dispensed with, every sportsman either of the S. or B. V. F. left the meeting impressed deeply with the continued services of the founder of the Blackmoor Vale Establishment.

Mr. Portman, I rejoice to say, is taking leave of the Blackmoor Vale in one continued career of sport; and, up to the last accounts I received of him, had killed fifty-four foxes, and ran twenty-six to ground, thus making a grand total of eighty accounted for in the course of seventy-eight days hunting! Since I last wrote, the principal things he has had worth recording have been two very good days on the 5d and 4th of this month, from Ilberton Alders, and a small wood near Broadley, killing in excellent style at the end of each: next, a brilliant thirty minutes from Corton Brake, and again ran in to him: and on the 13th another splendid half hour from Mapperton with a second fox up wind to Pointington Earths, in which my gentleman was fortunate enough to save his bacon. On the 18th too he had a quick fifty-five minutes from Anne's Hill over the Vale by Hazle Grove to a drain at Sutton, whence they bolted and killed him; and I have no doubt on the very day I am writing this he is having a capital thing from the inexhaustible Stock Wood, which is his fixture, and in which he is certain to find a leash or more of foxes. Altogether, few in any packs of fox-hounds have had a finer or more satisfactory season from the very commencement up to the present moment.

I am glad to learn also, that Mr. Farquharson has found some capital foxes since the date of my last letter, and had some excellent and quick runs with them across the cream of his fine Vale country. On the day after the presentation of the Plate to him at Dorchester, his hounds had a very good thing indeed from King Grove up to Puhham, where they ran in to him in handsome style; and they have since shewn two really superior runs; the one, from Puncknole Wood, up the Vale by Kingston Russell to Chickerill, near

Weymouth, killing cleanly in one hour and twenty minutes; and the other, from the Grange Woods to Leigh Common, and by Melbury to Chelborough, running also in to him beautifully at the end of two hours, very quick, having covered in that time an immense tract of country (eleven miles, as the raven flies, from point to point), and hardly a horse in the field being able to make a trot when they turned him up in triumph. On the day also of Mr. Portman's beautiful burst fromorton Brake, these hounds had a fair hunting run from the celebrated meet of Butterwick, along the vale to the Caundle Holt coverts, where they earthed him, and have altogether had more sport during the last month than all the previous season, from various causes I need not here allude to.

If they have a run of twenty miles an end, however, on every day that they go out for the next six weeks, it will not shake the truth of one syllable that I stated of Mr. Farquharson in my last letter, and which, in speaking of Dorsetshire, &c. as a hunting country, I conceived myself obliged to state, and of which I am prepared to prove the justice of every iota (and ten times more in addition to it) should I be at any time called on to do so by those for whose opinions I have a respect. I beg leave here, moreover, to inform Mr. F. and some of his friends, who I am aware have not been slow to insinuate that I was *instigated* and *advised* to write what I did, that until my last letter was at least in type no human being had the most distant idea that I was about even to mention the name of the Laird of Langton; and that not only am I *alone* responsible for the strictures on his conduct, which I understand have given him such great offence, but that the sole hesitation that I felt at putting them into print was, not at the idea of displeasing or affronting him, but lest the very thing should happen that has so unjustifiably taken place, and the remarks (of which, I repeat, I am the sole originator and concoctor) be attributed to the suggestion of a third party, who, I declare before Heaven, was as innocent and unconscious of their being in embryo till two days before the publication of the Magazine, as the child that is to be born on the anniversary of the third of February. At my devoted head alone, therefore, let the thunders of Mr. Farquharson's retaliation and retort be aimed; and I hereby promise and vow, that for every *Obiter* with which he honours me, he shall have in return a *Roland*, that may perhaps be rather more indigestible than the little *pilula* administered in my last, and which he finds so much difficulty in getting rid of.

Mr. Drax, I fear, has almost run his

country to a stand-still, though I see his appointments are advertised for the incoming week; and if my good wishes for him can be of avail, he will have a brilliant day at each of his fixtures. Should he be disposed to break fresh ground, I should think he could have no difficulty in securing a good country amongst the many now about to become vacant, more especially as he is known to carry about with him "the one thing needful;" namely, a purse more than amply filled to stand the exigences of *six days a week*.

Nothing can at any time afford me greater delight than to record the triumph of an excellent pack of hounds, with an excellent sportsman at their head, over the difficulties of a bad country, and more particularly over the miseries of a woodland one. It is, therefore, with the highest pleasure that I have to mention a capital day which that first-rate judge of hounds and hunting, Mr. Codrington, had on the 7th instant. Finding his first fox near Sutton, he had a good run with him, and killed him prettily, at the end of an hour's most satisfactory work; and then unkenelling a second close to Salisbury Plain, he had a truly brilliant thing with him all through the Cranbourne Chase, and ran beautifully in to the rebel at a place called Handley, as an eye-witness writes me word, "in as splendid style as ever fox-hounds finished their performance." My readers may rely on it, that, only *give him elbow room and a clear country*, no Master of Hounds in Europe would more scientifically account for his foxes than this most distinguished sportsman and unsurpassed professor in all the mysteries and minutiae of the kennel. What would not Mr. Codrington and his hounds effect, for example, in the country round Raby Castle, which the Duke of Cleveland still hunts with his diminished pack, and which, in many parts of it, may be justly called the very *élite* of the *élite* of Yorkshire?

And now, "to conclude this brief narration," as the Irishman has it in his song, let me have the pleasure of recording a run with Mr. Yeatman's most splendid and far-famed harriers, which I pick out of the journal of their excellent sport during the past month, as one that would shed a lustre on any pack of fox-hounds in the universe, and which indeed was acknowledged by eye-witnesses of both to be far superior, as regards *pace and distance*, to Mr. Farquharson's run (a day or two previous) from King Grove, about which such a talk was justly made. On Friday the 8th of February, then, "the B. V. Harriers found their hare close to Marnhull village; going away at the top

\* Or, more correctly speaking, *Durham*, the greatest number of the coverts in it being, I believe, in the latter county.

of their speed, through the whole of that extensive parish, to the fine expanse of vale of Lower Moorside, crossing the brook for Margaret's Marsh, and on to Hartgrove, winding their way through the dells that diversify the surface of that high-ascending region, and making direct for West Orchard, and through it without a turn for Faringden, and away to Satton Waldren, pressing hard upon the limits of Iwerne Courtney, swimming the river for Fensell, and with their heads pointing to the Great Cranborne Chase, within a mile of which they ran from scent to view, and killed, after as brilliant a run of one hour and a quarter, *without a check*, as was ever seen, and *having measured out good ten miles of country without a turn, and traversed no less than six parishes in succession!!!*" An eye-witness writes me word of this splendid run, that so severe was the pace, the best mounted men out could barely be said to live with the hounds, which from find to finish might have been covered with a table cloth, so splendid was the head they throughout carried; and, from what I have myself seen of them, and the admirable and even condition in which the eye of their distinguished master at all times keeps them (to his infinite credit), I have no hesitation in pronouncing that, in spite of their long ears, they are quite a match for the best fox that ever wore a brush; though they want nothing better than the most extraordinarily stout jack hares, which their fine country so singularly abounds with, to show that continued and apparently inexhaustible vein of sport recorded in their annals, which is quite without a parallel in the history of harriers, and far superior to the achievements of most fox-hounds in the United Empire. My friend also

writes me of the above magnificent day, that so perfect was it in all its details, that in the course of twenty-five years experience of the Blackmore Vale, *he can remember only three runs that were at all superior!* May I hope that something similar may be in store for the second week in March, when I trust once more to witness the performances of this unrivalled pack and their accomplished master. By way of proof, if one were wanting, of the *absolutely wonderful stoutness* of the game in this charming country, I might mention in conclusion, that Mr. Yeoman gives annually two days coursing in one part of it to the tenantry, &c. &c.; and that in the last three days, thus permitted to the long dogs, fifty-three hares were coursed, and out of that number the return was *sixteen only killed, of which four only were run in to by accident!!* Yet the very greyhounds, which had no power to kill these gentry of the Vale country, wound up on the open Downs fifteen hares out of seventeen in one day of this very month!

Until that ominous day, the 1st of April, Mr. Editor, I must now say farewell, and, doubtless, to the great relief of my readers, bring this lengthened Budget to a conclusion.

DASHWOOD.

21st February, 1834.

P. S. Colonel G. Wyndham has had two brilliant days this week in his Finsdon country, killing splendidly on each occasion. I shall send you more particulars in my next of the admirable season that this capital pack has had, and which reflects very high credit on their huntsman Sharpe, and indeed all connected with the establishment.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

**S**EVERAL outsiders have been rather spiritedly brought forward for the DERRY since our last, as will be seen by our quotation below. The two favorites retain their relative positions. Thursday the 29th was a busy day, and though Bubastes stood first at 7 to 1, Bentley had some powerful supporters, and was *done* side backed at 15 to 3, his friends anxious to go on. On Monday the 24th there was scarcely any decided alteration, though the Yorkshire horse was quoted at 6 to 1, and the Newmarket nag at 7 to 1 (taken). The following may be considered the latest odds:—

6 to 1 agst Bubastes.  
7 to 1 agst Bentley (taken).  
5 to 1 agst Plenipo.

16 to 1 agst Shillelah (taken).  
18 to 1 agst Olympic (taken).  
20 to 1 agst Dehrium (taken).  
25 to 1 agst Comet.  
25 to 1 agst Visior.  
25 to 1 agst Emigrant.  
30 to 1 agst Glencoe.  
2000 to 30 agst Barrosa Colt (taken).  
1000 to 10 agst Roseanne Colt (taken).  
1000 to 10 agst Nisus (taken).  
1000 to 10 agst Colt out of Terapia's d.(t)  
2000 to 20 agst Rebel (taken).  
2000 to 20 agst Wanderer colt (taken).  
3000 to 30 agst Brother to Marpessa (rk.)  
4000 to 40 agst Defensive (taken).  
5000 to 50 agst Noodle (taken).  
5000 to 50 agst Harum Scarum (taken).

Very little has been done in the OAKS—Cottillon still stands first favorite at 5½ to 1, and Rosalie at 7 to 1.

At a Meeting of the Jockey Club, held October 30th, 1893, it was resolved, that the Second Spring Meeting, the July Meeting, and the First October Meeting in each year, beginning with the year 1895, should commence on the Tuesday instead of Monday.

The Johnstone Plate at Weymouth see our *Racing Calendar*, p. 80) has been paid to the owner of *Comes*. Forest was declared disqualified from not having been a sufficient length of time in the possession of Mr. John, the owner, and not on account of either of the objections taken at the time of running, which were not substantiated.

**Manchester Races.**—The owners and assessors of the Manchester Race Course have advertised to give 785*l.* and a Gold Cup value 100 sovs. in addition to His Majesty's gift of 100*g*s. The Grand Stand has been enlarged and much improved, and the Course has been remodelled and altered in such a manner as cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

Mr. Riddale has sold *St. Giles* by *Frank*, winner of the Derby in 1833, to Mr. Kirby for 1200 guineas.

Mr. George Robinson has sold *Carnaby*, winner of the Gold Cup at Lincoln last year, to the Hon. Sydney Herbert, for 1000 guineas.

#### RACES ANNOUNCED.

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Litchfield Spring .....        | March 26    |
| Catterick Bridge .....         | April 2     |
| Croxton Park .....             | 9           |
| Malton .....                   | 10          |
| Newmarket Craven .....         | 14          |
| Durham .....                   | 17          |
| Bath Spring .....              | 23          |
| Newmarket First Spring .....   | 26          |
| Chester .....                  | May 4       |
| Bristol and Clifton .....      | 7           |
| Liverpool (Maghull) .....      | 14          |
| Manchester .....               | 21          |
| Epson .....                    | 27          |
| Newton .....                   | June 4      |
| Buxton .....                   | 11          |
| Newcastle .....                | 16          |
| Liverpool (Aintree) .....      | July 1      |
| Newmarket July .....           | 7           |
| Cheltenham .....               | 15          |
| Worcester .....                | August 6    |
| Wolverhampton .....            | 13          |
| Stourbridge .....              | 26          |
| Pontefract .....               | September 2 |
| Warwick .....                  | 9           |
| Lichfield .....                | 2           |
| Morpeth .....                  | 10          |
| Doncaster .....                | 16          |
| Heaton Park .....              | 24          |
| Newmarket First October .....  | 20          |
| Richmond .....                 | October 7   |
| Newmarket Second October ..... | 13          |
| Newmarket Houghton .....       | 27          |

The Cheltenham Spring races take place in the Easter week.

#### The Chase.

A few days subsequent to the extraordinary and severe run with Lord Elibe's hounds recorded in our last Number, they found (at least there is every probability to suppose it, and it is the general opinion) the same fox at Coalston, when he passed over the same line of country, making for all the same points, though reversely, or in the opposite direction, through Yester, by the Hopes, and over the Hammer Mule Hills on to Lander, within a mile of which he was run in to, the distance from point to point being fifteen miles. On the next Monday they met at Poncrig, which proved blank; whence they trotted on to the strong and extensive whins at Kilduff; here they found, and forcing their fox to break with some difficulty, he headed for Drem Hill, passed right through it, as well as Byer's Hill, and skirting Harperdean, crossed the grounds of Alderston, and a-head to Goxford, where he was turned up in a paddock, after "a short, sharp, and decisive" burst of about eight miles.—Next Thursday drew Aikleside and Leaston blank. Found instantly at Yester High Wood; broke away by Hopes to the hills; headed right back to Yester, passed through by Quarryford to Barra, through it also, and, passing Linplum, seemed to point for Coalston; but, forsaking this point to the left, he made away for Stevenson; and, hanging there a little in the plantations, crossed the Tyne in a high flood, and held resolutely on for Beaton, where, game as he was, he was forced to give up the ghost, after an excellent and trying run through a very heavy country.

On Wednesday the 5th of February, Mr. Ramsey's (of Barron) Stirling and Lintithgow Fox-hounds met at West Binlie (Lintithgowshire), in a fine well-fenced grass country. The field was numerous, the well-known likelihood of the fixture having drawn many select sportsmen from long distances, and the show of horses was what is not to be seen every day with even bounds of greater nominal pretensions. The frost was very hard in the morning, and, though the sun exerted its influence, it continued more or less all day. This threw a comparative gloom on the meeting, among whom were some clippers on nags who in every sense could do the trick. At half-past one, several coverters having been previously drawn blank, the hounds were thrown into Riccarton Whin, where a game fox broke in about five minutes away to the South, over a wide and tremendously deep bottom, newly ploughed, intercepted with rasping ditches and rotten banks. This morass, for it was little better, was as difficult a preamble as well could be encountered, especially as the hounds went right a-head with a rank

scout across it, putting the nerve and powers of man and horse to the test, as well as no few of them on their beam ends, and on gaining the upland the very best were forced almost to extremity to catch the bounds; but they were got up with at Binnie Planting, through which they raced the fugitive away in a circle for Binnie Craig, which he did not get time to try, but was closely pressed forward in the direction of the Union Canal, which he crossed, heading for the Braces of Man: here, however, he was again foiled, and turned away for and through the grounds of Champ and Cewrie, pointing evidently for Carriden, when, at Walton Farm, he was headed by a boy with a sheep-dog, and nothing left him but to attempt Kinnell Wood, which he was not destined to gain, being run in to at Bonhard in fine style at a quarter-past three o'clock in the presence of most of the field who were well up. The country was very heavy throughout, and the fencing severe. These hounds are admirably appointed, the men superiorly mounted, and the style in which the work is done must be gratifying to their spirited master. The sportsmen of the country they hunt, and those as well who incidentally meet them, are highly indebted to him for the sport of the season, thirty-one brace of foxes having been already killed, and the series of sport excellent. Mr. Ramsay leaves for a time to attend his duties in Parliament, bearing with him the regard and good wishes of all his brother sportsmen.

On the 7th of January, the Westmeath Hounds met at Castlecore, the residence of Captain Hussey, where a game fox showed an excellent day's sport: after which the whole party returned to a sumptuous spread, and the festivities of this hospitable "*Bachelor's Hall*" were kept up until four o'clock next morning with the utmost harmony and good feeling. This is reviving the old scenes of Irish hospitality, which the deplorable system of absenteeism has nearly annihilated.

On Tuesday the 4th of February the Kilkenny Harriers, belonging to Edward Cooke, Esq. met in a very unfavorable morning at the Cross Roads leading to Theobald Butler's. At half-past ten they threw off, and started a hare at Smithstown, who went off in full view, making a short ring; but being closely pressed, she fled the country, and went straight an end for Coppenna Hill behind Kilfane (the seat of John Power, Esq. Master of the Fox-hounds), passing Ballinabola, across the grounds and park of Castlefeld, and over Castle Garden Bog—the distance, nine Irish miles, without a check, being done in forty-five minutes, when pussy was taken up stiff before the hounds. The crossing Garden Bog was such a poser that

to catch them again was to many the impossible thing, blood alone being able to do it, and many real good Thistle-whippers were left in the lurch. This is the twelfth brilliant run (independent of a general good season) which this clever pack have shewn, accounting for their loss in every instance but one.

The old amusement of Buck Hunting, which at one period formed a prominent feature in Irish field sports, has been revived this season in the county of Carlow. Stag-hunting is a sport better known in England, there being no other pack, at least of note, than Lord Howth's in Ireland's Isle. The animal here hunted is merely the male of the fallow deer, and with good harriers frequently affords sport, in which are combined the features of both fox and hare-hunting. In parts of England, Norfolk more peculiarly, it is sometimes practised; and was formerly in much vogue in Dorsetshire, when Mr. Humphrey Sturt first lived at Cliff, and before he hunted that country regularly with fox-hounds. Some of the veterans "yet alive" will recollect the celebrated Tinkerton deer, a doe, if memory errs not, which gave so many desperate runs, and was once taken nearly two miles out at sea between Weymouth and Wareham. Here in Carlow we shall be indebted to Mr. John Newton principally for the revival of this ancient Irish pastime. This well-known sportsman has got together a herd of bucks especially for the purpose, to help in keeping the good old game alive in these times of political uproar and economy, whereby Jack and Paddy Bull are both (gentle and simple) in danger of being made dull boys—"all work and no play" being the gist of most of our intellectual novelties. But it would have bothered the most pheelosophical of our utilitarians, had they seen the turn-out which assembled in the second week in January to view the enlargement of the first of these Antlered Foresters, about four miles from the town of Carlow. The country people assembled in great force at the fixture, but happily with no other intention than of enjoying the sport, which they did nothing to impede. Drafts of the picked couples of Messrs. Newton's, Cooper's, and Alexander's harriers were selected for the occasion; and, after a short but very sharp run of nearly eight miles, over a stiff though fine country, he took soil in the river Barrow, whence he was extricated by means of a boat, and secured to shew another day.

#### STEEPLE CHASE.

Early in the month (February) a steeple chase took place near Caher, between Captain Armitt's b. h. Dandy and Mr. Allen's b. m. Trinket; the former rode by that well-known horseman Mr. Knares.

borough, 12st.; the latter, owner, 11st. They kept well together to the third fence, where Dandy made a bungle, and his rider was near down; Trinket consequently got a little in front, and at the fourth leap Dandy and his rider came down a regular burster. Mr. Knareborough luckily was little hurt, and with assistance got speedily into the saddle, and notwithstanding the dilemma, he caught and headed his antagonist about half way home, winning cleverly a long way.—Dandy performed the distance, covering nineteen fences of various descriptions, which were twice crossed in fifteen minutes, being four more than when he was last winner over the same course.

Messrs. Griffiths of Holborn have forwarded to us specimens of their new "Hunting Whip covered with plaited whalebone," and their "Improved Jockey Whip," both of which seem eminently calculated to the purposes for which they are intended.

#### COURSING.

*A Courser's Query.*—"Sir, one of the conditions of the Curragh Coursing Club for the regulation of the Puppy Stakes in the November of each year is—'That no dog shall be permitted to run who has seen two Christmas days.' You are requested to inform your numerous readers, whether a puppy, born on the 20th December 1832, can run for Puppy Stakes in November 1834, he not having seen two Christmas days? In explanation, I beg to add, that it is generally supposed the eyes of a four-legged puppy do not open sooner than nine days—the *Biped* of that class I understand to see from its birth."

—By the wording of the condition, the puppy might be permitted to run; but by the customary laws of Coursing he could not, because his age is reckoned from the day of his birth, and not from the period when his eyes are opened.—But, according with Sir Roger de Coverley, "much may be said on both sides."

Owing to the dreadful state of the weather, the ties for the Cup at the late Curragh Coursing Meeting on the third day could not be run out, and the money was divided among Colonel Bruen, Messrs. Pearson and Baker, and Sir Hussey Vivian.

#### STALLION GREYHOUND FOR 1834.

EMSDORF, a blue dog, at three guineas, at Hungerford, Berks. He was got by Captain Lidderdale's renowned blue dog Snail (Sire of the late celebrated dog Great Ben), out of Mr. E. Crippa's Elegant (Own Sister to Emerald), by Mr. Browne's Briton, out of Eleanor, by Captain Lidderdale's celebrated dog Champion, out of Calypso, winner of the Coups at Ashdown Park in 1814.

#### AQUATICS.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria have become Patronesses to the Royal Yacht Club.

Thomas O'Connell, Esq. Secretary to the Royal Western Yacht Club, has received a letter from the Austrian Ambassador at London, informing him that the Austrian Government has granted to the yachts of the Club the privilege of entering the ports of Austria free of tonnage or other duties.

#### FINE ARTS.

An amusing work to the Sportsman is now publishing, in a *Series of Heads* of the various breeds of the canine race—drawn on stone by Fairland from designs by Hancock.

Lately has been published *The Braggart*, an excellent told story of three dogs, by Landseer. This is a masterly-executed print by a rising engraver of the name of Parr.

*The Widow* is a subject of much sentiment, finely engraved by Beckwith, after one of Hancock's best pictures.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, of the Strand, have published a *Series of Pocket County Maps*, which must be particularly useful to the Traveller, and of essential importance to the Sportsman. They are got up in an extremely neat manner, and may be conveniently carried in the waistcoat pocket.

A perfectly novel and most interesting specimen of art has recently emanated from the chisel of that eminent sculptor, Mr. M. C. Wyatt. It is a statue of the late Lord Dudley's favorite and well-known Newfoundland dog *Bashaw*, which is executed with such complete ingenuity as to give an exact resemblance of the animal in the most minute particular, amounting almost to an appearance of actual animation, the artist having been singularly fortunate in procuring marble of the various hues to produce this effect. *The tout ensemble* is really surprising.

#### THROWING THE SLEDGE.

A display of this old and manly exercise (in Scotland called 'pitching the bar') took place the second week of February in the Temple Fields, Henrietta-street, Dublin, between O'Rorke the Irish Champion, who lately beat Fanning in a gallant slashing fight of seven rounds near Athlone, and a Mr. Jackson, a Monaghan Gentleman, for a small wager and a rump and dozen. Mr. Jackson being the challenger, O'Rorke made the first throw, which Mr. Jackson could not come near in any of his six (the best out of six was to win)—O'Rorke thus winning in one effort by more than three feet, the length of the throw, with a sledge hammer fourteen pounds weight, being nearly thirty-five

yards. At the request of the numerous spectators O'Rorke put out his best, and surpassed his first effort by about three feet.

#### SPORTING OBITUARY.

Mr. Richardson's Lady Brownlock by Blacklock, dam by Cerberus, nominated for the Doncaster St. Leger.

Mr. Munro's Lazarus, by Partisan out of Trictrac by Dick Andrews, engaged in the Newmarket Craven Oatlands.

Spaniel (winner of the Derby 1831), by Whalebone, dam by Canopus. The two last were bred by Lord Lowther.

The Duke of Buccleuch is making splendid improvements at his seat of Drumlanrig. The house was built by Inigo Jones. The principal feature of the present operations is a most extensive Deer Park, calculated to contain all varieties of the species, which, when finished, will be the most complete thing of its kind in Britain.

The present wet winter, which has kept the rivers in constant and extraordinary floods, seems to have influenced the salmon species. The rivers North of Tweed opened on the same day partridge and pheasant shooting ceased, and the scarcity of fish is said to be beyond all former precedent: in the Eam, and all other tributaries of the Tay, there is a striking deficiency.

One of those dreadful accidents which unfortunately occurs so often to young or inexperienced persons in the use of fire arms, but which it is the duty of a Sporting Periodical to record every circum-

stance, however painful, has thrown the family of Mr. Rathbone, of Sciffblintown, in the county of Dublin, into the deepest distress. On the 16th of January Mr. Rathbone, jun. was out rabbit shooting, and having wounded a rabbit which made away into a thick furze bush, he followed instantly, in the hope of securing it, but was incautious enough, in his eagerness to thrust the stock of his double gun a long way in, to divide and open the bush. In this attempt the remaining barrel went off; the muzzle being close to him, the contents were lodged in his abdomen, and he was a corpse before evening.

A Grand *Battus* took place among the festivities of the New Year at Farnally, the beautiful residence of Mr. Butler, near Dunkeld, which was the abode of numerous friends, who were invited to partake of the sport which his extensive plantations are so well calculated to afford. Among these were the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John Scott, Lord Stormont, Sir Robert Dick, &c. &c. A numerous body of Highlanders, preceded by bagpipes, came down from Athol, and volunteered their services to act as beaters. This display of good feeling was meant as a compliment to Mr. Butler's distinguished guest the Duke, as well as himself. The sport on the first day was excellent, but the weather on the second prevented all out-door proceedings; but within all was merriment for all classes, and the Year 1834 was heartily welcomed. On the third morning the party proceeded to Tallynet, where the hospitable Sir R. Dick succeeded in shewing a capital day's sport, after which they separated.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of various Communications, which arrived too late for the present month. We shall be most happy to hear from AN EYE WITNESS at all times. His article shall appear in our next.

RASPER's favours will be always acceptable.

We have received a letter signed YOUNG GLORY; and however he may have gloried in his malicious attempt to blind us by stating *one fact*, we are not so short-sighted as not to see through the whole tenour of his letter, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing a malignant fabrication.

We take leave to inform those FRIENDS (*Wolves in Sheep's clothing*) who have lately favored us with double and treble postages, that their object, though *duly appreciated*, has failed, the Post Office having very liberally returned the amount charged.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.  
SECOND SERIES.

APRIL, 1834.

No. XLVIII.

## CONTENTS.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |                                                                                                |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| "Hounds and Hunting," by Dashwood, comprising Accounts from various Packs of Fox-hounds in the United Kingdom .....                                                                             | 429 | List of Stallions for 1834 ( <i>continued</i> ) ....                                           | 430 |
| The Squire, and Portrait of Talisman.....                                                                                                                                                       | 436 | Alphabetical List of Winning Horses, &c. in England, Scotland, and Wales in 1833 .....         | 461 |
| Dash, Portrait of .....                                                                                                                                                                         | 436 | Epitaph on Nelson, a favorite Pointer, by the late James Dow, Esq., M.D. ....                  | 477 |
| The Yacht Clubs—Prospects of the Approaching Season .....                                                                                                                                       | 437 | A Chapter of Scraps, by Dashwood.....                                                          | 478 |
| Lasting Memento of Mr. Horlock.....                                                                                                                                                             | 441 | The Privy Councillor—a Tale of the Irish Court .....                                           | 485 |
| The Eel—a slippery Subject .....                                                                                                                                                                | 443 | Rough Sketches of Hounds and Counties, by The Rambler in Green.....                            | 498 |
| End of the Shooting Season, with Remarks on the past one, and other Matters—Business to be done in March, &c.—by A Quartermaster .....                                                          | 445 | St. Alban's Steeple Chase .....                                                                | 498 |
| A Run with the Tickham Hounds.....                                                                                                                                                              | 453 | Noon Day's Reply to the Earl of Belfast.....                                                   | 500 |
| Scarcity of Foxes in Suffolk, with an Inquiry into the Causes and Means most effectual for their Preservation, calculated upon Observations on the Influence of the Game Bill, by Ringwood..... | 454 | SPORTING INTELLIGENCE:—<br>Turf Intelligence Extra—Settlings at Tatterall's—the Chase, &c. &c. |     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     | NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.....                                                                 | 504 |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     | RACING CALENDAR (INDEX to the) ..                                                              | 61  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     | INDEX to the VOLUME.                                                                           |     |

## Embellished with

I. VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.—II. THE SQUIRE AND TALISMAN.  
III. DASH.

## HOUNDS AND HUNTING.

BY DASHWOOD.

"Now comes fresh April, full of lustyhed,  
And wanton as a kid, whose horns new buds."—Spenser.

SIR,  
THE "banks with pioned and lilled brims," which Shakespeare speaks of, are now beginning to remind us that fox-hunting is *au contraire* fast falling into "the sere and yellow leaf," and that the day is approaching with rapid strides which is once more to consign the hunting whip to its nail, and the hunter himself to a six months' captivity in his loose box. For weeks, I may

say for months, however, the Sportsman has this year already had the *memento mori* of violets and primroses strewn in his path; and, according to the logic of Dick Knight, there has been a rare chance for a blundering huntsman to excuse himself for losing his foxes ever since the very night that 1833 made its exit. On the 4th of January, I myself saw the bottoms of several of our

Sussex woods spangled as thickly with spring flowers as if it was already April; and altogether, I believe, the memory of man can scarcely furnish a parallel to the extraordinary—I cannot err in adding, the unnatural—openness of the winter.

I am not one of those, I must confess, who imagine a winter without frost to be in general the most favorable one to fox-hunting. In an uninterrupted open season there is very frequently a succession of miserable scenting weather, to say nothing of the winds and tempests that also ordinarily mark its progress; and though there may be exceptions, the good old English winters of our forefathers, with a strongish touch of frost and snow in them about the New Year, are, after all, the most congenial to sport, and certainly afford only that fair chance to hounds and horses, which, to the large majority of both studs and kennels, comes most conveniently and opportunely. Even the season now at its last ebb, though perhaps more packs of hounds have had brilliant sport in it than in any on record, will not have passed away without a great complaint as to scenting weather in many countries that I could name; and in the woodlands in particular, I presume from the leaf not decaying so soon as usual, the scent was worse up to a later period of the year than has been remembered for half a century. It has been not a little puzzling too (that is, to any man who allows the inscrutable phenomenon of scent to puzzle and perplex him) to account for the most capricious manner in which the Virgin Goddess has this season distributed her favours. Next door neighbours,

to use a Cockneyfied expression, possessing the same description and advantages of country—hunting each over a rich and grassy vale, and each with a pack of hounds as low stooping and persevering as the other—have experienced almost the extremes of her wrath or partiality, without the slightest appearance of a cause to justify the protraction of her ill-nature. Some weeks after Christmas I had a conversation on this point with two Masters of Fox-hounds, whose countries (each a grass one) adjoin each other; and whose hounds, I can speak from experience, are on a perfect par and equality. The one never went out without a brilliant run; and whenever he lost his fox lost him through the errors of the huntsman: the other could not get a gallop of a couple of miles; and, though his game faced the open gallantly, could do little or more than walk after it! and in the course of the last month's hunting had marked three foxes to ground, and been beat out of scent with every other of the eleven which he had found!! I could not help telling the latter Gentleman—an old and valued friend and capital sportsman—that, if he ever thought of Diana at all, she must appear to his imagination, I should *calculate* after all this misery, not as the blooming and buskined Virgin of the Chase which the poets of old so invitingly represent, but in the other less attractive character which they also assign to her—namely, *Hecate* in hell, and that too, in a damned bad humour with all and sundry that came across her! For all this caprice, however, as there is no accounting, so likewise there is no help: and of the past season it must cer-

tainly be said, that where one Master of Hounds has had occasion to complain, at least two or more can sing the Pæan of perfect triumph, although purchased, perhaps, expensively in many instances as regards the stable.

Referring to my letter of last month, I find that I was by no means a false prophet when I anticipated a brilliant day's sport for Mr. Portman from his fixture of Stock Wood on the morning I was compelled to close my communication; and the following, though a brief, is also an accurate report of it. Friday, February 21, Mr. Portman's hounds found, at eleven o'clock, a brace and a half of foxes, in the presence of upwards of one hundred horsemen, and away went a gallant dog through Stock Wood to the plantations by the Caundle River, and over it for the Caundle Holts; thence, leaving Plumley Wood to the right, for Hanover Wood, and up to within a field of Lord Digby's Park, the pack at this time being just two fields behind their fox, and pressing him on at a racing pace along the Inclosures at Caundle Marsh for Bishop's Caundle, crossing the river for Holwell, and over the wild open commons for Pulham; again thence forward to Castle Hill, and on to Cossmore Common, leaving the Grange Wood of six hundred acres to the left, and at last up to the main earth at Monk Silver Wood, in the parish of Minsterne, which he reached a few yards only before the pack, after a splendid run of eighteen miles, largely measured, in two hours and ten minutes, of which the severity may be perhaps allowed when I state that upwards of fifty horses were missing at the finish. A good hunter, I am sorry to

say, dropped within half a mile of the earth, to rise no more; and there was no little distress, as may be supposed, amongst those who were capable of keeping on their legs. To this I shall only add one remark in the shape of a question; had this run occurred with Mr. Goodricke or My Lord Forester, what would not have been said of it by those dandified idiots, who "at sundry times and in divers manners" have favored the world with their *bought* opinions that no sport out of "the Shire" is worthy of keeping a horse to look at?

Mr. Portman has, since this day, had several brisk and pleasant scurries, and will in all probability have a second edition of this same Monk Silver fox tomorrow morning, as he meets again at Stock to try the Rookmoor coverts, &c. &c. for the last time this season. Illness in the first place, and in the next a press of business, obliged me to break the engagements I had made in his country for the second week of this month: I trust, however, to make one at his Annual Hunt Dinner on the 31st, and to see a good day's sport afterwards with him (I presume) in the Henstridge Ash Country.

It is my old acquaintance, poor Shelley, I believe, who says in his translation of *Goethe's Faust*, "Honor to those to whom honor is due:" therefore *honor*, say I, to Old Ben, who has at last got back to Mr. Farquharson, and contrived to kill some foxes for him, of which several have been of a superior order. The best of the bunch, perhaps, that he has run in to since I last wrote, was a Cranborne Chase fox, which stood before them, quite at the end of February, for rather more

*than two hours*; and on the day previous, the invincible Chetterwood Hector, who has fairly taken the place of poor Butterwick Jack of renowned memory, *for the eighth time* led them a gallant dance, and again ran away from and laughed at them! Mr. Farquharson's hounds, however, are not singular this season in repeatedly hunting a fox whom they cannot make minced-meat of; for, if I may credit a Lincolnshire newspaper sent to me a short time since by a friend, the same "old black fen fox" that has given the Belvoir hounds some of the most extraordinary runs on record *for four years*, again beat them not long since, after a terrific two hours and a half, at the expiration of which one horse bit the dust, and very many were in most miserable plight. It is but seldom I ever look at the accounts of sport in the newspapers, knowing well what a mass of exaggeration they in general are. I notice this, however, as it bears on its surface all the appearance of *vraisemblance*; and was, moreover, forwarded to me by a good sportsman, who, I know, would not deceive me.

I may here state that all the accounts which reach me describe Lord Forester's season to have been most splendid, and in no year since they have been a pack have the famous old Rutland hounds more distinguished themselves, or better sustained their well-earned character. It would be almost a drawn bet, however, between his Lordship and Sir Richard Sutton as to the general sport that each has shown; for it gives me ineffable delight to say that this thoroughbred British Baronet has had one

continued vein of good fortune, and that his whole country is in raptures with him. Both Mr. Foljambe and the Sandbeck (Subscription) also have given great satisfaction; and Mr. Dansey, who hunts the country some time since occupied by Mr. Musters, has by no means been behind-hand with his neighbours either in killing his foxes handsomely, or shewing at least an average succession of sport. Lord Scarbrough (late Mr. Lumley Saville), in the Rufford country, has not done this season as well as usual; and I hear moreover that he is badly horsed, which great defect may perhaps account for it. The Earl of Harewood has had, I understand, several prettyish things, but few, if any, runs during the last season very remarkable for their severity: it should always be remembered, however, when speaking of his Lordship's capital pack of hounds, that they have a large tract to hunt over, of the very worst scenting country in the kingdom. I cannot conceive anything much more wretched than the vilely poor and cold soil appertaining to the bleak larch woodlands about Aberford, Parlington, &c. &c.; and all my wonder is that the last-mentioned place was ever genial enough to produce a winner of the Leger. The warmth of the worthy and sporting owner's hospitable heart, however, no doubt had its effect on the unpromising and nipping atmosphere; for certain it is, that in 1824, to Lord Kelburne's infinite delight (his Lordship only won *seventeen thousand* by the event), Mr. Benjamin Smith, on the back of Jerry, sent the Great Doncaster Stake post haste to Mr. Gascoigne. Mr. Milbank,

with the Bedale, has finished, as he began, most brilliantly and successfully, and will never be able, if he hunts his country for half a century, either to surpass the capital season he has throughout enjoyed, or to raise his hounds higher in the estimation of all who have seen them. I use the words "has finished," inasmuch as, by the time that this is in print, he will *bona fide* have said "Amen until October:" in fact he is now only hunting the moors by way of "one cheer more," in the neighbourhood, I presume, of his own property at Barningham, and across which, as some of Lord Darlington's journals tell in raptures, the far-famed "hounds of old Raby" used to wind up their "operations" so satisfactorily. The York and Ainsty are still going on, and going on with continued sport. Unless they have received a great accession of country, however, since I hunted with them, Mr. Jack Wilson must, ere long, be putting Cayton Gill into his appointment card (a certain announcement in days of yore that all was up for the season), or he will not be able to spare a fox to blood his entry with, before serious work begins again in autumn. Indeed hunting ought everywhere to be over this spring much sooner than usual; and it will be to the credit as well as the interest of Masters of Hounds, if they kill fewer April foxes in 1834 than they have been in the habit of accounting for after March these dozen years. Even Mr. Lambton himself, I think, will break his charter after our unexampled winter, and for once allow the month of May to pass over him without cutting off a brush! Halting for one moment

at Cottesmore, on my road southwards to Essex, I am glad to report that Lord Lonsdale has, since the date of my last letter, had several affairs quite worthy of his hounds and his fine country, and on one occasion brought almost every horse in the field to a stand-still in a brilliant run from Lodington, or hard by. I hope to have some particulars of the end of the season with this distinguished pack for the next Number, as the friend who writes me an hurried account, as above, is now making a wind-up with them, and has promised me the use of his journal. In a post-script he is enthusiastic about both the hounds and their huntsman, Lambert.

Mr. Newman has this year, I understand, done the thing in style and spirit, and his hounds have altogether had a very successful and excellent season. His neighbour, Mr. Conyers, I am sorry to say, figures quite on the reverse of the medal, and has had, what may be termed without exaggeration, an *uniquely* bad one. His country is represented to me as almost depopulated of game; and I hear also, that people who are *vulpecides*, *not out of hatred to the animal*, abound and flourish in it. Can it be true that foxes have been actually destroyed whilst the hounds were running them? If it is, the popularity of the Master of the Hunt, I think, is but little to be envied!

Neither has Lord Petre shewn anything very surprising; and, as a little bird in the West *did* whisper to me some weeks ago, a few prayers have been offered up in Hertfordshire for the return of Mr. Hanbury. This is certainly to be wondered at, as no Master

of Hounds in existence could be more popular than his Lordship when at the head of his own princely park.

*On authority on which I could rely*, I last month stated that Mr. Sebright had experienced but an indifferent season's sport; and this very morning has brought me a letter, also written on the faith of ocular demonstration, informing me that he has had a good one! I leave the two assertions, therefore, to balance each other; though, if I could throw a weight into either scale, the first-mentioned one should kick the beam. I wish to Heaven that I never had aught to say about fox-hounds or fox-hunting but what was cheering and satisfactory!

The Drayton stag-hounds (Mr. De Burgh's) have hitherto had a capital season altogether, and on several particular occasions have shewn runs almost equal to anything that has been elsewhere witnessed in the kingdom. It gave me very great pleasure too to read in the last Number so able a defence (not that they want one) of the old Surrey fox-hounds, and the sport they shew their field. Whoever your Correspondent RASPER may be, I am sure he is both a Gentleman and a Sportsman, and he cannot oblige the readers of the Magazine too often by contributing his valuable remarks.

A bad account still of Captain Freeman and the Old Berkeley; and one not much better of Mr. Hankey and the Union! Mr. Steere, too, in the Horsham country, has not done much since my last letter; but I hope to have a good day or two with him next week, and will report progress when I write again. Colonel Wyndham, I understand, has

been lately drawing blanks, though I have to report some good things just at the close of last month, with blood, as usual, on each day to crown the finish of it. The three best things perhaps that he had in his Findon country were—first, *an awful* scurry from Truleigh furze-field up to Chestham, bursting him up as a Scotchman rips open a haggis; secondly, another gentle breathe from Applesham-on-the-hill down to Sir James Lloyd's at Lancing Park, where he was obliged to give up the ghost; and thirdly, a capital thing (on the same day with the last-mentioned bit of brilliancy) from Mr. Frankland's covert of Bigganholt up to Wiston Park (where dwells, or will dwell, *the fox-hunting hopes of this part of Sussex*), and again ran in to him. I meant to have said much more about these hounds than I see I have room for, for I find that I must hasten to a conclusion.

Mr. Richardson has finished, much to the delight of the hares, after an admirable season's sport; and I only mention his beautiful pack in order to correct an error into which I was betrayed last month, when speaking of their winding up a good fox, after a vain endeavour to stop him. It was on the banks of the *Adur*, and not the *Arun* (the Arundel River), that they ran in to him, and they did not of course go over the country, which, had they pressed him for the latter stream, they *must* have crossed, as I stated. I wish on all occasions to be correct, and am vexed to my heart whenever I can convict myself of a mis-statement.

Returning once more to the West of England, in which land of sporting I shall, as last month,

gain bring my Budget to an end, I am sorry to say that Mr. Drax, from actual starvation, both as to game and country, has been *obliged* to reduce his establishment, though he still keeps manfully on; and the latest account I had of him recorded the death of a fox on the last occasion on which he was out. I have heard nothing of the Somerset Vale since their day from High Ham to Coppley Wood, with blood at the end of it, but am in hourly expectation of receiving a full report, which, if in decent time, I shall instantly forward to you.

As I have already said, I was to have dined in Dorsetshire on the 10th of March, where a week's bill of fare was made out for me that would have tempted the nicest *epicure*, much more such a *glutton* of sport as I glory in being, to have travelled thrice the distance to have enjoyed. I was in my bed, however, and not in my saddle, and was therefore compelled to fast. My readers shall judge, nevertheless, by one little item of the *caste*, what a feast I was compelled to abstain from. On Wednesday the 12th, Mr. Bennett's most beautiful and quick harriers (the pack advertised as the Cadbury), descendants and counterparts of the well-known Conock, or rather Amyatt hounds, and about two sizes larger than Mr. Harding's M. H., but very like them, though with more substance, met on Stalbridge Hill, by invitation of Mr. Yeatman, to whom the country belongs; and, as might be expected, there was a very large field to grace the occasion, comprising no less than seven Masters of Hounds, attracted as much by the celebrity of Mr. Bennett's name as a sportsman, as by the

oft-attested and extraordinary stoutness of the hares in that part of the Blackmoor Vale. Finding on the hill, they went away at a *tremendous* pace down to the fine Vale below, and nearly to Henstridge Marsh, and thence heading back to Stalbridge Weston, ran from scent to view, and killed in a very severe burst of one hour and ten minutes. Now comes, however, the cream of the day; and happy ought that man to be who can rise from his bed with an assurance of seeing such a thing with fox-hounds before he again is to press his pillow. In Sturt Coppice a second most gallant Jack was found, and after making one single ring round Weston Common to Thornhill, took the Caundle River gallantly, and went direct over Lydlinch Common to the fox-covert (one hundred acres) of Stock Wood, the whole of which he threaded without a turn, and thence away for Blacknow Common, skirting Mr. Yeatman's plantations, and on to Holwell, and thence over the fine wild and open Commons for the parish of Pulham, where the gallant little pack got up staunchly and beautifully to their game, and ran in to him, after a *splendid* run of two hours and ten minutes—distance, point straight as the crow would fly, at least seven miles; and pace quite sufficient to satisfy the best Meltonian in existence.

March 21, 1834.

DASHWOOD.

P. S. I have about a bale of Northern letters on their road, that ought to have reached their destination during the week just drawing to an end. I must reserve the cream of their contents, however, now, for the next Number.

## THE SQUIRE, AND PORTRAIT OF TALISMAN.

*Engraved by PARR, from a Painting by G. H. LAPORTE.*

**I**N this embellishment is delineated a Master of Fox-hounds, who, before mounting, is taking a glance at two of his favorites—the playfulness of the young hound well contrasted with the steady faithfulness of the old one, as if waiting to be noticed. The mansion has all the appearance of belonging to a descendant of “a fine old Country Gentleman of the olden time,” who resides on his estate, beloved and respected by his neighbours and tenantry, and spends

his patrimony on the soil whence he obtains it—whose woods oft re-echo to the joys of the Chase, and in whose banquet hall, when the “deed is done,” good cheer overspreads the board, and Hospitality is the presiding deity.

The horse represented is **TALISMAN**, a splendid hunter by **Sir Paul**, now the property of **Sir Henry Fletcher**, from **Anderson's stable**, through whose hands some of the finest hunters in the country have passed.

**DASH.***Drawn and Engraved by J. GERRIC, formerly the property of the Artist.*

**I**T is now upwards of twenty-four years since I bought **DASH** of a gentleman of the name of **Myers**, who obtained him from one of the gamekeepers belonging to the establishment at **Alnwick Castle**, where dogs of his breed had for a long period been in very high repute for their true scent, staunchness, stoutness, and powers of endurance. Upon all these points **DASH** was in no respect inferior to any of his progenitors; and to them he united such companionable properties (arising, perhaps, from his after-local situation) as endeared him to me, and made his name a proverb in my family.

**DASH** was long-flewed, well and elegantly framed, of large size, and colored with dark liver marks and spots upon a white ground. Open country, woodland, or the moors—marshy ground or water—all were alike to him: he was as good as it is possible for a sporting dog to be, at least I thought and invariably found him so. It is an old saying that “the setter is as stout as the day is long:” I can say of **DASH** that he was stout for the six days together, and that he was quite as good, both as regarded scent and hunting, on the Saturday evening when finishing a week's shooting, as he was on the

Monday morning which commenced it. Perhaps nothing more confirmatory of his excellence need be advanced than to say, that the celebrated Colonel **Thornton** tried, liked, and wished to buy him; and that **Montague Burgoyne, Esq.** formerly of **Marks Hall, near Harlow, Essex**, over whose extensive manors he was for several years hunted and shot to, crossed his lighter breed of setters with him, and would have purchased him at a high price, had I been inclined to sell him.

**DASH** for nine years during the shooting seasons was my constant companion. He perfectly well comprehended my preparations for an excursion. If I journeyed by the coach, he waited patiently until he saw where I meant to seat myself, and then took his own measures accordingly, securing a snug berth for himself. I never knew him to cause complaint from the passengers, or give offence by his intrusion.

I could relate a volume of anecdotes illustrative of the character and habits of **DASH**, but will only add to this brief notice that he died of old age about ten years ago; and that **Porter**, his great-grandson supplies his place, and possesses many of the good qualities of his progenitor. **J. G.**



G. B. Laporte pinx.

J. C. Smith sculp.

## THE SQUIRE.

Published by M. S. Pittman Warwick Square London April 1. 1854

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James S. King in 1867 by J. King.

## DASH.

*Reminiscent of the painting of the white dog  
by J. S. King in 1867. April 1904*

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE YACHT CLUBS.  
PROSPECTS OF THE APPROACHING SEASON.

(Continued from our last, p. 380.)

"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,  
Our souls as thoughtless and our hearts as free,  
Far as the ocean flows, the billows roam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home."—BYRON.

SIR,

I Now proceed to the minor details I alluded to in my last—such as the external insignia of the Clubs, and the outward appearance of the Yachts. It seems strange that vessels built for the purposes of pleasure, and combining all the essentials of beauty in model and equipment, should still be painted like common colliers, and that no better term has been given to them than the barbarous Dutch name "Yacht." To say nothing of this latter, it does appear that it would be far more in character with the professed nature of these Societies, if the vessels were painted in such a style as to engage the eye of all who are unable to appreciate the beauty of their construction. Of course it would be idle to expect to see them arrayed in all the gorgeous pomp of colours, and gold, and carving which distinguishes the Royal Yachts; but assuredly they might be painted with more taste, and thus render our English Regattas somewhat more like their ancient prototypes in the high and palmy state of the "City throned on her hundred isles." There cannot be any difficulty in making our Regattas far more imposing in pageantry and effect than they now are. If they were conducted on the plan of the splendid scene at Venice mentioned by Cooper in his "Bravo," how few would there

be who would have reason to complain of the dullness of the scene. While, therefore, the outward appearance of the yachts would be much improved by the introduction of some such change as this, I am sure that the plan proposed by Colonel Hamilton Smith, and mentioned by me in a former article in this work, relative to the blazonry of armorial bearings on the sails, would be attended with a like result. There is no one at all acquainted with the early history of our national shipping who has not been forcibly struck by the extreme beauty of the sails of our ancient ships of war. Stained or dyed with various colours, and frequently enriched with the arms of the reigning Sovereign, they did not fail to produce an effect at once pleasing and magnificent. The armorial bearings of our modern Nobility do not yield to them in splendour or in display; and we know nothing which would give a more characteristic appearance to our yachts than the general adoption of this plan. The experiment might be tried at little cost; and, surely, when the Yacht Squadron has such vessels as the Falcon, the Water Witch, and the Harlequin, there can be no reason why their Noble owners should not have the honour of its first introduction.

It has been sometimes sug-

gested that the *uniform* of the different Yacht Clubs might be much more splendid and characteristic. True it is that it by no means equals that of the Navy in former times and under happier auspices; and it deserves the best consideration of the Members, whether it might not keep up the dignity of the Clubs by wearing epaulettes on public occasions or at foreign Courts. Be this, however, as it may, it is worthy of attention, when every other local arrangement is perfect in its kind, unshackled by the fear of expense, and peculiarly fitted to convey an adequate idea of the high feelings of the Members. There are also good reasons for suggesting that every Club should have its own armorial bearings. The Crown and Anchor are seen everywhere, and appear, at best, but a very feeble imitation of the Navy. It is, indeed, questionable whether it be right to assume the peculiar badge of any public service, when there are many other equally advantageous methods by which the Yacht Clubs might be distinguished. It seems quite sufficient to wear these insignia on the buttons, without assuming them as arms. There would, we imagine, be little difficulty in procuring permission for all the Royal Clubs to carry the National Arms on a separate shield, and the heraldic composition of their flags on another, as in the case of a Commoner and a Peeress in her own right, or of a Knight of the Garter and his wife, where distinct shields are required. These two shields might be surmounted by a Naval Crown, and enriched with a wreath of laurels, with the title of the Club in full; and the same

bearings, without the title, might be blazoned on the bow of the boats belonging to the different vessels, and used likewise on the seal. The bearings of the Royal Irish Yacht Club are very appropriate—the ancient arms of Ireland on St. George's Ensign.

Another subject connected with this question is worthy of attention—viz. the Union Flag used by the Clubs. It is well known that a few years ago merchants' ships were compelled to carry the Union Jack surrounded by a broad white border, under heavy penalties, and were thus forbidden to use the flag in its pristine purity! Now, a *border*, in heraldry, is a dishonorable *abatement*; and Sir Harris Nicolas has very properly remarked, that "it remains to be shewn why every English ship should not have a right to bear the National colours in their integral form." It appears to us not to be unworthy of the Yacht Clubs (which are likewise obliged to carry this degenerated emblem) to petition for the repeal of this unjust and unnecessary law; and we are sure that a proper representation from such a body would carry with it that weight which the importance of the subject demands.

It has also been asked why the Clubs have not united and established some Institution in London for their common advantage—some CLUB HOUSE, where the Members of the different local Societies might meet when in Town, and arrange and discuss the various business which may be brought before them. An establishment of this kind might be easily accomplished, and would not only extend the interests of all the Clubs concerned, but

would be productive of much convenience to Members during their temporary residence in the Metropolis or their attendance in Parliament. An Institution of this kind might comprise a MUSEUM likewise, where models of improvements in the various arts connected with yacht-building should be deposited; and surely there are now abundant resources to render such a measure valuable, when yachts are no longer confined in their cruises to the shores of these islands, but are found dispersed in different parts of the world. It would be a delightful thing to see the Members of the different Clubs making common cause for the advancement of those branches of science, which the formation of a Museum would certainly benefit; and the numerous Officers who are enrolled as Honorary Members would surely not be backward in contributing their share to the attainment of this desirable object. Pleasure would thus be united to immense advantages, the value of which would be felt, not only by the Members themselves, but by all who may hereafter succeed them: and since so much has been already performed in the grand cause of national improvement, we would fain hope that this also will be accomplished at no distant day.

In the arrangement of the Regattas much yet remains to be done. We suggested in a former paper the advantages of time-races, on the plan adopted by the Royal Irish Club in the contest for the Anglesey Cup, &c. Now this plan has been much adopted—the calculation of the time allowed to each class being made on their *starting from the mark*

boat. Another plan has, however, been proposed—viz. to start all classes at once, and mark the time on their *return*. This has been tried, and failed; although the argument advanced in its favour, that each vessel would then have the advantage of beginning the race with the same breeze, had the appearance of plausibility, to say nothing of its excellence. We are, however, induced to recommend the former plan as practicable in all cases; and to insist again on the propriety of introducing “Challenge” matches as much as possible. The system employed in the arrangement of the Torquay Regatta combines both these plans; and there are few Regattas which are more admirably conducted, or give greater pleasure to all parties.

The celebration of the Regatta is of course the principal fête of the different Yacht Clubs by which it is established. It surely, then, should be the duty of the Council to urge upon every Member the propriety of wearing the uniform of the Club on such occasions. It has been proposed that it should be so worn at all times; but, not to enter upon this question, it must be evident that the more elegant it is, the more beneficial is it likely to be in promoting the interest of the Clubs, if, indeed, it does tend (as we think it does) to advance this point. There are many useful objects to be attained by a due attention to these minutiae—far more, in truth, than are commonly imagined: and it cannot be too strongly urged upon the consideration of the Councils of all new Clubs, that there is much more to be done than the mere

compilation of rules and the framing of general laws, before they can be established on a large and comprehensive basis; and we are the more desirous to throw out these hints here, since they may now be considered in all their bearings as to their applicability to the arrangements of the forthcoming season.

We have now many Clubs of high character and pretensions. There are the "Royal Yacht Squadron," and "Royal Western Yacht Club," of England; the "Royal Irish," "Royal Cork," and "Royal Northern" Clubs, for Ireland and Scotland; all of which have undoubtedly great influence in their respective districts. We hope, then, that we may have some success when we plead the cause of a large body, whose interests might be very considerably promoted by the patronage of these Clubs—we allude to the Merchant Service. How many beautiful vessels of all kinds do we constantly see employed in commerce! how great advantages might be conferred by encouraging improvements in their construction, and in the display of seamanship among their crews! There would be no difficulty, we apprehend, in inducing the proprietors of these vessels to contend for prizes, if such were offered to them; and there surely would be little expense in getting up a Plate of money for a prize. If a sufficient reward were held out for emulation, we should soon find that competency would be attained by numbers, and the local interests would be advanced in every port. This is deserving serious attention, and not too insignificant to merit at least a trial. When we

see rewards of a high order offered to the well-paid crews of the yachts and men-of-war attached to the station where these Regattas may be celebrated, we do think that some regard should be paid to the seamen of the Merchant Service, and more especially to the hard-working fishermen and pilots of the port. It is by no means an unfrequent occurrence to hear an appeal to the heart of charity in behalf of this numerous class of our labouring population, and it cannot be unworthy of the Yacht Clubs and Directors of Regattas to contribute their share to their prosperity—or, at least, to admit them to a participation in the honours and advantages of the race.

I stated in a former page my belief that this approaching season would surpass its predecessors in success and brilliancy; and I trust, Mr. Editor, that your pages will afford ample evidence of the justness of this opinion. I may be pardoned for the excess of my zeal in behalf of these characteristic institutions of the country; for, having had the honour of being the first advocate of their cause in the public journals, I am the more desirous to see their welfare perfect and unshaken. I feel towards this cause the same interest which your excellent Correspondent, DASHWOOD, entertains for his favorite pastime, and I think I may venture to assert that the ardour which we both cherish in the advocacy of our subject springs from the conviction that the good of our country is the grand object to which all these things are tending. In another month, all the Clubs will be on the *qui vive* of energy and life—the Yacht Squ-

dron will marshal all its host under their ancient and renowned *carroccio*—Ireland will again unfurl her primeval emblem—and Plymouth will display the banner under which her immortal DRAKE fought and conquered. They all have our best wishes for their prosperity: they are embarked in a national cause, the memory of which should always mingle with their pleasures, and animate every Member to renewed exertions. They rule the element on which our greatest heroes won their brightest laurels, and they

are necessarily associated with men to whom the country will look as her servants and protectors. They are in possession of a great public trust; and when circumstances may occur to demand an account of its management, they will, I am assured, be able to restore it pure and entire. With these feelings, and with these wishes, I would again conclude, by saying to the presiding genius of our Yacht Clubs, *Esto perpetua!*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
MOUNTAINEER.

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#### A LASTING MEMENTO OF MR. HORLOCK.

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WHO, Mr. Editor, is so little mercurial in his nature, or (in more homely language) who so slow a coach as not to feel all the fire of enthusiasm playing through his pulses after that brightest day in the calendar—a splitter with fox-hounds? And if that enthusiasm be a crime, Heaven pardon one charged to intensity, and whose only vent is the pages of your Magazine. So without further preface here goes at detail. Friday last, the 21st of February, the hounds of Mr. Horlock met at New Park, the seat of T. B. Estcourt, Esq., where about fifty horsemen were assembled, severally pre-occupied with their “hopes and fears.” Some fervently prayed for a find, others dreaded one, according as each sought or shunned the field of fencing; but, in spite of Mr. Estcourt’s assiduity to preserve, and Mr. Hughes’s success in

breeding foxes, New Park and Belvidere were drawn a blank. Off, then, we trotted to Blacklands, where similar disappointment awaited us, this covert proving, like the former, a dreary void. From the usual draw of the country nothing now remained save Wetham or Bowood; but says one, wishing to give in, “What’s the use of poking about there?” and “who (chimes in a second) ever recollects a run from Bowood?”—“Not man’s memory!” responds a third. Reasoning like this was so far *conclusive* that its advocates here made a finish of the day, and departed; nevertheless a fox *was* found in the slighted covert\*, and, being of an aristocratic turn, appeared very averse from leaving his lordly dwelling, which he testified by skulking in the Marquis’s extensive coverts at least an hour. Up to this juncture the

\* It is not to be inferred that foxes are not preserved at Bowood, as, thanks to the sportsmanlike feelings of Lord Kerry, his Noble Father’s woods have never this season shown a blank.

scent was so indifferent the hounds could scarcely hold it, and at the outskirts of the park, the majority of the field, deeming our fox lost, were about returning home, when, in a small copse, hardly bigger than your dining-room, the pack began to feather. "Keep your eye along that old hedge!" halloos the Master of the Ceremonies to Charles his first whip. Scarcely were the words uttered, when the deep bell-like note of an old hound smote our anxious ears, and the whole body owning the truth with one tumultuous crash, startled our souls with music's maddest melody. "Now," says our Governor, "we are just beginning the day;" and sure, enough, to aid his prophecy,

"A change came o'er the nature of the scent:"

every yard it improved; and pug having shaped his course for Blackland Wood, we had as pretty a grass Vale to cross as man could sigh for. Now, for the benefit of strangers, be it known, that this Vale is just about as stiff a bit of country as fox need traverse, producing fences sufficiently rasping for gluttons in the cause, and presenting ditches so mortally capacious, that were it not for a late Parliamentary Act, the owners of the soil would be fairly indictable for the "setting of *man-traps*!" At one fence, charged simultaneously by five amateurs, four of the number were sent rolling neck and crop into the adjoining field! all had, however, the good luck to gather up their entire remains unhurt, and gallantly to pursue the "*falling* tenor of their way!" The hunting across this Vale was really

beautiful, the hounds living on the line with joyous extacy, and imparting their thrilling delight to their ready followers. Such was the alteration in the scent, we crossed to Blacklands almost without a check: that covert, the scene of our morning's disappointment, was now run through without a moment's stay, our vaint fugitive making straight for Colstone Plantation, where he hung not a twinkling, but sped onwards, best foot foremost, over the lofty hill by which it is environed, and there he found himself on the wild open down, without so much as a thistle for shelter! But, nothing daunted at the naked prospect, he now made up his mind for a trial of strength, and, descending the eminence, directed his course between Shepherd's Shore and Beckhampton Furze, crossing the Marlborough road, and keeping a straight head for Tam Hill. All this time the hounds were perfectly mute (*but, by the Lord, not motionless!*); for forward they pressed on their meteor course fast as they could race, without one note of music, or one instant's check: and when from the foot of Tam Hill we viewed them tearing along for its summit, it needed not a "conjuror" or even a Yankee to *guess*, that under such circumstances none fancied the dell in which we lay buried the actual spot of the "*happy valley*!" No, Mr. Editor, the *up-hill* work before us partly prevented so gross a mistake, and the "piping pitch" whereto we had attained completed the overthrow of such a delusion. Up, however, some of us got, and by the honesty of our steeds kept pace with the pack until near the verge of Alton

Furze. Here we came to our first check, a distance from *Boxwood* of nearly ten miles! and when the seven or eight horsemen, who now alone were up, looked at the *smoking* condition of their nags, it was pretty evident that STEAM carriage might be effected in more ways than one! After a few minutes, by a cast forward we hit upon the villain's course, who, still preserving the arrow-like propensity, made straight for the remote hills overhanging *Pewsey Vale*, descending into which he ran through *Tolmead Copse*, and finally went to earth in a rabbit burrow about half a mile from Colonel *Wroughton's* seat at *Stowell*.

Thus ended the finest, and perhaps one of the most severe runs that hounds ever hunted; for, when we consider the beautiful grass Vale with which it began, the continuous wild tract of country which the fox had next to face, the final sinking into the Vale, and, above all, the severity of the pace for fourteen miles from point to point, almost without a check, and accounting for our fox by running him to earth, it will, I think, be admitted that such a combination forms the *ne plus ultra* in the records of hunting. Nothing but bottom, blood,

and condition, had the slightest chance. Mr. Horlock, it may well be supposed, was in high delight, and eager enough for a bloody close; but although pug's hiding place was only a rabbit's earth, he nevertheless, with laudable forbearance, declined digging him, the country wherein he had earthed him being a part of Mr. Assheton Smith's.

I may here remark that it was impossible for any pack in the world to do their work in more faultless style; and if, Mr. Editor, you are ever applied to by any friend for a specific against Blue Devils only, let him try the following *Recipe*: . . . . . Of Good Hunters, *quantum suff.*: of Nerve, not a *scruple*: of Judgment (like bread at a *restaurateur's*), *à discretion*: Hand, steady:—combine these, and send the patient to the tail of Will Horlock's hounds, when, if he do not shake off his cerulean tormentors, say there is no truth in our philosophy.

God prosper long our noble sport,  
And this our varmint spree!  
When such another run takes place,  
May I be there to see!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN EYE WITNESS.

Monks, February 26, 1834.

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### THE EEL—A SLIPPERY SUBJECT.

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SIR,  
SOME considerable time back, in a gossiping letter about the town of Kingston-upon-Thames which I sent to the *Sporting Magazine*, I mentioned a circumstance which occurs in the River there every spring, and is dignified by the inhabitants with the title of "EEL FAIR." At the

time spoken of large quantities of minute, thread-like young eels are seen to pass up the River, and continue to do so, I believe, for several days; and, except that they come from some lower parts of the River, and go to some higher part thereof, nothing is known about them.

As an old Brother of the Angle, I thought the circumstance singular, and solicited any of your Correspondents at that time to state whatever similar facts might be known to them, hoping that it would lead to some elucidation of the way in which eels are produced; for, though the presumption is that they are viviparous, yet I never could hear of a cook, however used to skinning and cutting up eels, who could throw any light on the subject.

The other day I found a romance lying (not a lying romance) on my daughter's work-table, with a most tempting title, "*The Lady of the Rose, or the Black Witch of the Dell*" (think of that, my masters!); and, from want of something better to do, I read a few pages here and there, some of which, on younger heads than mine, might make the

"Hair to stand on end"

with wonder: mine, alas! is too weak and grey to have any such tricks about it now. At length I came to a part where our Lion-hearted Richard, whose life had been saved by the Hero of the Romance in Palestine, confers Knighthood upon him in the field of battle, and then and there endows him with a goodly castle and lands near the river Severn.

Little did I think of meeting with anything similar to my Kingston story; but Richard, that noble

"Lord of the biting axe and beamy spear," in a most piscatory style, is made to call the river he is speaking of the *eely* Severn; and to the word *eely*, the Author of "*The Lady of the Rose*," like a good fellow, has tacked the following note:—

"The term *eely*, used by King Richard, must have reference to the Severn's fame at that period for silver eels, which it maintains to this day. Myriads of little eels, numerous as the sands of the sea, come up the River about summer-time, and literally cover its whole surface. They can be taken at such periods by bucket-full. In a wet season the Severn in many places overflows its banks, and inundates the low lands for many miles around, especially on its Western side. The land, in consequence of it, and the flow of water from rains and springs from the high lands, is intersected with numerous brooks, which skirt the meadows and corn-fields in various directions, and swarm with choice silver eels. The rustic youths of the neighbourhood have fine sport in "totting" for them with a piece of thick twine, and a bunch of worms tied to the end of it—a very easy and expeditious mode of fishing for them."

Here, though we have nothing about its productions, we have not only a confirmation of the habits of the young eel, but at the end of the note some really useful advice to the tyro in the art of angling, such as he would not have thought to look for in a romance, with so *un-piscatory* a title as "*The Lady of the Rose*;" and yet our great prophet, the amiable Izaak Walton, was quite a romance-writer in his way.

I again beg to say to your Correspondents, that it would be interesting to myself, and doubtless to many more of your readers, if any peculiar facts relative to eels could be made known through the medium of your pages; for, though they are

in season all the year round, or nearly so, we are, notwithstanding, marvellously in the dark about much of their economy, both domestic and political. We know that they inhabit holes in the mud: we know that they *run* (as it is called) during the floods in mild weather: we know that they do not take flies, as trouts do, but that they like lobworms, fish, frogs, &c., and take them at the bottom: we know that they are excellent eating: and moreover we know that old Izaak will

tell you how to cook them: but, knowing all this, we know not how, when, or where the lady-eel performs her *accouchement*; and yet it must be performed, for the eels are a plentiful tribe in every stream. Darwin wrote "*The Loves of the Plants*," and Moore, "*The Loves of the Angels*:" who will write "*The Loves of the Eels*?" It is a *slippery subject*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

March 12, 1834.

## END OF THE SHOOTING SEASON, WITH REMARKS ON THE PAST ONE, AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

**THE** *End of the Shooting Season!* says the man who hunts, and shoots only until he can with renovated ardour join the band of bright spirits,

"All determined to ride,  
Each resolved to be first!"

why the shooting season has been over ever since the middle of October!—What can this mean? quoth the more constant admirer of the trigger, who tries it on with greater regularity; the season ends the last day of January.—Eh! cries a third; no man ever thought of taking a gun in hand after February!—Thus it would seem that there are various ends of the season; but I refer one and all to their game certificates, and they will see that, in fact, the season does not end until the 5th of April. Moreover, to the man who is out and out, from shallowness of purse or choice, a shooter and no more, the month of March, if he be situated as such a one should, is a busy month, pregnant

with sport and other matters of the first importance to him.

"*Trahit sua quemque voluptas*;" and a brief review of the season just now past, generally, may not be inappropriate, before entering into detail of the more immediate sports and callings of the last month in the season, namely, the said month of March.

The last season of 1833-4 was one of which, by everything that could be learnt, the best expectations were anticipated in almost all localities. The spring no doubt was generally cold and backward; but "a late spring," says the old proverb, "is a good thing;" and it was thence inferred that when the season did take up, it would most likely continue fine and dry, and insure a good hatching time, especially for partridge. This was the case both in North and South Britain (how they fared in Ireland I have no *data* even to surmise), and there is every reason to say, that never were fairly

entertained hopes more completely blighted. In some parts of the best of England I have reason to know it was the case; and if we look at the subsequent state of the game-markets, the price\* will shew that it was generally anything but a plentiful season, though no doubt birds were always in the market. In Scotland it was universally as bad as could be. As the birds sit a little later than in South Britain, and although consequently the sitting time was to the last moment as fine as could be, and the absolute hatch more equal and plentiful than it has been for years, yet the week immediately subsequent was such an incessant and regular down-pour that the birds were nearly all drowned; so that when the season commenced, coveys, which had been viewed when just hatched of ten and twelve brace, were found in all circumstances reduced to fours and twos, frequently with just one bird. I saw repeated instances of the last, and so did others. What young birds did escape were without any exception the finest and most regularly good I ever recollect. This, and the state of their nests, as seen afterwards, and the known fact that very few, comparatively speaking, had been mown out, proves the hatch to have been excellent, and the mischief to have been done by the unfortunate wet week which so fatally and critically succeeded it.

Pheasants in both countries fared differently, and the breed turned out certainly an average

one. Hatching earlier, and having their nests for the most part in more sheltered situations, the early cold did not affect the incubation, while they had got strength and ability to save themselves before the wet, so fatal to the partridge, came on.

Hares were a fair breed, which was to be expected, as they are not limited to one production: but granting that those which were kindled at the time of the heavy rain were in jeopardy, the old ones move them as occasion requires, and though many must have perished, the havoc could not be so great as among the birds.

So much generally.

In respect to Scotland more particularly, grouse and black game remain to be spoken of. The spring was so late, and cold beyond all precedent, that *then* serious fears were entertained, and which in the end were too well realized: but when the weather did take up, the actual hatching time was so good that it led many to think all might be well; and a few stout packs who had escaped here and there being seen, and *chaunted* by those interested in drawing sportsmen to the North, high hopes were raised. On some few, very few grounds, facing with long exposures to the south, they were just passable; but on the aggregate the failure was general and great. A cold spring never can produce a good grouse season; and the principal injury sustained this year was, that the vital principle was de-

\* No doubt just about Christmas and the New Year they were quoted as plentiful at 4s. 6d.; but at that period unusual efforts would be made on all hands for a plentiful supply. So this circumstance is, in the first place, no disproof of my general assertion, or, in the second, a criterion—it was a mere temporary glut. Indeed the present English Game Act affords such opportunities to those regardless of all consequences that annihilation in some places must ensue.

stroyed in the eggs in the earlier period of incubation. Black game hatch later, and whether they are a hardier bird, or owing to both, they were a fair breed. Wild ducks, of which many breed in all parts of Scotland, are thought to have come out but indifferently. Snipes would appear to have bred as plentifully as usual. These are all the varieties I can take upon me to say anything about; and with respect to the weather, it has been as indifferent as the breed of game generally. It was owing to this cause more than any other that the grouse, red and black, were so scarce in Leadenhall Market through the middle and latter end of the season.

With respect to partridge in Scotland, they have obtained a comparative and general jubilee—all round this vicinity at least *an entire one*. We have not had one real good breeding season since 1826; and any person who may have persevered this year, and killed all through the season their usual stint, will have cause to rue it for good and all. I believe there can be no doubt that some twenty-five or thirty years back this extensive district of Strathearn was the best for partridge in Britain, North or South (I do not even except Norfolk); its soil, dry and generally a sandy one, being most congenial, the great quantity of broom and furze with which it was everywhere interspersed affording the best breeding ground and winter shelter, while there was always corn-land enough for feeding to any numbers. But in those days they were looked upon as an inferior sort of game, the moor fowl being the all-engrossing pursuit with the resident gentry, who had not generally

by any means got into the habit of letting their hills; so that, comparatively speaking, they escaped with impunity. In these times there was not a pheasant in the country—the present Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, then Mr. Drummond Burrell, when he married the heiress of the House of Perth, and came to reside at Drummond Castle, being the first who introduced them. No country was better adapted, as, although skirted by the Grampian, Orchill, and Stormont Mountains, it is entirely a corn one, interspersed with numerous natural coppices and almost endless plantations. In such a fine situation, and under the best care, they soon prospered; and the other great proprietors for the most part taking the hint, more or less, they spread all over the district, and are now as fairly naturalized as in any part of the Island. I think the cocks are not so bright in the colours, or quite so large, as the birds of the more southern parts of England.

But while these birds have increased and multiplied, the partridges have fallen off, owing principally in the first instance to the great improvements in farming, which has destroyed their best breeding ground and winter shelter, the broom and whins: deprived of this, they come into the sown grasses to breed, and are mown out yearly to half their numbers or more, and the breadth of turnips yet grown does not afford them that protection which the immense tracts of that root in Norfolk do: so that between these causes, bad seasons, &c. the breed of these birds has received a local blow it can never recover. Indeed in my own recollection a

man could as easily bag his six or seven brace as he now could two.

So much as far as has come within my knowledge of the season generally.—And now for a few words respecting the last month of it (March), in which I am now writing.

It is not intended, however, to speak of it as this identical month, but as the month of March, and the last of the season generally. Indeed the present would not suit exactly to take as a specimen, particularly as it bids fair to be eminently deficient in one of its principal attractions, namely, cock-shooting; and one can take on oneself to speak thus decidedly even in the first week of the month, because it has been universally a remarkably scarce season for woodcocks; and as so few have come, it follows there can be but the remnant of that few to go away back. This scarcity, which moreover has been another feature of the season, may be attributed to one of two causes, or both: first, there may have been a bad hatch; and secondly, the absence of all hard weather up to the middle of winter. This last also, it is said, has been the case in Sweden, and, it may be presumed, in Norway, &c.; and these birds seldom or ever, I believe, visit us unless they arrive by the first moons of winter. If this last be the fact—and I have conversed on the matter with several old cockers, all of whom have coincided in opinion—it is a curious instance of that extraordinary instinct which birds who migrate possess; as, when the latter end of a winter proves hard, and they refrain from then visiting our shores, it can only proceed from that wonderful prescience, call it

what you may, which makes them aware that it will be of short duration, and that spring is at hand. If any of my brethren of the trigger have made any remark on this particular point in the curious mystery of migration, I shall feel much obliged by their communicating it. Those, however, who live near the coast, or in northern situations, where the birds congregate immediately before their departure, cannot be fair judges, as the nicest observer might be mis-led through these circumstances. In most seasons, however, March is one of the best cock-shooting months to those living in particular localities, principally to the north and east, and along or near the sea coast generally, and the birds are then at their best weight and condition (though some *ultra-cognoscenti* in such matters will tell you that they are becoming dry). Here in Scotland, and particularly in the middle and northern parts, it is particularly so; as, although throughout the previous part of the season the country on the aggregate is not without its fair *quantum* of these birds, yet, from the innumerable spring-covert of all kinds, they can throw themselves down anywhere, and are consequently much scattered: now, however, they gather from all southern parts, and are to be found in the *drier* coverts. This great plenty of covert, which is the cause of their being so detached in Scotland, is, from its opposite, one of the reasons why they are found so easily in Ireland. Certainly the great mildness of the climate there is one cause; but in Ireland woods and planting are scarce, though springs are as plentiful as anywhere; conse-

quently wherever there is almost any scrub or strong hedgerow, &c. there is a cock, and you have only to go there to be nearly certain of finding one, and getting a fair unhampered shot in the open. In England these birds are even more detached than here with us, not from want of covert, but deficiency of springs, consequently more difficult of attainment, and thence more valued. But in many parts of the sea coast, in this month, where there are, as is often the case, strong furze brakes, the sport is to be had in great perfection.

Circumstances once detained me at Falmouth in this month for a fortnight; and having been introduced to the late Mr. Ustick of Penwarne by a Naval Officer, I saw some excellent sport at cocks in the fuzes adjoining that true sportsman and hospitable "Old English Gentleman's" seat. No man could well better realise Polwhele's beautiful description of an old Cornubian Squire than did Mr. Ustick: he kept an excellent pack of dwarf fox-hounds, with which he hunted hare in the beginning, and fox in the end, of the season. I never saw a handsomer collection of setters than at Penwarne, and I was told they were excellent; his spaniels I did, and they were very good. An unaffected hospitality equalled his fondness for sport, while the genuine kindness of his nature threw an exhilarating tint on everything which came within its influence: so much so did I experience it, that I can never forget it; nor was I singular. But as far as mere sport is concerned, the birch hangings in South Wales certainly were, take them all in all, the best and pleasantest,

for enjoying this sport in perfection, of the whole. I am sorry to learn from your Correspondent "A. H." that "the glory of their days has departed."—Cock-shooting, like all other field sports, has been written on to almost exhaustion; nor do I know that there are any very particular features which have even been but lightly touched on. How the poachers in South Wales may work now, I cannot speak of; but their method, when I was in those parts, was a very curious one, and though described by Dobson in his *Kunopædia*, I shall, as I mentioned in my communication last February, briefly allude to it; and I do it more, as it induces to the mention of a very vulgar error regarding the habits of the woodcock, than as anything worthy of attention itself, though it may interest some of your younger readers.

A great portion of the ground which the cocks resort to in South Wales is far from being thick of underwood; and though some of the many who then supplied the markets worked in the common way with gun and spaniel, those who made a regular business of it conducted their operations in a most destructive manner, by means of the stalking horse and setting dog. The stalking horse then and there used was nothing but a large shield of light frame-wood covered with pasteboard, daubed over with paint, and having a few tufts of horse's tail attached to the edges. This, in which also were holes in different places to allow the barrel of the gun to be levelled, was carried on the shoulder or back, except when in actual use, at which time it was supported by the left arm in the same

way as a shield. The dog in use was *invariably*, as I saw them, and Mr. Dobson particularly specifies, "a small kind of mongrel setter bastardized through a dozen crosses, and the most unlikely subject apparently to make a steady dog of possible:" but these men did, and perhaps yet do it, "by means of starvation and hard blows, of which they give plenty." As soon as the dog was set, the operator unslung his stalking horse from his shoulder, and immediately commenced walking quickly round the dog, contracting his rounds every time as much as the nature of the the ground, bushes, &c. would permit—the whole secret being to "keep moving" with the stalking horse well held before him as a cover. Sooner or later—for by early practice they become "lynx-eyed" in this employment—he was nearly certain to discover the cock sitting, terrified by the phenomenon of the stalking horse whirling ever around him, when, levelling a short gun through one of the holes, he laid the bird dead before the dog's nose. Mr. Dobson mentions this to enforce one of his principal maxims in making a young pointer steady, namely, to kill as soon as possible some birds sitting before him. This part of it, at present, is not to the purpose, my motive being to shew by it the extreme and utter absurdity of the vulgar and erroneous opinion that the cock thrusts his bill into the ground, and—fudge! fudge! fudge!—*SHUTTING HIS EYES—imagines no one can see him!* Now that an indifferent observer might presume the first, I can conceive: the second is impossible, as it is by the eye principally that the

proficient at finding a cock sitting discovers him: and how any one ever knew what the bird *imagined*, is a flight of their own, far above the cock's in my humble opinion. Miss Edgeworth has introduced this absurdity into one of her famed Stories, and applies it to the human race. The *simile* is, like the lady herself, excellently clever; but the fact assumed as regards the cock is not merely without the least foundation, but *directly the reverse*. The woodcock, wherever he may chance to light, never sits; and, when not feeding or disturbed, he always sits (except in some glade) where there is an open immediately about him; "and there" (I shall quote Mr. Dobson's words as well as I remember them) "he sits squatted like a toad, *with eyes prepared to take the horizon in*"—his legs bent under him, but ever ready for a start; his neck thrown back, so that his head is lying between the top of his wings. A cock and a hare lie exactly in the same manner, are probably actuated by the same impulse, and may be, as they lie, approached very close by the same means and in the same manner. Many a one have I walked round and got quite close to, sufficiently to have a minute and satisfactory assurance that he neither sticks his bill in the ground nor closes an eye.

The cock is said in mostly all Sporting works to be an easy bird killed; but I think it is as often missed as most shots. Cross shots occur in this sport at least as often as in any other; and the mention of them will allow me to offer a remark, which, if there be others as I myself once was, must interest and

concern some of your readers. I am quite aware that there are now many shooting horn-books, whence it may be presumed the tyro, or him of longer standing who may have stumbled on bad habits, can find a remedy for every defect; but in my *very* humble conception there is one point in cross shots which has not, as far as I have seen, been sufficiently, I might say, *insisted on*. The beginner, from old Parson Simons (whose clever work has, I believe, been reprinted), the Father of them all, down to Col. Hawker, is directed to draw lines along a wall, and in taking his sweeps to be very careful not to stop *his hand* in pulling; and the man more advanced in practice, but not a proficient, is told that from this peccadillo most of his vexations and blunders arise. Nothing can be more true—indeed it would seem to be a sort of original sin—for every one at first has it more or less. Now, with the exception of Mr. Dobson, who has alluded to it, none have laid down rules for “handling the feet,” as Pat says; but he is for sacrificing too much to the graces. His first and general position is a false one altogether; and though he gives good direction, by changing the feet, for converting a shot to the right into a straight one, he has not described what I mean. The general direction in making a cross shot (we will take it to the left) is, to keep your gun moving well before the bird, and not to check the least in pulling: well and good; but if a man attempts to do this with a straight body, and *remaining firm*, or rather *fixed, on his legs* (the fundamental error, and cause of all misses and blunders), it signifies

nothing how well he previously kept his gun moving in advance, as the minute he pulled, that action would stop the sway of his arms more or less, and cause him to shoot behind. Whence then is the *primum mobile* to be given?—from the feet decidedly. In taking a shot to the left, the right foot should remain firm, the toe a *little* pointed out, the left foot being cast round at a right angle to it, the body bent gently forward, and the cheek well laid down to the butt of the stock: while the hands keep the gun moving before the bird, the right knee is to be bent in, the left forward, both slightly, while a gentle sway is to be given to the *whole from the feet*, by almost imperceptibly throwing yourself from and on them to the left. This must be so arranged, or calculated, that the pull takes place before the motion from the feet stops: thus the gun becomes as it were demicrossed with the shooter, and the slight check the action of pulling causes is taken off and eased in the general sway of the body.

The shot to the right is harder, as you cannot describe near so much of the circle as to the left; but the action must be the same. The best way, as recommended by Dobson, is to bring your left foot forward, and throw your right back at a right angle to it. This brings you much in advance of the bird—but there Mr. Dobson stopped, and so would the shooter, and miss his bird; but if after that motion he hangs *from his feet* a little to the right, and *during* that pulls, the mischief-causing check will be obviated.

There is no room in such a communication as this to describe such matters properly; so I crave

pardon for its defects, it being a difficult matter to convey such by words even at the very best. It was years ere I found this out, and I did so by minutely observing a first-rate, though not an elegant, shot, who was too proud of his skill to communicate a tittle. Mr. Dobson recommends a straight carriage, and elegance in motion: they are incompatible with *dead* shooting.

With one more little item respecting the long-bills, it will be time to turn to other matters, which render the era of the above a busy time to the shooter. It often happens that even in small detached coverts, round which there is no other apparent shelter, a cock, after being sprung two or three times, disappears as it were by magic: in such cases everything in the shape of a drain, no matter how newly cut, dry, or insignificant, for a few fields round, should be closely tried; he will be surely in one of them.

To cock-shooting in the month of March may be added in most instances rabbits and snipe; in some localities, too, duck shooting may be named. Here they resort in great quantities; as do teal, plover, and dotterel, to the marshy grounds and haughs bordering the river Earn, and which are on the other hand bounded by corn-lands. In hard seasons, where there has been any previous good shooting at them, it is considered (except a case of necessity occur.....that pitiable supplicant a *longing lady*\*, or the like) unsportsmanlike to meddle with them; but in seasons such as the

present, where the absence of almost any hard weather, and incessant storms and rain, precluded the possibility of getting a shot, they afford an occasional day's good diversion. They lie well in the drains and bushes, and though the drakes are considered to be losing condition, a duck in egg is held to be very toothsome by the scientific in edible matters.

Such are the general objects of the shooter's pursuit in the more remote and well-stocked districts: in those lying in the interior, and where high cultivation and improvement, or natural causes, preclude these more active sports, yet still has he matters to interest and employ him. In such places harvests are early, so consequently must be sowing time; and if he have any young dogs, now is the time to take the few days of the pairing season to commence breaking them, as when once the seed is sown and the ground harrowed, such opportunity is much circumscribed. If he have none of these, he has his old ones to put through their facings, and drill out of any faults or bad habits they may have acquired or shewn in the more pressing business of the actual season, when killing game was the principal consideration. The guns, too, have now to be looked over, and put away right for the summer; the breeches taken out, and the barrels carefully cleared, oiled, and put by; in short, all things which may need refitting to be done. This will give some occupation to the man less busied in such pursuits; but to him who is more fortunately situated, or

\* I had a brace of pheasants, half roasted, actually taken from the spit last season, and sent off by the express that came for them, to satisfy the sudden and unappeasable yearning which seized upon a fair and prolific visitant to the head inn at my proximate town.

who is anything of an amateur breaker, it is a month in which, long as the days are, and favorable as the weather generally is, he will find sporting employment for every hour. This is the time for a man to lay the foundation for next season's perfect condition in his dogs: he will look them over carefully, and as necessity, condition, or ailment points out, as carefully attend to them. Many good sportsmen make an indiscriminate practice of bleeding spring and fall—young and old, *all* get a touch of the lancet. Now I hardly approve of making it so *general* a rule, though no animal oftener requires venesection than the dog, especially confined ones; and I would seriously recommend all sportsmen who take a pleasure in having these animals right (of course this can be addressed to no man who *keeps* a keeper) to learn to bleed them. In human surgery bleeding is, I believe, a very nice and somewhat ticklish operation; in canine it is not, and may soon be acquired by seeing a good hand operate, and a little coolness and decision. I do not intend by this to sink the sportsman of the present day into a mere kennel lounge: I agree with old Somerville—

—“Th' unlettered youth despise  
With rusty couples jingling at his belt!'  
but if it is good for one of moderate  
means to have a master eye, it

will not prove amiss if he be capable occasionally to lend a master hand: and better be able to bleed your own dog than see him, in the Distemper for instance, or any inflammatory case, dying daily beside you, while you wait, if in a remote situation, for my Lord this or 'Squire such-a-one's keeper, who, however willing he may be to oblige you, cannot leave his own work to do so. Bitches now must be strictly noticed if in a kennel with dogs, and removed the moment they shew any signs of coming into heat. At this season also *all* places where any dog or dogs have been confined should be well whitewashed with hot or newly-slaked lime and water, the coarser it is the better. In a kennel every particle should be well washed, pavement, benches, walls, posts—in short, all things they touch. Nothing will conduce more to their thriving than this, or keep down fleas and those abominable vermin, ticks, so injurious to a dog's condition, and inimical to his rest and comfort. In short, the shooter, especially if he be a canine amateur, will find that March is not the least pleasant or busy month of the year, though it be the *End of the Shooting Season*.

I remain, yours, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

March 6, 1834.

### A RUN WITH THE TICKHAM HOUNDS.

<sup>SIR,</sup>  
**O**N Thursday, March 6, as gallant a fox as ever broke covert was unkennelled before the Tickham fox-hounds at Long Reach, about half-past eleven

o'clock. The scent being pretty good, he took away for Challock Mills, thence to High Snood, and at a rattling pace through the heart of the beautiful and pictu-

resque Eastwell Park, the seat of Earl Winchelsea, with eighteen couple as noble and handsome hounds at his brush as ever ran, and the *Ha, ha, hark!* of our worthy huntsman, Mr. Giles Morgan, made us quote the words of the Poet,

"What joys of a couch are equal to this!"

Thence he took to King's Wood, and away for Park Wood, leaving the remote and retired village of Chilham to the right, and at a killing pace to Pole Wood, Perry Wood, keeping in sight Perry Mill, close to the great earth which has long been known as a receptacle for many a gallant fox. But reynard, veteran like, scorning the idea of retreating to his tents, and bearing in mind the old adage, "*Death or victory*," went away gallantly for Stocking

Wood; and while crossing the Valley was tally'd by the field, his brush hanging close to the ground. The old hounds now began to play upon him in fine style; the musical note of Victory and Jessabel, as they ran him in view through the wood, was far more melodious

"Than the soft and gentle strain of Jubal's lyre."

He then bore away for Lee's Court, the seat of the Noble Lord Sondes, when finding he could no longer stand before such a healthy and vigorous pack, he was run in to in fine style—thus closing, after a run of two hours and a half without a check, as brilliant and splendid a chase as ever adorned the annals of hunting.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

YOUNG HARKAWAY.

March 15, 1834.

### SCARCITY OF FOXES IN SUFFOLK, WITH AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES, AND MEANS MOST EFFECTUAL FOR THEIR PRESERVATION, CALCULATED UPON OBSERVATIONS ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE GAME BILL, &c.

BY RINGWOOD.

SIR,

**I**N continuation of my last letter, I shall proceed to state that Mr. Mure's hounds met for the last time, on the 8th of March, at Dalham, and finished the season with a blank day, making nine or ten blank days since Christmas. As business was slack with us, *talk* was plentiful. Rumours were afloat that the hounds would be given up; and some one, on the strength of this fugitive chit-chat (and certainly most injudiciously, because without the authority for so doing), caused a paragraph to that effect to be inserted in one of the provincial

papers—thus by anticipation ringing the knell of fox hunting in Suffolk; an event which, with all sportsmen, from the bottom of our hearts we sincerely hope is adjourned *sine die*. As a set-off to this, however, we had the satisfaction to read in the same journal a few weeks previous an advertisement signed by about a dozen of the landed proprietors and occupiers in Mr. Mure's Thurlow country, expressing a determination by every means in their power to support him, and to preserve foxes, and calling on their Brother Fox-hunters to as-

sist in the cause. I am sorry I have not a copy of the notice to which I have alluded; it would have been gratifying to have read in your pages the names of such men subscribing to such resolutions. It is cheering to know that there still are such, even though they should be *ultima Romanorum*.

Dangers from another quarter have also sprung up (so far as regards the removal of the pack). The fame of the Suffolk Establishment has reached Head Quarters, and overtures have (we are informed) been made to Mr. Mure from the Gentlemen of the Quorn-don Hunt, and an offer of their country; which circumstance, however flattering it may have been to Mr. Mure's feelings, we believe we may state has been refused by him. One season more, however, will in all probability determine whether a pack of fox-hounds are to be driven from the county or remain in it. It will shew us most distinctly who are masters, the proprietors of fox-coverts or their gamekeepers; 'twill be a contest between the manly amusement of fox-hunting and the *perquisites* of gentlemen's servants—" *Dieu defend le droit!*"

Now, as the non-preservation of foxes in Suffolk has been the sole cause of the want of sport, it may not be amiss to dwell a little upon this subject and by endeavoring to shew how the evils may be remedied, we may also be enabled to put the saddle upon the right horse. In a former letter to you, arising partly out of an advertisement having for its object the raising of a fund in the Suffolk Hunt for the remuneration of gamekeepers, I stated distinctly, that in my humble opinion it was

like the fable of the Oak of the Forest that gave to the axe one of its branches for a handle: and how has the prophecy been completed? But I would speak more distinctly to those Gentlemen of Suffolk, who, although not fox-hunters themselves, would not object to having foxes preserved on their estates for the amusement of their friends and the country, could it be done without calling upon them for personal exertion in the cause. To these in particular (but it may be fairly applied to all) I shall put the following questions. Do you consider the foxes bred and reared in your coverts your own property, or the property of your gamekeepers? If you consider the foxes to be your own property, does not a specific sum of money paid to a keeper as *remuneration* (for what? why) for a loss of more of your property, teach him to consider that you have alienated a certain portion of what was your own to him, and that he has a right to choose which he will accept, the *composition* or the *tithe in kind*? The old-fashioned plan of a present to a gamekeeper after a good run from a covert in his care was good and effective: again I say let it be done, and done liberally; but in the name of justice let us have no public fund to pay men for obeying their master's commands. We can scarcely look over such a plan without being lost in the mazes of such a mischievous labyrinth. A compensation to a gamekeeper! who is to estimate it? Supposing one individual is satisfied, who, or what number of men can liquidate the debt which the fraternity severally will lay claim to? If ever there was

a plan hit upon for the destruction of foxes, this *remunerating* system will bear the palm. Two instances that have come to my knowledge I shall offer as a sample. They may be taken "*pars pro toto*."

One of these velvet-clad gentry received at covert-side between seven and eight pounds one morning; and, on being congratulated on his good fortune, surlily answered, buttoning the coin up safely in his breeches pocket, "that 'twas no more than he ought to have, for the d—d foxes had done *him* a deal more damage than the amount they paid him."

The next instance more clearly exposes the inefficiency of the system. Another of these game-prigging varlets was complaining loudly to an audience in the kitchen of the village alehouse in not having been what he termed encouraged by Mr. Mure and the Gentlemen, as other keepers were; and on being remonstrated with by a sporting farmer who overheard him, and being asked how he could expect such a thing, as a *fox had never* been found in his coverts, nor indeed were they ever drawn, though occasionally run through, he answered, "that may be, but a fox now and then travels over our lands, and by G—d unless they do pay me as they pay others, if I can prevent it he shall never travel off again."

Yet with all these facts, which any man may be put into possession of if he will but take the pains to inquire, there are many owners of coverts who pretend to be unable to find out why foxes do not abound on their estates. Some will tell you they have turned down foxes in their co-

verts, which, for a time, were known "to live, and move, and have a being" there; and this is perfectly true. Another will tell you that he has ordered his keeper not to kill the foxes; and the said keeper assures him (on his honour, we suppose) that he does not kill anything but dogs and small vermin in his traps; and the master is either fool enough to believe him, or mean enough, by affecting to do so, to share the lie with his menial. And then comes the tale of a brace of foxes having been seen playing in a stubble-field adjoining the wood the day before the hounds came to draw it, and the never-failing certainty of a fox being viewed away not more than a quarter of an hour after the hounds had been through the covert, though no challenge was heard, nor anything to indicate the vicinity of the animal. These reports invariably arise where foxes are destroyed: and whenever I hear of foxes having been seen in the fox-killing districts, I know the fate that awaits us.

Now, having complained of, and in some measure, I trust, exposed the inefficiency of the present system pursued in Suffolk for the preservation of foxes, I may be asked if I have any measure to propose that may remedy the evils complained of: to which I unhesitatingly reply, "Yes;" and, if the plan I propose, simple as it is, wherever acted upon, is not a specific, I will consent never again to see a fox-hound as long as I live. Let all those Noblemen, Gentlemen, and proprietors of land, who are not only friends, but not decided open enemies to fox-hunting, come forward and enter into a compact of honest

not to employ or retain in their service any gamekeeper who will not, or cannot, preserve and shew both foxes and pheasants, and the thing is done. No one need doubt the possibility of such a thing. This lying down of the lion with the lamb, pheasants and foxes, may exist in profusion together: but that point now is scarcely doubted; the only thing is to enforce gamekeepers to acknowledge it. I will not go so far as to assert that a vixen fox, when her cubs are on her, will not take to her larder a hen pheasant in her predatory rambles; but I know at the same time she will also kill the field-rats that are great destroyers of pheasants' eggs; and if Mr. Gamekeeper will but shoot rabbits, and shew their carcasses near the fox-earth at this season, pug will accept the offering, and for the most part be satisfied. But here again the perquisites of the keeper are interfered with; and this requires their masters to be firm and determined.

Poaching foxes is also now become a matter of notoriety; and this can only be done by a connivance with the gamekeepers, who of course share the profits. I am told on pretty good authority that in that part of the county of Essex which is hunted by Mr. Conyers, and not very many miles from his kennel, there is a board over a cottage door, on which is printed, "Live foxes bought here at two sovereigns each!" For the credit of the country let us hope this is but a joke; but, should it be true, and the trade not so brisk as the fox-collector may wish, I should advise him to remove himself and his board somewhere within the vicinity of Berkeley

Castle, where foxes abound, and where it may meet the eye of one Lord Seagrave as he passes to convert some fine hunting morning, who would fully explain the true value of every hair that grows upon a fox, from the tip of his snout to the tag of his brush: but I doubt the price put upon them would utterly flabbergast the trading notions of this Essex yokel; and heaven help him, if in a moment of desperation he should attempt to undersell his Lordship! *Sed acriatim*, if the owners of the soil will but determine upon it, foxes must abound; they are easily reared, and as easily destroyed: but it is not possible for the best pack of hounds in the world, under the best management (let their success be what it may), to entirely clear a country of foxes when once a breed is fairly established.

As we are upon the subject of preserving and destroying foxes, it may, perhaps, be allowed to pursue it through all its ramifications, and we must examine how far what is termed the "New Game Bill" has tended to assist in the work. At the first passing of this Bill, it was confidently asserted that its effects would tend more directly to the encouragement of fox-hunting than any measure that had ever before emanated from its warmest admirers. That it tended to the destruction of game, every one was perfectly aware of, and at the same time in a great measure shielded the *ad libitum* excursions of hunters from the pains and penalties of the law. So far so good. But let us go on and see how it has worked, and from the past draw conclusions for the future. That the game on lands

not strictly preserved, and which a few years since offered the most legitimate and exciting amusement to the real sportsman, is fast fading away, if it is not entirely annihilated, everyone living in the country and partaking of its pastimes can most lamentably assert. A pheasant will fetch three shillings; a partridge one shilling and sixpence; and a hare will always be marketable at two shillings: a young peasant out of employment (and it is an alarming fact their numbers are increasing daily) knows this; and he knows also, that if three or four days are given up to obtain possession of one of these animals, he shall reap as much benefit from the sale of it as so many days would bestow upon him had he devoted them to hard labour; and in this the New Game Bill indirectly protects him. The catching the game was always the easiest part of the poacher's business: *that* they could always do, even when spring guns and traps threatened them; but they had a great, and, to the common sort of village hare-snarer, an almost insurmountable difficulty to combat with, *the turning their booty into money*. From an old and determined poacher I have been informed (for his days of depredation are now gone by), that during the whole of his course, which was a long and successful one, he scarcely ever received anything but beer or spirits for his exertions (but this was under the old law): now, Hodge finds a hare in his snare, or from his ambush fires into a covey of birds feeding, or a pheasant at roost, makes his retreat good into the first road unobserved, and with all the con-

fidence of the Lord of the Manor he marches to the nearest market town, enters the shop of the licensed dealer, expatiates on the quality and the freshness of his game, and obtains *instantly* the best market price for it. Who would think of stopping a man of any grade (without gun or dog) upon the high road, though loaded with game? To the inquiry of "Where did you get it?" would be, if civilly disposed, "I bought it:" and if not in a courteous humour, the reference the querist might receive would probably be such as to induce him to forego a closer examination.

"But what has all this to do with the preservation or destruction of foxes?" some of your readers may exclaim. I will crave their patience yet but a little: I must be allowed to argue in my own way, or to write to them as I should speak to them if discussing this *momentous* question over a bottle of the genuine Falerian. The conclusion I am about to draw is this—that in the course of a very few seasons more none will possess game upon their lands but those who can afford to keep a standing army to preserve it. As game decreases in quantity, so in proportion will it rise in price; and those who have been great game-preservers will have a stronger inducement than ever to increase and multiply the species. I know one landed proprietor, and not a very large one either, but who from being fortunately located, as our Yankee friends have it, makes as much per annum of his game as the rent of a good farm produces; and this man is not a fox-hunter. But to go back a little, "Where

the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Into these game-preserves the foxes will go, the open country scarcely affording them a mouse to feed upon; and their chief resources for a living will be placed upon the tender mercies of gamekeepers. Now, if there is any reason or truth in the foregoing observations, it follows that the dependance of a country for the preservation of foxes must be entirely upon the Master, not upon the servant; in other words, upon the Owner of the coverts of a country, not upon the will of his gamekeeper: and sincerely do I hope that the Gentlemen of Suffolk may put in force the system, and abide by the result of the experiment.

Their brethren in Norfolk have shewn them what may be done in a country far inferior as a hunting one to their own, having scarcely had a blank day the whole season. One advantage, however, the Norfolk men possess over their Suffolk friends, and it is this; the Norfolk men have a *resident* Squirearchy, zealous and devoted to the cause;

whilst the Suffolk people are in a great measure fettered by the minions of an Aristocracy that are mostly absentees, or, when residents, indifferent to their success or failure.

These Norfolk hounds I took a peep at on the 8th of last month, but shall not make any comments upon them for the present: should circumstances offer, I will transmit you a full and particular account of their use, progress, and performances, which are happily reported to be such as deserve to be recorded in *the Sporting Magazine*. The season is now drawing fast to a close, and the Norfolk and Suffolk men intend having a shy across country, for the honour of their respective counties, in the shape of a Steeple-chase on Easter Monday. The stake is small, but the honour of triumph will be great. The history of all the dangers by flood and field shall be forwarded to you. Most of the performers I am acquainted with, and to them respectively do I address the motto of our Norfolk Hero,

"Palmas qui meruit ferat!"

RINGWOOD.

#### LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1834—CONTINUED.

(Ages as at May Day next.)

8. AARON, at Battersea, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. (the dams of winners at half-price):—by Moses, dam by Election; grandam Miss Manager by Giles.

12. ACORN, at Brown's Training Stables, Lewes, at 5gs.:—by Skim out of Mermaid by Orville; grandam by Sir Solomon.

12. ACTÆON, at Middleham, Yorkshire, at 10 sovs. and one sov.:—by Scud out of Diana (Sister to Emily) by Stamford; grandam by Whiskey.

17. AMBUTUS, at Newmarket, at 2 sovs.:—by Walton, dam by Wizard; grandam Liette by Hambletonian.

14. BACHELOR, at Leven New Inn, at 5gs. (country mares, 2gs.): by Colebs out of Jessy by Totteridge; grandam Cracker by Highflyer.

—BAY MALTON, at Altringham, Cheshire, at 5 sovs. (half-bred mares at 2 sovs. and 5s.):—by Filho da Puta out of Racket (Sister to Bustard) by Castrel; grandam Miss Hap by Shuttle.

21. BOBADIL, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucester, at 20 sovs. and one sov.:—by Rubens, dam by Skyscraper out of Isabel by Woodpecker.

13. CACCIA PIATTI, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares 5gs.):—by Whisker, dam by Walton; grandam by Shuttle.

12. **CMATHAV MARGAUX**, at Petworth, Sussex, at 10gs. and one guinea:—by Whalebone out of Wasp (Sister to Scorpion) by Gohanna; grandam by Highflyer.
14. **COLUMBUS**, at Hootham Stray, near York, at 5gs.:—by Filho da Puta out of Staveley Lass by Shuttle or Hambletonian; grandam by Drone—Matchem.
13. **CONFEDERATE**, at Wentworth Lodge, at 5 sovs. and one sov.:—by Comus out of Maritornes by Cervantes; grandam Sally by Sir Peter.
6. **CRUTCH**, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Little John out of Zaire by Selim; grandam Zephyretta by Hedley.
22. **FILMO DA PUTA**, at the Rock Hill Stables, near Mansfield, twenty mares besides those of his owner, at 16 sovs. a mare:—by Haphazard out of Mrs. Barnett by Waxy; grandam by Woodpecker.
7. **FIRMAN**, at Liskeard, Cornwall, at seven sovs. (half-bred mares at five sovs.):—by Sultan, dam by Haphazard; grandam Miss Furey by Trumpator.
12. **FLEXIBLE**, at Aintree Stables, Liverpool, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (hunting mares at three sovs.):—by Whalebone out of Themis by Sorcerer; grandam Hanna by Gohanna.
10. **GABERLUNZIE**, at Petworth, at 5gs. and one guinea:—by Wanderer, dam by Selim; grandam Maiden by Sir Peter.
- **GRAPTON**, at South Newington, near Banbury, at 5gs. &c.:—by Sorcerer out of Dabchick (the dam of Vandyke, Vandyke Junior, Vestal, Vanky, &c.) by Potto's.
16. **GREY COMUS**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 5gs. (country-mares 3 sovs.):—by Comus, dam by Evander; grandam Marcia by Coriander.
4. **ISHMAEL**, at Middleton Stoney, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at 5 sovs.):—by Sultan, dam (Sister to Cobweb) by Phantom; grandam Filagree by Southsayer.
5. **LIOM**, at Ripon, at 5gs. (country mares, 2gs.):—by Brutandorf out of Wagtail by Prime Minister; grandam by Orville.
6. **LIVERPOOL**, at Brampton, near Carlisle, at 5gs.:—by Tramp, dam by Whisker; grandam Mandane by Potto's.
11. **MULATTO**, at Wentworth Lodge, at 5 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Catton out of Deademona by Orville; grandam Fanny by Sir Peter.
- **MUSCAT**, a Grey Arabian, at Ivy Cottage, Shepherd's Bush, Middlesex, at 5gs.
5. **NAPOLEON-LE-GRAND**, at Beverley, at 7 sovs. (half-bred mares half price):—by Blacklock out of Collina by Young Sorcerer.
12. **NIGEL**, at Harpenden, near St. Alban's, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares at 3gs.):—by Election out of Rowena by Haphazard; grandam Prudence by Waxy.
10. **NIMROD**, at Petworth, at 5gs. and one guinea:—by Whalebone out of Thalactris by Alexander; grandam Rival by Sir Peter.
10. **NONPLUS**, at Longford Farm, Barcombe, near Lewes, at 3gs.:—by Catton out of Miss Garforth by Walton.
9. **OLYMPUS**, at Newton, near Warrington, at 5 sovs. and one sov. (half-bred mares at half price):—by Blacklock out of Michaelmas by Thunderbolt; grandam Plover by Sir Peter.
9. **OPPIDAN**, at Whittlebury Lodge, near Towcester, at five sovs. (half-bred, three sovs.) and 5s.:—by Rubens out of Dorina by Gohanna.
14. **PARLINGTON**, at Harewood Bridge, at 5gs. and 5s. (country mares at 2gs.):—by Comus out of Thomasina by Timothy; grandam Violet by Shark.
11. **POLLIO**, at Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. (half-bred mares at 3 sovs.):—by Orville out of Blue Stockings by Popinjay; grandam Briscet by Beningbrough.
- **ROCHESTER** (the American Trotter), at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.
7. **ST. NICHOLAS**, at York, at 7 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at half price):—by Emilius out of Seamew by Scud; grandam Goosander by Hambletonian.
16. **SANDECK**, at Beverley, at 5gs. and 5s. (country mares at 2gs.):—by Catton out of Orvillina by Beningbrough; grandam Evelina by Highflyer.
5. **SIR BENJAMIN** (late Sir Benjamin Backbite), at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 5gs.:—by Whisker out of Scandal by Selim; grandam by Haphazard.
6. **SIR JOHN**, at Haydock Lodge, Newton, near Warrington, at 10 sovs.:—by Tramp, dam by Waxy; grandam Bizarre by Peruvian.
20. **SOBER ROBIN**, at Brighton, near the Barracks, at 7gs.:—by Orville out of Harpy by Phenomenon.
8. **STOFFORTH**, at Killerby, near Catterick, at 5 sovs. and 5s. (other mares 2 sovs.):—by Octavian, dam by Sir Paul; grandam Brown Javelin by Javelin.
21. **SKIN**, at Petworth, at 5gs. and one guinea:—by Gohanna out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker.
13. **SWISS**, at Skelton, near York, at 10gs. (half-bred mares at 3gs.):—by Whisker, dam (Sister to Corduroy) by Shuttle; grandam Lady Sarah by Fidget.
8. **TIMOUR**, at Basford, near Leek, Staffordshire, at 10 sovs. and one sov.:—by Tramp, dam by Waxy; grandam Bizarre by Peruvian.

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, 1833.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of Prizes won.]

By ABJER, Son of Truffle.

4. **KITTUMS**, Mr. White's, 45 sovs. at St. Alban's; Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 50 at Stockbridge, 50 at Blandford, 48 at Weymouth; Mr. Tobin's, 50 at Dorchester, and 80 at Abingdon—6.  
4. Wolverhampton, Mr. Beardsworth's, 60gs. at Shrewsbury, and 40 sovs. at Wolverhampton—3.]

By ACTÆON, Son of Scud.

2. General Chase, Sir J. Boswell's, 175 sovs. at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 145 at the Western Meeting (Ayr), and 120 at Carlisle—3.  
2. Miss Margaret, Sir R. K. Dick's, 70 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, and 150 at Liverpool Aintree—3.  
2. Miss Emily, Sir R. K. Dick's, 60 sovs. at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—1.

By AMADIS, Son of Don Quixote.

4. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Shawman's, 50 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt, and 60 at Huntingdon—2.

By AMBO, Son of Meteor.

- a. Bay Mare, Mr. Evans's, the Ladies' Purse at Knighton—1.  
a. Liston, Mr. Day's, the Bath Stakes of 215 sovs. at Bath Spring, the Gold Cup at Egham, 35 sovs. at Abingdon, 40 and 55 at Gloucester—5.

By ANTELOPE, Son of Smolensko.

5. Dictator, Mr. Harris's, 65 sovs. at Bath Spring—1.

By ARDROSSAN, Son of John Bull.

5. Chestnut Horse, Duke of Buccleuch's, 50 at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—1.

By ASTROLOGER.

3. Philosopher, Lord Grey de Groby's, 100 sovs. at Chester—1.

By BANKER, Son of Smolensko.

3. Brenda, Mr. France's, 95 sovs. at Tarporley Hunt—1.  
3. Dame Durdan, Sir J. Gerard's, 50 sovs. at Wolverhampton, 50 at Burton-upon-Trent, and 50 at Lichfield—3.  
4. Eugene Aram, Sir T. Stanley's, 50 sovs. at Knutsford—1.

By BATTLEDORE, Son of Sir Oliver.

3. La Grace, Sir T. Stanley's, the St. Leger Stakes of 175 sovs. at Chester, 80 at Oswestry, and 50 at Holywell Hunt—3.

By BEDLAMITE, Son of Welbeck.

2. Bay Colt, Mr. Tomes's, 75 sovs. at Cheltenham, and 37l. 10s. at Worcester—2.  
3. Frenzy, Mr. E. Peel's, 180 sovs. at Newton, 50 at Stamford, 65 at Derby, and 60 at Nottingham—4.  
2. Harum Scarum, Colonel Peel's, 80 sovs. at Newcastle-under-Lyne, and 100 at Newmarket Second October—2.  
4. Non Compos, Mr. Cosby's, the Swinley Stakes at Ascot Heath—1.  
3. Nonsense, Colonel Peel's, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 1150 sovs. at Newmarket First October, and received 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—2.  
2. Noodle, Mr. Peel's, 75 sovs. at Lichfield Spring, and received 75 sovs. at Lichfield—2.  
2. Ophelia, Mr. Yates's, the Woodcot Stakes at Epsom, 50 sovs. at Huntingdon, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton—3.  
4. Theodolite, Mr. Hobson's, 45 sovs. at Chester, and 40 at Worcester—2.

By BELZONI, Son of Blacklock,

2. Billings, Sir J. Gerard's, 225 sovs. at Warwick—1.

By **BELLEROPHON**, Son of Orville.

- a. The Farrier, Mr. Thompson's, the Gold Cup, value 200 and 60 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—2.

By **BIZARRE**, Son of Orville.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. Foster's, 70 sovs. at Wolverhampton, and 40 at Walsall—2.
4. Brown Colt, Lord Burlington's, the King's Plate at Ipswich—1.

By **BLACKLOCK**, Son of Whitelock.

2. Bardolph, Mr. E. Peel's, 40 sovs. at Chesterfield—1.
3. Belshazzar, Mr. Watt's, the St. Leger Stakes of 175 sovs. at York Spring, 200 at York August, and 190 at Doncaster—3.
6. Bluebeard, Mr. Witty's, the Farmers' Cup at Holderness Hunt—1.
6. Bryan, Sir I. Glynn's, 50 sovs. at Salisbury—1.
2. Bubastea, Mr. Watt's, 110 sovs. at Malton Craven—1.
3. Chesnut Filly out of Muta, Mr. Watt's, 40 sovs. at Malton—1.
1. Mowbray Hill, Mr. Gardnor's, the Tradesmen's Cup of 100 sovs. with 375 in specie at Liverpool Maghull, 40 at Liverpool Aintree, and 70 at Preston—3.
4. Napoleon le Grand, Mr. Hopkinson's, the Northamptonshire Stakes of 120 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt, 60 and 90 at Croxton Park, 95 at Liverpool Maghull, and 60 at Beverley—5.
3. Samarcond, Sir G. Heathcote's, 75 sovs. at Epsom, and 150 at Brighton—2.
2. Waraby Baylock, Mr. Heselstine's, 840 sovs. at Doncaster—1.

By **BLUCHER**, Son of Waxy.

- a. Don Juan, Mr. Peyton's, 45 sovs. at Bath, 50 at St. Alban's, and 50 at Oxford—3.

By **BOBADIL**, Son of Rubens.

3. Chesnut Colt, Lord Warwick's, 60 sovs. at Warwick Spring—1.
4. Copper Captain, Mrs. Cosby's, 50 sovs. at Ascot Heath, and 110 at Egham—2.

By **BORODINO**, Son of Smolensko.

4. Brown Filly, dam by Blacklock, Mr. Witty's, 70 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.
- a. Round Robin, Mr. Ramsay's, 50 sovs. at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—1.

By **BRAVO**, Son of Champion.

4. Kitty Fisham, Mr. Nanny's, 70 sovs. at Chester—1.

By **BRAHMIN**.

4. The Curate, Mr. Coleman's, 80 sovs. at Cottesford, 90 at St. Alban's, and 40 at Hampton—3.

By **BRUTANDORF**, Son of Blacklock.

3. Brutina, Mr. E. Smith's, 30 and 35 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—2.
3. Carnaby, Mr. Robinson's, 100 sovs. at Doncaster, 70gs. and the Gold Cup of 100 sovs. with 30 in specie at Lincoln—3.
4. Laurel Leaf, Mr. Jennings's, 40 sovs. at Lancaster, and 50 at Kendal—2.
4. Maid of Melrose, Mr. Walker's, 45 sovs. at Durham, 70 at Lancaster, and the King's Plate at Richmond—2.
4. Physician, Mr. Skipsey's, the Gold Cup of 100gs. with 80 sovs. in specie, at Manchester, 125 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, the King's Plate and the Silver Tureen value 100 sovs. with 100 in specie at York August—4.
4. Primendorf, Mr. Ellis's, 45 sovs. at Stamford, and 60gs. at Chesterfield—2.

By **BRUTUS**, Son of Rubens.

5. Chattoms, Mr. Johnson's, 50 sovs. at Tavistock; Mr. Doyne's, 40 at Plymouth—2.

By **BUSTARD**, Son of Castrel.

6. Chesnut Gelding, Mr. Wood's, 50 sovs. at Wenlock, and 45 sovs. at Worcester—2.
- a. Landrall, Mr. Fleming's, 50 and 70 sovs. at Barnet; Mr. Coleman's, 65 and 80 at Newport Pagnel—4.

By **BUZZARD**, Son of Blacklock.

2. Bentley, Mr. Yates's, the Clearwell Stakes of 920 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, and the Criterion Stakes of 900 at Newmarket Boughton—2.
3. Constance, Mr. Houldsworth's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
3. Hawk, Mr. Houldsworth's, 75 sovs. at York Spring—1.
3. Ostrich, Mr. Houldsworth's, 200 and 225 sovs. at Manchester—2.

2. Partridge, Mr. Houldsworth's, 40gs. (a compromise) at Derby, and 90 sovs. at Nottingham—2.

By CACAMBO, Son of Cerberus.

a. Jessy, Mr. Williamson's, 55 sovs. at Burnley—1.

By CAIN, Son of Paulowitz.

3. Barney Bodkin, Mr. Scott's, a Stake at Marshfield—1.

2. Donald, Mr. Bristow's, 90 sovs. at Hereford—1.

3. Languish, Mr. Bristow's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Epsom, 55 sovs. at Cheltenham; Mrs. Grosvenor's, 125 at Newmarket Houghton—3.

2. Lucy, Mr. Peel's, 60 sovs. at Epsom; Mr. King's, 65 at Warwick—2.

4. Sensitive, Mr. Yates's, 60 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree—1.

3. Uncle Toby, Mr. J. H. Peel's, 125 sovs. at Bath, 95 at Cheltenham, 250 and 40 at Warwick—4.

4. Vagabond, Mr. Yates's, 40 and 60 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring, and received 50 at Newmarket Second October—3.

By CALEM QUOTEM, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Skipper, Mr. St. Paul's, 45 sovs. at Kelso Spring—1.

a. Hastwell, Mr. Commis's, a Stake at Dumfries—1.

By CAMEL, Son of Whalebone.

3. Bay Filly, Lord Lichfield's, received 25 sovs. at Lichfield Spring—1.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. G. Edwards's, 73 sovs. at Epsom—1.

2. Brown Colt, Lord Wilton's, received 25 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—1.

3. Caliban, Mr. Price's, the Palatine Stakes of 275 sovs. at Chester, and received 75 at Holywell Hunt—2.

3. Crocodile, Lord Stradbroke's, 66 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring; Mr. Edwards's, 80 at Canterbury—2.

2. St. Hilary, Lord Westminster's, 60 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—1.

2. Touchstone, Lord Westminster's, received 50 sovs. at Lichfield—1.

2. Vittoria, Mr. Mostyn's, 100 sovs. at Chester, 235 at Liverpool Maghull, 340 at Newton, 465 at Liverpool Aintree, and 50 at Wrexham—5.

By CANNON BALL, Son of Sancho.

6. Bullet, Mr. Wormald's, 100 sovs. and 70 sovs. at Newton—2.

a. Camillus, Mr. Hungerford's, 45 sovs. at Pychley Hunt—1.

By CANTEEN, Son of Waxy Pope.

4. Craigmillar, Sir J. Boswell's, 50 sovs. at Western Meeting—1.

4. Vyryan, Sir J. Boswell's, 60 sovs. at Kendal—1.

By CATTON, Son of Getampus.

2. Anna, Mr. Walker's, 80 sovs. at York Spring, the Gold Cup of 100 with 10 in specie at Nottingham—2.

3. Bay Colt, Brother to Homer, Col. Cradock's, 50 sovs. at Newcastle-on-Tyne—1.

3. Brown Colt, Mr. Cooper's, a compromise at Ascot, and 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1½.

4. Carlton, Mr. Gully's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting—1.

4. Catlap, Mr. Burton's, 50 and 45 sovs. at Knighton, and 55 at Heaton Park—3.

5. Clarion, Mr. Mott's, 40 sovs. at Lichfield Spring; Colonel Peel's, 70 at Newmarket Second October—2.

5. Contest, Mr. Houldsworth's, 70 sovs. at Manchester; Duke of Buccleuch's, 60 at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—2.

a. Coronet, Mr. Taunton's, 50 sovs. at Wells, 50 at Bridgewater, 150 at Taunton, 100 at Exeter, 45 at Plymouth, the Dinner Stakes with a bonus added at Dorchester—6.

4. David, Mr. Houldsworth's, 100 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree—1.

5. Diana, Mr. I. Day's, 125 sovs. and the Cup of 130 in specie at Worcester, 155 and 60 at Oxford, 315 and the King's Plate at Warwick, 110 and 70 at Abingdon—6.

4. Isabel, Mr. Gascoigne's, twice 50l. at Pontefract—2.

2. Lady Charlotte, Lord Conyngham's, 100 sovs. at Epsom; Mr. Munroe's, 40 at Huntingdon, 50 and 45 at Yarmouth, 50 at Southwold, 80 and 45 at Epsom Oct.—7.

4. Minister, Lord Lichfield's, received 75 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.

4. The Eaton Nun, Mr. Burton's, 50 sovs. at Warwick, and 50 at Leicester—2.

4. Trustee, Duke of Cleveland's, the Claret Stakes of 1000 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 200 at Newmarket First Spring, and 50 at Doncaster—3.

By CATTERICK, Son of Whisker.

6. Jerry, Mr. Marshall's, 50 sovs. at Caistor, and 40 at Lincoln—2.

## By CENTAUR, Son of Canopus.

3. *Ægyptus*, Duke of Grafton's, the Garden Stakes of 700 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, and 250 at Newmarket Houghton—2.
3. Emir, Duke of Grafton's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July; Col. Peel's, 50 at Huntingdon—2.
3. Trepidation, Lord Warwick's, the Guy Stakes of 700 sovs. at Warwick, 100 and 50 at Lichfield, and 50 at Walsall—4.

## By CHAMPIGNON, Son of Truffle.

4. Bay Colt, Capt. Phillips's, 50 sovs. at Ludlow, and 50 at Upton-upon-Severn—2.
5. Dinah, Mr. Kirby's, the Forfeit Class of the Oatlands at Newmarket Craven; Mr. Coleman's, 50 sovs. at St. Alban's—2.
4. Dodington, Mr. Cedrington's, 100 sovs. at Bath Spring—1.

## By CHAMPION, Son of Selim.

4. Captain Wattle, Mr. Nanney's, 60 sovs. at Shrewsbury—1.
5. Donnington, Mr. F. Ongley's, the Bildeston Ceplow Stakes of 257l. 10s. at Crut. ton Park, 50 sovs. at Stourbridge, 80 and 130 at Heaton Park—4.
3. Maid of Honour, Marquis of Westminster's, received 150 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—1.
3. Marianne, Mr. Peel's, 50 sovs. at Newcastle-under-Lyne—1.

## By CHAMPAGNE.

- a. Champagne, Mr. Wainman's, 45 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.

## By CHATEAU MARGAUX, Son of Whalebone.

3. Boscobel, Ma. Walker's, 500 sovs. at Doncaster, received 100 and won 150 at Nottingham—3.
3. Caroline, Mr. Lacey's, received 75 sovs. at Ludlow—1.
3. Claret, Mr. Wilson's, 50 sovs. at Stamford, twice 50 at Huntingdon, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton—4.
3. Falernia, Gen. Grosvener's, 400, 100, and 120 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—3.
2. Levity, Mr. Balchin's, 60 sovs. at Lewes—1.
3. Moselle, Mr. Lacey's, 75 sovs. at Lichfield Spring, and 40 at Manchester—2.
2. Queen Beas, Mr. Mostyn's, the Champagne Stakes of 275 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—1.
2. Wyndham, Mr. Skipsey's, 200 sovs. at Stockton—1.

## By CLEVELAND, Son of Prime Minister.

3. Jemima, Mr. Jaques's, 50 sovs. at Carlisle, and twice 45gs. at Inglewood Hunt—3.
4. Pestilence, Mr. Dawson's, 80 sovs. at Liverpool Maghull, and 60 sovs. at Knutsford—2.

## By COMUS, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Bay Gelding, Farmers' Stakes with a Cup added at Knighton—1.
6. Brown Horse, out of Rotterdam, Lord Berners's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring—1.
- a. Brunswick, Mr. Gilmour's, 50 sovs. at Caledonian Hunt—1.
4. Cecilia, Mr. Finch's, 65 sovs. at Southampton, a Stake with a Purse added at Salisbury, 50 sovs. at Blandford, 55 at Dorchester, and 50 at Weymouth—5.
3. Emma, Col. Peel's, 50 sovs. at Huntingdon—1.
4. Lady Stafford, Mr. Bower's, 80 sovs. at Liverpool Maghull, the Manor Cup value 100 sovs. with 235 sovs. in specie, and the Shrigley Cup value 100 with 255 sovs. in specie at Newton, Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 50 in specie at Knutsford, and received 45 at Shrewsbury—5.
2. Mr. Merryman, Mr. R. Bower's, 40 sovs. at Beverley—1.
6. Slander, Mr. Bryant's, the Hack Stakes with 20 sovs. added at Bridgwater—1.
3. Theodore, Mr. W. Richardson's, 50 sovs. at Malton Craven, 50 at Beverley, 75 and the Tureen of 80 at Stockton; Lord Chesterfield's, the Gold Cup of 200 sovs. with 225 in specie at Heaton Park—5.
4. Voluna, Mr. Walker's, twice 300 and 100 sovs. at York August—3.

## By CONDUCTOR, Son of Filho da Puta.

5. Caractacus, Sir T. Stanley's, 80 sovs. at Liverpool Maghull, 85 at Newton, and the Peover Stakes of 70 at Knutsford—3.
5. Parthenon, Mt. Smith's, 45 sovs. at Newcastle (Staffordshire)—1.

By CORINTHIAN, Son of Comus.

4. Lady Louisa, Mr. Woolmer's, 45gs. at Inglewood Hunt—1.
2. Mellerstein, Mr. G. Crompton's, 80 sovs. at Catterick—1.
- a. Russel, Mr. Painter's, Cup in specie of 120 sovs. at Bridgnorth, Cup of 100 sovs. in specie and the King's Plate at Shrewsbury, Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Stourbridge, and 65 at Wrexham—5.

By CORRECTOR, Son of Remembrancer.

4. Kendal, Mr. Nicholson's, 40 sovs. at Kendal, and 45 at Inglewood Hunt—2.

By COUNT PORRO, Son of Leopold.

4. Jemima, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, the Cheahire Stakes of 90 sovs. at Chester, and 90 sovs. at Manchester—2.
4. Lady Bee, Mr. Lucas's, 50gs. at Pottery—1.

By CRECY, Son of Walton.

- a. Countess, Mr. Whistler's, Hurdle Stakes of 40 sovs. at Warwick Spring—1.

By CRIPPLE, Son of Whalebone.

- a. Major, Mr. Williams's, the Pembrokehire Stakes of 100 sovs. and 32 at Haverfordwest, 50 and 75 at Carmarthen—4.

By CYDNUS, Son of Quis.

4. Roan Gelding, Mr. Painter's, 50 sovs. at Worcester—1.

By DER FREISCHUTZ, Son of Outcry.

5. Rodolph, Mr. Scott's, 50 sovs. at York Spring—1.

By DEFENCE, Son of Whalebone.

2. Defensive, Mr. Sadler's, 175 sovs. at Goodwood—1.

By DINMONT, Son of Orville.

- a. The Dandy, Mr. Foulls's, 50 sovs. at Malton Craven—1.

By DR. SYNTAX, Son of Paynator.

5. Gallopade, Mr. Cosby's, the Eclipse Foot, with 200 sovs. given by his Majesty, added to 100 sovs. at Ascot Heath, and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 80 sovs. in specie at Brighton—2.

- a. Master Syntax, Capt. Potts's, the Wallsend Harriers' Cup value 100gs. at Newcastle—1.

6. Pilot, Mr. Boag's, Hunters' Stakes at Morpeth—1.

- a. Proseody, Mr. G. H. Thompson's, 84 sovs. at Holderness Hunt, and 50 at Malton Craven—2.

4. Tourist, Lord Chesterfield's, the King's Plate at Hampton; Mr. Dilly's, 50 sovs. at Salisbury, and 110 at Newmarket Second October—3.

By DON COSSACK, Son of Haphazard.

4. Reform, Mr. Newman's, 50 sovs. and a Purse at Bedford Spring, 50 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol, and 60 at Newport Pagnel—4.

By DUPLICATE, Son of Ditto.

6. Pawnbroker, Mr. Pryse's, 32 sovs. at Haverfordwest, and 115 at Carmarthen—2.

By ELEPHANT, Son of Filho da Puta.

5. Tom Brown, Mr. Massey's, 50 sovs. at Worcester—1.

By EMILIUS, Son of Orville.

2. Bay Filly, Sister to Echo, Mr. Forth's, 115 sovs. at Epsom October Meeting—1.

3. Bay Filly, out of Shoveller, Mr. Chifney's, received 100 sovs. at Ascot Heath—1.

3. Black Colt, out of Black Daphne, Mr. Gardner's, 80 sovs. at Brighton, and 45 at Egham—2.

3. Chesnut Colt, Brother to Marcus, Lord Chesterfield's, received 500 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.

2. Cornelia, Mr. Thornhill's, 170 sovs. at Bath—1.

4. Dissolution, Lord Lichfield's, 70 sovs. at Croxton Park, and 40 at Buxton—2.

5. Exile, Mr. West's, the Gloucestershire Stakes of 500 sovs. and the Cup in specie of 50 sovs. at Cheltenham—2.

4. Hawker, Lord Berners's, the Ale Stakes of 200 sovs. at Newmarket Craven; Duke of Rutland's, the Craven Stakes at Epsom—2.

3. Lucius, Lord Jersey's, the Riddleworth Stakes of 2000 sovs. at Newmarket Caven, and received 150 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—2.

3. Octave, Duke of Grafton's, the Windsor Forest Stakes at Ascot Heath, and 75 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—2.

2. Pickle (b. f. out of Mustard), Mr. Gully's, 70 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.

By FALCON, Son of Interpreter.

4. Falconbridge, Lord Derby's, 110 sovs. at Chester, and 85 at Heaton Park—2.

By FELTON, Son of X.Y.Z.

3. The Dancing Master, Mr. Orde's, the King's Plate at Newcastle—1.

By FIGARO, Son of Haphazard.

3. Bay Colt, Mr. Ellis's, 80 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree—1.

2. Bay Filly, Lord Wilton's, received 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.

5. Belmont, Mr. Nanny's, 70 sovs. at Chester, and 50 at Buxton—2.

2. Brown Filly, Mr. Peirce's, the Trial Stakes of 90 sovs. at Darham—1.

3. Captain Ross, Mr. R. Turner's, 500 sovs. at Chester—1.

3. Emperor, Mr. Riddale's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring—1.

4. The Prince, Mr. G. Dawson's, 45 sovs. at Knutsford, and 50 at the Caledonian Hunt—2.

3. Sevilian, Mr. Riddale's, half the October Outlands at Newmarket—1.

By FILHO DA PUTA, Son of Haphazard.

2. Bridegroom, Lord Westminster's, 100 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—1.

6. Birmingham, Mr. Beadsworth's, 45 sovs. at Preston—1.

5. Carwell, Lord Chesterfield's, 50 and 45 sovs. at Hampton—2.

4. Clara, Mr. Finch's, 100 sovs. at Bath, 115 at Blandford, and 100 at Dorchester—3.

2. Delirium, Mr. Walker's, 150 sovs. at York Spring Meeting—1.

3. Denbles, Mr. T. Wood's, 50 sovs. at Epsom—1.

5. Giovanni, Mr. Wheeldon's, 60gs. at Chester, the King's Plate at Manchester, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 20 in specie at Newcastle-under-Lyne, the King's Plate at Lichfield, and a Piece of Plate value 100gs. with 150 sovs. in specie at Heaton Park—5.

3. Harriet, Sir W. Wynn's, 75 sovs. at Liverpool Maghrell, 175 at Wolverhampton, and 75 sovs. at Wrexham—2.

4. Lindlow, Mr. Beadsworth's, 50 sovs. at Chester; Mr. Delewski's, the Gold Cup value 100 sovs. with 60 in specie at Warwick—2.

6. Madam, Mr. Evans's, 45 sovs. at Lincoln—1.

5. Motheglin, Mr. Christian's, 70 sovs. at Canterbury Spring Meeting, 50 sovs. at St. Alban's, 50 at Canterbury, and 50 at Hastings—4.

a. Mercurius, Sir J. Beeswell's, 50 sovs. at Kendal, 60 sovs. at Western Meeting (Ayr), twice 50 at Dumfries, the King's Plate at the Royal Caledonian Hunt, 55 sovs. and a Cup of 60 at Perth—7.

5. Philip, Lord Elcho's, Silver Cup, added to a Stakes of 50gs. at Newcastle, the Gold Cup with 10gs. and 50 sovs. at Western Meeting (Ayr), and Gold Cup at Dumfries—4.

3. The Controller, Lord Westminster's, 400 and 150 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, 75 at Knutsford, and 250 at Holywell Hunt—4.

3. The Governor, Mr. Price's, the Roodee Stakes of 75 sovs. at Chester—1.

a. The Knight, Mr. Routledge's, 64 sovs. at Morpeth—1.

By FITZ-ORVILLE (Sir A. Don's).

a. Goodolier, Lord Elche's, the Gold Cup, and a Gold Cup given by the Duke of Buccleuch with 20 sovs. added, at the Royal Caledonian Hunt, and Gold Cup with 25 sovs. at Perth—3.

a. Paul Pry, Lord Eglinton's, 100 and 60 sovs. at Western Meeting (Ayr), 100 and 110 at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—4.

By FITZ-WALTON.

4. Swing, Col. Charritie's, the Pillerton Stakes at Warwick Spring, and 195 sovs. at Cheltenham—2.

By FROLIC, Son of Halley.

a. Perseverance, Mr. Giffard's, Gold Cup with 185 sovs. at Buxton, 50 sovs. and the Cleveland Cup with 50 sovs. at Wolverhampton, and 230 at Burton-on-Trent—4.

By FUNGUS, Son of Truffle.

3. Funnyp, Mr. Rawlinson's, the Lansdowne Trial Stakes at Bath Spring—1.

3. Revenge, Mr. Rawlinson's, 175 sovs. at Bibury Club, and the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood—2.

By GABERLUNZIE, Son of Wanderer.

3. Cinderella, Sir J. King's, 60 sovs. at Epsom October—1.

By GAMBLER, Son of Haphazard.

a. Sober Robin, Mr. Lasfite's, 40 sovs. at Barnet—1.

By GODOLPHIN, Son of Partisan.

4. Eyelid, Mr. Codrington's, 25 sovs. at Bath—1.

By GREY MALTON, Son of Knowaley.

5. Flambeau, Mr. Heselstine's, 50 sovs. at York August, and a Silver Cup at Morpeth—2.

By GREY MIDDLEHAM, Son of Walton.

4. Disappointment, Mr. Cudlip's, 50 sovs. at Tavistock—1.

By GULLIVER, Son of Orville.

4. Decoction, Mr. Painter's, 50 sovs. at Wenlock, and 54 at Rugeley—2.

6. Zalkma, Mr. Tilbury's, 50 sovs. at Barnet—1.

By GUSTAVUS, Son of Election.

3. Augusta, Mr. Walker's, 60 sovs. at York Spring; Mr. Johnson's, 40 at York August; Mr. Richardson's, 45 at Burnley—3.

3. Chantilly, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 50 at Newmarket First October, 50 at Newmarket Houghton, and half the Audley End Stakes—3.

3. Forester, Mr. Hunter's, received 200 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, the Newmarket Stakes at First Spring, and received 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—3.

4. The Ghost, Mr. White's, 50 sovs. at Guildford, and 55 at Barnet—2.

By HAMPDEN, Son of Rubens.

a. Guildford, Mr. Rush's, the King's Plate at Canterbury—1.

By HUMPHREY CLINKER, Son of Comus.

3. Rockingham, Mr. Watt's, 175 sovs. at York Spring, the St. Leger Stakes of 2225 and the Gold Cup with 50 sovs. at Doncaster—3.

3. Slinker, Mr. S. Reed's, 50 sovs. at Lancaster—1.

By IRISH HOMER.

3. Algiers, Mr. Taylor's, 50 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, and 70 at Doncaster—2.

By JACK SPIGOT, Son of Ardrossan or Marmion.

3. Jack Faucet, Mr. Mostyn's, the Dee Stakes at Chester, 525 at Liverpool Aintree, the Mostyn Stakes, the Taffy Stakes, and the Silver Tureen, with 100 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—5.

3. Spider, Mr. Gully's, 100 and 40 sovs. at Pontefract—3.

4. XXX, Mr. Ramsay's, 50 sovs. at Western Meeting (Apr), 50 at Dumfries, and 75 at Perth—3.

By JERRY, Son of Smolensko.

3. Brown Colt, Mr. Richardson's, 45 sovs. at Burnley—1.

3. Brown Filly, Sister to Retainer, Lord Kelburne's, 275 sovs. at Newcastle—1.

3. Clearwell, Lord Orford's, 200 and 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, and the 2000gs. Stakes at Newmarket First Spring—3.

3. Fanny, Col. Cradock's, 50 sovs. at Newcastle-upon-Tyne—1.

3. Palmflower, Mr. Marley's, 50 sovs. at Durham, 65 at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 50 at Stockton, and 150 at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—4.

3. Remember, Mr. J. Smith's, the Gold Cup and the King's Plate at Lancaster—2.

4. Retainer, Lord Kelburne's, received 500 sovs. at York Spring, and received 500 at Doncaster—2.

4. Tomboy, Mr. Orde's, 205 sovs. and the Gold Cup at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 60 and 65 at Doncaster, and the Gold Cup at Pontefract—5.

2. The Window Shut, Mr. J. Smith's, 75 sovs. at Stockton—1.

2. Zillah, Mr. J. Smith's, 150 and 50 sovs. at Northallerton—2.

By JOCK THE LAIRD'S BROTHER, Son of Viscount.

3. Albino, Sir R. E. Dick's, 50 sovs. at Preston, and 50 at York August—2.

By JOHNNY RAW.

3. Chestnut Colt, Mr. Taylor's, received 50 at Caistor—1.

By JUNIPER, Son of Whiskey.

5. Camarine, Sir M. Wood's, the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, the King's Plate and 50 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring, and 50 at Newmarket Second Spring—4.

By JUPITER.

5. Cataract, Mr. Wall's, the Vase with 15 sovs. added at Shrewsbury—1.

By KING OF DIAMONDS, Son of Diamond.

6. Trump, Mr. Shackel's, 50 sovs. at Brighton, 60 at Lewes, and received 50 at Caenbury—3.

By LANGAR, Son of Selim.

3. Batscatcher, Mr. Nanney's, twice 50 sovs. at Oswestry, and 50 at Wrexham—3.  
4. Westport, Mr. Townley's, 55 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, and the H. P. Stakes at Heaton Park—2.

By LAPDOG, Son of Whalebone.

2. Temperance, Mr. Cosby's, 30 sovs. at Bath—1.  
3. Pincher, Mr. Mills's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket July, and 75 at Newmarket First October—2.

By LEVIATHAN, Son of Muley.

2. La Bayadere, Lord Chesterfield's, received 50 sovs. at Newmarket First October, and 50 at Second October—2.

By LITTLE JOHN, Son of Octavius.

5. Crutch, Mr. Stanley's, received 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—1.  
4. Friar Tuck, Mr. Gardnor's, 50 sovs. at St. Alban's, and 50 at Brighton—2.  
5. The Purser, Mr. J. Saxby's, 82 sovs. at East Sussex—1.

By LONGWAIST, Son of Whalebone.

2. Louise, Mr. Forth's, 170 sovs. at Ascot Heath—1.

By LOTTERY, Son of Tramp.

3. Bay Colt, Duke of Portland's, received 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.  
3. Masoom, Mr. Painter's, 90 sovs. at Wolverhampton, received 60 and won 45 at Steurbridge, and 45 at Rugeley—4.  
3. Bay Filly, Sir T. Stanley's, 100 sovs. at Preston—1.  
3. Blank, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60 sovs. at Nottingham—1.  
5. Counsel, Mr. Walker's, the Stand Cup with 200 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, the Gold Cup with 50gs. at Preston, and received 50 sovs. at Doncaster—3.  
3. Eagle, Mr. Moss's, 50 sovs. at Bridgnorth, 50 at Bromyard, and 50 at Oswestry—3.  
3. Eve, Mr. Skipsey's, 65 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree—1.  
5. Guardian, Mr. Armistead's, 100 sovs. at Chester, and 45 at the Pottery—2.  
5. Hope, Mr. Yates's, the Drakelow Stakes at Burton on Trent—1.  
2. Inheritor, Mr. Skipsey's, 120 sovs. at Pontefract—1.  
5. Lady Elizabeth, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 75 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring, 210 at Bibury, 30 at Stockbridge, the King's Plate at Winchester, thrice 50 at Taunton, 50 at Salisbury, 50 and 45 at Exeter, 50, Gold Cup, and 100 at Plymouth, &c. and the King's Plate at Doncaster—14.  
3. Littlego, Mr. Alexander's, 160 sovs. at the Western Meeting (Ayr), and the King's Plate at the Royal Caledonian Hunt—2.  
3. Lot, Duke of Leeds's, 850 sovs. at York August—1.  
2. Poland, Mr. Whitlock's, 187l. 10s. at Catterick Bridge; Mr. Attwood's, 100 sovs. at Richmond—2.  
4. Quartetto, Duke of Cleveland's, 80 sovs. at York Spring; Lord R. Grosvenor's, 50 at Heaton Park—2.  
3. Satan, Mr. W. Crompton's, 40 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, 55 sovs. and the King's Plate at Liverpool Aintree—3.  
3. Stainton, Mr. Lockey's, 50 sovs. at Stockton, 50 and 55 at Carlisle—3.  
3. The Mystery, Mr. Powllett's, 100 sovs. at York Spring, 180 at Doncaster, and the Gold Cup at Northallerton—3.  
3. Venus, Mr. Yates's, 60 sovs. at Manchester, and 45 at Kendal—2.

By LUZBOROUGH, Son of Ditto.

2. Chestnut Colt, Mr. J. Day's, received 37l. 10s. at Bath, and won 50 sovs. at Oxford—2.

3. Dusky, Mr. Gauntlett's, 50 sovs. at Blandford—1.
3. Easton, Mr. Sainsbury's, 50 sovs. at Southampton—1.
3. Louis d'Or, Mr. H. Smith's, 40 sovs. at Wells—1.
3. Tinsel, Mr. H. Smith's, 65 sovs. at Wells—1.

By MAGISTRATE, Son of Camillus.

- a. Kalmia, Mr. Giffard's, 60 sovs. and the Gold Cup at Ludlow—2.

By MAMELUKE, Son of Partisan.

3. Miss Gravity, Gen. Grosvenor's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.
3. Zethus, Mr. Greville's, received 30 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.

By MANFRED, Son of Election.

5. Acco, Mr. George's, 50 sovs. at Leominster—1.
5. Harold, Mr. Haddy's, 50 sovs. at Bath Spring—1.

By MASTER HENRY, Son of Orville.

4. Abelard, Mr. Massey's, the Trentham Stakes at Newcastle-under-Lyme—1.
5. Bay Gelding, out of Milkmaid's dam, Mr. Gabriel's, 50 sovs. at Knighton—1.
6. Bay Gelding, dam by St. Domingo, Mr. Jones's, the Whip Stakes at Knighton—1.
- a. Bay Mare, Mr. Hall's, the Hack Stakes at Tenbury—1.
6. Harry, Mr. Thornes's, 50, 45, and 90 sovs. at Hereford, 60 and 50 at Warwick, the G. Stakes at Gloucester, the B. Stakes and 50 sovs. at Brecon—5.
4. Hector, Mr. Wadlow's, a Stake at Shrewsbury—1.
4. Lady Harrington, Mr. Fuller's, 45 sovs. at Tenbury, 45 at Ludlow, 50 at Hereford, 60 at Leominster, and 50 at Brecon—5.
3. Neil Gwyn, Mr. Fuller's, 50 sovs. at Leominster—1.
5. Radnor Lass, Mr. Price's, 50 sovs. at Bridgnorth, and 46 at Brecon—3.

By MERLIN, Son of Castrel.

3. Filly, dam by Phantom, Gen. Walpole's, 225 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.
5. Gondaler, Lord Stradbroke's 50 sovs. at Epsom, and 55 at Goodwood—3.
3. Miskule, Mr. Thornhill's, a compromise of 75 sovs. and 200 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—2.
4. Pounce, Mr. Biggs's, the Bibury Stakes at Bibury Club, 115 sovs. at Bath, won 100 and received 45 at Stockbridge, 225 and Gold Cup at Winchester, the Wiltshire Cup Stakes at Salisbury, Gold Cup at Blandford, King's Plate at Weymouth, and 195 sovs. at Abingdon—11.
4. The Grand Falconer, Sir G. Pigot's, the Trial Stakes at Warwick Spring, and 600s. at Chester—2.

By MIDDLETON, Son of Phantom.

2. Chestnut Colt, Mr. Forth's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.
3. Chestnut Filly, Mr. Sadler's, 65 sovs. at Stockbridge—1.
4. Eleanor, Mr. Sadler's, the Cottisford Stakes at Cottisford—1.
4. Milcab, Mr. C. Day's, 50 sovs. at Cheltenham—1.
5. Zarina, Mr. Messer's, 50 sovs. at Enfield and 50 at Hastings—2.

By MINOS, Son of Camillus.

5. Chancellor, Lord Wilton's, the Tradesmen's Cup with 780 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree, and Gold Cup with 140 sovs. at Heaton Park—2.
- a. Harrister, Mr. C. Maxwell's, the Swalter Cup at Holderness Hunt—1.
5. Scorton, Mr. R. Bower's, the Welham Silver Cup at Malton Craven—1.

By MR. LOWE, Son of Walton.

4. The Hermit, Mr. Ley's, 40 sovs. and 50 at Taunton—2.

By MONREITH, Son of Haphazard.

- a. Spadassin, Lord Eglinton's, 60 sovs. at Western Meeting—1.

By MOSES, Son of Whalebone or Seymour.

5. Her Highness, Mr. Mostyn's, the Wolverhampton and the Holyoake Stakes a Wolverhampton, and the Gold Cup at Wrexham—3.
3. Ketchup, Duke of Richmond's, 55 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, Gold Cup value 100 sovs. at Goodwood, and 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—4.
4. Tarquin, Mr. Gardner's, 100 sovs. at Ascot Heath—1.

By MULEY, Son of Orville.

- a. Atlas, Mr. Blake's, 50 sovs. at Ipswich, and the Hunters' Stakes at Yarmouth—2.

- a. Gasselle, Mr. Mott's, 120 and 55 sovs. at Pottery—2.
2. Maid of Underley, Mr. Etwall's, 50 sovs. at Ebury—1.
3. Malibran, Mr. Etwall's, 50 sovs. at Winchester—1.
4. Margrave, Mr. Gully's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—1.
5. Marposse, Mr. Forth's, the Racing Stakes of 900 sovs. at Goodwood, and 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—3.
6. Muley Molech, Duke of Cleveland's, the Derby Stakes at York Spring—1.
7. Musulman, Mr. Walker's, 230 sovs. at Doncaster, and 100 at Nottingham—2.
8. Tarick, Mr. E. Peel's, the Chillington Stakes at Wolverhampton—1.
9. Vespa, Sir M. Wood's, the Oaks Stakes of 2000 at Epsom—1.

By NEGOCIATOR, Son of Prime Minister.

5. Chestnut Gelding, Mr. Hickling's, 50 sovs. at Leicester (disputed)—1.

By NICOLÒ.

- a. Newport, Mr. Broderick's, 50 sovs. at Newport Pagnel—1.

By OCTAVIUS, Son of Orville.

4. Jerry Hawthorn, Mr. Hemeltine's, 50 sovs. at Stockton, and 50 at Northallerton—2.

By OISEAU, Son of Camillus.

6. Revolution, Mr. Shepherd's, 50 sovs. at Durham, 80 and 60 at Liverpool Mag-hull, Gold Cup, King's Plate, and 50 sovs. at Carlisle, and twice 50 at Northallerton—1.

By OSCAR, Son of Juniper.

3. Chestnut Colt, out of Tippitywichee, Lord Berens's, 50 sovs. at Beccles—1.
2. Chestnut Filly, out of Spottless, Lord Bowers's, the Cup Stakes at Yarmouth, and 50 sovs. at Beccles—2.

By PAVILION (YOUNG).

6. Donkin, Mr. Pryce's, the Beoworth Stakes at Lichfield Spring; the Silver Cup, &c. at Bath Spring, 25 sovs. at Ludlow, 50 at Bridgnorth, 80 at Haverfordwest, 55 at Aberystwith, and a Silver Cup at Carmarthen—7.

By PANTALON, Son of Castrol.

3. Miss Charlotte, Mr. Giffard's, 60 sovs. at Bridgnorth, 125 at Burton-upon-Trent, and 75 at Lichfield—2.

By PARTISAN, Son of Walton.

2. Bay Filly, out of Gavotte, Mr. Henry's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket July, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton—3.
3. Fairy, The, Mr. Smith's, 50 sovs. at St. Alban's—1.
3. Contriver, Sir M. Wood's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.
2. Cotillon, Mr. Walker's, 480 sovs. at York Spring, the Champagne Stakes and 450 at Doncaster—3.
6. Cricket (late Miss Warwick), Mr. Harris's, the Hack Stakes at Warwick Spring, the Hack Stakes at Pytchley Hunt; Mr. Messer's, the C. Stakes at Canterbury, and 45 sovs. at Ashford—4.
3. Dtree, Lord Chesterfield's, Gold Cup with 70 sovs. at Stamford—1.
3. Glaucus, Mr. Riddale's, twice 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—2.
4. Lazarus, Mr. Munroe's, 60 sovs. at Chelmsford—1.
4. Messenger, Lord Lowther's, 50 sovs. at Hampton; Mr. Gardner's, 100 and 60 at Goodwood, 45 at Egham, 90 and the Gold Cup at Rochester and Chatham—5.
4. Rouncival, Mr. Hunter's, the Oatland Stakes at Newmarket Craven, and 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring—2.

By PAULOWITZ, Son of Sir Paul.

- a. Little Boy Blue, Mr. J. Day's, the Mendip Stakes at Wells, a Stake at Oxford, a Stake at Abington, 45 sovs. and the Hartpur Stakes at Gloucester, and 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—5.

By PERCY, Son of Walton.

- a. Charley, Mr. Dick's, 50 sovs. at Carlisle, and 50 at Inglewood Hunt—2.

By PHANTOM, Son of Walton.

2. Bon Ton, Gen. Grosvenor's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July, and twice 25 at Newmarket Second October—3.
2. Jeag, Mr. Jones's, 100 sovs. at Egham—1.

By YOUNG PHANTOM (late VIRGILIUS).

4. Chestnut Colt, dam by Bustard, Mr. Bedenham's, 50 sovs. at Chester, and 50 at Bridgnorth—2.
5. Conservative, Mr. Codrington's, 25, 30, and 25 sovs. at Bibury Club, 65 at Cheltenham, 50 at Hereford, 50 at Heaton Park, twice 50 at Marshfield, and 47 at Upton-on-Severn—3.
5. Encore, Mr. Waller's, 50 sovs. at Oxford—1.

By YOUNG PHANTOM, out of Emmeline by Waxy.

3. Flighty, Mr. W. Richardson's, 70 sovs. at Newton—1.
3. Lockington, Mr. Dyson's, 50 sovs. at Beverley, 70 at Newton, and 50 at Nottingham—3.
3. Shepherdess, Mr. Lacey's, 50 sovs. at Lincoln—1.

By PISCATOR, Son of Walton.

2. Aurora, Mr. Price's, 50 sovs. at Tenbury—1.

By POLLIO.

2. Pussy, Mr. Cosby's, 50 sovs. at Ascot Heath, 100 at Newmarket Houghton—2.

By POLYGAR, Son of Walton.

3. Pagoda, Mr. Bristow's, 40 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol, and 50 and 42 at Haverfordwest—3.
4. Pessima, Mr. Foster's, 40 sovs. at Derby, and 40 at Burton-on-Trent—2.

By POPE, Son of Waxy.

6. The Cardinal, Mr. Miles's, 100 sovs. at Manchester, 60 at Worcester, and the Cup Stakes at Newport Pagnel—3.

By PREDICTOR, Son of Soothsayer.

3. Fitzdictor, Mr. Thompson's, 225 sovs. at Newton, and 100 at Heaton Park—2.

By PRESIDENT.

- a. Dictator, Mr. Dundas's, 50 and 25 sovs. at Richmond—2.

By PYRAMUS, Son of Meteor.

6. Scrub, Mr. Scotland's, 50 sovs. at Winchester, and the Gold Cup and 50 sovs. at Southampton—3.

By RANTER, Son of Comus.

- a. Riflesman, Mr. Hobbs's, a Silver Cup value 25 sovs. at Canterbury Spring—1.
- a. Kentish Pippin, Mr. Singleton's, 50 sovs. at Canterbury—1.

By REVELLER, Son of Comus.

2. Arthingworth, Lord Conyngham's, 20 sovs. at Egham—1.
2. Charivari, Lord Lowther's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July; Sir M. Wood's, 50 at Newmarket Second October—2.
4. Datura, Lord Clarendon's, the King's Plate at Ascot Heath, the Cup Stakes at Northampton, and 70 sovs. at Bedford—3.
3. Land's-End, Mr. Trelawny's, 65 and 50 sovs. at Plymouth, &c.—2.
- a. Lucetta, Sir M. Wood's, 50 sovs. and the King's Plate at Newmarket First Spring, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July, and the King's Plate at Lewes—4.
2. Olympic, Duke of Grafton's, 700 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.
3. Repentance, Mr. Griffith's, 50 sovs. at Worcester, 50 at Warwick, and 40 at Walsall—3.
3. Revelry, Mr. Batson's, the Column Stakes at Newmarket Craven, 40 and 50 sovs. at Newmarket July, the King's Plate at Chelmsford, and 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—5.
3. Romer, Mr. H. Smith's, a Stake at Wells—1.
3. The Bravo, Col. Cosby's, 150 sovs. and the Albany Stakes at Ascot, the Magna Charta Stakes at Egham, and 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—4.
6. Wassailor, Mr. Wiltshire's, 120 sovs. at Winchester, and 65 at Epsom Oct.—2.
2. Zitella, Mr. Shard's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring—1.

By ROYAL OAK, Son of Catton.

3. Bay Filly, out of Whisk's dam, Lord Tavistock's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.

By ROWLSTON, Son of Camillus.

6. Penrhos, Mr. Nanney's, 105 sovs. at Shrewsbury—1.

By RUBENS, Son of Buzzard.

4. Peregrine Pickle, Mr. Peel's, 50 sovs. at Worcester—1.
6. Sketch-book, Mr. Ricardo's, 50 sovs. at Epsom—1.
8. Vandyke, Mr. Bennett's, 90 sovs. at Abingdon—1.

By ST. PATRICK, Son of Walton.

4. Birdcatcher, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, the Stand Cup, with 70 sovs. at Liverpool Maghull, Gold Cup with 80 sovs. at Newton, 105 at Doncaster, and 70 at Holywell Hunt—4.

6. Circe, Hon. C. Langdale's, 50 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.
2. Dublin, Duke of Grafton's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July—1.
5. Pickpocket, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, the Tradesmen's Cup with 200 sovs. and the Stand Cup with 65 sovs. at Chester, 150 at Doncaster, the Gold Cup with 20 sovs., 40 and 30 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—6.
8. Rubini, Mr. Kent's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring, the Goodwood Cup value 300 with 420 in specie at Goodwood, and the B. Stakes at Brighton—3.
2. Shelah, Mr. Mot's, 60 sovs. at Newcastle-under-Lyme—1.

By SHERWOOD, Son of Filhe da Puta.

2. Freedom, Mr. Dilly's, 75 sovs. at Blandford—1.

By SIR GRAY, Son of Rubens.

3. Bay Colt, out of Miss Hap, Mr. Tomes's, 30 sovs. at Ludlow, and 40 at Walsall—2.

By SIR HULDIBRAND, Son of Octavius.

2. Warrener, Mr. Wreford's, 50 sovs. at Winchester, and 75 at Salisbury—2.
4. The Tanner, Mr. Goodwin's, 70 sovs. at Exeter—1.

By SKIFF, Son of Partisan.

3. Catalonian, Mr. Sowerby's, 70 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, and 90 at Northampton—3.
2. Skimmer, Mr. M. Stanley's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring—1.

By SKIM, Son of Gohanna.

4. Sussex, Lord Egremont's, the King's Plate at Guildford—1.

By SLIGO, Son of Waxy Pope.

4. Bay Filly, Mr. James's, the City Bowl with 18 sovs. added at Salisbury—1.
3. Caroline, Lord Lichfield's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven; Mr. Messers's, at Tonbridge Wells, 30 at Ashford; Mr. Brown's, 45 at Rochester, &c.—4.
3. Mount Eagle, Lord Lichfield's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.

By SMOLENSKO, Son of Sorcerer.

5. Wilna, Mr. Wreford's, 65 sovs. at Winchester; Mr. Delme Radcliffe's, 35 Goodwood, 35 at Bedford, and 45 at Enfield—4.

By SMYRNA, Son of Selim.

6. Bay Horse, Mr. Lindley's, 50gs. at Croxton Park—1.

By SPECTRE, Son of Phantom.

- a. Spree, Mr. Maybery's, 50 and 32 sovs. at Brecon—2.
- a. The Brownie, Mr. Gough's, a Silver Guy and a Stake at Carmarthen—2.

By SPRING GUN, Son of Scud.

- a. Mantrap, Mr. Westley's, 40 sovs. at Stamford—1.

By STAINBOROUGH, Son of Dick Andrews.

2. Cockatoo, Gen. Grosvenor's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.
3. Young Rapid, Col. Peel's, 650 sovs., the Royal Stakes, and a compromise at Ascot Heath—2½.

By STRAITWAIST, Son of Interpreter.

3. Superb, Sir G. Heathcote's, 45 sovs. at Egham—1.
4. Warrior, Mr. Bayly's, 20 sovs. with a Cup added at Wells, and 60 sovs. at Oxford—2.

## By SULTAN, Son of Selim.

2. Amadeu, Mr. Neville's, the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket First October—1.
3. Anglesa, Lord Tavistock's, 400 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 180 at Newmarket First Spring, and 450 at Ascot Heath—3.
3. Bay Colt, out of Marinella, Mr. Wilson's, twice 50 sovs. at Northampton, and 50 at Enfield—3.
3. Bay Filly, out of Manille, Lord Verulam's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.
3. Cactus, Lord Exeter's, 100 sovs. at Goodwood—1.
3. Chesnut Colt, out of Arethusa, Lord Stradbroke's, 250 and 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—2.
3. Chesnut Filly, Mr. Dockeray's, 50 sovs. at Rochester, &c.—1.
5. Chrcassian, Mr. Houldsworth's, 250 sovs. at Newton, and the Cup in specie of 120 sovs. at Derby, 100 at Doncaster, and a Stake at Heston Park—4.
3. Cowdray, Lord Tavistock's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 250 at Newmarket Second Spring, and 125 at Ascot Heath—3.
3. Despot, Mr. Houldsworth's, 325 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 65 at York August, 250 at Doncaster, 90 and 60 at Chesterfield—5.
6. Firman, Mr. Taunton's, 50 sovs. at Bridgwater, the Devonshire Stakes at Exeter, and 60 at Plymouth, &c.—3.
5. Frederica, Mr. Taunton's, 50 sovs. at Wells, 35 and 40 at Bridgwater, and 90 at Weymouth—4.
4. Galata, Lord Exeter's, the Port Stakes at Newmarket Craven, the Gold Cup value 200 sovs. at Ascot Heath, and 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—3.
3. Iman, Brother to Belram, Lord Exeter's, 50 sovs. at Stamford—1.
6. Ipsala, Mr. Back's, 50 sovs. at Dover—1.
3. Little Cassino, Lord Verulam's, 600 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.
2. Mimosa, Lord Exeter's, 250 sovs. at Ascot, 150 at Newmarket July, the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, and 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—4.
3. Rutland, Mr. E. Peel's, 40gs. at Derby, and 75 sovs. at Burton-on-Trent—2.
3. Sir Robert, Lord Exeter's, the Anson Dinner Stakes of 900 and 300 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, and the St. Leger Stakes of 450 at Newmarket First October—3.
2. Zulima, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, the July Stakes of 1160 sovs. at Newmarket July—1.

## By SWAP, Son of Catton.

5. Gab, Lord Lichfield's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 300 at Warwick, 110 and 25 at Newmarket Second October—4.
5. Sinbad, Mr. Crommelin's, 67 sovs. at Epsom, and a Stake with a Purse added at Cheltenham—2.

## By SWINTON, Son of Comus.

6. Comus, Mr. Pool's, 50 sovs. at Weymouth—1.
5. Elspat, Mr. Farquharson's, 40 sovs. at Blandford, and 70 at Dorchester—2.

## By SWISS, Son of Whisker.

3. Charmer, Sir E. Dodsworth's, the Gold Cup at Richmond—1.
3. Pantomime, Mr. Jaques's, a Silver Cup at Northallerton—1.

## By TARRARE, Son of Catton.

3. Toby, Mr. Stonehewer's, received 75 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, and won 1200 at Ascot Heath—2.

## By TENIERS, Son of Rubens.

4. Miniature, Mr. Armistead's, 60 sovs. at the Pottery, and 60 at Heston Park—2.
4. Puss, Mr. Mostyn's, the Gold Cup at Oswestry—1.

## By TIRESIAS, Son of Soothsayer.

3. Autocrat, Duke of Portland's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—1.
3. Augur, Mr. Cosby's, 65 sovs. at Tonbridge Wells—1.
5. Tam o'Shanter, Mr. Hunter's, received 100 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—1.

## By TRAMP, Son of Dick Andrews.

3. Dangerous, Mr. I. Sadler's, the Derby Stakes of 3424 sovs. at Epsom, received 250 sovs. at Stockbridge, and received 125 at Winchester—3.
5. Donegant, Mr. W. Day's, the King's Plate for Hunters at Ascot Heath—1.
5. Dr. Fraser, Mr. Williamson's, 30 sovs. at Kendal—1.
5. Dr. Sewell, Mr. Coleman's, 45 sovs. at Hampton, twice 50 at Ipswich, and 50 at Brighton—4.
2. Emigrant, Col. Cudock's, 500 sovs. at York August—1.

3. Lady Moore Carew, Mr. Affanson's, 80 sovs. at Liverpool Spring, received 45 and 50 at the Pottery, 50 at Oswestry, and 50 at Wrexham—5.

6. Little Red Rover, Mr. Biggs's, the Southampton Stakes at Southampton, the Goodwood Stakes at Goodwood, the King's Plate at Salisbury, the Salerm Stakes and 120 sovs. at Plymouth, &c.—5.

5. Liverpool, Duke of Cleveland's, the Gold Cup with 145 sovs. at York Spring, and the Stanley Stakes at Preston—2.

a. Miss Tramp, Mr. Wilder's, 45 sovs. at Manchester—1.

5. Sir John, Mr. Bower's, the Lancashire Stakes at Manchester—1.

3. Tarantella, Mr. Cooke's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, and the 1000gs. Stakes at Newmarket First Spring—2.

6. Tuxveller, Mr. Giffard's, 60 sovs. at Wolverhampton, 50 and 75 at Stourbridge, the Cup Stakes at Lichfield, 110 sovs. at Oswestry, 125 at Wrexham, and 50 at Holywell Hunt—7.

5. Vagrant, Mr. Sowerby's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring, and 40 at Newthampton—2.

By TRISSY, Son of Remembrancer.

a. Lucy, Lord Eglinton's, 55 sovs. at Western Meeting—1.

By TROY, Son of Filho da Puta.

4. Pumpkin, Mr. Brown's, 50 sovs. at Goodwood, 50 at Dover, and 50 at Hastings—2.

By TRUFFLE, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Alice, Mr. R. Stephenson's, 60 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring, and 20 at Newmarket Houghton—2.

4. Banquet, Mr. Batson's, 20 sovs. at Newmarket July, and 50 at Chelmsford—2.

4. Basso, Lord Verulam's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.

3. Blue-Eyes, Gen. Grosvenor's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.

4. Miss Mary Ann, Sir R. K. Dick's, 75 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—1.

3. Titus, Mr. Houldsworth's, received 75 sovs. at York August—1.

4. Zetilda, Mr. Price's, 60 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—1.

By TRUANT, Son of Wildboy.

4. Derby, Mr. Boardworth's, 60gs. at Derby—1.

By VELOCIPED, Son of Blacklock.

2. Valparaiso, Duke of Leeds's, 500 sovs. at York August—1.

By WALLLAUJAH, Son of Cramlington.

4. Ecclefechan, Mr. Wilkins's, 50 sovs. at Merpeth—1.

By WAMBA, Son of Merlin.

3. Sierra, Duke of Richmond's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Craven—1.

By WANDERER, Son of Gohanna.

5. Fawn, Mr. Brown's, 50 sovs. at Enfield—1.

By WARKWORTH, Son of Filho da Puta.

5. Sir Bertram, Mr. Laing's, 50 sovs. at Caledonian Hunt—1.

By WATERLOO, Son of Walton.

5. Caleb, Mr. Etwall's, the Gold Cup with 55 sovs. at Ebury Club—1.

6. Norna, Mr. Hunter's, 50 sovs. at Canterbury, and 44 at Dover—2.

3. Shylock, Duke of Rutland's, the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot Heath, 50 sovs. at Newmarket July, half of the Audley End Stakes, and received 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—3½.

By WAVERLEY, Son of Whalebone.

5. The Saddler, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—1.

6. Volage, Mr. Nash's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring, 100 at Newmarket July, 50 at Chelmsford, and the Cup Stakes at Huntingdon; Mr. Sowerby's, the King's Plate and 80 sovs. at Northampton, 110 sovs. and the King's Plate at Bedford, the King's Plate and 70 sovs. at Leicester, the King's Plate at Lincoln, and 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—12.

By WHALEBONE, Son of Waxy.

3. Balaine, Mr. Kent's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, 40 at Newmarket Second Spring, 100 at Goodwood, received 25 and won 100 at Newmarket Houghton—5.

3. Bay Filly, Sister to Alca, Mr. Gray's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket Second October—1.
2. Comet, Mr. Gardner's, 20 sovs. at Epsom, 150 and 60 at Brighton—3.
4. Dryad, Mr. Messer's, 27 sovs. at Epsom, 62 at Southampton, and twice 50 at **Lewes**—4.
4. Gretna Green, Mr. Theobald's, 50 sovs. at Rochester and Chatham—1.
5. Ida, Mr. Gardner's, 50 sovs. at Brighton—1.
2. Myrina, Mr. Taylor's, 275 sovs. at Stockbridge—1.
3. Myrina, Mr. Gardner's, 50 sovs. at **Lewes**—1.
2. Rosalie, Col. Peel's, the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket Second October—1.
3. The Mole, Col. Crawford's, 100 sovs. and the Spring St. Leger Stakes at **Liverpool**—2.
5. The Witch, Mr. Smith's, 295, 55, and 50 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol, 70 at St. Alban's, 45 at Epsom, 100 and 50 at Canterbury, and 50 at Bedford—3.
3. Trickery, Capt. Bulkeley's, 50 sovs. at Egham, and 40 at Epsom October—3.
5. Vestris, Lord Verulam's, 60 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring—1.
5. Walter, Mr. Trelawney's, 50 sovs. at Bibury Club, and a Puma at **Witchester**—2.
3. Whale, Mr. Greville's, the King's Plate at Goodwood, and received 100 sovs. at **Newmarket Houghton**—2.

By WHISKER, Son of Waxy.

3. Catherina, Mr. Barrow's, twice 50 and 40 sovs. at Heston Park, and 60 at **Chesterfield**—4.
3. Chestnut Filly, out of Pucelle, Lord Kalburne's, 60 sovs. at Catterick Bridge—1.
6. Emancipation, Duke of Cleveland's, received 300 sovs. at York August—1.
2. Alagna, Lord Derby's, 210 sovs. at **Manchester**—1.
3. Malibran, Col. Peel's, twice 100 sovs., 50, and half the October Outlands at **Newmarket**—3½.
5. Manchester, Mr. Robinson's, the King's Plate at **Chester**, and the Gold Cup at **Leicester**—2.
2. Modes, Duke of Leeds's, 125 sovs. at **Richmond**—1.
4. Nitocris, Mr. Watt's, 60 sovs. at **Stockton**, and 60 at **Doncaster**—2.
4. Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Forth's, 210 sovs. at **Newmarket Craven**—1.
4. Trident, Mr. Houldsworth's, 250 sovs. at York August, and 300 at **Doncaster**—2.
3. Tessane, Mr. S. L. Fox's, 175 sovs. at **Catterick Bridge**—1.

By WOFUL, Son of Waxy.

3. Weeper, Lord Chesterfield's, 250 and 150 sovs. at **Newmarket Craven**, 250 and 100 at **Goodwood**—4.

By WOLDSMAN.

- a. Albion, Mr. Ramsay's, 60 sovs. at **Western Meeting (Ayr)**—1.

By WOODMAN.

4. Witley, Mr. Pickernell's, 50 sovs. at **Worcester**—1.

By WOUVERMANS, Son of Rubens.

6. Chestnut Gelding, Mr. Bolton's, 50 sovs. at **Bedford**—1.

By WRANGLER, Son of Walton.

4. Cantab, Mr. Powell's, 60 sovs. at **Stourbridge**—1.
3. Chestnut Colt, Mr. Payne's, 100 sovs. at **Newmarket Craven**—1.
4. Haymaker, Mr. Coleman's, 50 sovs. at **Tonbridge Wells**—1.
6. Suffolk Punch, Mr. Thomas's, 50 sovs. at **Tonbridge Wells**, 50 at **Ashford**, 50 at **Dover**, and 50 at **Hastings**—4.

By ZEALOT, Son of Partisan.

3. Land, Lord Worcester's, 100 sovs. at **Newmarket First Spring**—1.

By BEDLAMITE or PAULOWITZ.

4. Ernest, Col. Peel's, the Outlands Stakes at **Ascot Heath**, the **Somersetshire Stakes** at **Bath**, the **Burghley Stakes** at **Stamford**, 50 and the **King's Plate** at **Newmarket First October**—5.

By FILHO DA PUTA or MAGISTRATE.

6. Fanciful, Mr. Sefford's, 50 sovs. at **Enfield**—1.

## By FILHO DA PUTA or SHERWOOD.

2. Independence, Mr. Boardsworth's, 110 sovs. at Newton, 80 at Barton-on-Trent, 130 at Waplock, King's Plate at Nottingham, and 40 sovs. at Tarporley Hunt—4.

## By PHANTOM or WATERLOO.

2. Goldfinge, Capt. Berkeley's, 60 sovs. at Egham—1.

## By WATERLOO or MIDDLETON.

4. Ambrosia, Mr. Wood's, 50 sovs. at Aspot Heath, 50 and 55 at Chelmsford, and a Stake at Yarmouth—4.

## By WATERLOO or REVELLER.

2. Stradbally, Mr. Cosby's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton—1.

## By YOUNG PHANTOM or DOCTOR EADY.

2. Caldisot, Mr. Pryse's, 126 sovs. at Bibury Club, and 77 at Abingdon—3.

## By YOUNG PHANTOM or JACK SPIGOT.

2. Brown Stout, Mr. Pason's, 50 sovs. at Burnley, 50 at Merpeth, 50 at Dumfries, twice 50 at Perth—5.

## By YOUNG PHANTOM or TINKER.

2. Bay Colt, dam by Macbeth, Mr. Atwood's, the Gold Cup at Durham—1.

## WINNING HORSES, &amp;c. NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRECEDING LIST.

6. Adelaide, Mr. Eddison's, 25 sovs. at Doncaster—1.  
 2. Alguillote, Mr. Drewry's, the Cavalry Stakes at Derby—1.  
 2. Alice Grey, Mr. Reed's, a Silver Urn at Tavistock—1.  
 Arlington, Mr. Boaley's, 50 sovs. at Hereford—1.  
 Bay Horse, Mr. Galt's, Yeomanry Plate at the Western Meeting—1.  
 6. Bass Bay, Mr. Williams's, the Hack Stakes at Upton—1.  
 6. Brunswicker, Mr. Sprigg's, 35 sovs. at Bedford Spring—1.  
 2. Cannon Ball, Mr. Pearson's, a Stakes at Beccles—1.  
 6. Charles, Mr. White's, 49 sovs. at Bromyard—1.  
 Ches. Mare, Mr. Clarke's, the Hack Stakes at Leominster—1.  
 Ches. Gelding, Mr. Hoggan's, 38 sovs. at Dumfries—1.  
 Chessofactor, Mr. Palmer's, a Silver Cup at Bridgwater—1.  
 2. Chumleigh, Sir W. Carew's, 35 sovs. at Tavistock—1.  
 6. Cottager, Mr. Freeland's, a Cup of 50 sovs. at Hambledon—1.  
 2. Doubtful, Mr. Standwell's, 50 sovs. at Huntingdon—1.  
 Edgar, Mr. Nattle's, the Hack Stakes at Plymouth—1.  
 2. Effie Deane, Mr. Bridgeman's, a Cup at Tavistock—1.  
 2. Election, Mr. Lombe's, the Pic Nic Cup at the East Sussex Hunt—1.  
 6. Englefield, Mr. Willis's, Silver Cup at Egham—1.  
 6. Glovecutter, Mr. H. Peyton's, 70 sovs. at Bath Spring—1.  
 4. Goldicot, Col. Charride's, the Leamington Cup at Warwick Spring—1.  
 Hannibal, Mr. Dowlan's, Yeomanry Cup at Marshfield—1.  
 4. Hylas, Mr. Bayly's, 35 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol—1,  
 Infant, The, Mr. Wilkins's, the Hunters' Stakes at Brecon—1.  
 2. Jerry, Mr. Hawkins's, 40 sovs. at Walsall—1.  
 Kitty Fell, Mr. Barrie's, a Stake at Dumfries—1.  
 Lady Betty, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, a Stake at Winchester, and 50 sovs. at Southampton—3.  
 2. Lancastrian, Mr. Booth's, received 50 sovs. at Cottingham—1.  
 Letitia, Mr. Sadler's, a Stake at Cottisford, and 35 sovs. at Southampton—2.  
 2. Little Driver, Mr. Wood's, 150 sovs. at Epsom October—1.  
 6. Little Tommy, Mr. Harrison's, 55 sovs. at Leicester—1.  
 4. Lofty, Mr. Robins's, 50 sovs. at Warwick Spring; Mr. Lovell's, Cup of 50gs. and 50 sovs. at Northampton—3.  
 5. Manuella, Mr. Robinson's, 50 sovs. at Lichfield—1.  
 2. Mayfly, Mr. W. Coke's, 50 sovs. at Croxton Park—1.  
 2. Meltonian, Count Bathyanny's, 25 sovs. at Croxton Park—1.  
 2. Miracle, Mr. Smith's, the Farmer's Plate at Cheltenham—2.  
 Miss Fairplay, Mr. Maidman's, the Hack Stakes at Hambledon—1.  
 6. Miss Fanny, Mr. Davies's, a Cup, at Knutsford—1.  
 Miss Fortune, Mr. Betts's, a Cup at Stamford—1.

- a. Miss Mary Ann, Mr. Gaak's, 50 sovs. at Stamford—1.
- a. My Lady, Mr. Lindsey's, a Stake at Hampton—1.
4. Nancy Dawson, Mr. Price's, 60 sovs. at Newport Pagnel—1.
- North Star, Mr. Skinner's, 55 sovs. at East Sussex Hunt—1.
- Oxford, Mr. Melkham's, 100 sovs. at Western Meeting—1.
4. Overton, Mr. Taylor's, Silver Cup at Tarporley—1.
- a. Pantaloon, Mr. E. Dekne's, 50 sovs. at Hambledon Hunt—1.
6. Pilot, Mr. Boag's, 45 sovs. at Newcastle on Tyne—1.
4. Ploughboy, Mr. Smith's, a Stake at Southwold—1.
- Queen Bess, Mr. Statham's, 50 sovs. at Derby—1.
- a. Rattler, Mr. Thompson's, 50 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.
6. Rushcliffe, Mr. H. Spink's, 50 sovs. at Nottingham—1.
4. Sailor, Mr. Sadler's, 50 sovs. at Cottisford—1.
6. Shamrock, Mr. Humphries's, Silver Cup at Salisbury—1.
- a. Shortwaist, Mr. Hopkins's, a Hack Stakes at Southampton—1.
- a. Splendour, Mr. Craven's, 50 sovs. at Croxton Park—1.
- a. Taxman, Mr. New's, a Silver Cup with 20 sovs. added at Upton on Severn, and 50 at Worcester—2.
- a. The Asps, Mr. Lucas's, 50 sovs. at Warwick Spring—1.
- a. The Dwarf, Mr. Leigh's, a Stake at Bath Spring—1.
- a. The Nun, Mr. Higgins's, the Oakley Stakes at Bedford Spring—1.
- Tomboy, Mr. Channon's, Cup value 50 sovs. at Bridgwater—1.
- Tom Moore, Mr. Sweete's, a Stake at Tavistock—1.
- a. Tommy, Mr. D. Jones's, 50 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.
5. Vanguard, Mr. Dickens's, 50 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt—1.
6. Village Lass, Mr. Bennett's, 66 sovs. at Abingdon—1.
6. Vixen, Mr. Hewitt's, two Silver Cups at Southampton—2.
6. Walker, Mr. Keen's, 55 sovs. at Wells, and 50 at Bridgwater—2.

### EPITAPH

*Written upon a faithful and valuable Pointer Dog, by the late JAMES DOW,  
Esq., M.D., of Barneley, in the County of York.*

Hic sepultus est  
Canis fidelis:  
Pro elegantia corporis formæ;  
Pro genere claro;  
Pro ingenio, naturæ & doctæ arte  
Exculto;  
Pro placido animo,  
Facile Princeps.  
In aucupio celerique audax, sed sagax & astutus,  
Sociis longè præstitit;  
Domestico usu familiarissimè atque amicissimè,  
Cum liberis herilibus vixitque ut paribus collusit,  
Neque protervè iracundus senectute factus.  
In honore illustris Victoris Navalis

NELSONI

tulit Nomen.

Natus est 13tio die Februarii, A. D. 1805: obiit 6to Novembris, A.D. 1818,

Dummodo nunc here ploras aves alacres,  
Blanda quiete dormitque comes sub humo,  
Si Stygem ultra Dil Tartaro pennigera  
Exoptant, NELSONUM querant, et inveniet.

## A CHAPTER OF SCRAPS—BY DASHWOOD.

"SO, Sir," cried old Parr to one of his critics, "they tell me you call my preface" (the far-famed Bellendenian *cento*) "a bundle of scraps, and nothing better!"—"True, dear Doctor," was the handsome reply, "but scraps, as you well know, often form a savoury dish of tid-bits." Fortified therefore by this axiom of the stew-pan, which is as correct in its substance as it was intended to be complimentary in its application; and supported also by one of the many peptic precepts of the immortal Kitchiner to the same effect (for which consult his deathless, or in some cases perhaps death-giving, treatise *De Re Cibaria*); I shall take the liberty of offering to my readers a *macedoine*, composed indeed of the fragments of fish, flesh, and fowl, yet woven up into an *ollapodrida*, not altogether zestless, I trust, to their palates. To unlock the larder then, and trim up the first *morceau* that presents itself—I have been not a little amused within the last week or two, by a letter received from an old friend and excellent judge of the Noble Science, in corroboration of a remark that I hazarded not long since about *quick hunters*, and the laughable vagaries which not a few of them are in the habit of exhibiting. He thus writes to me, though on many accounts I must not divulge the post-mark on his communication. "You did not say half enough of the pantomime performances of these blockheads, who, if they are but good horsemen, and not easily stopped by fences, are almost sure, in these days of riding and

not hunting, to become great favorites, and get a name, in despite of all their blunders, with the silly and unthinking mob who go out alone, it would seem, to leap a certain number of hedges and ditches, and make the atmosphere around them as unbearable as that of a tap-room by the eternal stench of their filthy cigars. As you already know, we have got ———— this year as our new huntsman; and if you had been down to see us, I should have thought you must have had him in your eye when talking of a man "capering on the grass in search of his head." He is exactly the kind of fellow that you meant to allude to; a brilliant rider, and never away from his hounds as long as his horse will last; but at a check making the wildest and most pointless casts conceivable, at half speed over the whole country, and then back again, with his whippers-in (who ought to know better) and the 'cloud-compelling' multitude at his heels, hurrying the unfortunate pack, which he has almost spoiled, over every forlorn hope of a line of scent, and irretrievably losing their fox for them. Though lucky beyond belief throughout the season in point of blood, I have positively, during the whole of it (and I have been out almost every day), seen no one occasion on which he has made a scientific recovery, or been indebted to his head for a fox he has killed. Difficulty is morally certain to end in defeat and disgrace with him; yet you may believe me when I tell you, that he is spoken of here as something quite extraordinary

(and so he is), because his horse is never out of a gallop until the last puff is fairly pumped up and expended, and because also he is an elegant and fearless workman across a country. I must trespass, however, somewhat more largely on your good opinion for veracity, when I relate to you two anecdotes of part of his field, to which I have been a witness within these three days. A man came up to me yesterday, just after we had made an ignominious finish through a series of blunders and extravagances which ought to have sent our artist to the nearest treadmill—a man, I repeat (in his own country too quite a prophet), came up to me, grumbling and wondering at the sudden and total failure of scent, but in absolute raptures at the quick and decided casts made to recover it, in going the round of which with his accomplished protégé, at a good swing gallop, he had all but taken the very last remaining ounce out of his horse. ‘Good God, Mr. —,’ he exclaimed, ‘what an active and persevering fellow this Jack — is! he never lets us stand still for an instant; it is really delightful to see the way in which he always keeps us moving, AND, SCENT OR NO SCENT, WE ARE NOW ALWAYS SURE OF A GALLOP, IF WE DO BUT FOLLOW HIM IN ALL HIS CASTS!!!’ Rich and racy as this must be in the ears of a sportsman, what I am now going to tell you trumps it hollow in my opinion. We found our first fox on Wednesday in — Great Wood, and ran him very indifferently in covert for a few minutes down wind, till coming to a notoriously bad scenting corner of it the hounds threw up, and,

making the wildest natural cast directly back I ever saw a pack disgrace themselves by, hit off the best scent up wind, and went away as if the Devil had kicked them, followed of course by a whipper to head them back before more mischief was accomplished, and also by two of the cigar divans, who would have it that business was just beginning, and were indignant beyond conception at thus getting their start for nothing. ‘Stop them, indeed!’ cried one; ‘what an infernal shame! — BY GOD, THEY WENT TWICE AS FAST THIS WAY AS THEY DID THE OTHER!’”

So far the letter of my worthy friend, of which the latter part, at least, I think must create a smile: barring his two humorous anecdotes, however, I fear I have several other Correspondents in the world who could write me nearly the same account in nearly the same language of the “belted” gentry in their neighbourhood. It is certainly astonishing to witness the disgraceful manner in which seven huntmen out of ten succumb to difficulties, and lose their fox; and I am sure I am right when I say that they may attribute their defeat mainly to the wild bustle and hurry-scurry in which they lay hold of their hounds at check, and with the assistance of their whips drive them at random all about the country. After hounds have been thus bulkied, with a couple of hulking fellows at their sterns, and an eager mob perhaps more than half pressing on them to boot, even for a very few minutes, they get disgusted, and, though they may be compelled to follow their huntsman, can be no more said to be seeking a coat to retrieve

their line of scent, than when on the turnpike road bound homewards to their kennel. The high-bred fox-hound's spirit will not stand it, and he strikes work for the day accordingly: and even should a brilliant idea at last occur to the artist, he is almost sure to be defeated in his execution of it, by the very slackness of which his own precipitancy and wild manœuvres have been the parent.

The very last day I was out with fox-hounds, I was witness to as glaring an instance of this as I at any time can remember. We had brought our fox merrily over some six or seven miles of country, and were apparently getting fast up to him, when a stain of sheep brought us to check, *and the hounds were instantly caught up* (so far, I admit, right enough), AND GALLOPPED REMORSELESSLY right and left, and east and west, without judgment or discretion, and, though in all probability thrown more than once across the line of scent, *were never allowed to stoop one moment and make it good.* In less than ten minutes the consequence of this helter-skelter work but too plainly revealed itself; and though for three-quarters of an hour our huntsman persevered on and on, and broke fresh ground (in the vain hope I do believe of finding a fresh fox, which, by palming him off on us as the hunted one, he thought might perhaps redeem his credit), it was with a pack of hounds *at the heels and under the belly of his horse!*—nay more, though we ended at the covert's edge into which it was afterwards known the fox was seen to crawl as dirty as a chimney-sweep only twenty

minutes previous, there was no more touch acknowledged of him than if such an animal was not within a hundred miles. Now this I positively affirm to have seen, with as low-scenting a pack of fox-hounds as any in His Majesty's dominions; and one about whom I would lay high odds on blood every morning that they found their fox, *if left entirely to themselves, to wind him up!* Not one earthly thing was necessary to have made a brilliant finish on this afternoon, than to have *quickly, quietly, and steadily* held round the stain of sheep, and *allowed the hounds themselves* to have recovered their line of scent, by inclining towards the point for which our fox was evidently and obviously turning his head.

Like my friend, however, whose letter I have quoted, I had the satisfaction of listening on my road homewards to the praises of our huntsman for his *quickness and activity in the field*; and I listened patiently, in something like the silence of despair, knowing well the utter hopelessness of argument with my hard-riding companion, who, like many more of the present day, I do verily believe on my Bible oath, had rather lose a fox by their steeple-chasing after his own shadow across the country, than see him soberly and judiciously recovered, and hunted handsomely up to, according with the rules of the glorious science. Give me, nevertheless, say I, a display of head-piece in the huntsman, and perseverance in the hounds, in grappling with the beautiful intricacies of the noble sport, even though defeated at the end by misfortune, far, far before an acci-

*dental* scurry, obtained by a chance piece of luck alone in the course of the aforesaid steeple-chase, even though it be best pace for ten or fifteen minutes, and the villain is turned up in open view. No man alive enjoys a brilliant finish of this description more than I do; but, to enjoy it thoroughly, I must see that it is the fruit of science and knowledge of the art, and something more than a bit of good fortune that has been stumbled on in the midst of error.

And now for one word (though I am not professing to write a treatise on the subject) in explanation of the term *quick*, in the sense that I have applied it reproachfully to a man at the head of hounds. God forbid that I should for one instant be misunderstood, as recommending slowness and indecision to a huntsman; I would as soon recommend them to a General in command of an Army, or the Prime Minister who has to wield the destinies of a mighty nation: both the height of quickness and the height of decision are indispensable to the due performances of all three; yet let the movements of neither of them be at any time so quick, or so falsely called *decisive*, as to leave the head and judgment behind them in the race. As applies to the operations of the huntsman, let every faculty appertaining to eye, ear, and head, be sharpened to the extreme and keenest edge of quickness: from the very instant that his hounds are first in covert, and from the moment that his fox is found, let him never forget, that if at any time the "*non progredi est regredi*" be a true maxim, it is so in the

mysteries of his craft and calling. Let him, as it were, form part and parcel of his hounds in chase; and from his decision in keeping well alongside them, let his quickness almost anticipate what may bring them to check. After his hounds have made their cast (if unsuccessful), let him then make his as quickly as he can, but also steadily, and with the assistance of his head, which, in spite of the pace he has travelled during the burst, he has still contrived to keep firm on his shoulders; that head will at once tell him not only in what direction he has to hold them on, but will also inform him of the pace at which he should do so. Suppose his hounds, for instance, to be a little blown, is it likely that a galloping cast can end in anything but a loss of time? Yet this is a point, though most material and even vital, that few huntsmen, I think, sufficiently consider. Let him, in two words, be continually and actively in pursuit of his game, never throwing away so much as a moment, but never hurrying and bustling to and fro, or appearing as if he had lost a quarter of an hour, and was endeavoring, whip and spur, to overtake it. Let his thoughts be directed to his hounds alone, and the grand end of killing his fox handsomely and as he should do; for if he allows his mind to be employed in reflections on his own most beautiful way of crossing a country, and in ideas of the admiration he must be meeting with in beating the whole field, and so forth, the very object of his being in the best place will be certain to be defeated, inasmuch as, when a check ensues, it is not of his hounds, and what is likely to happen, that he has been thinking, but of him-

*self and of his fine riding; another specimen of which fine riding he proceeds, in all likelihood, to exhibit, by rattling over fifty fences forthwith, in his falsely named casts, and which, in the eyes of the bad and unthinking sportsmen, now so rife amongst us, acts but too often and too successfully as a cloak to blunder and to ignorance! To sum up the matter, the quickness which kills a good fox, and which should belong to every huntsman who carries a horn, is that derived from a knowledge of his profession, which tells him that not one second of time is to be thrown away from the find up to the actual worry, but which also tells him that the economy of every second lies in moving steadily and by the regulation of sound judgment: the quickness which leads inevitably to defeat, should anything like difficulty arise, is that of haste without head, and bustling ignorance engrafted on obstinacy and self-conceit.*

It was my intention to have said something in this paper about *quick and bustling riders to hounds*, and to have exemplified my remarks by pointing out numerous living performers whom I have in different countries had an opportunity of remarking: all this, however, as well as a pretty long discussion on the duties, generally, of both huntsmen and whippers-in, in the field and kennel, I must leave to a future opportunity, having already, I see, written much more than I had purposed on this somewhat dry topic, though many of my readers may perhaps consider that I have not been sparing of my *sauce* in what I have said. Without making a promise, I hope I may be

enabled to commence a series of papers in the next Number, that will illustrate the avocations (pursued as they ought to be) of persons engaged with hounds: and the first observation I shall make will be, that when a Gentleman undertakes the office of huntsman, he is bound also, in justice to his pack and to his field, to undertake the performance of every kennel duty that would be required from a servant.

So, in spite of the delicious Bill that was to close the eyes of all our gamekeepers every night at nine o'clock in undisturbed repose, and annihilate te-totally the race of poachers, it would seem that neither is the breed of the latter gentry yet quite extinct; nor, with regard to their deeds of darkness, can it be justly said of the hopeful enactment which was *instant* to unbrutalize the savages, that

"Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

If the papers of the London and Provincial Press for the last six months be consulted, and are to be credited, it will be seen, I think, that a larger and fouler mass of un-English and assassin-like (and therefore dastardly) enormity has been committed during the late season, in the shape of ruffianly, revengeful, and cold-blooded assaults on keepers, than can be paralleled within the memory of man in a period of the same duration. Yet on each and every occasion that the lawless and ferocious brigands have been made to answer for their atrocities at the bar of the always merciful justice of their country, has the whining and hypocritical Press opened its

batteries of cant and pseudo-philanthropy, both on the prosecutors who were doing their duty to their fellow subjects, and, if the villains were convicted and sentenced (even mildly), on the Jury and Judge who had obeyed their respective oaths. The *misguided and unhappy* culprits had forsooth been led into temptation by the sight of Sir John's hares and pheasants out at feed! And so am I led into temptation every time I go into a London banking shop, and see the piles of notes, and hear the clink of the sovereigns in the broad counter-shovels; and so also was that inestimable and departed worthy, the late Mr. John Thurtell, led into temptation when he saw his victim Weare deposit "sundry moneys" (as the lawyers have it) in his flannel shirt (*see the Trial*), and, like some of his rivals amongst the poachers, "did a bit of murder" to keep the crime of robbery *sub silentio*. Yet if John Thurtell, Esquire, was justly hung and anatomised (and even the *Morning Herald* itself did not defend him); and if also Mr. John Ketch could make out (as he would do) a full and lawful title to the neck of DASHWOOD, should I be tempted to brain a clerk with one of his own sovereign shovels, in an ambitious effort to plunder a banking house; I should be glad to know on what sound principles of either equity or philanthropy those murderous rascallions should escape, who last week in pursuit of their calling, according to the newspapers, *assassinated one faithful keeper at his post, and left another in a dying state, after inflicting injuries and brutalities on them that could be devised*

only by a Lancashire fougou or an Iroquois cannibal? Nevertheless, mark my words, reader, if these abandoned miscreants, or any one of them, be either brought to the condemned cell, or through some mistaken sense of mercy be *inadequately* sent abroad for life, we shall have a long diatribe from the gaol-abolitionists about the crime of preserving birds and hares, and a slaving appeal to the maudlin sensibility of the day in behalf of the wretches red with murder, and in denouncement of the too lenient laws they have outraged!

As to the diminution of poachers since the Bill alluded to has been in operation, it may suffice perhaps to observe, that in one gaol alone (that of Winchester, and it was by no means singular), a local print gave a return last January of *ninety-one persons in confinement for offences against the Game Laws*; and as regards also the increased protection afforded by the clauses of the New Act *against killing out of season*, let any man who wishes to sift the matter fairly to the bottom accept the wager with me that I shall propose to him about the quantity of *all sorts of game* (grouse included), that on any one day in the month of April he chooses to name, I will bind myself to produce from the London market. If I mistake not, this precious Act of Legislation has been published in the form of a pocket pamphlet; and, in the event of a second edition, allow me to recommend a couple of mottos to deck the title-page. The first shall be the phrase by which Dr. Johnson designated the works of Walsh, namely, "*Pages of Ignorance*;" and the second, the

bit of school-boy Latin I have already quoted; which, if coupled with an addenda, describing some of the scenes of the last winter in our woods and copses, will, like the paper coronet of poor Fergus MacIvor, tell its own tale of irony and satire without much need of an interpreter.

And now to turn from Game Laws to Game itself, and add one more proof to the hundreds already demonstrated of the possibility of pheasants and foxes living amicably in the same neighbourhood. Let me state, that from my friend Mr. Yeatman's covert of Stock Wood, five foxes have been already killed during the present season, and on the 21st of February *another leash* were found there; yet on the last day of shooting *one hundred and eighty-five shots* were fired in this very preserve, and *one hundred brace of pheasants* accounted for on the wing!—N.B. The wood consists altogether of only a hundred acres!—After this, I think we should adopt the maxim of "*My Uncle Toby*," and say with him, "*Live, and let live*: the world is wide enough for us all!"

Of this excellent adage no man is (or was) a more strenuous admirer or more practical supporter than that first-rate sportsman, Mr. Codrington, whom all men who remember him in Oxfordshire must be sorry to see condemned to his interminable Wiltshire woodlands. On the very first day that I had the pleasure of meeting him in the field (and in naming the date I am making myself a fox-hunter of some standing, inasmuch as the day in question dawned at least three months before the battle of Was-

terloo), our meet was at Nuneham Park (Lord Harcourt's), and our first draw the Lock Wood by the banks of the river (Isis), in which, for every couple of hounds thrown into covert, there were at least ten brace of pheasants sprung, but not the *slightest touch of a fox*, nor was there the ghost of a billet to be seen *with a patent microscope*. All this would doubtlessly have annoyed most masters of fox-hounds, and unquestionably it pained Mr. Codrington *internally*, though he would not permit one particle of his feeling to escape him: turning round on his saddle he merely observed, "*Latham's Furze, I suppose, is the best place to go to; is it not?*—for they have been shooting all the other coverts in the Park, they tell me, and I am quite pleased to see they have so many pheasants in the place they thought so much poached."

This may appear trifling; yet the extreme *bonhommie* of manner with which it was said could not fail to impress itself deeply on a youth just commencing his fox-hunting career; and I am assured by many (and competent judges too), that not only is he still as much disposed as ever to be the urbane and polite master of fox-hounds, but also as readily prompt to propitiate both the gamekeepers and their vulpecide employers. "*Live*," however, "*and let live*," must have been his quiet and private ejaculation on quitting the splendid coverts of Nuneham Courtenay on the day I have alluded to, as on many others, *without having had a challenge from Lodge to Lodge!!!*

I have not yet done, however, with Mr. Codrington in his Ox-

ford country; and in addition to saying that he was the man of all others to keep a University field in order (and God knows that they want some one to do so), I must state that it was by a method never to be forgotten that he accomplished his object; and whenever he was betrayed into speaking harshly, there was at least the *honey* of a *bon mot*, or something like it, to accompany the sting of the reproof. Having gone away, on one occasion, with his afternoon fox from Mr. Wharton's covert at Headington, his hounds were ridden scandalously and disgracefully over by three or four Gownsmen, who being, as usual, pretty well mounted, did not allow themselves to be caught, until surprised by Mr. Codrington in *propria persona* at a fatal check some quarter of a mile in advance of the pack. Getting at last, however, alongside them, he thus apostrophised the marrows of the run, in

the same tone and manner in which we read that Sir Isaac Newton addressed his spaniel after the playful beast had torn to tatters the manuscript of many a morning's calculations:—"Well, Gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that if you do not know a d—d deal more about Latin and Greek than you do about fox-hunting, your parents have sent you to College to confounded little purpose!"—Mr. C. it would appear, entertained a somewhat different opinion of the intent of a University education from his Brother Sportsman, the well-known Colonel Kelly, it being a matter of notoriety amongst the friends of the latter, that, in his own words, he "chose Cambridge College for his son, because they made the best saddles and bridles there."

DASHWOOD.

March 10, 1834.

(To be continued.)

## THE PRIVY COUNCILLOR—A TALE OF THE IRISH COURT.

THERE'S not, I hold, a spot on earth  
Like Ireland's capital for mirth  
And feasts, enough to make one think  
Life's object was to feast and drink:  
That is, among the *élite*, the chosen few.....  
As for the common working set,  
Coarse fellows, born to starve and sweat,  
Why, they contrive just "*comme il plaît à Dieu*."  
Oft to her jovial banquets throng  
A rosy crowd of *bons vivants*,  
Boon sons of revelry,  
Chasing the steps of night along,  
Choice spirits! with the cup, and song,  
And wit, and *jeux d'esprit*!

Now, amongst those who then were wont to dine  
On spicy condiments and sparkling wine,  
There was, and is, a certain portly wight,  
Right Hon. L—d—e F—t—r, right!  
Full well he loved the feast, but felt no joy  
Was given to mortal men without alloy:

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

He knew that they who drink and eat  
 A quantity of wine and meat  
 Earn pimply cheeks and gouty feet :  
 In short, alas ! that such as those  
 Soon make a most preposterous nose,  
 And soft as syllabubs their toes.  
 Here, then, was a dilemma, as we see,  
 For such a gastronome as he.  
 Bland reader, what did he, do'st think ?  
 Let's see....

Curtail his meat and drink ?

Not he.

No ! he employed, to mitigate these ills,  
 A gentle dose of Dixon's dinner pills :  
 And constant use afforded him the power  
 To regulate their progress to an hour !  
 We'll put it thus for instance.....Let him dine,  
 And take, as usual, too much food and wine,  
 Then homeward, as he trudges in his cloak,  
 You thus may fancy that he spoke :  
 " Capital dinner that.....prime wine indeed .....  
 To-morrow, let me see, where do I feed ?  
 Oh, ay ! with B—rr—ws, yes Tom B—rr—ws....right :  
 Then I had better take three pills to-night :  
 He's early, dines at six—and I must strive  
 To have it all well over about five !"

Now so it chanced that the succeeding day,

The era of our story,

To that on which he feasted with Tom B—rr—ws,  
 (And better host than he ne'er took the furrows

Out of the stomach of Whig or Tory,)

Our hero had received, I'm bound to say,  
 An invitation from Lord A—gl—sey,  
 Who then was sojourning, I should remark,  
 At the Vice Regal Lodge in Phoenix Park.  
 To sit him for his Excellency's table,

As well as he was able,

Behold him with his pill-box in his hand,  
 Conning the savoury Command.....

" The Aide-de-Camp in Waiting !.....let me see—

Honor of Mr: F—st—r's company

At dinner, Phoenix Park—eight punctually.

Ay eight, that's sensible, yes, eight will do—

To-night then I shall only swallow two :

To-morrow gravy soup at four will fix

My stomach.....and I think I'm safe at six !"

The plan thus formed, we will suppose completed—

And now we see him, in his carriage seated,

Apparel'd as becomes the Courtier, *bas-*  
*de-sois*, shorts, buckles, and his *chapeau-bras* :

And thus five miles had he to travel

Over the stones and gravel,

Rumble tumble,

Making his inner man a perfect jumble !

Now here, ah ! well a day ! we're bound to state  
What the Muse blushes to relate.

Not reckoning on *the pavement*, he'd relied

*Too much on his inside :*

Cold drops of agony are on his brow—

A sickness unto death is on him now :

Now seems the very crisis to approach,

And now.....fate steps his coach—

That is, his carriage pull'd up at the gate,  
Where powder'd menials line the hall of state.

"Twas just what poets call "the festal hour;"

Around, with voices like to those of Babel,

*Maitres d'hotel* and cooks upon the table

Were busied in their several avocations,

Accompanied with oaths and imprecations,

Plain d—ns, and compound foreign execrations,

Enough to turn the very custards sour !

Brief space the guest accorded this survey....

His was a need that brook'd no long delay—

But turning to a liveried loiterer by,

With a sigh

Demanded on the instant to be shewn

A bower wherein to bide awhile alone.

The lacquy, thus accosted, quickly bore

A lighted taper towards a green-baize door ;

And here arrived, the spark

Opened the portal by the handle,

Shewed in our hero with his candle,

Bowed, closed it up—and left him in the dark.

There having groped around,

And placed his chapeau on the ground....

But *does* our tale require more illustration ?

Our man of sorrow soon was at his ease :

In fact the cure of cases such as these

Depends but little on illumination.

Being thus recovered, straightway forth he sped,

Beneath his arm the covering for his head,

"As was his custom of an afternoon,"

And all being bustle and confusion round,

Alone and unannounced he sought, and found,

The Viceroy's bright saloon !

With visage such as sages wear

Behold him stand in presence there,

Where nodding plumes, and smiles, and joy

Surround the gallant, gay Viceroy.

I said he stood, and low he bow'd,

His hand upon his heart was press'd....

A moment all was hush'd around....

A moment with convulsive sound,

As bursts the thunder cloud,

Shouted from out that jewelled crowd

A peal of laughter fierce and loud

As it would rend each breast !

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE

Upon his heel the Courtier turn'd,  
A glow of indignation burn'd  
Upon his cheek.  
I cannot vouch he was abashed—  
Doubtless he felt a little dashed,  
And so he sought some one with whom to speak.

Looking across the chamber he espied  
The Lady A—s B—g unoccupied ;  
And gracefully approaching to accost her,  
Before a single sentence he might say,  
The Lady tittered, blushed, and moved away,  
Exclaiming as she went, " La ! Mr. F—st—r ! "

Amid " the glittering throng " alone he stood—  
Beneath his arm appeared a *piece of wood*,  
Instead of *chapeau-bras*, suspended—  
An oval piece of timber with a knob,  
Which most distinctly pointed out the job  
For which it was intended !

J. W. C.

## ROUGH SKETCHES OF HOUNDS AND COUNTRIES.

BY THE RAMBLER IN GREEN.

" I care for nobody—no, not I ;  
For nobody cares for me."—*Miller of Dee.*

### No. I.—THE EAST SUSSEX FOX-HOUNDS, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

THE ready insertion which you have given to my notice of the Horsham hounds and country, induces me to send you another page or two of my notebook ; and if it be agreeable to you, I will continue to make extracts from it as my leisure may allow me, and forward monthly to you a short account either of what I *have* seen, or what I *may* see, in the course of my travels all over the kingdom. In so doing, it will be more to a description of the various countries—*of the systems pursued in them*—and of the hounds themselves, that I shall address myself, than to the minute and particular detail of each day's performances ; though

it will, of course, be both my duty and my delight to record, as accurately as a stranger flying through a country can do, the *minutes* of any and every brilliant run that I may have been fortunate enough to drop into. In so doing, also, let me set out by a declaration, that it is not in gall that I am about to dip my pen ; the noble, the princely sport of the Chase shall ever find in me not only an enthusiastic supporter, but a candid and impartial historian ; and to prove my title to the latter character, I will neither allow an opportunity to escape me of giving praise where praise is justly due, nor pass by one solitary instance of abuse, or

error, or misconduct, without bestowing on it as hearty a visitation of the hunting-whip as the offence may seem to merit. As heedless of frowns as indifferent to caresses, I state this to be the principle that will guide me, even at the risk of some of my own "Order," as Lord Grey would express himself—the immaculate Squirearchy of the kingdom—feeling the RAMBLER'S whipcord bite rather more severely than may be agreeable to their haughty backs. Let them writhe and wriggle under it, nevertheless, as they please, the lash shall not be spared in any case where its application has been fairly earned; although in justice to myself I must add, that I never enact the part of Boatswain's-mate without great reluctance, and am by nature as tender and humane an individual as can be met with in broad Britain. Having now, however, dragged up to our fox, let us proceed to unkennel him without delay.

When I last addressed you, I was about, as I hoped, to have a few days with the Old Berkeley, now under the management of Captain Freeman, who lately hunted part of Lincolnshire. On the very day after sending off my letter, however, and on my road to Anderson's to re-inforce the stud, my hack deemed it advisable to drop under me as if she was shot; and bed and boluses, and a couple of cracked ribs, have since been the luxuries in which I have revelled, instead of the music of the merry pack, and a gallop once more across the well-remembered country, over which, by the side of old Tom Oldaker, I have seen such clippers in the days of yore. I

must, therefore, for the present month *at any rate*, content myself with giving you some account of my peregrinations *prior* to visiting the Horsham country; and shall commence with a few observations on the East Sussex and other packs, to which I was enabled to send my horses, after establishing my head-quarters at Brighton, and at the excellent billet of that prate-a-pace and free and easy personage, Mr. Saunders, of the New Ship. To put your mind at ease, however, before I make a start, I am well aware that the coast of Sussex has more than once been described in your pages as a hunting country; and it will therefore be a bird's-eye view of it alone that I shall inflict on your patience, and, "God willing," I will moreover endeavour to pitch the little that I have to say of it in a different key to any yet adopted by your Correspondents.

It would be about as sagacious a proceeding to lay a *description of Regent-street at dusk* on my Lord Ellenborough's breakfast table, by way of presenting him with something novel, as, with a similar intent, to treat any one of His Majesty's liege subjects with a picture of the overgrown mass of Roman cement and architectural absurdity, yclept the Royal Marine town of Brighton. I shall gladly wave, therefore, all attempt to paint the deformities of the sea monster, and simply say that on the morning after my arrival the E. S. H. fixture chanced to be a hill one, and that my road to it out of the town lay to the Westward along the coast.

*Corpo di Baccho!* from the very corner of Ship-street,

through what a Babel of sights and sounds had the green-garbed Stranger to pilot his path! It would be the height of injustice, nevertheless, to paint the scene at ten o'clock in the morning: let me wait rather, until the plot has fully thickened, and describe, not my matutinal exit, but my re-entrance by the same thoroughfare at three in the afternoon! After serpentineing my way for a mile or two on the Shoreham road through myriads of coal carts, and either passing or being passed by some of the queerest looking people for sportsmen, both in scarlet and the verdant, that I thought I ever saw in my life, I sailed with the stream, or rather mob, and turning off to the right, after about a couple of miles more, had the satisfaction of seeing the whole *menagerie* in full force before me. Aye, there they were—fully two hundred mounted men (I was rather late), performing what appeared to me to be something of a cavalry evolution, in order to form close column round a patch of whin (*furze*, I believe, it is called in the South), lying beautifully on a hill-side exposure, and consisting perhaps of three acres, or thereabouts. To my utter astonishment this was quietly permitted, *nay even encouraged and authorized*; and the result was, that in twenty minutes the who-whoop announced that all was over, though it was a clod-hopper with a cudgel, and not a hound, that had the honor of making the finish. All this was Greek to me, who had been accustomed, from my youth upwards, to see foxes allowed to make the best of their way out of a covert, and killed afterwards,

if that was their doom, by the jaws of their legitimate executioners, the hounds; and there was only one way in which I could solve the problem. "This was known to be a crippled fox, I suppose, Sir," said I to my right-hand neighbour, who, as afterwards discovered, was a fish butcher of Brighton market, and who, to do him justice, looked quite as much like a Gentleman before he opened his mouth, redolent of gin and contempt of poor Priscian, as most of the anomalies by which he was surrounded. "Vy no, Sir, I think as how he was sound enough," was his reply; "only you see, Master Craven has got a bet that he will kill so many brace afore he leaves off; and I knows the rabbit-people up here on the Downs does not like the foxes at no price."—"Thank you, Sir, for your information," said I rather audibly; "so I have been fool enough to travel my horses at least fifty miles by the mile-stones out of Hampshire, passing at least one capital pack of hounds in my way, to see foxes murdered by bumpkins to win a wager! Please the Lord, however, I will strike my tent this blessed night, and see if they order matters in the same fashion amongst the Wyndhamites!"—"Not so fast, Sir, not so fast," exclaimed a voice close to my ear, that even a deaf man must have known could proceed from no organs but those of a Gentleman; "you must not take this, or even anything you may hereafter see this morning as a specimen of East Sussex hunting: wait till you meet us below the hill; and if we find a good fox, and you go home dis-

contented, you will be the hardest man to please that Craven has ever yet had out with him. There is an explanation of all this strange hill-work to be given, though this is not the place to give it—in one word, however, in our Down country *we must kill every fox we can*." Now, I do verily believe that of all bachelors breathing I am the most persuadable and easily guided; and it did not surprise me therefore, after a few minutes further talk with my new acquaintance (who was nothing less, be it understood, than a Baronet), as poor Sir William Curtis used to style his "Order"), to find my resolution of flying off to Chichester in dudgeon melting away like frost-work before the sun. Nay more, such were the charms of Sir ———'s conversation, that I was actually resolved, for the sake of his company, to endure the morning's monstrosities fairly to their end, instead of cantering home, as I certainly should have done, lest the ghost of Beckford might pay me a visit as an aider and abettor of them at night. The day's sport, however, ended with the assassination which I have recorded: for though we surrounded and drew an infinity of likely coverts (all hill ones and all furzes), the "rabbit people," as my friend the butcher called them, had been before hand with us, and there was not a touch of another fox up to half-past two o'clock, when the hounds were ordered wisely to their kennel. Quite as spotless, therefore, and innocent of dirt, as when it congregated in the morning, the mighty mass dispersed, and rolled its volumes Brighton-wards, carrying in its

current the yet half-sulky RANBLER: and now, ye Gods! assist me in giving a faint description of the *finale* from the turnpike gate along the cliff.

The naked man himself in Hyde Park surely never looked down on a denser mob than this afternoon choked every inch of the Marine boulevard from Kemp Town to Brunswick Terrace; and as surely on a more motley group of both Christians and conveyances the westerling sun could never set; for from Royalty itself in a green chariot with two postillions down to the flue-faker in his soot-cart, every grade and every variety of rank contributed its *quota* to the mighty hodgepodge! The brewer's dray of Mr. Vallance grazed the *britska* of My Lord Belfast; the Chichester Rabbit-van gave the go-by to a Royal carriage; Alderman Scales tried in vain to get past a *donkey*-cart; the Marquis of Worcester's cab and a stage-coach seemed as if part and parcel of each other; the hack fly of the liver-less Indian, recommended to Mahommed, jostled that of the noseless apprentice just dismissed by Doctor Eady:—in one word, it was a scene that "drew all ranks into one," in a manner that would have charmed the inmost cockles of Citizen *Egalité's* heart, and, as my very old acquaintance *Le Comte de Dudonville* (with whom I rode home) expressed himself, was "one ver fine sight, *tout-à-fait comme on fait aujourd'hui à Paris*." Nor were the groups of mounted bipeds which filled up the interstices of the moving ollapodrida of a less heterogeneous character, more especially when joined by the endless files of the

returning *sportsmen*, than the contents of the things on wheels. Here were two or three Officers from the Cavalry Barracks, on their daily petticoat-hunt amongst the multitude, curvetting their switch-tailed chargers to perfection; and *there*, a couple of London men-milliners on Brighton backs endeavoring to *do the graceful*, and yet not part company from the pig-skin. On the right might be seen Mr. C. C. Frankland, the terrible traveller, on a cab-horse of sixteen hands and a half; while, to the left, behold Mr. Clark, the riding master, on a pony of the size of a greyhound; Lords in Waiting and highly-scented Royal Equeries compelled to ride check by jowl on their pampered and piaffing bits of blood with the jolly *unscented* extracts from Steyning or Shoreham Market, rough-coated themselves in their wrap-rascals, and on punchy gallowses, if it were possible, even rougher than their masters: *here* a genuine sportsman, in the person of Mr. F. Heysham; and, next to him, an impostor, in a velvet hunting cap and scarlet coat *and trowsers*, with fixed military spurs too, to complete the picture, to his Wellington's, *and a jockey whip in his hand*: *there*, Sir Riggs Falkiner, looking, as he is, like a gentleman and a fox-hunter; and "treading on his kibes," right astern of him behold the hero of the day, a flash horse-dealer, in a new flaming grass-green frock, *with the brush of the murdered fox* fixed in triumph to his bridle front! But, by Jupiter, I must hold hard, or I shall never get to Ship-street in time for dinner. Suffice it then to say, that the cliff was one crowd of confusion for the last mile of

my ride home, and that the scattered knots of red coats dispensed at intervals along its surface gave it exactly the appearance of a huge overloaded breakfast-table garnished here and there with a dish of prawns. As to any attempt to investigate the pretty faces presumed to belong to the pretty ancles on the sloping grassward towards the sea, that was quite out of the question, though the Rambling Bachelor tried it more than once; for no sooner did he turn in his saddle to give an *insinuating* bit of a stare, than either a Royal Outrider or a Flyman, one of Mr. Cheeseman's coal-carters or the Duchess of St. Alban's pet postillion—some animal or other in short averse to Venus, was at his elbow, enacting the part of the good old watchman of by-gone times, and giving him a hint to "move on" or be run over. The New Ship Coffee Room, however, at last received him in safety; and no farther will this deponent speak of his first and most unsatisfactory day with the East Sussex.

As there were no appointments with fox-hounds within reach on the two succeeding mornings, I took a look at the harriers (not the Brighton bow-wows, of which I reserve all notice until my return to the E. S. after seeing Colonel Wyndham), and earned an appetite each day very pleasantly with Mr. Vallance's little pack near Shoreham, and the Brookside in the neighbourhood of Lewes. This latter pack, I understand, has been for years considered quite a crack one, but has this season been unfortunately deprived by illness of the services of its manager, Mr. Carr, quite a top-sawyer, I hear, in his profes-

mon. They are certainly a fine and even lot of hounds, but, though fast enough for anything, I should say that they are too heavy in their build for the hills, and that a lighter-shouldered animal would have a better chance of standing sound in the distressing country they have to hunt. Mr. Vallance's appear made up of different sorts, and are hardly strong enough in point of numbers to please either the ear or the eye of a man accustomed to see a regular pack in the field; nevertheless they did their work quickly, quietly, and well, and had to boast of a most aristocratic though not numerous field, including Lord Errol and several Members of the Royal Household and visitors at the Palace. The country on each day, I should add, was entirely a Down one, with hills in many parts of it far too steep to be agreeable, and, near Shoreham, plagued with rabbit holes so thickly as to render it dangerous to cross at speed. Mr. Downe Gillon himself has not a greater aversion to a Bishop than I have had to a rabbit-burrow, ever since seeing Bob Williams get his cracking fall in one some years since with the now Duke of Cleveland, and assisting to carry him for dead into the nearest cottage!

The fourth start that I made from the New Ship saw me once more on my road to the E. S. H. in their Vale Country, the morning's appointment being near Danny, at a wood of which I forget the name. Before I finally quit the Hill, however, let me say one word as to the previous day's proceedings with them that I witnessed on it, and which it is only due to the establishment I should state before I

go farther. That the hunting butcher, whose conversation with me I have written down *verbatim* as it took place, was sincere in his belief that Mr. Craven had no objection to mob a fox now and then to win his wager, I can very easily credit, inasmuch as *such is, or was, a rather general impression* amongst certain people; and that the fox *was* mobbed, as I have described, is indubitably and beyond dispute part of the old Almanac called History. My own firm opinion, however, is (and it is an opinion formed from an inquiry in various quarters where I was not likely to be mis-led), that Mr. Craven has this season no bet or wager whatever pending on the subject; and from his extremely sportsman-like conduct on every subsequent day that I was out with him, I should say that he would be the last man in the world to commit or connive at unfair play of any sort, *for the lucre of gain*, or the honor (falsely so called) of pocketing *any sum* of coin acquired by the murder of a fox. Though as a stranger to the *politics of the Down Country* I was naturally indignant at the cold-blooded assassination I saw so deliberately perpetrated, I must remark that it signifies but little what is done on the hills in the neighbourhood of Brighton, and in the presence of the usual field in attendance whenever the hounds go there. With such a mob of tailors and tinkers, sport must at all times be absolutely out of the question; and were I the Master of the E. S. H., whenever I was compelled to make a Down appointment, I would attend it with my double-barrel in my hand and my shooting-jacket on my back.

To turn now, however, to a

pleasanter theme. Our sport was this day *excellent*; for, finding our fox in the very first covert we threw into, we ran him for two hours and forty minutes over the low country, with all the varieties of chasing and hunting, and, *after a very large ring*, made a brilliant finish with blood in the middle of a hedgerow (as they told me) at least eight or nine miles from the oak trees where we unkenelled him. I say *as they told me*, for it is impossible for a man in a strange country to judge accurately as to distance: I can state accurately enough, however, that my old grey had quite sufficient of it before the who-whoop, and that, if it had not been for Mr. Streatfield's kindly breaking the two top bars of the last fence, the RAMBLER would decidedly have been excluded from the field in which they ended. This, I repeat, was as good a day's sport as a man need wish to witness; and from each of the following four appointments below the Hill, I was also fortunate enough to see a gallant fox well found, and well hunted, across a country in my opinion too much abused and disparaged even by some of the contributors to *the Magazine*.

I must now say a few words about the hounds, their master, and "all the rest of it," as Jeremy Bentham used to express himself, before my yet unsound ribs respond to *your* exhausted patience, and cry out audibly to the RAMBLER, "enough!" The E. S. H. then, I consider to be as serviceable and business-like a pack of fox-hounds as need be halloo'd to by huntsman; and, though not distinguished perhaps for their elegance, are more than ordinarily powerful and square-

built, and in a grass country would puzzle the best fox that ever wore a brush to shake them off at the end of an hour and twenty minutes. I was with them on days of all kinds and degrees of scent, and must certainly do them the justice to say, that when they cannot *chase*, they can *hunt* up to their fox with all the perseverance and low-stooping of harriers: and though I was prepared, from what I had heard, to find them dead slow even over grass, am bound to state that, *to my cost*, I tried them to be quite fast enough to take the shine out of as good a horse as ever boot was laid over. There is more nonsense talked by the way about the comparative speed of fox-hounds than on almost any other sporting topic: all packs of the same size, bred as hounds now are, are pretty nearly equal as to pace; and wherever there is any very perceptible difference in it, the cause is to be found in the inferiority, or the contrary, *of the country*. The Badsworth hounds (in Yorkshire) have so often cast their skins, and metamorphosed themselves from powerful to weak, and from ugly to handsome, within these dozen years, that it is almost unsafe to compare any other pack with them: it did certainly strike me, nevertheless, that the East Sussex were particularly like the lot of clip-pers that Jack Richards had in his kennel in the year of grace when Theodore won the Leger, and Edward Petre (owner of the horse and master of the hounds) was in all his glory. Let me tell Mr. Craven that this is no slight eulogy, as all judges who remember the Badsworth and their performances in 1822 can amply testify and corroborate!

As I have already said, I by no means think the Vale Country of these hounds is to be sneezed at and caricatured. True, by far the greatest part of it is a deep and ploughed clay, that holds your horse as if he was in a vice; and "*exiguus equitare campis*" is the almost constant doom, such a thing as a large inclosure being scarcely to be met with save in what is termed the Leicestershire of the district to the south-east of the kennel at Ringmer. Still it is a country over which hounds both can and do run well, and, as it requires both a good horse and a good horseman to live well with them across it, I need scarcely say, that, generally speaking, they are not pressed or ridden over, and in consequence nine times out of ten account satisfactorily for their fox. A steady creeping hunter is indispensable in it to every man who has the least regard for his neck (in fact on a rushing star-gazing brute I would defy Tom Smith himself to cross it); and although, with the exception of a few brooks, there is no fencing that can be called serious or bruising, you are every third minute in the air, hopping up or down a bank with a dead hedge on the top and a straight-cut ditch on one side or other; generally speaking, too, either between a couple of oak trees planted closely together, or under some gnarled bailiff of a bough that threatens to arrest and Absalomize you. When I first went into Sussex, too, the gates puzzled me not a little; and it was not till I had enjoyed the luxury of a

couple of harmless, though most muddy falls, that I found out the secret of converting them into a *bagatelle* that a flea could hop over. The lower part of them consists, for about two feet and a half from the ground, of upright spars; then comes an interregnum of at least another foot; "and then, Dick's," as Mr. Bob Fudge sings,

"The last, and ne'er-failing, and glorious appendix,"

in the shape of a great thick bar, that Dr. Johnson himself on his dray-horse\* could not break, and which, like a woman's reputation, if it be touched, ensures a downfall to a dead certainty. Go at them which way you please also, the taking off is, nine times out of ten, in ground very nearly approaching to a case of *bog*; so that my two purls are not much to be wondered at, as I drove my horse to take the whole in his stroke, without being aware that this said top bar is always *moveable*, and that the fence, when it is removed, is of course reduced to nothing. Here again you want a creeper: but for every sort of fence in Sussex, barring the brooks, you cannot do without one.

The great drawback to the East Sussex Vale is, in my opinion, the quantity of small woodlands, which necessarily put hounds out of sight, and in which foxes are always making more or less work to perplex and baffle them. As I have before said, however, they must be clever fellows to beat the E. S. H., who seem to be as perfectly *au fait* to the art of hunting their game *when it is behind them*,

\* It is said that George the Third, on being told of the great increase of infidel writers at one period of his reign, exclaimed, "Why then does not Johnson *get on his dray horse* and ride over them?"

as to racing it down in open view, which, when occasion serves, they can do in style.

On reading over what I have written, I find I must contradict myself, and that *flatly*: I have stated, I see, that these hounds in the Vale are seldom *pressed*, when, by Jove, not only out of their kennel, but also in it, they are *pressed* from June to January, and then back again, with a vengeance. In plain parlance, to use the words of the late Lord Tenterden, poor man, when he asked me in his own house after dinner to translate into English the phrase of "*a fox's breaking covert*," since the retirement of Huge Hennessy (the round of beef upon castors, whom I remember attempting some years ago to hunt the Surrey Union), the whipper-in, whose name is Press, has succeeded to the honours of the horn, I wish I could add with some reasonable hope of his obtaining competence to discharge its duties. The errors or rather the omissions of his *head*, perhaps, the poor fellow cannot help or rectify: one ugly trick of his *hand*, however, he can surely get rid of if he chooses, and, for appearance sake, I hereby request that he will do so: it is that of seizing his enormous whip with his left fist, and shouldering it on the wrong side in the most un-Christian and unhuntsmanlike attitude that can well be conceived by the human imagination. A left-handed huntsman or whipper-in is to my mind *all but* as awkward a looking personage as a left-handed coachman; of which class, however, I may here say, that years ago I remember a capital performer on one of Cherry

and Rider's Brighton coaches, and of which there is likewise a pair-horse specimen at work at this moment on one of Shepherd's Camberwell *shorts* into Gracechurch Street. Press is also but indifferently supported by his whipper-in; neither were they mounted to my mind as they should have been for the country: and, altogether, it must be said, that to the hounds, and not the servants, were we indebted for anything I saw with them. If I mistake not, nevertheless, Press has somewhere or other picked up a receipt or two as to *condition*, for I never saw a pack in my existence carry their sterns up more gallantly than did his at the close of a long and most harassing day's work for them (ending with blood, to be sure, as they deserved), *at five o'clock* on a dark December evening.

In what words can I now, by way of conclusion, proceed to commemorate the extreme kindness and urbanity that the RAMBLER met with both from Mr. Craven himself and the various Members of his Hunt? After one deep and earnest expression of his best thanks and most hearty acknowledgments, silence, perhaps, may most fitly become him, lest his pen run riot from the warmth of his feelings! I *must* be permitted, however, to say a syllable or two about both the Master and the Field, and I will do so as impartially and as shortly as I can.

First then as to the Master, and a right good gentlemanlike fellow he is, *coming of a capital sort*, as they say in the racing stable, and only wanting a leaf

or two out of Mr. Rothschild's cheque-book to convert both his stud and his kennel into most formidable rivals, even in his best day, of the once-mighty Squire and the *Quarterly-besandered* Quorn piece of humbug, of which THE RAMBLER IN GREEN intends presently to speak, and speak his mind. Mr. Craven is not only a gentleman, but he is also a sportsman; and though, when on the subject of his hounds, he may, perhaps, put rather too much *blarney* into his top-boots, his conversation is always amusing, his manners are always those of amenity and suavity, and—hear this, Mr. Steere—the *yeomanry of his country look up to and almost idolize him!* I have certainly seen more desperate performers across a country; nevertheless (from his intimate knowledge of the *locale*, perhaps) I must say that he was never very far from his hounds; and more than once, when I was by his side, both by voice and horn did I see him get Mr. Près out of a pretty particular scrape. In one point he certainly stands unrivalled; namely, that of playing the part of a Master of Ceremonies in a red coat; for no man on earth, now that the Duke of Cleveland may be said to have withdrawn his name from the roll of M. F. H., can acquit himself of the task of doing the honours of the hunting field in a more graceful or accomplished style. In spite of all this, however, gentle reader, should you ever hunt with him, take advantage of a bend in a covert ride—a large fence—in short, do your best to slip away from him whenever he begins to talk about the expenses of his hounds, and

*deplore the inadequacy of his subscription!*

Though there is a bruiser or two amongst them, I do not remember having seen much actual hard riding or *determination to get to hounds* with the Members of Mr. Craven's field. That merry and most gentlemanlike performer, Fred. Heysham, is much about the most forward of them; and on two occasions I saw one of Sam Goodman's coachmen, a person called *Blacking-bury* (no bad name this, I should think, for the *conducteur* of a black job), distinguish himself in quite a workmanlike way of going over a country. Sir Rigge Falkiner rides and looks like a Gentleman; and, I understand, that since he quitted *the tub*, Mr. Kemp goes to his hounds again like an artist, although I was not fortunate enough to see him out. May I earnestly hope that Mr. K.'s example may not be lost on a *quondam* capital contributor to the pages of *the Magazine*; and, that after having had a spell at both hounds and something else beginning with an H (I do not say either *hypocrisy* or humbug, mind, Mr. Editor), we may once more be delighted by his remarks on Northern sporting in general, and on hunting in particular! Though I hear but a bad account of him, I will not yet give him up, for, by Diana, if a pack of fox-hounds were to surprise him "preaching in the Wilderness," sooner than not get to them, I do verily believe that the inspiration of the moment would make him saddle and bridle one of his congregation!

THE RAMBLER IN GREEN.

Ibbotson's Private Hotel, Vere Street,  
March, 1834.

## THE STEEPLE CHASE AT ST. ALBAN'S.

SIL,

AT the earliest dawn of a bright morning I took my way towards Hampstead Heath, crossing from Bayswater to Kilburn, and so into the great North Road, a little beyond the village of Highgate. How glorious is a morning in spring, and such a spring as this! Already was her verdant mantle embroidered with a thousand flowers: the rising sun had gem'd the dewy hedgerows with coronals of diamonds: each field seemed a temple teeming with the worship of the God of Nature: beyond the reach of sight was heard the hymn of the Laverock choiring his morning sacrifice of thanksgiving: while

"The painted poplars  
That dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial  
lives,"

were offering at his altar the incense of their countless odours.

It was the morning of the 14th, and I had thus early begun my ride towards St. Alban's, the Sixth Anniversary of the Great Steeple Chase in that neighbourhood being fixed for that day. Why, oh why! I mentally exclaimed, as with my heart rejoicing within me I gaily sped forward through this scene of enchantment, is there not every such morning as this a Steeple Chase, to rouse one out of one's rest? for surely snoozing by sunshine is

"The worst of all ways  
To lengthen our days."

Thus was I internally soliloquizing, when feeling all the vulture in my breast, I vaulted from my saddle at the door of the Green Man at Barnet, and woke the welkin with calls for instant breakfast.

"A morning ride such appetite awakes,  
I cried aloud for coffee and beefsteaks."

Now I had arrogated to myself the gift of second-eight about these races. Three years ago, in recording the one of that year in your pages, I read their horoscope: I said they would go on and prosper; and it was but natural I should feel anxious to witness the progress of my prediction. Let me

congratulate the lovers of this truly national sport that I was no false prophet. I repeat, this national sport; and let me be understood in the application of the term: for the turf, "Merry England" may best her "high mettled racer" unequalled in the world; for the field, Green Erin her steed skimming like the swallow over six-foot walls "copel and dashed:" but here in the Steeple Chase, where both are so dashing blended, let issue be joined, and the rose and shamrock twined into a garland to crown the victor to these our Olympic Games.

Perhaps the situation of St. Alban's, so near to the Metropolis, may have greatly influenced the popularity of these Meetings: many persons whose occupations disable them from extended excursions into the country, will run down twenty miles and back: others, whose flesh is willing, but whose means are weak, can accomplish a bit of buggy for the day. "Why it's only a guinea, and that wont break thre on us!"

A race like the present, established for years, and allowed to be admirably conducted, had of course excited considerable attention in all sporting circles. The conditions were as follows:—Ten sovereigns each, free for all horses carrying 12st., four miles across country, to be marked out by flags, no party to ride more than one hundred yards in any road or lane in the race.

On my arrival I found twenty horses had been entered, but two drawn—the Flyer, belonging to Mr. Thomas, being amiss, and Cantab, the property of Mr. Ind. Of the other eighteen and their jocks I subjoin the list, the first three as they came in. There was much said about others being placed, but it was past my skill to accomplish:—

Hon. J. Brand's The  
Poet, by Catton.....Mr. J. Mason.  
Mr. Dickens's Van-  
guard.....Owner.  
Mr. Allen's Zigzag.....Capt. Beechey.

|                            |                     |                 |
|----------------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| Mr. H. Peyton's Bam-       | ford.....           | Owner.          |
| Mr. Stone's Fitzowen.....  | Mr. Powell.         |                 |
| Mr. Tibbitt's Enter-       | prize.....          | Mr. Ivins.      |
| Mr. Price's Newport.....   | Mr. C. Bloxham.     |                 |
| Mr. Elmore's Vespa.....    | Mr. N. Mason.       |                 |
| Mr. Bainbridge's Mu-       | ley.....            | Capt. Nead.     |
| Mr. Anderson's Gla-        | dator.....          | Mr. Weston.     |
| Mr. Codrington's Pre-      | mier.....           | Owner.          |
| Mr. Jordan's Moon-         | raker.....          | Mr. Cardale.    |
| Mr. Westley's Buffalo..... | Owner.              |                 |
| Mr. Seffert names Mr.      | Bean's Dreadnought, | Mr. Seffert.    |
| Mr. Maynard's Tag-         | lion.....           | Owner.          |
| Mr. Fielding's Young       | Flyer.....          | Mr. Crommellin. |
| Mr. Stubbs's Radical.....  | Owner.              |                 |
| Mr. Bean's Jerry.....      | Owner.              |                 |

The start was in a large grass field near Simonside; and hence to the finish, near St. Peter's church, was a direct line, but from which the course diverged to the left, in consequence, I believe, of some proprietor objecting to its passing through his land: on the whole, it was not ill calculated to try what stuff a nag was made of. The first mile was plain sailing—a flat, with a few new fences; the second, the ground was rising, the fencing still far from difficult; the third was through small inclosures, plenty of bustle for them, and some jolly good rasps here; in the commencement of the fourth and last mile, was the *bend*, crossing the green lane, and then the run home, light fences and level ground. There was not one brook, nor an inch of treacherous galloping from end to end: still there was no time to idle in getting over it—a good four miles in twelve seconds under thirteen minutes, the time in which it was done by the winner. I said it was a late hour before the business began, and this was in a measure caused by the empire, My Lord Clanricarde, being required to go over the ground in the first instance, to report the practicability of the fences.

The sporting Irish Marquis was *he locum tenens* of Col. Charritie, who I heard was detained by indisposition at Cheltenham, and certainly a better substitute for such an office

were not easily found. In an affair like the one before us it is hard to attempt to quote the odds where each horse had his partisans. I thought the Oxfordshire nag Bamford in request among some that ought to know a thing or two; and poor Moonraker, looking the very incarnate impersonation, the *beau ideal* of a screw, had people to back him, I suppose for the sake of “*lang syne*.” In St. Alban's the winner was certainly a favorite, and looking at the ground, which *there* of course was familiar, and the sort of animal required to do it—a great rattling thorough-bred, with tremendous speed—seemed about the mark; still folks bid 12 to 1 against him: but then *that* was no criterion, when you saw 5 to 1 offered and taken about an unfortunate *example*, more fit for the knacker's-yard than a race-course. After a couple of fields had been crossed, Radical and Bamford opening the ball, Mr. Bean rattled away with Jerry as if he was in earnest or thereabouts, Dreadnought, Vanguard, Premier, and the two before mentioned sawing away after him. Here I saw Zigzag come out and get among the leading horses; and he would have been not far from it, but from some one, whose mother should have kept him at home, running against him, and, as I believe, throwing him down. Thus the contest was when the lane near the farmhouse, where the course inclined to the left, was reached: here affairs took a turn—Poet, who had blundered over his first three or four leaps, and had been pulling away like bricks and mortar, popped in and out of the lane like a harlequin, passed his horses, took his last fence flying, and won by twenty yards in a canter! He certainly was brought over his ground with much judgment by his rider, carrying too a heavy dead weight, three stone I believe, and I should take it to be anything but agreeable to steer him across a country—still he had the breeding, the blood, and *that's* the point at the wind up!

The Young Flyer refused half a score of jumps, rallied over like a nine pin, and I thought he had given

his rider, Mr. Crommellin, his *coup de grace* at a gate. As for Moonraker, he was down as a matter of conscience—he was brought there to tumble, with a pair of fore-legs no better than a kangaroo's! There's no disputing about taste, as the boy said who boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin, but how any man with the fear of the Coroner before his eyes was ever got to ride that horse will take a conjuror to discover. I was near him when he got one precious purl, and heard a yokel sing out,

"My eyes, that's a rum'un. It was God's mercy the gentleman fell among the primroses."

There was a very large assemblage, and much good company. Prince Esterhazy was there, and his son with a most impossible name, beginning with four consonants, and quite beyond my "cackology," as my Lord Duberly has it, either to utter or transcribe. It was a right good Meeting, earnest as I trust of many such, and when they come, "may we be there to see!" J. W. C.

### NOON-DAY'S REPLY TO THE EARL OF BELFAST.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING my recorded wishes to accompany the worthy and veracious "J. B. G." into modest retirement, I am prevented doing so by the Earl of Belfast, who obtrudes his correspondence upon me, accompanied by some ugly names that pass

"Like the idle wind which I regard not;"

and although unable to controvert any one of the facts which I have stated, he has made up for the inability by a copious quantity of abuse, in which (fortunately for the purity of your pages) the *illiberality* of my education does not admit of my following His Lordship. It appears to Lord Belfast to be of *no importance* that "J. B. G." has been wielding the Water Witch as an engine of offence *ever since the 15th April 1833*—against the Admiralty, for not purchasing her; against Captain Symonds, for reasons only to be guessed; and against vessels belonging to Members of the R. Y. S. because they outsailed her: and he seems to imagine, because the weapon with which the assault is made happens to be *his* property, that therefore the assaulted should merely confine themselves to parrying the attack. Not so was Hannibal driven out of Italy, or Napoleon to St. Helena: and I may as well here notice incidentally as a curious fact, that every shaft aimed at "J. B. G." seems to inflict a wound upon His Lordship, and every cap I

Sun Hill, March 15, 1834.

weave for that worthy personage the Noble Earl appears resolved to appropriate to himself. Verily the friendship of Damon and Pythias is no longer without a parallel. I am accused of perverting facts, in saying the Water Witch had a picked crew when manned for the trial with the Pantaloon. It is needless to say more upon this point, than that she was fitted out in October, when all the other yachts had discharged their men; and it would be folly to suppose the Gallant Officer who commanded her on that occasion did not select the best; yet the Noble Earl asserts she had the *very reverse* of a picked crew. He then informs us the orders given to the Water Witch were, "to sail a trial with the Pantaloon wherever she could be found, and to *stick to her till the result was ascertained, and never to lose sight of her!*" Now, Sir, it is certain that she *did not*, and possibly *could not*, stick to the Pantaloon; and that she *did* lose sight of her, *because she could not help it*: yet I have heard that any vessel having so much the advantage in sailing and weatherly qualities as the Water Witch is asserted to have possessed over her opponent, could *always* keep in any relative situation she pleased: yet it appears, notwithstanding all this boasted superiority, that in six hours she was totally and hopelessly shaken off by the Pantaloon, which in due time delivered her despatches at Lisbon, in which port she *did not* find

the *Water Witch*: and is it not strange that the wear and tear of rigging, &c. &c. should be the plea to which the return of that vessel is attributed, when the Noble Earl himself informs us he had previously sent her *twice* to Lisbon and Oporto in search of the *Pantaloon*, yet having at length found her, and commenced a race, she gave up and returned here, without making the only voyage which *could have* decided the question, and all for the sake of saving a fortnight or three weeks' wear and tear, which on two former voyages was thought to be unimportant? Verily this is wondrous strange!

I do not profess to defend Captain Symonds, of the *Serpent*, for not making the best of his way if he had despatches on board; but His Lordship cannot be ignorant that there is a *positive* order from the Admiralty, which prevents any of His Majesty's ships passing the Needles except on a flood tide; and I presume he cannot have forgotten that when the *Water Witch* attacked the *Serpent*, it was running ebb.

THE *WATER WITCH* CHALLENGES ANY SQUARE-RIGGED VESSEL, &c. &c. —I beg the patience of your Readers while I throw a little light upon this vaunting paragraph in His Lordship's letter. Be it known, therefore, that no merchant vessel can sail, or be expected to sail under ordinary circumstances, equal to a yacht of even the worst construction; nor can His Majesty's ships belent to individuals for the purpose of accepting His Lordship's challenge: but even if they could, it would not be a *fair match*, unless the *Water Witch* was compelled to carry a similar crew, water, guns, shot, stores, provisions, &c. &c. as her opponent—mark me, *not a similar weight*, which can always be stowed to advantage, but the actual things themselves.

I must now inform your readers (and I beg they will bear it in mind) that *tonnage* has been ascertained to possess so decided an advantage in all competitions between yachts, that vessels under forty tons are proved to have no chance when matched against opponents of forty-five; nor

those under the latter tonnage with others of fifty: and the classification in the R. Y. S. has been formed accordingly, after which an increase takes place on a graduated scale. On examining the last number of that Club, I find *but one* vessel larger than the *Water Witch*, and that is Lord Yarborough's *Falcon*, which appears to have the advantage by nineteen tons. She, however, being frigate built, her bulwarks, upper deck, and top hamper, put her out of the question as a racer, as thirty stone extra would beat the best horse upon the turf. The *Harlequin* is thirty-nine tons smaller; but there appears to be no other upon the list within *one hundred tons* so large as the *Water Witch*: and as His Lordship will not agree to open his challenge to the smaller craft of *different rigs*, notwithstanding he attributes the loss of the King's Cup last year to the race being *inside* of the Isle of Wight, where *short tacks* and *slack water* are stated to be the cause, his challenge, which looks so well in print, amounts just to NOTHING. Whether Mr. Talbot's *Galatea* or Captain Lyons' *Mischief* may think the *Water Witch* can be safely spared between one and two hundred tons, time will shew.

I have now arrived at the last and most important paragraph in His Lordship's letter; and as the defensive object for which I commenced these letters appears to be accomplished by the cessation and retirement of "J. B. G.," I fully intend it shall be my last; and fortunately His Lordship (by accusing me of *insidious* and *unfounded assertions*, and bare-faced and malicious falsehood) has forced me to place us both before the public for judgment—from whose decision there can be no appeal. I shall therefore, to prevent the possibility of misconception, quote the paragraph at length. His Lordship says, "I now feel called upon to notice that part of the letter of NOON DAY as regards my friend Sir Francis Collier, late Captain of the *Vernon*. A more barefaced and malicious falsehood never appeared in print, as the Gallant Officer's letter annexed will

prove; and I shall only add, that no person on my behalf, or to my knowledge, ever asked Sir Francis Collier to sign any document whatever!!"

Now, Sir, upon turning to page 336 in your Number for February last, you will perceive the paragraph which has extracted the above vial of wrath from His Majesty's Vice Chamberlain; and you cannot but be astonished at the *sang froid* with which he deprives the unfortunate "J. B. G." of all the honour intended for him. I am there taking leave of that ill-used Gentleman, who in his previous letter threatened to deprive me of the honour of his correspondence unless I produced Official Documents. My words are: "I shall not therefore (as he promises good behaviour) trouble him with any documents, and shall only glance at the abortive attempt made last summer to procure the signature of Sir Francis Collier to a paper on the subject of certain races in which the Vernon was concerned." On this fact His Lordship and I are at issue, and the public must decide between us. He calls it a barefaced falsehood, and I re-assert it to be true; and further, that the aforesaid application was made by one of His Lordship's *most particular* friends: and had I not seen His Lordship's name attached to the denial of all knowledge of the transaction, I could not have believed in the possibility of his ignorance. But what does the letter of Sir Francis Collier amount to, more than exculpating His Lordship from being personally the applicant? It runs as follows:—"My dear Lord—I can have no hesitation in saying you never requested me to sign any document respecting the merits of the Water Witch and Vernon, or indeed any document at all. Believe me yours

very truly, F. COLLIER." It appears the Noble Earl confined his inquiry studiously to *Number One*: but had he extended it a little further, and asked whether any such application had been made, it would probably have saved the above exhibition of His Lordship's temper, and me the trouble of writing the present article. But it is not even yet too late; and if he will address the following letter, without addition or subtraction, to Sir Francis Collier, and publish the answer, it will rectify all mistakes, and the satisfaction which he says he already enjoys of seeing me in my proper colours before the public will be greatly enhanced:—

"My dear Sir Francis—Will you have the goodness to inform me whether any Gentleman ever made an application to you to sign a paper concerning any race or races in which the Water Witch and Vernon were concerned, to which application you did not accede from feeling you should not be justified in so doing. I am, my dear Sir Francis, yours very truly."

I must not conclude without returning my best thanks to BEN BLOX for his offer of the memoranda of himself and friends; but as he will perceive my intention is to close this controversy, I need not avail myself of his purposed kindness. I believe I am fully acquainted with all the principal occurrences which took place upon the occasion in question; but of course there must be many minor points only known to individuals; and should I ever feel it to be incumbent upon me to advert to the subject again, I shall most gladly avail myself of his kind offer. Now, Sir, farewell, and believe me your obliged,

NOON DAY.

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## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THERE has been much business done since our last, particularly as regards the two leading favo-

rites for the DERBY; and as the Newmarket Meetings approach the interest will naturally increase. On the 17th Bentley got the pull on the Yorkshire horse by a full point; but

on the 20th the attendance at the looms was very numerous, and the setting heavy on Bubastes at 13 to 2 and 6 to 1, Bentley receding to his former position. Shilelah has advanced considerably, and Plenipo has fallen off two points. Several others have "kept moving." On the 24th the speculators mustered very strong, but the actual business done was not equal to that on the 20th, though Bentley was in more request at 7 to 1 (taken), and nothing done on Bubastes under 6½ to 1. The following we consider as correct an account as can be given of the present state of the market:—

6 to 1 agst Bubastes.  
7 to 1 agst Bentley.  
9 to 1 agst Shilelah.  
11 to 1 agst Plenipo (taken).  
15 to 1 agst Olympic (taken).  
20 to 1 agst Comet.  
22 to 1 agst Emigrant (taken).  
25 to 1 agst Glencoe (taken).  
1000 to 90 agst Delirium (taken).  
1000 to 33 agst Doll Tearsheet colt.  
1000 to 50 agst Posthuma colt (taken).  
1000 to 40 agst Darius (taken).  
1000 to 50 agst Bro. to Cloudealey (tak.).  
1000 to 15 agst Noodle (taken).  
1000 to 20 agst Harum Scarum.  
1000 to 15 agst Pincher (taken).  
500 to 400 on Trulla agst Viator (taken), 12 to 1 agst Comet and Emigrant (taken), 1000 to 30 agst Lord Jersey's lots winning Derby and Oaks (taken).

Very little has been done on the Oaks since our last. On the 20th Lord Jersey's Flycatcher was brought forward at 12 to 1, with a slight disposition to back Amadou and Muliana. On the 24th there was nothing done: 11 to 2 offered on the field, and Rosalie first favorite, Cotillon being suspected to be not quite up to the mark; 13 to 2 was offered against her; 210 to 200 betted on her for this race against Bubastes for the Derby.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

At a meeting of the Members of the Jockey Club, held 25th of April 1833, it was resolved, as we stated at the time, that from and after the end of the year 1833 horses should be considered, at Newmarket, as taking their ages from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of May. With respect to other places they will continue to be considered as taking their ages from

the 1st of May, until the Stewards of those races shall order otherwise.

When Easter Monday falls in March, the Craven Meeting commences on the second Monday in April.

*Ascot Heath 1834.*—The following are the nominations for the Gold Cup: Duke of Rutland's Shylock, 4 yrs. Lord Exeter's Galata, 5 yrs. Lord Exeter's Sir Robert, 4 yrs. Lord Verulam's Little Cassino, 4 yrs. Lord Lichfield's Whitefoot, 3 yrs. Mr. Wilson's Claret, 4 yrs. Mr. Hunter's Morotto, 3 yrs. Mr. Rush na. Chantilly, 4 yrs. General Grosvenor na. Samarcand, 4 yrs. Lord Uxbridge's Rubini, 6 yrs. Lord Conyngham na. Comet, 3 yrs. Lord George Bentinck na. Revenge, 4 yrs. Mr. Cosby's Galopade, 6 yrs. Lord A. Fitz-Clarence na. Diana, 6 yrs. Colonel Peel's Ernest, 5 yrs. Lord Wilton's Chancellor, 6 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs. Mr. Payne na. Rosalie, 3 yrs. Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch, 4 yrs. Lord Westminster na. Belahazzar, 4 yrs. Mr. W. M. Stanley na. c. by Muley out of Rosanne, 3 yrs. Mr. Gully na. Rockingham, 4 yrs. Mr. Ridsdale's na. Stradbally, 3 yrs. Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 6 yrs. Mr. Forth's Marpessa, 4 yrs. Mr. Grant na. b. f. Famine by Humphrey Clinker out of Fang's dam, 3 yrs. Mr. Thornhill subscribed, but did not na.

#### THE CHASE.

An excellent little pack of harriers is now established in the neighbourhood of Torquay, which, without interfering with Sir Walter Carew's fox-hounds, have shewn great sport. They are kept by and are under the management of Sir John Buller and Mr. Pierrepont. On Tuesday last, the 25th instant, they met at Tor-abbey gate, and had a famous day's sport, killing their three hares in gallant style; there was a numerous field of more than sixty horsemen. The huntsman, Jack Treble, is a well-known character in the West of England, having turned to good account the advantage which he received when under Mr. King, of the Hambleton. The whip, H. Mills, does his work well, and is a bruising rider: both are well mounted. This pack in another year will greatly enhance the attractions of that fascinating watering place Torquay.—*Feb. 27.*

*Deer-stalking.*—“Sir, During my

stay in Scotland last autumn, I heard an account of a day's deer-stalking in Perthshire, which I consider worthy of record, and the truth of which is well known. A gentleman, who is as celebrated for his love of field sports as for the high estimation in which he stands amongst his friends, being out with his keeper in pursuit of deer, observed at a considerable distance a herd; after a very long and difficult stalk of some hours, he found himself within shot of a herd of fifty or sixty fine stags, at a late hour in the afternoon, he having a very large single rifle, and his keeper, who was lying by his side, carrying for him a double-barrelled one. Your sporting readers know well the difficulties and labour of deer-stalking; but the uninitiated, for whose benefit I think it right to explain, should know, that, in an open country, such as was the scene of this day's sport, it is necessary to creep close to the ground as a snake, proceeding with the greatest possible caution and strictest silence; and that on some days, when the deer are

restless, the most experienced sportsmen cannot get near them. Having succeeded in getting within shot, he took deliberate aim, and with his single-barrelled rifle killed the finest stag he could pick out: he then took from his keeper the double-barrelled rifle, expecting to get a second shot as the deer were running away, but, instead of making off, the stags trotted round within shot, exposing their sides to him. He fired both barrels, and with each killed a stag: there were then three on the ground. As the deer galloped off he perceived that a fourth was badly wounded, and directed the keeper to let slip a well-known stag-hound, formerly the property of a much-lamented Sporting Baronet. The dog was slipped, and after a long course, ran the stag to water, where, after a heavy fight, in which the dog was severely wounded, the stag was killed; and thus four stags were added, as one day's sport, to the number killed last autumn by this able and gallant sportsman.—I am, Sir, &c. H.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. George Gould's letter has come to hand, but too late for the present Number: it shall appear in our next.

FAIR PLAY's letter is extremely honorable to his impartiality, but we do not consider his "justification" called for, inasmuch as our statement of the transaction alluded to has not been impugned by the parties concerned.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER's communication is unavoidably postponed till our next.

If TOT INCHLEY, jun. will favour us with his address, we have no doubt of being able to give him satisfactory reasons why his "hints" have not been adopted.—We are also obliged to "A Well-wisher and Constant Subscriber" for his suggestions; but he must be aware of the difficulty of pleasing all parties. Any communications from our Correspondent on the subjects alluded to will be duly acknowledged.

If A LOVER OF TRUTH will favour us with his real name and address, we will readily give place to his communication: but, as we have repeatedly said, we cannot insert what is styled "a refutation of errors" on *anonymous* authority. He should also recollect that indiscriminate abuse is no argument.

A LOVER OF THE LEASH, in his anxiety to correct our account of the running for the Cup at Epsom, has fallen into an error himself.—He says, "The Cup was won by Mr. Knight's bitch puppy *Gipsy*, and *not the dog*, as your account has it." Now, on referring to the report of the meeting, we find we have given *Gipsy* all due honours as the winner of the Cup, but it appears she was "the property of Mr. Knight, who bred and trained her," and not of Mr. Day. The fact is, the Secretaries of the different Clubs are so remiss in forwarding authenticated lists, that the only wonder is that more errors do not occur.

Communications from P. P. L. will be always acceptable.

If "T. C." will take the trouble to refer to our 24th Volume, N. S. p. 86, he will find a "full, true, and particular account" of Hastings, the Sporting Tailor of Cheltenham.—In our 33d volume he will also find a portrait, with some curious particulars, of that singular character, "Poor Dick The Huntsman," as the Newmarket people were wont to call him, who constantly "used a spur for pricking himself, which he fancied enabled him to keep up with the hounds."

Mr. Calmie's Essay on Curling has been received, and shall receive due attention.

# INDEX

TO THE

## EIGHTH VOLUME—SECOND SERIES.

- ACCIDENT**, singular, at Washington races, 168. fatal, to Mr. Rathborne, n. 428
- Adon**, Frank, sporting reminiscences of, in India, 81
- Anecdotes**:—a racing one, 102. the hare, 247. purchasing horses, 309. the ruling passion, 360. of gamekeepers, 458. hunting, 478. of Mr. Codrington, 485. Colonel Kelly, ib.
- Angling**—the Henley Club, 207. at Walthamstow Ferry, 350
- Arquatics**, 427
- Archery meetings**, 306
- Ardenne**, sports of the, 35
- Ascot**, gold cup, nominations for, 503
- Asiatic horses**, cursory remarks on the breed of, by *Javelin*, *Stud*, *Haroun*, &c. 9, 128, 237
- Baltimore**, description of, 164
- Battue**, a grand one at Foscally, 428
- Belfast**, Earl of, letters from—see Royal Yacht Squadron
- Belgians**, hounds of the King of the, 121
- Belshazzar and the Water Wretch**, 158
- Bettings at Tattersall's**, 71, 80, 276, 347, 424, 503
- Bonaparte**, Prince George of Cumberland's charger, 353
- Bowler**, Mr. John, V.S. of Cambridge, his death and character, 351
- Brighton**, hurdle races at, 200, 216. description of the hunting field from, &c. 491
- British Gallery Exhibition**, sporting subjects in the, 411
- Buck-hunting**, revival of in Ireland, 426
- Canine pathology**, diseases of dogs, &c. 238
- Caoutchouc**, application of in fishing, &c. 206
- Cardigan**, annual hunt meeting at, 355
- Carr**, Mr. Harrison, his retirement from the Brookside Harriers, 67
- Caton**, death of, his pedigree, performance, and progeny, 327
- Chapter of Scraps**, 477
- Chase**, the, including sport with various packs of hounds, 67, 204, 276, 349, 426, 503. songs on the, 248, 297
- Cheltenham races**, abortive attempt to put down, 114
- Cheshire**, doings in, 96
- Coaches**, present fast ones, hints to proprietors of, 291
- Cockney sportsman**, 16
- Cock-shooting**, &c. See Woodcock
- Codrington**, Mr. his *denhomie*, &c. 484
- Cocktail racing**, remarks on, 101
- Cole Arabian**, the get and performances of the, 123
- Collenon**, John of, an extraordinary character, 311
- Cooper**, Mr. presumed to be the cause of destruction of foxes in Suffolk, 373.
- Correspondents**, notices to, 72, 206, 280, 352, 428, 584
- Cotswold country**, description of the, and severe runs in, 117
- Cowes**, series of letters from on the Royal Yacht Squadron, &c. 40, 186. See also Royal Yacht Squadron
- Coursers**, hints to young, 174
- Coursing MEETINGS**:—Swaffham, 179. Newmarket, 181, 400. the Cockney (Wilts), 182, 397, (on Epsom Downs), 325. Everleigh, 183. Wensleydale, 184. Malton, 184. East Illey, 186. Ashdown Park, 228, 395. Louth County, 230. Harewood, 231, 398. Winchburgh, 232. Morfe, ib. and 396. Biggar, Clydesdale, Lanarkshire, and Bowers, 233. Hampton Court, 234. Southport, 319. Alcar, 320. Derbyshire, Newmarket Union, Deptford Inn, Lowther, Liverpool, Redcar, and Market Drayton, 322. Kempton, 396. Barton-on-Humber, 398. Chatsworth, 401.
- Coursing quere**, 427
- Cricket matches**, 207
- Crops and game**, remarks on the Perthshire farmers' petition respecting, 361
- Dash**, portrait of, 436
- DASHWOOD**, communications from:—A few lines from, 162. New Year's Eve, 248. Hounds and hunting, comprising accounts from various packs throughout the United Kingdom, 266, 282, 338, 414, 429. Chapter of Scraps, 478
- Deer stalking**, 503

## INDEX.

- Dinant, fishing in the, &c. 36  
 Distemper, inoculating dogs for the, 338  
 Dogs, hints for getting them into condition, 453  
 Dublin country described, 239  
 East Sussex fox-hounds, a bird's-eye view of the, 439  
 Eel, question as to the propagation of the, 443  
 Epitaph on a favorite pointer, 477  
 Epsom Autumn races, 56  
 Farquharson, Mr. his conduct as a Master of Fox-hounds in regard to not giving up a portion of his extensive country, 267. description of the vase subscribed for by members of his hunt, 349. dinner and presentation of the vase to, 389.  
 Fashion in purchasing horses, instances of, 267  
 Fine Arts, 497  
 Fly-fishing in Loch Freuchy, 133  
 Forth, Mr. his general character for honour in his dealings, 346  
 Foster, pedigree of, 9  
 Foxes out of their places, 277. destruction of in Suffolk, causes of, 371. scarcity of in Suffolk, with suggestions for their preservation, 454. another proof of their living amicably with pheasants in preserves, 434  
 Fox-hunters, churlish hostility to in Scotland, 377  
 Fox-hunting Gentlemen, present race of, 235  
 Fox-hunting, traits of English, 114  
 Game Laws, remarks on the, and sale of game, 70, 250, 279, 361, 445. their effect in destroying foxes, 457. poaching increased by, 433  
 German races, 366  
 Germany, rearing of young stock in, 53  
 Gloster hounds (U. S.), ludicrous scene with the, 171  
 Good Evening, plate of, 281  
 Goodwood, nominations for the principal Stakes at, 191  
 Goodricks, Sir Harry, his will, 71. lines on the death of, 199  
 Greyhounds, sale of, 69. stallions for 1834, 427  
 Grouse season, end of the, 279  
 Hampton Court Stud, brood mares at, 348  
 Hare, anecdote of the, 247. extraordinary run with one in Ireland, 368  
 Harriers, Shropshire, a few words in praise of the, 332. a day with Mr. M. Morrell's, 367. extraordinary run with Mr. G. St. Vincent Wilson's, 368. capital sport with the Mountain, 369  
 Hastings, Marquis of, his country, hounds, and neighbouring packs, 239  
 Heaton Park races, 3  
 Hever Castle, curious account of, 156  
 Horlock, Mr. lasting memento of, 441  
 Horsham hounds and country, 401. extraordinary sport with, 418  
 Horses purchased to go abroad, 70, 348  
 HOUNDS AND HUNTING, by DASHWOOD—comprising accounts from various packs throughout the United Kingdom, 266, 282, 336, 414, 429  
 Hounds and countries, rough sketches of, 401, 488  
 Howth Park Races, 30  
 Howth, Lord, his stag-hounds and their spirited manager, &c. 289  
 Hunters, comparative merits of thoroughbred horses as, 303  
 Hunting, on the improvements of, 23. on purchasing nags for, 307. in Wales, 344  
 Huntsman's fire-side on New Year's Eve, 253. laughable vagaries of quick, 478  
 Hydrophobia, alleged cure for, 247  
 Jockey Club, resolutions by the, 66, 363  
 Journal, extracts from an old, by *Fireseat*, 163  
 Irish Court, a tale of the, 435  
 Keeper, the, his fire-side on New Year's Eve, 254. fund for remuneration of for preserving foxes deprecated, 455  
 Kintore, Earl of, dinner given to, 68  
 Knapton Harriers, sport with the, 247  
 Leger, winner of the late, 28. a few words from *Burcot* on the late, 35 (see *Marpessa*). nominations for 1834, 309  
 Leicestershire, doings in, 42. hunting campaign in, 193. a few words from in reply to *Will Careless*, 246  
 Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds, sport with the, 298  
 "Live and let live" exemplified, 484  
 Lothian (Mid.) Coursing Club, splendid fete given by the, 280  
 Lewis, Mr. the old Squire of Llantilio, 343  
 March, month of, sport and objects in pursuit of, 445  
 Marpessa, remarks on her leaving Doncaster before the Leger, 214, with a reply to them by *Burcot*, 344  
 Medway, source of the, 155  
 Miss Sportley and Skewball, race between, and old song on, 258  
 Morrell, Mr. Mark, a day with his harriers, 368  
 Mountain harriers, capital sport with the, 369  
 Mules, Mr. late Master of the Essex and Suffolk Border Hounds, gold cup presented to, 29  
 Mure, Mr. three days with his hounds in Suffolk, 370. last meeting for the season of, 454

## INDEX.

- Natural history, 79**  
**Nelson, a favorite pointer, epitaph on, 477**  
**Newmarket First October races, 59. the Second, 62. the Houghton, 139. fashionable stable talk at, 62. nominations and acceptances for 1834 at, 180, 276, 247**  
**New Year's Eve, by Dashwood, 248**  
**Norfolk, hunting in, 459**  
**Norman, John and Charles, their abilities as manager and jockey to Mr. Forth, 346-7**  
**Normandy, three winters in, 380**  
**Norris, Tom, the celebrated earth-stopper to the East Kent hounds, portrait of, 337**  
**Obituary, sporting:—Chorister, 71. Alaric, ib. Mr. Heber, 207. Mr. John Bowles, V.S. of Cambridge, 351. Mr. Rathborne, jun., Lady Brownlock, Lazarone, and Spaniel, 428**  
**Oldcoloo races, 387**  
**Orello, portrait of, 79**  
**Paris races, 923**  
**Pallone, inquiry respecting the game of, 26. described, 87**  
**Partridge, breed of in Scotland, 447**  
**Pedigrees and performances of horses, dogs, &c.:—Foster, 2. Orello, 79. Willy, 172. Miss Sportley, 259. Skewball, ib. Catton, 327. Bonaparte, 353. Talisman, 436. Dash, ib.**  
**Perthshire, hunting in, 68, 276. tenantry, petition of respecting game, &c. 361**  
**Pheasant, the wounded, 53. breed of in Scotland, 447**  
**Phillipps, T. J. Esq. portrait of, 1**  
**Pigeons, match at one hundred, 394**  
**Poachers, female, ingenuity of, 350. increased by the New Game Act, 482**  
**POETRY:—Bacchanalian Ode, 8. The Cockney Sportsman, 16. French Hunting Song, 25. A Sober Song by a Moderate Tippler, 43. tribute to the memory of Snipe, a favorite pointer, 155. Willy, 172. Lines on the death of Sir Harry Goodricke, 199. French song, 223. The Chase, 242. Old Song on the race between Miss Sportley and Skewball, 268. The Chase, a parody, 297. The Privy Councillor, a tale of the Irish Court, 485**  
**Punt-shooting, a few lines on, 392**  
**Pugilism, between Tom Oliver and Ben Burn, 352**  
**Quail, or Virginian partridge, and Canvas-back duck shooting, 170**  
**QUARTOGENARIAN, A, communications from:—remarks on spaniels, 17, 88, 208. Shooting Foray to Welsh Mountains in olden times, 217, 311. Crops and grain: with extracts from, and remarks on, the late Deputation of some of the Perthshire tenantry to the Earl of Ormelle, M.P. 261. End of the Shooting Season, with remarks on the past one and other matters, 445**  
**Quickness, explanation of as regards fox-hunting, 481**  
**Racing, odds and ends connected with, 97**  
**Racing Season 1833, review of the, by The Young Forester, 74, 210**  
**Rambler in Green, rough sketches of hounds and countries by, 401, 488**  
**Random Records, &c. on the comparative merits of English and Irish horses, celebrated Irish jockeys, &c. 103**  
**Regattas, hints for the improvement of suggested, 439**  
**Ridgeley, Mr. C. S., his hounds and stud, 165**  
**Ruling passion, instance of the, 360**  
**Schleswig races, 386**  
**Scotland, fox-hunting in, 323, 431, 426. the game season in, 446**  
**Seagrave, Lord (late Colonel Berkeley), as a rider to hounds, &c. 119**  
**Shooting season, end of, and review of the past, 445**  
**Shropshire harriers, a few words in praise of the, 332**  
**Singer, Sam, a crack shot, 394**  
**Sledge, display of throwing the, 427**  
**Snipe, a favorite pointer, tribute to the memory of, 183**  
**Spaniels, remarks on the breed of, 17, 88, 208**  
**Sporting, improvements of the present day in, 23**  
**Sporting intelligence, 66, 204, 276, 347, 424, 509**  
**Sportsman's table on New Year's Eve, 252**  
**Squire and his hounds sixty years ago, 109. the Squire, 436**  
**St. Alban's Steeple Chase, 498**  
**Stag-hunting, 204**  
**Stalking-horse used by the poachers in Wales in cock-shooting, 449**  
**Stallions, list of for 1834, 172, 257, 459**  
**Steam-carriages on turnpike roads, remarks on, 391**  
**Steeple chases: in Ireland, 206, 426. Emerald cup, 278. in Wexford and Lanarkshire, 350. St. Alban's, 498**  
**Stud sales, 69**  
**Surrey Hunt, defence of the, 384**  
**Surrey Stag-hounds, unparalleled run with, 279**  
**Sutton, Sir Richard, sport with his hounds, 256**  
**Steere, Mr., hints to, on the impolicy of his aristocratic conduct in the field, 401. extraordinary sport with, 418**  
**Talisman, portrait of, 436**  
**Thorough-bred horses, comparative merits of as hunters, 203**

## INDEX.

- Throwing the sledge, a display of, 427  
 Tickham hounds, a run with the, 463  
 Tivvade hounds, sport with, 356  
 Trakehnen, stad at, 63  
 Turf intelligence extra, 66, 904, 276, 347, 424, 503  
 Ustick, Mr. of Penwarne, a true sportsman and hospitable "Old English Gentleman," 449, 502  
 Wales, hunting in, 364  
 Warwickshire hounds and country, description of, 33  
 Washington races, singular accident at, 168  
 Water Hen, description of the, 275  
 Water Witch, controversy regarding—see Royal Yacht Squadron.  
 Welsh games, the ancient, and proposals for their revival and extension, 111  
 Welch barriers in America, 166  
 Welsh Mountains, shooting Foray to the in olden times, 217, 311  
 Wild-fowl shooting, 362  
 Willoughby, Lord, his liberality in regard to game, 367  
 Wilson, Mr. George St. Vincent, extraordinary run with his barriers, 363  
 Willy, pedigree of, 172  
 Winners of Royal Purse, Gold Cup, and Two-year-old Stakes in 1833, 166  
 Winning horses, alphabetical list of, in England, Scotland, and Wales 183, 461  
 Woodcock, habits of, &c. 275. vulgar error regarding the, 449  
 Whips, hunting, steeple-chase, and jockey, excellent ones, from the manufactory of Messrs. Griffith, 306, 427  
 Yacht Club, the Royal Western, remodeling of the, 150  
 Yacht Clubs, prospects of their approaching season, 375, 457  
 Yacht Squadron, the Royal, controversy respecting the, by Earl of Belfast, *New Day*, "J. B. G." &c. 151, 292, 344, 260, 318, 333, 357, 560  
 Young Groom's Guide, notice of, 70

## DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

### Vignette Title-page.

|                                                            |     |                              |                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------|------------------|
| Portrait of T. J. Phillips, Esq. to<br>face page.....      | 1   | Try Back .....               | to face page 269 |
| Wounded Pheasant and Retrievers.....                       | 52  | Woodcock and Water Hen ..... | 275              |
| Drawing Covert.....                                        | 74  | Good Even .....              | 321              |
| Orelle .....                                               | 79  | The Earth Stopper.....       | 337              |
| Fishing Scene, Source of the Medway<br>—Hever Castle ..... | 155 | Bonaparte .....              | 353              |
| Wily.....                                                  | 172 | Farquharson Vase.....        | 369              |
|                                                            |     | The Squire .....             | 436              |
|                                                            |     | Dash.....                    | 456              |

The Proprietors respectfully inform the Subscribers, that if they are desirous the Portraits of favorite Horses, Greyhounds, &c. should appear in the **SPORTING MAGAZINE**, they have only to send the Pictures to 18, Warwick Square, and, if approved, they will be put into the Engraver's hands, *without any expense*, and the Picture, carefully preserved and returned when done with.

END OF VOLUME VIII.—SECOND SERIES.

Printed by M. A. Pittman, Warwick-square, London,

## THE RACING CALENDAR, 1833.

### SHREWSBURY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 6.**—The **TANKERVILLE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added.—The second horse to have his stake returned.—Twice round and a distance.—Seven subs. (one of whom paid the larger and three the smaller ft.)

|                                                                                 |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Nanney's b. h. <i>Penrhos</i> , by Rowlaton, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Lear).....   | 1 |
| Mr. Massey's b. g. <i>Abelard</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.....       | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Wolverhampton</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... | 3 |

The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 60 sovs.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                         |      |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mr. Nanney's br. c. <i>Captain Wattle</i> , by Champion, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Lear) ..... | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. George's ch. m. <i>Acco</i> , by Manfred, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ....                     | 2    | 2 |
| Mr. Whitfield's c. by <i>Crowcatcher</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.....                        | dis. |   |

**WEDNESDAY, August 7.**—The **GOLD CUP** in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner of two Cups in 1833 to carry 5lb. extra.—Three miles.—Fifteen subs.

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Russell</i> , by Corinthian, aged (Lear) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Her Highness</i> , by Moses, 5 yrs .....        | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , aged.....               | 3 |

The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 60 sovs.—Weights as for the Borough Members' Plate, the winner of which carried 3lb. extra.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                        |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Wolverhampton</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Spring) 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's br. c. <i>Captain Wattle</i> , by Champion, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....          | 1 | 2 |

**THURSDAY, August 8.**—The **CLEVELAND STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Bower's b. f. *Lady Stafford*, by Comus, 4 yrs .....walked over.

Hrs **MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Three miles.

Mr. Painter's b. g. *Russell*, aged .....walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 45 added by the Innkeepers:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Wadlow's b. g. *Hector*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs .....walked over.

The **COULPORT VASE**, value 30gs., the gift of Messrs. Rose and Co., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—four-year-olds, 11st. 12lb.; five, 12st. 8lb.; six, 13st.; and aged, 13st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The second horse to receive 10 sovs.—To be ridden by Gentlemen or Farmers.—Heats, once round and a distance, about a mile and a quarter.—Six subs.

|                                                             |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Wall's b. g. <i>Catacract</i> , by Jupiter, 5 yrs ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Peck's b. m. <i>Lady Grandison</i> , aged .....         | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Jobson's ch. m. <i>Gazelle</i> , aged.....              | 2 | 3 |
| Sir R. Hill's b. g. <i>Pipkin</i> , by Strephon, 5 yrs..... | 3 | 4 |

### POTTERY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 6.**—The **POTTERY PLATE** of 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 10lb.; and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Horses that had run this year and not won allowed 3lb., if twice 5lb., thrice 7lb.—A winner of a King's Plate, Gold Cup, or Stakes of 100 sovs. value in the present year, to carry 5lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Mott's b. m. <i>Gazelle</i> , by Muley, aged (Calloway) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Palin's b. g. Pluralist, by Ambo, aged .....                  | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Ogden's b. m. Sarah, by Tramp, 5 yrs .....                    | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. Miniature, by Teniera, 4 yrs .....        | 4 | dr. |

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—Weights as above—Three miles.—Six subs.**

|                                                             |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Mott's <i>Gazelle</i> , by Muley, aged (Calloway) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Ogden's Sarah, by Tramp, 5 yrs .....                    | 2 |
| Mr. Davenport named Miss Oakley, aged .....                 | 3 |

**FIFTY POUNDS, the gift of J. Davenport, Esq. M.P.—Conditions as for the Pottery Plate.**

|                                                                            |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>Lady Bee</i> , by Count Porro, 5 yrs (W. Jones) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langar, 3 yrs .....                     | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Ogden's b. m. Sarah, by Tramp, 5 yrs .....                             | 3 | 3 |

**WEDNESDAY, August 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.**

|                                                              |              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Alanson's b. f. <i>Lady Moore Carew</i> , by Tramp ..... | walked over. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|

**The WORKMEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each.—Conditions the same as for the Pottery Plate.**

|                                                                               |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Alanson's b. f. <i>Lady Moore Carew</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs (J. Gray) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Mott's <i>Gazelle</i> , by Muley, aged .....                              | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>Lady Bee</i> , by Count Porro, 5 yrs .....               | 2 | 3 |

**PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for maiden horses:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and upwards, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.**

|                                                                               |   |     |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. <i>Miniature</i> , by Teniera, 4 yrs (W. Jones) ..... | 2 | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Griffith's ch. f. <i>Saccharina</i> , 4 yrs .....                         | 4 | 5   | 2   |
| Mr. Ogden's b. f. <i>Priacilla</i> , by Tarragon, 4 yrs (bolted) .....        | 5 | 3   | dr. |
| Mr. Wheelodon's b. f. Catgut, by Catton, 4 yrs .....                          | 3 | 4   | dr. |
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langar, 3 yrs .....                        | 1 | 2   |     |
| Mr. M. G. Johnson's b. m. Sister to Controller, 6 yrs .....                   | 6 | dr. |     |

This race is in dispute.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for regular hunters, not thoroughbred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subs.**

|                                                                              |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Davenport na. b. g. <i>Guardian</i> , by Lettery, 5 yrs (Calloway) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Copeland na. b. m. Miss Oakley, aged .....                               | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Moseley na. b. m. Tiney, aged .....                                      | 3 | 3 |

### WORCESTER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 6.—The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. f. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 20 added.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs. (three of whom paid the larger and seven the smaller forfeit.)**

|                                                                             |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Diana</i> , by Caston, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (Chapple) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Ludlow, by Filho, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ....           | 2 |
| Mr. J. H. Peel's b. g. Lely, by Peter Lely, aged, 8st. ....                 | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Five subs.**

|                                                                            |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Miles's b. h. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs (Arthur) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Thorne's b. g. Harry, by Master Henry, 6 yrs .....                     | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Ludlow, by Filho, 4 yrs .....                     | 3 |
| Mr. Day's b. f. Milcay, by Middleton, 4 yrs .....                          | 4 |

**THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 50 sovs. once this year to carry 5lb., twice 5lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.**

|                                                                   |   |     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. Peel's ch. g. <i>Peregrine Pickle</i> , 4 yrs (Chapple) ..... | 2 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Featherstonhaugh's b. c. by Champion, 4 yrs .....             | 3 | 2   | 2 |
| Mr. Smith's br. c. Parthenon, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....               | 1 | dr. |   |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. W. C. Hebbson's b. c. *Theodotite*, by Redlamite, 3 yrs, 9st. 3lb. (Arthur)... 1 1  
Mr. Jones's b. g. Batty, by Vesuvius, 5 yrs, 11st. .... 2 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, August 7.**—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, 9st. 3lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Six subs.

Mr. Phillips's b. c. *Tom Brown*, by Elephant out of The Mammoth's dam, 3 yrs (Harris)..... 1  
Mr. Peel's b. g. Lely, by Peter Lely, aged..... 2  
Mr. Day's b. f. Milcah, by Middleton, 4 yrs..... 3  
Mr. Griffiths's ch. f. Repentance, by Reveller out of Fanny Leigh, 3 yrs ..... 4

The **GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, in specie.—Three miles.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Day's b. m. *Diana*, 5 yrs, 9st. 8lb. (Chapple)..... 1  
Mr. Thorne's b. g. Harry, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb. .... 2  
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Laidlow, 4 yrs, by Filho, 8st. 2lb. .... 3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite out of Mischance ..... 1  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Lottery out of Novice ..... boked.

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffiths's ch. f. *Repentance*, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Arthur, jun.)... 1 1  
Mr. Phillips's b. c. *Tom Brown*, by Elephant, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Thorne's b. f. by Bobadil, dam by King of Diamonds, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. ... 3 dr.

**PURSE** of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the Western Division of the County, for horses bred in Worcestershire.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Pickernell's b. g. *Witley*, 4 yrs, 9st. 8lb. (Arthur) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Featherstonhaugh's b. c. by Champignon, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. .... 2 2

### SALISBURY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 7.**—The **WILTSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles and a distance.—Nineteen subs. (two of whom paid the larger and 16 the smaller ft.)

Mr. Biggs's b. c. *Pounce*, by Merlin, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ....walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. Dilly's bl. c. *Warrener*, by Sir Hukdi brand out of Snare .....walked over.

**PLATE** of 50l. given by the Members of the Southern District of the County:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 9st.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—The winner of one Plate this year to carry 3lb., of two or more 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs (T. Robinson)..... 1 1  
Mr. Sadler's br. m. Euryone, by Reveller, 6 yrs..... 4 2  
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. Wassaler, by Reveller, 6 yrs ..... 2 dr.  
Mr. Haines's b. f. Cecilia, by Comus, 4 yrs..... 3 dr.

The **CITY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of one Plate this year to carry 3lb., of two or more 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hill's bl. c. *Tourist*, by Dr. Syntax, 4 yrs (Cowley)..... 1 1  
Mr. Wadham Wyndham's b. m. Sister to Colleger, 5 yrs..... 2 dr.  
Mr. Gill's br. c. Easton, by Luxborough, 3 yrs..... 3 dr.

The **CITY BOWL**, with 18 sovs. added to it:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes this year to carry 3lb., of two or more 5lb. extra.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. James's b. f. by Silgo out of Tempest's dam, 4 yrs (T. Baker)..... 1 1  
Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery, 5 yrs..... 2 dr.  
Mr. Gill's br. c. Easton, by Luxborough, 3 yrs ..... 3 dr.

**THURSDAY, August 8.**—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. ; and aged, 9st. 2lb. —Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb. —Cup Course, about two miles and a half. —Eight subs.

Mr. Bigga's *Pounce*, by Merlin, 4 yrs (J. Day, jun.) ..... 1  
Mr. Haines's b. f. *Cecilia*, by Comus, 4 yrs ..... 2

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb. ; four, 9st. 6lb. ; five, 10st. ; six and aged, 10st. 3lb. —Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bigga's ch. h. *Little Red Rover*, by Tramp, 6 yrs (J. Day, jun.) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. *Terror*, by Magistrate, aged ..... 2 dr.  
Mr. Williams's br. m. *Forest Lass* (half-bred), aged ..... 3 dr.

**SUBSCRIPTION PLATE** of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 4lb. —A winner once this year of the value of 50 sovs. to carry 3lb., if twice 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra. —Heats, a mile and a half.

Sir L. Glyn's ch. g. *Bryan*, by Blacklock, 6 yrs (J. Day, jun.) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery, 5 yrs ..... 4 2  
Mr. Hill's bl. c. *Tourist*, by Doctor Syntax, 4 yrs ..... 2 dr.  
Mr. M. Gore's b. f. *Fairy*, 3 yrs ..... 3 dr.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of three sovs. each, with a Purse added. —Heats, a mile and a half. —Six subs.

Mr. Haine's b. f. *Cecilia*, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (Percy) ..... 4 1 1  
Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. *Terror*, by Magistrate, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... 1 2 2  
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. *Wassail*, by Reveller, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 3 dr.  
Mr. Gills's b. c. *Easton*, by Lushborough, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. .... 3 dr.  
Mr. Williams's *Forest Lass*, aged, 7st. 6lb. .... 5 dr.

**SILVER CUP**, given by Montague Gore, Esq. M.P., for horses the property of Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the Royal Wiltz and Volunteer Corps of the County, was won, at two heats, by

Mr. Humphries's b. g. *Shamrock* (Owner) beating four others.

#### HAVERFORDWEST MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 7.**—The PEMBROKESHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 30 sovs. added from the Fund. —Two miles. —The second horse to save his Stake. —Sixteen subs. (two of whom paid the larger and eight the smaller st.)

Mr. Williams's b. g. *Major*, by Cripple, 5 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (half-bred) —(H. Wadlow) .. 1  
Mr. B. Davis's b. c. *Creep*, by Tamworth out of Clematis by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb. .... 2  
Mr. R. Child's b. g. *Bacchanal*, by Reveller, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 3  
Mr. G. Rowe's br. c. *Jack Tar*, by Candidate, dam by Currycomb, grandam by Arthur, out of a half-bred Mare, 3 yrs, 5st. 10lb. .... 4  
Mr. Price's ch. h. by his Duplicate out of Frances, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... 5  
Mr. Henderson's b. h. St. Govins, 6 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... bolted.

**THE PICTON STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for horses not thorough-bred. —The second horse to save his Stake. —The winner to be sold for 150l. if demanded, &c. —Two-mile heats.

Mr. Williams's *Major*, by Cripple, 5 yrs, 11st. (H. Wadlow) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Roch, jun.'s *The Brownie*, aged, 11st. 11lb. .... 4 2  
Mr. Henderson's b. m. *Snowdrop*, by Cardinal Wolsey ..... 3  
Mr. Gwythe's *Lady-day*, 6 yrs, 11st. 8lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Meyrick's *Off-she-goes*, by Spectre, aged, 11st. 8lb. .... 3 dr.  
Mr. A. J. Stokes's *Anne*, 5 yrs, 11st. .... dr.

**PLATE** of 50l. the gift of Sir R. B. P. Phillips, Bart. M.P. for horses foaled in the County of Pembroke. —Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Pagoda*, by Polygar, 3 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (J. Cheswam) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Meyrick's *Off-she-goes*, by Spectre, aged, 10st. .... 2  
Mr. Gwythe's *Lady-day*, 6 yrs, 10st. .... 2 3  
Mr. Russell's *Kitty Fisher*, by Orville Junior out of *Kitty* (half-bred), 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 3 -  
Mr. Henderson's b. f. by Orville Junior, dam by Thumper, out of a half-bred Mare, 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... -  
Mr. Webb's *Rokeby*, by Cain, 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... dr.  
Mr. Rowe's *Jack Tar*, by Candidate, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (bolted) ..... dis.

**THURSDAY, August 8.**—The **ORIELTON STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 50l. added by Sir John Owen, Bart. M.P.—To start at the Distance Post and go twice round the Course, about three miles and a half.—The winner to be sold for 250l. if demanded, &c.—Seven subs.

Mr. T. Pryce's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Young Pavilion, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (J. Heaven).. 1  
 Mr. Williams's Major, by Cripple, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb..... 2  
 Mr. Roch, jun.'s Bacchanal, by Reveller, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... 3

The **TRADESMEN'S PLATE** of 52l. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—The second horse to save his stake.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Pagoda*, by Polygar, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (J. Cheswase)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Gough's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Young Pavilion, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Henderson's br. m. *Fanny*, by Master Henry out of Mervinla, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb. .... 2 dr.

*Dandina* did not come to the post in time for the first heat, and the other two were started without her. *Fanny* was drawn after the first heat, and Mr. Bristow allowed *Dandina* to start for the second.

**FREE HANDICAP** for beaten horses, of three sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Pryce's ch. h. by Duplicate out of Frances, 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb. (J. Heaven)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Gwythe's Lady-day, 6 yrs, 9st. .... 5 2  
 Mr. Gough's The Brownie, aged, 9st. 6lb..... 3 3  
 Mr. Rowe's Jack Tar, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 2 -  
 Mr. Child's Bacchanal, 6 yrs, 10st. .... 4 -

### WOLVERHAMPTON MEETING.

**MONDAY, August 12.**—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Fund:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Once round and a distance, about a mile and a quarter.—Four subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Perseverance*, by Frolic, aged (Lear)..... 1  
 Lord Grey of Graby's b. c. *Philosopher*, by Astrologer, 3 yrs ..... 2

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Harriet*, by Filho, dam by Smolenako, 7st. 13lb. (Darling) ... 1  
 Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan out of Active by Partisan, 7st. 13lb. .... 2

The **WOLVERHAMPTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.; to which will be added the Tradesmen's Purse of 100 sovs.—Twice round and a distance.—Thirty subs. (four of whom paid the larger and 16 the smaller ft.)

Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Her Highness*, by Moses, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Lye)..... 1  
 Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb..... 2  
 Mr. Painter's b. g. *Russell*, by Corinthian, aged, 8st. 10lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Traveller*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. .... 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Nanney's b. h. *Penrhos*, by Rowston, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Chester*, by Filho, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Ludlow*, by Filho, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Burton's b. g. *Catlap*, by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st.; Mr. Webster's bl. g. *Cantab*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 6st. 8lb.; and Mr. Massey's b. g. *Abelard*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 6st. 10lb.—Six to 4 agst Russell.

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses that never won before the day of entry.—Heats, once round a distance.

Sir J. Gerard's b. f. *Dams Durdan*, by Banker, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. (Arthur, jun.) 2 1 1  
 Mr. Robinson's b. c. by Lottery, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. .... 1 2 2  
 Mr. E. Peel's b. c. *Pacific*, by Lottery, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. .... 4 - 3  
 Mr. Applegate's gr. f. by Bedlamite out of a half-bred Mare, 3 yrs, 6st. .... 3 - 4

**TUESDAY, August 13.**—The **CHILLINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Straight half-mile.—Eight subs.

Mr. E. Peel's b. c. *Tarick*, by Muley out of Young Sweetpea by Godolphin (Spring)..... 1  
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Vittoria*, by Camel out of Archduchess ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Robinson's gr. c. *Mad Tom*,

by Bedlamite, dam by Consul; Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Heads-or-Tails, by Lottery out of Active; Mr. Mott's Shalah, by St. Patrick; and Lord Grey's b. c. Enville, by Astrologer out of Baroness.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for foals of 1830:—**colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Once round, starting from the Stand and coming in at the Stewards' club.  
—Five subs.

Mr. Palmer's b. c. by Lottery out of Sansaparilla, by Mille (Calloway) ..... 1  
Mr. Price's br. c. Caliban, by Camel out of Banahoe ..... 2

**The CLEVELAND CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie, with 50 added from the Fund:—**three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners of a Cup or Stake of the value of 100 sovs. before starting to carry 3lb. extra.—Three round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Perseverance*, by Frolic out of Otis, aged (Lear) ..... 1  
Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Stafford, by Comus, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. Giovanni, by Filho, 5 yrs ..... 3

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—**Heats, twice round.—Six subs.

Mr. Foster's b. f. by Bizarre, dam by Anticipation, 3 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Lamb) ..... 1 1  
Mr. W. C. Hobson's b. c. Theodolite, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs, 9st. 5lb. .... - 2  
Mr. Ongley's Donnington, by Champion, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. .... - 3  
Mr. Armitstead's b. g. Guardian, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. .... 2 dr.  
Lord Lichfield's b. h. Brother to Dunton, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. .... 3 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, August 14.—The WROTTESLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added:—**three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; and four, 8st. 7lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners in the present year to carry 3lb. extra.—Once round.—Three subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Wolverhampton*, by Abjer, 4 yrs (Spring) ..... 1  
Mr. Nanney's br. f. Harriet, by Filho, 3 yrs ..... 2

**The HOLYOAKE STAKES (handicap) of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with the Stand Purse of 50 sovs. added.—**Twenty subs. (three of whom paid the larger and twelve the smaller ft.)

Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Her Highness*, by Moses, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Lye) ..... 1  
Mr. Robinson's b. h. Manchester, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 2  
Mr. Giffard's ch. m. Kalmia, by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 8lb. .... 3  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, by Filho or Sherwood, aged, 8st. 11lb. .... 4  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Beauty, by Catton, 4 yrs, 6st. 8lb. .... 5

**The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs.—**The winner to be sold for 250l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Traveller*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Lear) ..... 2 1 1  
Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. Puss, by Teniers, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 1 2 dr.  
Lord Lichfield's Brother to Dunton, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 3 3 dr.

#### HUNTINGDON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 13.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—**The winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subs.

Mr. Hunter's br. m. *Vologe*, by Waverley, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (G. Edwards) ..... 1 1  
Lord Exeter's ch. h. Anthony, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. .... 2 2  
Col. Peel's b. c. Emir, by Centaur, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 2 dr.

**The BINCINBROOK PLATE of 50 sovs.—**The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. *Claret*, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (S. Rogers) 3 1 1  
Mr. Batson's b. f. Banquet, by Truffe, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 1 3 2  
Mr. Pigot's bl. h. Coroner, by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 13lb. .... 4 2 3  
Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, by Sultan, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .... 2 dr.

**The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs.—**The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two-mile heats.

Col. Peel's b. f. by Comus out of Ringdove's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (S. Rogers) ..... - 5 2 1 1  
Mr. Henry's ch. f. Deva, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... 0 3 1 2 2  
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Sister to Terry Alt, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... - 1 4 4 3

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. .... - 6 5 3  
 Mr. White's gr. c. The Ghost, by Gustavus, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... - 7 6  
 Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. .... 0 2 3 dr.  
 Mr. Lambden's b. m. Harriet, by Cannon Ball, aged, 8st. 2lb. .... - 4 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, August 14.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :  
 —colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded,  
 &c.—The last half-mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Yates's b. f. *Ophelia*, by Bedlamite out of Lady of the Lake ..... 1  
 Mr. Henry's f. by Partisan out of Gavotts by Election ..... 2

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.**—The winner to be  
 sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.—Seven subs.

Col. Peel's b. c. *Emir*, by Centaur out of Zinc by Woful, 8st. 5lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Bacchus's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton out of Lady Esmy, 8st. 2lb. .... 3 2  
 Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 8st. 2lb. .... 2 3

**HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.**—Two-mile heats.—  
 Thirteen subs.

Mr. Sherman's br. c. *Fitzwilliam*, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. .... 2 1 1  
 Mr. Manle's br. h. Brampton Junior, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb. .... 1 3 3  
 Mr. Hennesy's b. c. Gambler, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. .... - 2 2  
 Mr. Bradshaw's br. h. Wrangler, aged, 12st. .... - 4 4  
 Lord Sandwich's ch. m. Matilda, 6 yrs, 12st. .... 3 4 dr.  
 Mr. Newman's br. c. Radical, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb. .... 4 dr.  
 Mr. Bryant's b. m. Whitestockings, 6 yrs, 12st. .... dis.

**THURSDAY, August 15.**—The HUNTINGDON STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 10  
 added.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.  
 —Seven subs.

Mr. Bacchus's b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Mow) .... 1 2 1  
 Mr. Wilson's br. c. Argonaut, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 4 1 2  
 Mr. Pigot's bl. h. Coronet, by Magistrate, aged, 9st. 11lb. .... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Wood's b. f. Sierra, by Wamba, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 3 dr.

**The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.**—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if de-  
 manded, &c.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. *Claret*, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (S. Rogers) .. 1 1  
 Mr. Bacchus's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 3 yrs, 8st. 13lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. Bloss's b. m. Water Witch, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 3

**MATCH.**—Mr. Standwell's ch. m. *Doubtful*, aged, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Fisher), beat  
 Lord Sandwich's ch. m. Matilda, 6 yrs, 10st., 50 sovs.

### OXFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 13.**—The OXFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and  
 only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Twenty subs. (two of whom paid the larger  
 and fifteen the smaller ft.)

Mr. Day's b. m. *Diana*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) ..... 1  
 Mr. Reeves's b. m. Flora, by Cannon Ball, aged, 6st. 13lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Crommedin's b. h. Sinbad, by Swap, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 3

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.**—Once round and a distance.—Four  
 subs.

Mr. Dutton's ch. c. *Warrior*, by Straitwaist, 4 yrs, 11st. 10lb. (Owner) ..... 1  
 Mr. Waller's ch. m. Encore, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Peyton's b. h. Glove-cutter, 5 yrs, 12st. .... 3

**The COUNTY PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each :—three-year-**  
**olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.**—Mares and Geld-  
**ings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate in 1883 to carry 3lb., of two or more 5lb.**  
**extra.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. C. Day's ch. c. by Lushborough out of Miss West, 3 yrs (Pavis) ..... 1 0 1  
 Mr. Peyton's b. g. Don Juan, by Blucher, aged ..... 3 0 2  
 Mr. Reeves's b. m. Hark (, 6 yrs ..... 2 3 3

**WEDNESDAY, August 14.**—**HANDICAP PLATE** of 60 sovs. given by the Gentlemen of the County.—Two miles.

|                                                                     |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Day's <i>Diana</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Pavis) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Reeves's <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, aged, 7st. 9lb. ....    | 2 |
| Mr. Thompson's <i>Trouville</i> , by Rubens, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....  | 3 |

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Gentlemen of the County, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round.—Five subs.

|                                                                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Waller's ch. m. <i>Encore</i> , by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Pettat) .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. W. Jones's Meadow-sweet, aged, 11st. 2lb. ....                                       | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. W. Godfrey's <i>Scipio</i> , 5 yrs, 10st. 10lb. ....                                 | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Jones's <i>Spot</i> , 5 yrs, 10st. 6lb. ....                                         | 2 | 4 |

**THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner of one Plate in 1833 to carry 5lb., of two or more 6lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                 |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Peyton's <i>Don Juan</i> , by Blucher, aged (Chapple) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Thompson's <i>Trouville</i> , by Rubens, 6 yrs .....        | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Reeves's <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, aged .....          | 3 | 3 | 2 |

**HUNTERS' SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.—Eight subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Little Boy-blue*, by Paulowits.....walked over.

#### LEWES MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 14.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A winner before or after naming to carry 3lb. extra.—T. Y. C.—Nearly three-quarters of a mile.—Four subs.

|                                                                                    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Balchin's br. f. <i>Levity</i> , by Chateau Margaux out of Helga (Davis) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Martyn's b. c. <i>Mignon</i> , by Reveller out of Fanny Leigh .....            | 2 |
| Mr. Brown's ch. f. by Whisker out of Miss Patrick .....                            | 3 |

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb. ; four, 9st. 6lb. ; five, 10st. ; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Heats, the New Course, about two miles and a half.

|                                                                          |   |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Sir M. Wood's br. m. <i>Lucetta</i> , by Reveller, aged (Robinson) ..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse, 4 yrs .....            | 0 | 2 | 3 |

**THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                       |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Dryad</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs (Edwards) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Clark's ch. c. Hodge, 3 yrs .....                                 | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Gardnor's bl. m. Ida, 5 yrs .....                                 | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Hodgson's ch. f. <i>Tartare</i> , dam by Richmond, 3 yrs .....    | 4 | dr. |
| Mr. Martyn's b. c. Herrier, by Merlin, 4 yrs .....                    | 5 | dr. |
| Mr. Davies's ch. f. <i>Why-not</i> , by Sober Robin, 3 yrs .....      | 6 | dr. |
| Mr. Collings's b. c. Haymaker, 4 yrs .....                            | 7 | dr. |

**THURSDAY, August 15.**—**THE TOWN PLATE** of 70 sovs.—The second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Plate :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. 1lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, the New Course.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                               |   |      |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|---|
| Mr. Shackel's br. g. <i>Trump</i> , by King of Diamonds, 6 yrs (Wright) ..... | 1 | 2    | 1 |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, by Tramp, 5 yrs .....                     | 2 | 1    | 2 |
| Mr. Clarke's b. g. Albion, by Centaur, 6 yrs (short of weight) .....          | 3 | dis. |   |

**THE LADIES' PLATE** of 60 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One-mile heats.

|                                                                                  |   |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Gardnor's b. f. <i>Myrrha</i> , by Whalebone out of Gift, 3 yrs (Mann) ..... | 1 | 2 | 1   |
| Mr. Cameron's b. h. <i>Fawn</i> , by Wanderer, 5 yrs .....                       | 4 | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Martyn's b. c. Herrier, by Merlin, 4 yrs .....                               | 2 | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Balchin's b. f. <i>Queen Mab</i> , by Truffle, 3 yrs .....                   | 3 | 4 | dr. |

**THE COUNTY PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 8lb. ; five, 9st. 2lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once in 1833 before starting to carry 4lb., twice 7lb. extra ; any horse having started and not won in 1833 allowed 4lb., twice, 7lb.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a half.

# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1883.

9

|                                                                      |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Dryad</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs (Coleman)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Collings's b. c. Haymaker, 4 yrs.....                            | - | 2   |
| Mr. Davies's ch. f. Why-not, 3 yrs.....                              | - | 3   |
| Mr. Clark's bl. c. Raven, by Picton, 3 yrs.....                      | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice, 3 yrs.....       | 2 | dr. |

## EXETER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 14.**—The DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Once over the Old Course.—Sixteen subs. (9 of whom paid the smaller and 5 the larger ft.)

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Taunton's ch. h. <i>Firman</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Trenn)..... | 1 |
| Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. <i>The Hermit</i> , by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.....     | 2 |

**SWEETSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the County Members.—Three-mile heats.

|                                                                           |   |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Gardiner's b. c. <i>The Tanner</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (Horsley)..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. W. Ley's bl. c. <i>Pilton</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.....                 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Mr. R. Nattle's br. h. <i>Leander</i> , 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb.....             | 3 | 3 | 3 |   |

**THURSDAY, August 15.**—The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—One-mile heats.

|                                                                                                  |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. <i>Lady Elizabeth</i> , by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (T. Robinson)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Paget's b. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Constable, aged, 9st, 6lb.....                          | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. R. Nattle's b. c. <i>Gnostic</i> , by Manfred, 4 yrs, 8st.....                               | 2 | dr. |

**PURSE** of 100 sovs. given by the Inhabitants of the City of Exeter.—Heats, once round the Old Course and a distance.

|                                                                               |   |   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, aged, 9st. 10lb. (Trenn)..... | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. <i>The Hermit</i> , by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....     | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Paget's b. m. <i>Cinderella</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.....                    | 1 | 3 | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Carlisle's b. m. <i>Lady Lydia</i> (late Georgiana), 6 yrs, 9st.....      | 3 | 4 | 4 |     |

**FREE HANDICAP STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Ladies.—Heats, the last three-quarters of the Old Mile.

|                                                                                           |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. <i>Lady Elizabeth</i> , by Lottery, 5 yrs, 10st. (Robinson),..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. W. Ley's ch. f. <i>Partiality</i> , by Middleton, 3 yrs, 7st.....                     | 4 | 2   |
| Mr. Nattle's <i>Gnostic</i> , by Manfred, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.....                            | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Paget's <i>Cock Robin</i> , by Constable, aged, 9st. 2lb.....                         | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Carlisle's <i>Lady Lydia</i> , 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb.....                                   | 5 | dr. |

## BURNLEY LANCASHIRE MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 15.**—The BURNLEY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added by the Committee.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                        |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. T. Richardson's gr. f. <i>Augusta</i> , by Gustavus, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (Gray)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Storm</i> , by Blacklock, aged, 9st.....                         | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. G. Crompton's br. c. <i>Prince</i> , by Figaro, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.....               | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Oates's b. f. <i>Venus</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.....                     | 2 | 4 |

**THE TRADESMEN'S STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                                   |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Jerry out of Lady of the Vale's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb. (W. Edger)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Walker's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.....                                     | 4 | 2   |
| Mr. Ogden's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....                                   | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Kershaw's b. g. <i>Rolla</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....                               | 3 | dr. |

**FRIDAY, August 16.**—The HEBBERGHAM-EAVES STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                                            |   |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Parson's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....             | 1 | 2    |
| Mr. Ogden's b. f. <i>Princella</i> , by Tarragon, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.....                                    | 4 | 2    |
| Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Storm</i> , by Blacklock, aged, 9st. (fell lame).....                                | 3 | dis. |
| Mr. Goulden's b. g. <i>Peacock</i> , by Hollybeck, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....                                   | 2 | dr.  |
| Mr. Whitaker's br. g. <i>Frederick</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)..... |   | dis. |

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                    |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Williamson's br. m. <i>Jessy</i> , by Cacambo, aged, 13st..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Batty's b. h. Tallyho, by Piscator, 6 yrs, 12st.....           | 5 | 2   |
| Mr. Hindle's ch. m. Kate, 12st.....                                | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Henley's ch. m. Bury Lass, by Champion, aged, 12st.....        | 3 | 4   |
| Mr. C. Townley's b. m. Taglioni, aged, 12st.....                   | 4 | dr. |
| Mr. Rothwell's br. h. Coachy, aged, 12st.....                      | 6 | dr. |

### BURTON-ON-TRENT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 20.**—**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Straight Mile. Five subs.

|                                                                                                      |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Giffard's b. f. <i>Miss Charlotte</i> , by Pantaloon out of Eliza by Smolensko, 8st. (Lear)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Yates's br. f. <i>Eclat</i> , by Edmund out of Squib, 8st.....                                   | 2 |

**THE DRAKELOW STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Twice round and a distance.—Five subs. (3 of whom paid the smaller and 1 the larger fee.)

|                                                              |              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Yates's br. m. <i>Hope</i> , by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st..... | walked over. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|

**THE CUP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood, aged (Spring)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Wheelodon's br. h. Giovanni, by Filho, 5 yrs.....                                  | 2 |

**THE ANGLESEA PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                   |   |      |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|---|
| Sir J. Gerard's b. f. <i>Dame Durdan</i> , by Banker, 3 yrs, 7st. (W. Jones)..... | 4 | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. E. Peel's b. f. Marianne, by Champion, 3 yrs, 7st.....                        | 1 | 3    | 2 |
| Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Henry Masterton, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....     | 3 | 2    | 3 |
| Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Fungus, dam by Bustard, 3 yrs (bolted).....               | 2 | dis. |   |

**WEDNESDAY, August 21.**—**THE BRETRY HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 100 added by the Earl of Chesterfield.—One mile and a distance.—Twenty-one subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Perseverance</i> , by Frolic, aged, 9st. 5lb. (Lear)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mott's b. h. Clarion, by Catton, 5 yrs, 7st. 11lb.....                       | 2 |
| Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Caractacus, by Conductor, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.....          | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Wilson's b. c. Primendorf, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher, by Bravo, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.; and Mr. Painter's b. g. Decoction, by Gulliver, 4 yrs, 6st. 4lb.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Straight half-mile.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. E. Peel's b. c. <i>Rutland</i> , by Sultan out of Belvoirina (Spring)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mott's br. or bl. f. Enchantress, by Reveller out of Gramarie.....         | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Truant, dam by Filho.....                           | 3 |
| Mr. Lacey's b. f. Sister to Ludlow, by Filho da Puta.....                      | 4 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Gentlemen riders.—Four subs.

|                                                                       |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Foster's b. f. <i>Pessima</i> , by Polygar, 4 yrs, 10st. 8lb..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Jones's Tommy Tickle, aged, 5 yrs, 12st.....                      | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Armitstead's b. g. The Guardian, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb.....            | 3 | 3 | 3 |

### CANTERBURY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 21.**—**THE BRIDGE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; and four, 8st. 4lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The last mile.—Seven subs.

|                                                                           |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Edwards's br. g. <i>Crocodile</i> , by Camel, 3 yrs (E. Edwards)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Gardnor's b. f. Myrrha, by Whalebone, 3 yrs.....                      | 2 |
| Mr. Watson na. br. c. Denbies, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs.....               | 3 |

**THE BARRHAM DOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs. given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen

of the County :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes this year, before or after naming, to carry 3lb., of two 5lb., and of three 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, nearly two miles.

|                                                                           |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs (Wakefield)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Back's b. m. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs.....                    | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Pearce's b. c. <i>March</i> , by Eryx, dam by Pendulum, 4 yrs.....    | 3 | 3   |
| Mr. Shackel's b. g. <i>Trump</i> , by King of Diamonds, 6 yrs.....        | 4 | dr. |

The CANTERBURY STAKES (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 100 added.—Heats, nearly two miles.—Ten subs. (two of whom paid the larger and five the smaller ft.)

|                                                                                                 |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Messer's b. m. <i>Cricket</i> , by Partisan out of Niobe, 6 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (Wakefield)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Meyrick's b. h. <i>Spaniel</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.....                         | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Edwards's br. g. <i>Crocodile</i> , by Camel, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.....                         | 3 | dr. |

THURSDAY, August 22.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 3st. 2lb. ; four, 9st. 6lb. ; five, 10st. ; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Two miles.

|                                                                         |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Rush's ch. g. <i>Guildford</i> , by Hampden, aged (J. Johnson)..... | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Sir M. Wood's br. m. <i>Lucetta</i> , by Reveller, aged.....            | 2 | 1 | 2 |

The CITY PLATE of 100 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, 9st. ; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes in this year, before or after naming, to carry 4lb., of two 7lb., of three 9lb. extra.—Heats, nearly two miles.

|                                                                            |   |     |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>The Witch</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs (Wakefield)..... | 5 | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs.....      | 1 | 2   | dr. |
| Mr. Pearce's br. m. <i>Chatham Lass</i> , 6 yrs.....                       | 4 | 3   | dr. |
| Mr. Gardner's b. f. <i>Myrrha</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs.....               | 2 | 4   | dr. |
| Mr. Hawkins's b. h. <i>Warwick</i> , 5 yrs.....                            | 3 | dr. |     |

PLATE of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—All other conditions as for the Barham Down Plate.

|                                                                                    |              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Shackell's br. g. <i>Trump</i> , by King of Diamonds.....                      | walked over. |
| Mr. Smith's The Witch and Mr. Messer's Cricket came to the post too late to start. |              |

FRIDAY, August 23.—The STEWARDS' PLATE of 50 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes this year to carry 3lb., of two 5lb., of three 7lb. extra.—Heats, nearly two miles.

|                                                                        |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. W. Smith's <i>The Witch</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs (Wakefield)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Hawkins's b. h. <i>Warwick</i> , 5 yrs.....                        | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Back's b. m. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs.....                 | 3 | dr. |

MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs. the gift of the County Members :—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, nearly two miles.

|                                                                      |   |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Nash's b. m. <i>Norna</i> , by Waterloo, 6 yrs (C. Edwards)..... | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Dockeray's br. c. by Bizarre out of Honeysuckle, 4 yrs.....      | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Pearce's b. m. <i>Grasshopper</i> , 5 yrs.....                   | 3 | 3 | dr. |

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 sovs. the gift of the Earl of Winchilsea, was won, at two heats, by

Mr. Singleton's b. g. *Kentish Pippin*, by Ranter.

#### PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 21.—The SALTRAM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—The second horse to save his stake.—Once round and a distance.—Forty-three subs. (32 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.)

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mt. Biggs's ch. h. <i>Little Red Rover</i> , by Tramp, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (J. Day)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Taunton's b. m. <i>Frederica</i> , by Sultan, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb.....               | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Brown's ch. f. *Wallflower*, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ; and Mr. Doyne's b. m. *Chattoms*, by Brutus, 5 yrs, 7st. 6lb.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lb.—all allowed 3lb.—Once round.—Four subs.

Mr. C. Trelawny's b. c. *Land's-End*, by Reveller out of Lucinda, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day)..... 1  
Mr. H. Smith's b. c. Roamer, by Reveller out of Woodbine, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb..... 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added by the Town of Plymouth:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, about two miles and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Biggs's *Little Red Rover*, by Tramp, 6 yrs (J. Day) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Taunton's ch. h. Firman, by Sultan, 6 yrs ..... 2 dr.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Officers of the United Services at Plymouth and Devonport:—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, 9st. 7lb.; six, 9st. 12lb.; and aged, 10st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs (T. Robinson)..... 1 1  
Sir L. Glyn's b. f. Louisa, by Teniers, 4 yrs..... 2 dr.  
Mr. W. Moore's b. m. Donna Maria (half-bred), 6 yrs..... 3 dr.

THURSDAY, August 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Ladies:—three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Taunton's ch. h. *Firman*, by Sultan, 6 yrs (Trenn)..... 1 1  
Mr. Brown's ch. f. Wallflower, by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 2 2  
Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. The Hermit, by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs ..... 3 dr.

A GOLD CUP, value 100g. the gift of His Majesty.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Osbaldeston's *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (T. Robinson) 1 1  
Mr. Taunton's ch. h. *Firman*, by Sultan, 6 yrs, 11st. 12lb. .... 2 dr.  
Lord Morley's b. c. Sussex, by Skim out of Centaur's dam, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. .... 3 dr.

HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. the gift of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lord High Steward of Plymouth.—Mile heats.

Mr. C. Trelawny's b. c. *Land's-End*, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 7st. (S. Day, jun.) 5 1 1  
Mr. Carlisle's b. m. Lady Lydia, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 4 5 2  
Lord Morley's *Almaviva*, by Figaro out of Bella, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. .... 3 4 3  
Mr. Osbaldeston's *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... 1 2 dr.  
Mr. R. Nattle's b. c. Gnostic by Manfred, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. .... 2 3 dr.

FRIDAY, August 23.—HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. given by the Towns of Devonport and Stonehouse.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb. (T. Robinson) ..... 1 1  
Mr. C. Trelawny's b. c. *Land's-End*, by Reveller, 7st. 2lb. .... - 2  
Mr. Taunton's *Coronet*, by Catton, aged, 9st. 12lb. .... - 3  
Mr. Paget's b. m. Cinderella, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. .... - 4  
Mr. Brown's ch. f. Wallflower, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Doyne's b. m. Chatoms, by Brutus, 5 yrs, 7st. 11lb. .... - dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members for the Southern Division of the County, and five from the Fund, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Doyne's b. m. *Chatoms*, by Brutus, 5 yrs, 11st. 9lb. .... 1 1  
Mr. Nattle's b. g. Edgar, aged, 12st. 4lb. .... 4 2  
Mr. Kinsland's b. g. Chilton, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... 2 3  
Mr. S. Trelawny's b. m. Toad, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... 3 dr.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund, for the beaten horses.—Mile heats.

Mr. Taunton's *Coronet*, by Catton, aged, 9st. (Trenn) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Nattle's Gnostic, by Manfred, 4 yrs, 6st. 4lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Carlisle's Lady Lydia, 6 yrs, 7st. 6lb. .... 4 3  
Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. Wallflower, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 6st. 13lb. .... 3 dr.

The HACK STAKES was won, at three heats, by Mr. Nattle's *Edgar*, aged, 11st. 11lb. beating Chatoms, 5 yrs, 10st. 4lb. and three others.

## HEREFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 30.**—CORPORATION STAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Bristow's b. c. *Donald*, Brother to Uncle Toby, by Cain out of Mary by Friday ..... 1  
 Mr. E. Griffith's br. c. by Reveller out of Sylph by Spectre ..... 2

CITY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 sovs. added.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry out of Young Chryseis by Dick Andrews, 6 yrs, 9st. 9lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Fuller's b. m. *Lady Harrington*, by Master Henry out of Miss Foote, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Price's br. f. *Aurora*, by Piscator, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... 3 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Four subs.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 9st. 9lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 2  
 Mr. E. Griffith's b. g. *Soubahdar*, by Champignon, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... 3

**WEDNESDAY, July 31.**—The CITY and COUNTY GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. in specie.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Fuller's b. m. *Lady Harrington*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Price's br. f. *Aurora*, by Piscator, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... bolted.

PLATE of 50l. the gift of Earl Somers.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Fuller's b. m. *Lady Harrington*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... 1 3 1  
 Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 1 2  
 Mr. Moss's Eagle, by Lottery, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. .... 3 2 dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 sovs. added.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Peyton's Glove-cutter, 3 yrs, 9st. 2lb. .... 2 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Herefordshire Hunt, for horses the property of Farmers, was won at three heats by Mr. Bosley's *Arlington* beating *Tipple Cider* and *Thurxton Lass*.

## LEOMINSTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 21.**—PLATE of 50 sovs. the gift of T. Biah, Esq. M.P. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for maiden horses.—Heats, about two miles.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Fuller's br. f. *Nell Gwynne*, by Master Henry, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (T. Davies) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Wadlow's b. g. *Hector*, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. Thorne's b. f. by Bobadil, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. .... 2 3

The LUDFORD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once this year to carry 2lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, or a King's Plate, 7lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Heats, about three miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Fuller's b. f. *Lady Harrington*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs (Brown) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Wadlow's b. g. *Hector*, 4 yrs ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Thorne's b. f. by Bobadil, 3 yrs ..... 3 dr.

**THURSDAY, August 22.**—The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added by the County Members:—four-year-olds, 10st.; five, 11st.; six and aged, 12st.—A winner once this year to carry 5lb., twice 7lb., thrice 9lb. extra.—Heats, about two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. George's ch. m. *Acco*, by Manfred, 5 yrs (Hardy) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Moss's b. g. *Doubtful*, aged ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Hall's b. m. *Creeping Jane*, 6 yrs ..... 3 dis.

The HACK STAKES was won, at three heats, by Mr. Clarke's ch. m. beating five others.

## TONBRIDGE WELLS MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 21.**—The MANOR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                              |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (C. Hornsby) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Pegg's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. ....                             | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Brown's br. c. Pumpkin, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....                                            | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Roberts's b. f. Miss Eldon, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ....                                        | 3 | dr. |

The TONBRIDGE WELLS STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                          |   |   |     |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Cosby's br. g. <i>Augur</i> , by Tiresias, aged, 9st. (C. Day) ..... | 5 | 5 | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Brown's b. h. Fawn, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ....                           | 4 | 1 | 2   | 2   |
| Mr. Bacon's ch. m. Fairy, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....                          | 0 | 2 | 3   | 3   |
| Mr. Lambden's b. m. Harriet, by Cannon Ball, aged, 9st. ....             | 6 | 7 | 4   | dr. |
| Mr. Maplesden's b. m. Landrail, by Bustard, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....        | 3 | 3 | dr. |     |
| Mr. Coleman's b. f. Dryad, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. ....          | 0 | 4 | dr. |     |
| Mr. Messer's ch. m. Zarina, by Middleton, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ....          | 7 | 6 | dr. |     |

**THURSDAY, August 22.**—The KENT and SUSSEX STAKES of three sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                           |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Messer's ch. f. <i>Sister to Terry All</i> , by Sligo, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (W. Rose) ... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Pegg's b. c. Haymaker, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....                             | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice, 3 yrs. ....                           | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Bishop's b. f. Emma, by Comus out of Ringdove's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb. ....            | 5 | 4   |
| Mr. Balc. in's ch. f. Pamela, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ....                                      | 4 | dr. |

PLATE of 50 sovs. for the beaten horses:—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once in the present year to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra.—A horse that has started once this year and not won, allowed 4lb., twice 7lb., thrice 9lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                |   |     |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Coleman's b. c. <i>Haymaker</i> , by Wrangler, 4 yrs (Coleman, jun.) ..... | 1 | 2   | 1   |
| Mr. Pegg's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, by Tramp, 5 yrs. ....                         | 2 | 1   | dr. |
| Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice, 3 yrs .....                | 4 | 3   | dr. |
| Mr. Roberts's b. f. Miss Eldon, 4 yrs .....                                    | 3 | dr. |     |

## BLANDFORD MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 22.**—The DORSETSHIRE GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a distance.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                              |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Biggs's <i>Pounce</i> , by Merlin out of Surprise, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (J. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Finch's b. f. Cecilia, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ....                                  | 2 |
| Mr. Scotland's b. h. Scrub, by Pyramus, 6 yrs, 9st. ....                                     | 3 |
| Mr. Dilly's bl. c. Tourist, by Doctor Syntax, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ....                          | 4 |

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—Last half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Freedom*, by Sherwood out of Mr. Fellow's Escape .....walked over.

PLATE of 50l. for maiden horses.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                      |     |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|---|
| Mr. Gauntlett's b. f. <i>Dusky</i> , by Lushborough, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Percy) ..... | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Damer's b. m. Elspat, by Swinton, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. ....                         | 2   | 2 |
| Mr. Goode's b. m. by Spectre out of Gleaner's dam, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ....            | dr. |   |

**FRIDAY, August 23.**—The DORSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Fourteen subs. (three of whom paid the larger and nine the smaller ft.)

|                                                                                             |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Finch's br. f. <i>Clara</i> , by Filho, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (carried 8st.)—(Cowley) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 4lb. ....                         | 2 |

The THREE and FOUR-YEAR-OLD PLATE was not run for.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—A winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes this year to carry 3lb., of two 6lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. <i>Kittums</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs (J. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs .....                          | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Scotland's b. h. <i>Scrub</i> , by Pyramus, 6 yrs .....                       | 2 | 3 |

FORCED HANDICAP of five sovs. each, with 35 added.—One mile heats.

|                                                                             |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Cowley)..... | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's <i>Kittums</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ....     | 1 | 3 | 4 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 5lb. ....       | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Gauntlett's <i>Dusky</i> , by Luzborough, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ....         | 2 | 4 | 3 |

The LANGTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

|                                                                                         |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Farquharson's br. m. <i>Elspar</i> , by Swinton, 5 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Mr. Hill) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. H. Frampton's <i>Queen of Trumps</i> , aged, 11st. 8lb. ....                        | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Howe's ch. m. <i>Ada</i> , 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb. ....                                  | 3 | dr. |

### STOCKTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 22.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., for Mares covered in 1830:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Six subs.

|                                                                                      |         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Mr. J. Smith's b. f. <i>The Window Shut</i> , by Jerry out of Decision (T. Lye)..... | 1       |
| Mr. T. Hudson's br. c. <i>Frank</i> , by Agricola out of Isabella by Smolensko.....  | bolted. |

Two to 1 on The Window Shut.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—4lb. allowed for maiden horses at the time of naming: three and four-year-old fillies allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Six subs.

|                                                                                           |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Theodore</i> , by Comus, dam by Cerberus, 3 yrs (W. Wright), 1 |   |
| Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. <i>Tuberoose</i> , by St. Patrick, 4 yrs .....                      | 2 |
| Mr. Marley's b. f. <i>Palmflower</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs .....                              | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Loy's br. c. *Lelevo*, by Otho, 4 yrs; and Mr. Jaques's ch. f. *Pantomime*, by Swiss, 3 yrs.—Six to 4 agst *Theodore*.

MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five and upwards, 8st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                                   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Capt. Taylor's b. c. by Lottery, dam by Blacklock out of Camerton's dam, 4 yrs (T. Shepherd)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Wilson's gr. f. <i>Vesta</i> , by Arbutus, 3 yrs.....                                         | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. T. Jackson's br. c. by Doctor Syntax, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs .....                             | 4 | 3 |
| Mr. Jaques's ch. f. <i>Pantomime</i> , by Swiss, 3 yrs.....                                       | 3 | - |
| Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. <i>Ploughboy</i> , by Theodore or Arbutus, 3 yrs .....                     | - | - |
| Mr. Robinson's ch. h. <i>William the Fourth</i> , 5 yrs .....                                     | - | - |
| Mr. Jennings's b. f. <i>Maid of Oaks</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs .....                             | - | - |
| Mr. J. Jaques's ch. f. by Cleveland (half-bred), 3 yrs .....                                      | - | - |
| Mr. Musgrove's b. f. by Pelygar out of Tranby's dam, 3 yrs....                                    | - | - |

Six to 4 agst the winner.

FRIDAY, August 23.—A TUREEN, value 80 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, the surplus in specie:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—A winner of any one of the Great Subscriptions or Sweepstakes at York or Leeds Meeting in 1833 to carry 3lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                            |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Theodore</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs (W. Wright)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Watt's b. f. <i>Nitocris</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs.....                  | 2 |
| Mr. Jennings's b. f. <i>Maid of Oaks</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs.....       | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Lockley's b. c. by Lottery, dam by Blacklock, 4 yrs; and Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. *Tartar*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs.—Six to 4 on *Nitocris*.

The WYNARD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Marquis of Londonderry, for horses that never won a Gold Cup or 100 sovs. at any one time in Plate or Stakes before naming:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

|                                                              |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Marley's b. f. <i>Palmflower</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Loy's br. c. <i>Lelevo</i> , by Otho, 4 yrs .....        | 2 | 2 |

Two to 1 on *Palmflower*.

**SATURDAY, August 24.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Skipsey's br. c. *Wyndham*, by Chateau Margaux—Blacklock (Hesseltine) ..... 1  
Mr. Salvin's b. f. *Isabella*, by Lottery out of Princess by Comus..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Long-waist out of Dulcamara; Mr. D. Ross's b. c. The Pretender, by Actson out of Grecian Queen; Mr. Peime's br. f. by Figaro out of Swiss's dam; Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Monitor, Brother to Mimic; and Mr. Marson's b. f. Phoebe, by Comus out of Physician's dam.—Six to 4 agst the Figaro f., 2 to 1 agst Monitor, 3 to 1 agst Isabella, 7 to 2 agst Dulcamara, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 2lb.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six and aged, 12st.—A winner of a Stakes of 50 sovs. once to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., and thrice 7lb. extra—Gentlemen riders—Two miles.—Six subs.**

Mr. Hesseltine's ch. g. *Jerry Hawthorn*, by Octavius, 5 yrs (Mr. Stevenson)..... 1  
Mr. Jaques's b. g. by Corrector, dam by Newcastle, 4 yrs..... 2  
Mr. Marson's bl. f. *Jenny*, 4 yrs ..... 3

**PLATE of 60 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—A winner of a Gold Cup or 100 sovs. at any one time to carry 2lb., if twice 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Heats, two miles and a distance.**

Mr. Watt's b. f. *Nicoiris*, by Whisker, 4 yrs (T. Nicholson)..... 1 1  
Mr. Wilson's gr. f. *Vesta*, by Arbutus, 3 yrs ..... 2 2  
Mr. Hesseltine's ch. g. *Jerry Hawthorn*, by Octavius, 5 yrs..... 3 3

#### YARMOUTH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 27.**—The GOLD CUP STAKES, a Subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—The winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Eight subs.

Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Tufts) ..... 1 1  
Lord Stradbroke's b. f. *Salute*, by Muley, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. .... 4 2  
Col. Anson na. b. c. *Lazarone*, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 3 3  
Mr. Bacchus's b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (carried 6st. 13lb.) ..... 2 dr.

**TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the Town.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.**

Mr. Bacchus's b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (carried 6st. 13lb.)—(Morse) ..... 1 1  
Mr. T. J. Wood's ch. c. *Ambrosio*, by Waterloo or Middleton, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 2  
Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar out of Tippliywiche, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. .... 3 3

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Bacchus's b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (Morse) ..... 1 1  
Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Stradbroke's b. f. *Salute*, by Muley, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... 3 3

**HUNTERS' STAKES, with 20 sovs. added.**

Mr. Blake's b. h. *Atlas*, by Muley, 12st. .... walked over.

**HANDICAP STAKES, with 25 sovs. added.—Heats, one mile and a distance.**

Mr. J. T. Wood's ch. c. *Ambrosio*, by Waterloo or Middleton, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (G. Edwards) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Blake's b. h. *Atlas*, by Muley, aged, 9st. 8lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Davy's m. 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... 3 dr.

#### EGHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 27.**—The GOLD CUP in specie, a subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 600 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

|                                                                    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged (Pavis).....      | 1 |
| Mr. Cosby's ch. c. <i>Copper Captain</i> , by Bobadil, 4 yrs ..... | 2 |
| Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by Emilius out of Black Daphne, 3 yrs .....   | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Three subs.  
 Lord A. Conyngham's gr. c. *Arthingworth*, by Reveller out of Selina, by Delpini .....walked over.

**The RUNNYMEDE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds  
 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings  
 allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile  
 heats.—Three subs.

|                                                                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Lapt. G. Bulkeley's b. f. <i>Trickery</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs (E. Edwards)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Cosby's ch. g. <i>Non Compos</i> , by Bedlamite, 4 yrs.....                   | 2 | 2 |

**A SILVER CUP**, value 50 sovs., the gift of the Stewards and the Gentlemen of Mr.  
 De Burgh's Hunt, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Willis's br. g. *Englefeld*, 6 yrs,  
 beating one other.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—The New Mile.—  
 Five subs.

Mr. Jones's b. f. *Jessy*, by Phantom out of Gift by Waterloo .....rec. ft.

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—The **MAGNA CHARTA STAKES** of 50 sovs. each,  
 h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner of the Rid-  
 lesworth, 2000gs., Derby, or Oaks Stakes, to carry 7lb. extra.—The New Mile.—  
 Three subs.

|                                                                 |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Cosby's br. c. <i>The Bravo</i> , by Reveller (Arnall)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Gardnor's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Whalebone.....       | 2 |

**The SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if de-  
 clared, &c.—Two miles and a distance.—Eleven subs., four of whom paid only 5  
 sovs. each.

|                                                                                       |             |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Mr. Cosby's ch. c. <i>Copper Captain</i> , by Bobadil, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Arnall)..... | 1           |
| Mr. Gardnor's gr. c. <i>Friar Tuck</i> , by Little John, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb.....         | broke down. |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.;  
 five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 11lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The win-  
 ner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One-mile heats.—Four subs.

|                                                                                                       |   |     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. <i>Superb</i> , brother co Stately, by Straitwaist, 3 yrs<br>(Chapple) ..... | 3 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Cosby's br. g. <i>Augur</i> , by Tiresias, aged.....                                              | 0 | 2   | 2 |
| Mr. Gardnor's <i>Cinderella</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs.....                                            | 0 | dr. |   |

**THURSDAY, August 29.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-  
 olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Winners once to carry 3lb., twice 5lb. extra  
 Matches excepted).—Three-quarters of a mile.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Kent's b. f. <i>Goldfringe</i> , by Phantom or Waterloo (Pavis).....      | 1 |
| Mr. Ricardo's b. f. <i>Ellen</i> , by Peter Lely out of Fadladinida.....      | 2 |
| Mr. Goodwin's b. f. <i>La Rose</i> , by Chateau Margaux out of Vourneen ..... | 3 |

**The SUNNING-HILL STAKES** (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added.—The last  
 three-quarters of the New Mile.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Gardnor's b. c. <i>Messenger</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Pavis)..... | 1 |
| Mr. W. Day's b. m. <i>Landrail</i> , by Bustard, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....            | 2 |
| Mr. Martyn's ch. c. <i>Contriver</i> , by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb.....          | 3 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. <i>Damascus</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.....     | 4 |

**The EGHAM STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four,  
 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 1lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.  
 —Winners once in 1833, before or after naming (Matches and Handicaps excepted)  
 to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra.—Horses that have started twice in 1833  
 and not won, allowed 5lb.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Three subs.

|                                                                           |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Gardnor's bl. c. by Emilius out of Black Daphne, 3 yrs (Pavis).....   | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. <i>Astracan</i> , by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |

#### STOURBRIDGE MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 27.**—**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.—A  
 mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Painter's br. c. by Lottery out of Sarsaparilla, 8st. 4lb. ....walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that never won a Plate or Stake of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 6st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Half-bred horses allowed 7lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                                         |      |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Mr. Powell's <i>Censab</i> , by Wrangler, 4 yrs (Spring) .....                                          | 1    | 1   |
| Lord Grey's b. c. <i>Philosopher</i> , 3 yrs .....                                                      | 1    | -   |
| Mr. Burton's b. f. by Catton out of Admiral's dam, 4 yrs (half-bred) .....                              | 2    | -   |
| Mr. W. C. Hobson's b. c. <i>Theodolite</i> , 3 yrs (half-bred) .....                                    | -    | 2   |
| Mr. Moss's b. g. <i>Doubtful</i> , aged .....                                                           | 2    | -   |
| Mr. Wadlow's b. g. <i>Hector</i> , 4 yrs .....                                                          | -    | -   |
| Mr. Shipman's b. g. <i>Flirt</i> , aged (half-bred) .....                                               | -    | dr. |
| Mr. Wilkin's b. f. <i>Betsey Easy</i> , 3 yrs (half-bred) .....                                         | -    | dr. |
| Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Decoction</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 11st. (came in first, but was short of weight) ..... | dis. |     |

**THE TOWN PLATE** of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice 6lb., three times 8lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

|                                                                      |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Traveller</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs (Lear) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Moss's br. f. <i>Eagle</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs .....             | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Beardsworth's <i>Wolverhampton</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs .....       | 3 | dr. |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.

|                                                                     |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Painter's b. c. by Lottery out of Sarsaparilla (Calloway) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Alanson's b. f. <i>Lady Moore Carew</i> , by Tramp .....        | 2 |
| Mr. Pickernell's ch. f. <i>Repentance</i> , by Reveller .....       | 3 |

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—The **WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the County Members, for regular hunters; 12st. each.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb., half-bred horses 7lb.—A winner once this year to carry 5lb., twice or more 8lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

|                                                                             |   |   |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|------|
| Mr. F. Ongley's b. h. <i>Donnington</i> , by Champion, 6 yrs (Spring) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Mott's b. m. <i>Gazelle</i> , by Muley, aged (fall) .....               | 1 | 2 | dis. |

**THE GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Three miles.—Ten subs.

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Russell</i> , by Corinthian, aged (Lear) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Alanson's b. f. <i>Lady Moore Carew</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs .....   | 2 |
| Mr. Moss's br. f. <i>Eagle</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs .....              | 3 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Wolverhampton</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs ..... | 4 |

**THE LADIES' PURSE** of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once of 50l. this year to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., thrice or more 8lb. extra.—The winner of 100l. to carry extra as for two fifties.—Ten subs.

|                                                                      |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Traveller</i> , by Tramp, 6 yrs (Lear) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Burton's b. g. <i>Catnap</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs .....            | 2 | 2 |

#### ASHFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six, 9st. 4lb.; and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Stakes in 1833 to carry 4lb., of two 7lb., and of three 10lb. extra; the winner of a King's Plate or Stake of 100 to carry 7lb. over and above the extra weights.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                        |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Hornaley) .. | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Brown's br. c. <i>Pumpkin</i> , by Troy, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ....                    | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Hawkin's b. h. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st. ....                         | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ....              | 2 | dr. |

**THE HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund:—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Winners once at any time to carry 7lb. extra.—Horses bred in the county of Kent allowed 7lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

|                                                                                        |   |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Messer's b. m. <i>Cricket</i> , by Partisan, 6 yrs, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Simmonds).... | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Christian's b. h. Metheglin, by Filho, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb.....                       | 2 | 2    |
| Mr. Lambden's b. m. Harriet, aged, 10st. 10lb. ....                                    | 3 | 3    |
| Mr. Plummer na. br. g. Rifleman, 6 yrs, 10st. 3lb.....                                 | 4 | dis. |

The RIPTON PLATE of 50 sovs. ; weights and extra weights as for the Town Plate.—  
The winner to be sold for 120l.

|                                                                                           |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Messer's ch. f. <i>Caroline</i> , Sister to Terry Alt, by Sligo, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Brown's b. h. Fawn, by Wanderer, 5 yrs, 9st.....                                      | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Bach's b. m. Ipsala, by Sultan, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....                                 | 3 | 0 |

The winner was claimed by Mr. Brown, Fawn having walked over for a third heat.  
The owner of Caroline contended that this was necessary, in consequence of no horse being placed second in the second heat.

### PONTEFRACT MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three-quarters—seven subs.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Gully's br. e. <i>Spider</i> , by Jack Spigot out of Jubilee (G. Nelson)..... | 1 |
| Mr. S. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, by Lottery—Dairymaid, by Woful .....                 | 2 |
| Mr. S. Reed's b. c. Slinker, by Humphrey Clinker—Cerberus.....                    | 3 |

Even on Slinker, and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

FREE HANDICAP of 3 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added.—One mile and a quarter.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Gully's br. c. <i>Spider</i> , by Jack Spigot, 3 yrs, 7st. (T. Lye) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Reed's b. c. Slinker, by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs, 7st.....                | 2 |
| Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, aged, 9st.....                   | 3 |
| Mr. Clegg's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus, 3 yrs, 7st.....                      | 4 |
| Mr. Gall's b. f. by Polygar, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb.....                             | 5 |
| Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton out of Camillina, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.....       | 6 |

Six to 4 on Flambeau, 4 to 1 agst the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Slinker.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hon. H. V. S. Jerningham, M.P. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 7st. 12lb. ; five, 8st. 6lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—A winner of a 50l. Plate, Match, or Stakes in 1833 to carry 3lb., of two 6lb., and of three 6lb. extra.—Maiden horses on the day of entrance allowed 2lb. in addition to the above allowance.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

|                                                                       |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Gascoigne's br. f. <i>Isabel</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs (T. Lye)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Marson's ch. f. Fanny Horner, 4 yrs.....                          | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Clegg's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus, 3 yrs.....                   | 3 | 3   |
| Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, aged.....                | 4 | dr. |

THURSDAY, August 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. G. Cock's br. c. <i>Inheritor</i> , by Lottery out of Handmaiden (Healstine)..... | 1 |
| Lord Wilton's br. c. by Camel out of Arachne, by Filho.....                           | 2 |
| Mr. Foljambe's bl. or br. f. by Velocipede, dam by Walton, out of Marmion's dam....   | 3 |

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by a subscription of 10gs. each, with 20 added :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—To start at the Distance and go once round.

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Orde's br. c. <i>Tomboy</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs (S. Templeman)..... | 1 |
| Mr. W. Richardson's ch. c. Theodore, by Comus, 3 yrs.....             | 2 |
| Mr. S. Reed's b. c. Slinker, by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs .....         | 3 |

Six to 5 on Theodore, and 7 to 4 agst Tomboy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by J. Gully, Esq. M.P. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 7st. 12lb. ; five, 8st. 6lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of a 50l. Plate, Match, or Stakes, in 1833, to carry 3lb., of two 6lb., and of three 6lb. extra ; and the winner of Wednesday's Plate to carry 3lb. extra.—Maiden horses on the day of entrance allowed 2lb. in addition to the above allowance.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                             |      |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|---|
| Mr. Gascoigne's br. f. <i>Isabel</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs (T. Lye) .....      | 2    | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Lacey's b. f. Shepherdess, 3 yrs .....                                  | 1    | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton out of Camillina, 4 yrs (allowed 2lb.)..... | 3    | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, by Lottery, 3 yrs (bolted) .....            | dis. |   |   |

## WEYMOUTH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—The WEYMOUTH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added from the Fund.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Twice round, about two miles.—One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft., and five paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Taunton's b. m. *Frederica*, by Sultan, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Trenn) ..... 1  
Mr. Biggs's ch. h. Little Red Rover, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs., the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded in the usual way.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Haine's b. f. *Cecilia*, by Comus, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (P. Percy)..... 1 1  
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, by Cain, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. *Dusky*, by Luzborough, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 3 dr.

The JOHNSTONE PLATE of 50 sovs., given by Sir F. G. Johnstone, Bart., M.P., for horses not thorough-bred, that shall have been six weeks *bona fide* the property of constituents of the Borough and Town of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, or have been resident there the last twelve months.—The horses never to have won the value of 50l. (including their own stakes) at any one time previous to the day of racing.—To be ridden by Gentlemen, Yeomen, or Tradesmen.—The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. John's b. m. *Forest Lass*, aged, 11st. 5lb. (Owner)..... 1 1  
Mr. W. Pool's br. g. Comus, by Swinton, 6 yrs, 11st. 3lb. .... 2 3  
Mr. Gould's ch. m. Ada, 5 yrs, 10st. 11lb. .... 3 3  
Mr. W. Took's b. g. Vampire, aged, 11st. 5lb. .... dis.  
An objection was taken to the winner as being thorough-bred, and having won the value of 50l.; and also to Comus, as being ridden by a person not properly qualified.

**THURSDAY, August 29**—His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. *Pounce*, by Merlin, 4 yrs, 9st. 6lb. (J. Day, jun.) ..... 1 1  
Mr. John's b. m. Forest Lass, aged, 10st. 3lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Beaton's br. h. Selim, 5 yrs, 10st. .... 3 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund, free for horses of all denominations.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Horses not thorough-bred to be allowed 14lb.—Heats, about one mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (J. Day, jun.)... 1 1  
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, by Cain, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. .... 3 2  
Mr. W. Pool's ch. g. Sprig, by Harbinger, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Beaton's br. h. Selim, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. .... 4 dis.

The HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 25 added, for the beaten horses, did not fill.

## ABERYSTWITH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gough's *Dandina*, by Young Pavilion, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb. .... 1 1  
Capt. B. Davies's ch. f. *Magna*, by Tamworth, dam by Merlin, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb., 2 2  
Mr. Vaughan's gr. m. *Mervinia*, by Claudius, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 3 dr.

There was a HACK STAKES on the second day. The other races did not fill.

## NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 28.**—The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Twice round.—Nineteen subs.

Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by Reveller, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (*Wheatley*)..... 1  
Mr. Miles's b. h. The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs, 9st. 3lb. .... 2  
Mr. Sowerby's ch. h. Vagrant, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. .... 3

The COUNTY PLATE of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded in the usual way.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                                  |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (S. Mann).....   | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Messer's b. h. Carwell, by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st. 1lb. ....                      | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Price's ch. g. Newport, by Nicolo out of Miss Crockford, aged, 9st. 6lb..... | 3 | 3 |

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Three miles.

|                                                                         |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Sowerby's br. m. <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, 6 yrs (S. Mann) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Clarendon's ch. f. <i>Datura</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs.....         | 2 |

THE YEOMANRY CUP, value 50gs., the surplus in specie, a subscription of 2 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round.—Thirty subs.

|                                                                           |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Lovell's b. g. <i>Lofty</i> , 4 yrs, 11st. 3lb. (C. Merton) .....     | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Westley's b. g. Mantrap, aged, 12st. 10lb.....                        | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. C. G. Flesher's b. c. by Claxton, dam by Orion, 3 yrs, 10st. 9lb..... | 2 | 3 |
| Capt. Mauncel na. ch. g. Plumber, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb.....                   | 3 | 4 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 30 added.—Twice round.—Three subs.  
Mr. Sowerby's *Vagrant*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 9st.....walked over.

THURSDAY, August 29.—THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10l. out of the Plate.—Heats, twice round.—Six subs.

|                                                                  |      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Mr. Lovell's <i>Lofty</i> , 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. Tawney) ..... | 1    | 1   |
| Mr. Sherman's br. c. Fitzwilliam, 4 yrs, 11st. ....              | 2    | 2   |
| Mr. Westley's b. g. Mantrap, aged, 12st. 8lb.....                | 4    | 3   |
| Mr. Newman's b. c. Radical, 3 yrs, 9st. 4lb.....                 | 3    | dr. |
| Mr. Flesher's br. c. by Claxton, 3 yrs, 9st. 1lb. ....           | dis. |     |

THE NORTHAMPTON STAKES (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 50 added.—Two miles.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.

|                                                                                    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Sowerby's br. m. <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (S. Mann) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Miles's The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb. ....                      | 2 |
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs, 7st. ....                    | 3 |
| Mr. Price's ch. g. Newport, by Nicolo, aged, 8st. 2lb. ....                        | 4 |

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Town.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                 |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs, 7st. .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Brown's br. m. Dolly, aged, 9st. 2lb.....                   | 2 | 2 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 15 ft., for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round.—Seven subs.

Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. *Catalonian*, by Skiff, dam by Sancho .....walked over.

### WARWICK MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 3.—THE GUY PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Twenty-five subs.

|                                                                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Trepidation</i> , by Centaur—Niobe, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day)..... | 1 |
| Lord Exeter's b. c. Sir Robert, by Sultan—Emmeline, 8st. 7lb. ....                  | 2 |
| Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon—Eliza, 8st. ....                   | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Miss Hap, 8st. 4lb.; and Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, 8st. 4lb.—Six to 4 agst Sir Robert, 7 to 4 agst Tarantella, and 3 to 1 agst Trepidation.

THE LEAMINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Town of Leamington.—Two miles.—Twenty-six subs., 13 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Owen's b. m. <i>Diana</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (A. Pavis) ..... | 1 |
| Col. Charrette's br. c. Swing, by Fitz-Walton, 4 yrs, 7st.....                | 2 |
| Mr. Robinson's br. h. Windcliffe, by Waverley, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....       | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. West's ch. h. Exile, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. I. Day's b. g. Little Boy Blue, aged, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Chester, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's br. g. Lely, aged, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's br. h. Changeling, 5 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; and Mr. E. King's b. f. Lucy, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Two to 1 agst Diana, 3 to 1 agst Exile, and 3 to 1 agst Swing.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Three subs.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. (Darling)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Tomes's b. f. *Graceful*, by Sir Gray, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb..... 2 dr.

MATCH.—Lord Lichfield's gr. g. *Gab*, by Swap, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (Arnulf), beat Sir J. Gerard's br. c. *Billinge*, by Belsoni, 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb., T. Y. C., 300 sovs. h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, September 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half a mile.—Ten subs.

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. *Billinge*, by Belsoni (A. Pavis) ..... 1  
 Mr. Bristow's b. c. Donald, Brother to Uncle Toby ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Warwick's br. f. by Filho out of Double Entendre; Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, by Bedlamite; Mr. Robinson's gr. c. Mad Tom, by Bedlamite; Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Manfred out of Bracelet; and Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite out of Mischance.

THE AVON STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. *Uncle Toby*, by Cain, 8st. (Chapple) ..... 1  
 Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Miss Hap, 8st..... 2

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., the surplus in specie, a subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 8st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Four miles.—Seventeen subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Ludlow*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs (Spring)..... 1  
 Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, by Ambo, aged..... 2  
 Mr. Robinson's b. h. Manchester, by Whisker, 5 yrs..... 3  
 Five to 2 on Liston, 5 to 2 agst Manchester, and 10 to 1 agst Ludlow.—Before the race for the Cup Ludlow was sold to — Dulewski, Esq.

THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. for maiden horses, and horses that never won more than 50l. at any one time.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pickernell's ch. f. *Repentance*, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Arthur, jun.)..... 4 1 1  
 Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. *Fear*, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 1 3 3  
 Mr. Burton's b. g. Catlap, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 3 2 2  
 Mr. Day's b. c. Bustria, by Burgundy, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for regular hunters not thorough-bred, that never won before the day of naming.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Burton's b. f. *The Eaton Nun*, by Catton out of Admiral's dam, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. (Darling) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Pickernell's b. g. Witley, by Woodman, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Harriet, by Goldfinder, 3 yrs, 8st. 8lb. .... 3 3

THURSDAY, September 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 8lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. *Uncle Toby*, by Cain (Chapple) ..... 1  
 Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Miss Hap ..... 2

THE KING'S PLATE of 100gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Owen's b. m. *Diana*, by Catton, 5 yrs, 10st. (A. Pavis)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Robinson's br. h. Windcliffe, by Waverley, 6 yrs, 10st. 3lb..... 4 2  
 Col. Charrlette's br. c. Swing, by Fitz-Walton, 4 yrs, 9st. 6lb..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, by Tramp, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb..... 3 2  
 Mr. Smith's br. c. Parthenon, by Conductor, 4 yrs, 9st. 6lb..... 5 dr.

THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 9st. 9lb. (Darling) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Peel's br. h. Changeling, by Swap, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb..... 3 2  
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Chester, by Filho, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb..... 2 3

THE STAND STAKES (Handicap), of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. King's b. f. *Lucy*, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Dodgson)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Peel's br. g. Lely, by Peter Lely, aged, 8st. 10lb..... 2 2

#### ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 4.—PLATE of 50l., given by the Members for the Western Division of the County, for horses never having won a Plate or Sweepstakes:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One-mile heats.

|                                                                           |      |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. by Sultan, 3 yrs (S. Rogers) .....                  | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. M. Gray's br. c. by Bismarck out of Sister to Honeysuckle, 3 yrs..... | 3    | 2 |
| Mr. Wickham's b. m. Hackney, aged .....                                   | 3    | 3 |
| Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice, 3 yrs (bolted).....   | dis. |   |

**THE ROCKINGHAM STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added from the Fund:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Six subs.

|                                                                             |      |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Mr. Gardner's b. c. <i>Messenger</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards)..... | 1    | 1   |
| Mr. Edwards's br. g. Crocodile, by Camel, 3 yrs.....                        | 3    | 2   |
| Mr. Theobald's b. f. Gretna Green, 4 yrs.....                               | 2    | dr. |
| Mr. Rush's ch. g. Guildford, aged (ran on the wrong side of a post).....    | dis. |     |

**THE ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833 to carry 4lb., or of two 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 200l. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                               |      |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|-----|
| Mr. Theobald's b. f. <i>Gretna Green</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs (Farrall)..... | 4    | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Shackel's br. g. Trump, 6 yrs .....                                       | 1    | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Messer's b. m. Cricket, by Partisan, 6 yrs.....                           | 2    | 4 | 3   |
| Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. Trickery, 3 yrs.....                                   | 3    | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Edwards's Crocodile, 3 yrs (fell).....                                    | dis. |   |     |

**THURSDAY, September 5.**—The **GOLD CUP**, or 100 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 400l. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                             |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Gardner's b. c. <i>Messenger</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs (C. Edwards)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Shackel's br. c. Pumpkin, by Troy, 4 yrs .....                          | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Rush's ch. g. Guildford, by Hampden, aged.....                          | 2 | 3 |

**THE WEST KENT STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

|                                                                                       |   |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Browne's ch. f. <i>Caroline</i> , by Sligo, 3 yrs (carried 7st. 11lb.)—(Rose) ... | 3 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, 6 yrs.....                                         | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Theobald's b. f. Gretna Green, 4 yrs .....                                        | 4 | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Wickham's b. m. Norma, 6 yrs.....                                                 | 2 | 3 | dr. |

### BEDFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 4.**—The **WOBURN STAKES** of 10 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 400 sovs., &c.—Two-mile heats.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Sowerby's br. m. *Volage*, by Waverley, 6 yrs..... ..walked over.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Three miles.

|                                                              |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Sowerby's br. m. <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, 6 yrs..... | 1 |
| Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, aged .....        | 2 |
| Mr. Thompson's b. m. by Cerberus, dam by Sir Peter.....      | 3 |

**THE COUNTY PLATE** of 70 sovs.—Two miles and a half.

|                                                                           |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Clarendon's ch. f. <i>Datura</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs, 6st. 6lb..... | 1 |
| Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's br. m. Wilna, by Smolensko, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb.....   | 2 |
| Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian, by Skiff, 3 yrs, 7st.....                | 3 |

**THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S PLATE** was not run for.

**THURSDAY, September 5.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

|                                                                      |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's br. m. <i>Wilna</i> , by Smolensko, 5 yrs..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Newman's br. c. Reform, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs .....              | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs .....           | 5 | 3   |
| Mr. Ongley's gr. h. The Flyer, aged.....                             | 8 | dr. |
| Mr. Sowerby's br. c. Plantagenet, by Camel, 3 yrs.....               | 4 | dr. |

## DORCHESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 4.**—The **DORCHESTER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added.—Two miles and a quarter.—Nine subs., 4 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Finch's br. f. <i>Clara</i> , by Filho, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (T. Cowley) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Hill's bl. c. Tourist, by Doctor Syntax, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....             | 2 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged, 7st. 13lb. ....          | 3 |
| Mr. Taunton's b. m. Frederica, by Sultan, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb. ....                | 4 |

The **YCOMANRY STAKES** of 5 sovs. each.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded in the usual way.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Fifteen subs.

|                                                                                        |   |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Farquharson na. b. m. <i>Elepat</i> , by Swinton, 5 yrs, 12st. 1lb. (Mr. Hill) ... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Floyer na. ch. g. Arthur O'Bradley, aged, 12st. ....                               | 1 | 3 | 4 |
| Mr. Wilmington's ch. g. Sprig, aged, 12st. 10lb. ....                                  | 3 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Gould's ch. m. Ada, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. ....                                         | 4 | 4 | 2 |

The **MAIDEN CASTLE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added by the Yeomen of the County.—Heats, about a mile and a half.—Five subs.

|                                                                                 |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Haine's b. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (T. Cowley) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. Duaky, by Luzborough, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb. ....              | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 7lb. ....            | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Tobin's br. c. Land's End, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 7st. ....                    | 3 | dr. |

**THURSDAY, September 5.**—The **DINNER STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with a bonus, by independent subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, about a mile and a half.—Four subs.

|                                                                               |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, aged, 9st. 1lb. (Trenn) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Clara</i> , by Filho, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. ....              | 2 | 2 |

The **LADIES' PLATE** of 50l. for horses of all denominations.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

|                                                                                    |   |     |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Tobin's b. f. <i>Kitums</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (J. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 | 5   | 1   |
| Mr. C. Finch's b. f. Cecilia, by Comus, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ....                     | 6 | 1   | 4   |
| Mr. Hill's bl. c. Tourist, by Doctor Syntax, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. ....                | 2 | 4   | 2   |
| Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....               | 4 | 2   | 3   |
| Mr. Poole's b. g. Comus (half-bred), 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....                         | 5 | 3   | dr. |
| Mr. Smith's br. c. Romer, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 7st. 1lb. ....                       | 3 | dr. |     |

The other Stakes did not fill.

## MORPETH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 4.**—The **BOROUGH MEMBER'S PLATE** of 50 sovs. for maiden horses.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                          |   |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Ecclefechan</i> , by Waulaujah, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.  |   |   |     |
| (Thompson) .....                                                         | 3 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Pott's b. c. Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, 4 yrs, 8st. ....               | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Jennings's b. g. by Canteen out of Chromatica, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. .... | 2 | 3 | dr. |

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 7 sovs. each, with 8 sovs. added.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

|                                                                                                                     |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Routledge's b. g. <i>The Knight</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Dick Andrews, aged, 12st. 6lb. (Mr. Clark) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Boag's b. h. Pilot, by Dr. Syntax, 6 yrs, 12st. 6lb. ....                                                       | 2 |
| Mr. Pott's gr. g. Coronet, by Contest, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....                                                       | 3 |
| Mr. Skipsey's ch. g. Jerry Hawthorn, by Octavius, 5 yrs, 12st. ....                                                 | 4 |
| Mr. Bowser's br. f. Minerva, by Borodino, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....                                                    | 5 |

**THURSDAY, September 5.**—**PLATE** of 50l.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                                                 |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Dawson's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, aged, 8st. 13lb. ....                              | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Jennings's b. f. Laurel Leaf, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 8st. ....                               | 3 | 3 |

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                              |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Boag's b. h. <i>Pilot</i> , by Doctor Syntax, 6 yrs, 12st. (Owner) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Pott's gr. g. Coronet, by Contest, 4 yrs, 11st. 6lb.....                 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Moor's bl. m. Mermaid, by X.Y.Z., aged, 12st.....                        | 3 | 3 |

SILVER CUP, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for beaten horses.—Two miles and a half.

|                                                                           |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Healey's b. h. <i>Flambeau</i> , by Grey Malton, aged, 8st. 7lb. .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Jennings's b. f. Laurel-leaf, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.....    | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Potts's b. c. Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. ....         | 3 | 3 |

### BECCLES MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 4.**—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a half.

|                                                                      |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Munro's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.....    | 2 | 2 |

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 added.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                            |   |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|
| Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Tristram</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb..... | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Blake's Atlas, by Muley, aged, 12st.....               | 2 | dis. |

Two others started but were distanced.

Tristram not having carried his right weight, the Stewards declared the race void.

**THURSDAY, September 5.**—The TOWN PLATE of 50l.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a half.

|                                                                           |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb..... | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr. Munro's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb. ....        | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Mr. Wood's ch. c. Ambrosio, 4 yrs, 9st. 1lb.....                          | 3 | 3 | 3 |

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 added.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                    |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Cannon Ball</i> , aged..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Fenn's Gripshot, 5 yrs .....                   | 2 | 2 |

One other started but was distanced.

### BARNET MEETING.

(The Course is three-quarters of a mile round.)

**FRIDAY, September 6.**—The GREEN MAN STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                                  |   |      |   |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|---|------|
| Mr. White's gr. c. <i>The Ghost</i> , by Gustavus, 4 yrs, 9st. (Childs) .....                    | 2 | 1    | 2 | 1    |
| * Mr. Safford's b. g. Punctual (late Brielle), 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.....                              | 3 | 2    | 1 | dis. |
| Mr. Coleman's b. f. Dryad, 4 yrs, 9st. ....                                                      | 1 | 3    | 3 | dr.  |
| Mr. Bacon's ch. m. Fairy, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.....                                                   | 4 | dr.  |   |      |
| Mr. Mason's b. g. Conservator, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post)..... | 5 | dis. |   |      |

\* Punctual came in first for the fourth heat, but, having crossed the other horse, was declared distanced.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—The winner to be sold for 120l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                                  |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Fleming's b. m. <i>Landrail</i> , by Bustard, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Crouch) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Messer's ch. m. Zarina, by Middleton, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....                  | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Tilbury's b. m. Zulima, by Gulliver, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.....                    | 5 | 3 |
| Mr. S. Pearce's br. m. Chatham Lass, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. ....                       | 4 | 4 |
| Mr. Hall's b. g. Silvertail (late Tom Thumb), aged, 9st. 2lb.....                | 2 | 5 |

The TALLYHO STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund, for any horse not thorough-bred, carrying 12st.—Two leaps over hurdles to be taken in each heat.

—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.

|                                                                                  |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Lafitte's b. g. <i>Sober Robin</i> , by Gambler, aged (Captain Becher) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Hull's br. g. Brigand, aged.....                                             | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Westley's b. g. Mantrap .....                                                | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Safford's b. g. Potshen .....                                                | 3 | 4 |
| Mr. Coleman's br. g. General Wolf.....                                           | 5 | 5 |

**SATURDAY, September 7.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and distance.

|                                                                             |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Fleming's b. m. <i>Landrail</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 12lb. (Crouch) .....      | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Sewell's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. ....                  | 2 | 1 |
| Mr. Bacon's ch. m. <i>Fairy</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. .... | - | 3 |
| Mr. Messer's ch. m. <i>Zarina</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ....                  | 3 | - |
| Mr. Hall's b. g. <i>Silvertail</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. ....                   | 4 | - |

Five others started.

The CHAMPAGNE HANDICAP STAKES of 3 sovs. each, made up 50l. for the best horses.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                                         |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Tilbury's b. m. <i>Zulima</i> , by <i>Gulliver</i> , 6 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Crouch)..... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. F. White's Punctual, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....                                          | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Bacon's ch. m. <i>Fairy</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. ....                                      | 5 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Westley's Mantrap, aged, 9st. ....                                                  | 4 | 5 | 4 |
| Mr. Sewell's Blinker, 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ....                                            | 2 | 3 | 4 |

## WESTERN MEETING.

(AYR COURSE.)

**WEDNESDAY, September 4.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subs.

|                                                                                                       |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. W. M. Alexander's b. f. <i>Little-go</i> , by <i>Lottery</i> , 7st. 12lb. (Springate) .....       | 1 |
| Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. <i>Tantalus</i> , by <i>Straitwaist</i> out of <i>Wilful</i> , 8st. 1lb. .... | 2 |
| Mr. Alexander's ch. c. <i>Suttler</i> , by <i>Canteen</i> out of <i>La Grisette</i> , 7st. 13lb. .... | 3 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 sovs. added, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Six subs.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. <i>General Chased</i> , by <i>Acton</i> (Johnson)..... | 1 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir R. K. Dick's ch. f. *Miss Emily*, by *Acton* out of *Salvadora* ; Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. *Hampton*, by *Waterloo*—Sister to *Romana* ; and Mr. White's gr. f. by *Malck*, dam by *Outcry* out of *Bessy*."

**MATCH.**—Lord Eglinton's *Paul Pry* (Owner), beat Sir J. Boswell's *North Star*, by *Champion*, 12st. 7lb. each, two miles, 100, h. ft.

The AIR GOLD CUP, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by subscription of 10gs. each. Two miles.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                                                   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Elcho's br. h. <i>Philip</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Templeman) ..... | 1 |
| Lord Elcho's b. h. <i>Gondolier</i> , by <i>Fitz-Orville</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. ....               | 2 |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by <i>Canteen</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....                  | 3 |
| Sir D. Blair's br. c. by <i>Epperston</i> out of <i>Maria</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....             | 4 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir J. Boswell's b. c. *Craigmillar*, by *Canteen*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ; Mr. M. Alexander's b. f. *Little-go*, by *Lottery*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. ; and Mr. Mein's ch. h. *Sir James*, by *Epperston*, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Earl of Eglinton, for horses not thorough-bred.—One mile and a half.—Eight subs.

|                                                                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Eglinton's <i>Lucifer</i> , by <i>Trissy</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb. (Owner) .....  | 1 |
| Lord Eglinton's <i>Lady Susan</i> , by <i>Trissy</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb. ....        | 2 |
| Mr. W. Crawford's b. g. <i>Brush</i> , by <i>Trissy</i> , 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....    | 3 |
| Mr. J. Campbell's <i>Baronet</i> , by <i>Albany</i> , 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....        | 4 |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. g. <i>Tally-ho</i> , by <i>Harkaway</i> , aged, 13st. 7lb. .... | 5 |

PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                                |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Lord Elcho's br. h. <i>Philip</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , 5 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (Templeman) ... | 1 | 1 |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb. ....        | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Wilson's ch. g. <i>Taurus</i> , by <i>Ardrossan</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb. ....                 | 2 | 4 |
| Mr. W. Alexander's gr. g. by <i>Epperston</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. ....                          | 3 | 4 |

**MATCH.**—Mr. Meiklam's br. g. *Oxford*, beat Mr. Blair's ch. m. *The Duchess*, 12st. 7lb. each, Gentlemen riders, two-mile heats, 100.

**THURSDAY, September 5.**—The HARRIER STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred, 13st. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

|                                                                      |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Ramsay's b. g. <i>Albion</i> , by <i>Woldsman</i> (Bonar).....   | 1 | 1 |
| Lord Eglinton's bl. g. <i>Lucifer</i> , by <i>Trissy</i> , aged..... | 2 | 2 |

PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                            |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Ramsay's br. g. <i>XXX</i> , by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs, 8st. (J. Robinson) | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. W. M. Alexander's b. f. Little-go, 3 yrs, 7st.                         | 2 | dr. |
| Lord Eglinton's b. c. Byzantium, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.                          | 3 | dr. |

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for hunters, 13st. each.—One mile.—Seven subs.

|                                                      |   |  |
|------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Lord Eglinton's <i>Spadassin</i> , by Monreith, aged | 1 |  |
| Mr. Firbank's b. g. Carolan, by Catton, 6 yrs        | 2 |  |

The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. J. Edington's b. m. Cleopatras, by Ardrossan, aged; Sir J. Boswell na. Shark, aged; Mr. W. Forbes's Gangaway, by Antonio, 5 yrs; and Mr. Blair's gr. m. Taglioni, aged.

FRIDAY, September 6.—FIFTY SOVS. for all ages.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                    |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Craigmillar</i> , by Canteen, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (T. Lye) | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Johnstone's br. g. by Fitz-Orville, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.                           | 2 |   |
| Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Biah, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb.                        | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Firbank's b. g. Carolan, by Catton, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb.                           | 4 |   |
| Lord Eglinton's <i>Spadassin</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.                                 | 2 | - |
| Sir D. H. Blair's br. c. by Epperston, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.                           | 4 | - |
| Mr. Wilson's ch. g. Taurus, by Ardrossan, aged, 8st. 4lb.                          | - | - |

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25gs. added, 12st. 7lb. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

|                                                                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Lord Eglinton's b. g. <i>Paul Fry</i> , by Fitz-Orville, dam by Competitor, aged (Owner) | 1 | 1 |
| Sir J. Boswell's North Star, by Champignon, aged                                         | 2 | 2 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, 12st. 7lb. each.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                                         |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged (Owner) | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Blair's gr. m. Taglioni, aged                                       | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. W. Forbes's Gangaway, by Antonio, 5 yrs                             | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. R. Crooks na. Jack Tar                                              | 6 | 4   |
| Mr. Melkiam's gr. g. Oxford                                             | 4 | dr. |

The YEOMANRY PLATE was won, at three heats, by Mr. Galt's b. h. beating Mr. Russell's Gipsy and five others.

### LICHFIELD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 10.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                        |   |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Traveller</i> , by Tramp out of Tiara, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Lear) | 1 |  |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, aged, 8st. 10lb.                                 | 2 |  |

PLATE of 50l. :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner in the present year once before the day of naming to carry 3lb.; twice 5lb. extra.—Horses having started three times this year and not won, allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Sir J. Gerard's b. f. <i>Dams Durdan</i> , by Banker out of Euxton's dam, 3 yrs (Marlow) | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Dunkley's ch. f. by Middleton out of Whisk's dam, 3 yrs                              | 2 | 2 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added from the City Fund.—Two miles.—Six subs.

|                                                                                              |   |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Trepidation</i> , by Centaur out of Niobe, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (Marlow) | 1 |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|

|                                                                    |   |  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb. | 2 |  |
| Mr. B. King's b. f. Lucy, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.               | 3 |  |
| Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Darcy, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.     | 4 |  |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Beauty, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.        | 5 |  |

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Three subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. *Touchstone*, by Camel out of Banter, 7st. 13lb...walked over.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Last mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. *Miss Charlotte*, by Pantaloon out of Eliza, 7st. 12lb...walked over.

**WEDNESDAY, September 11.**—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—The owner of the second horse received 20 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Lord Warwick's *Trepidation*, by Centaur, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Marlow)..... 1 1  
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Dirce*, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb..... 2 2

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Noodle*, by Bedlamite.....walked over.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wheelton's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho, 5 yrs.....walked over.

### CARMARTHEN MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 10.**—The CARMARTHENSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 20 added from the Fund.—Two miles.—The owner of the second horse saved his stakes.—Seven subs. (one of whom paid only five sovs.)

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. *Pawnbroker*, by his Duplicate out of Frances, 6 yrs, 9st. (Heaven) ..... 1

Mr. Gough's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Y. Pavilion, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (half-bred)..... 2

Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Pagoda*, by Polygar, 3 yrs, 8st..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. B. Davy's Creeper, 6st. 12lb.; and Mr. Henderson's own brother to Smuggler, 7st. 7lb.

**PLATE** of 50l. the gift of E. H. Adams, Esq. M.P. for horses bred in South Wales :—three-year-olds, 7st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 10st. 2lb.; and aged, 10st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Thorough-bred horses to carry 10lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.—Horses bred in Carmarthenshire allowed 7lb. for this and the Dynevor Stakes.

Mr. Currie's b. g. *Major*, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Webb) ..... 1 1

Mr. Gwither's b. m. *Lady-day*, 6 yrs, 9st. 13lb..... 4 2

Mr. B. Davies's b. f. *Mimic*, by Mallard, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb..... 3 3

Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Pagoda*, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 2 dr.

Mr. Henderson's b. h. St. Govins, 6 yrs, 9st. 9lb..... dis.

**SILVER CUP**, by subscription from the Town of Carmarthen, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all horses:—three-year-olds, 7st. 10lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 10lb.; six and aged, 10st. 4lb.—Horses bred in Carmarthenshire allowed 7lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gough's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Young Pavilion, 6 yrs, 10st. 11lb.

(Hardy) ..... 3 1 1

Mr. Henderson's b. h. St. Govins, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb..... 2 3 3

Mr. Fuller's b. f. Nell Gwyn, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... 1 2 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, September 11.**—The DYNEVOR STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, the gift of the Hon. Col. Trevor, M.P. :—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Half-bred horses for this Stake allowed 10lb. in addition to the other allowances.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Currie's b. g. *Major*, 5 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (Cheswase)..... 4 1 1

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. *Pawnbroker*, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb..... 1 3 dr.

Mr. Fuller's b. f. Nell Gwyn, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb..... 2 2 dr.

Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Pagoda*, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb..... 3 4 dr.

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Davies's own brother to Smuggler, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; and Mr. Henderson's b. h. St. Govins.

**THE LADIES' SILVER CUP**, added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Horses that have started for any Plate or Stakes this year to carry 10lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 30l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, to start at the Stand, twice round.

Mr. Gough's b. g. *The Brownie*, aged, 10st. 9lb. (Owner) ..... 1 1

Mr. Fuller's b. f. Miss Bailey, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb..... 2 dr.

Mr. Rule's b. g. Hit-or-Miss, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb..... 3 dr.

Mr. B. Davies's ch. f. *Magnum*, 3 yrs, 8st. (bolted)..... dis.

# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1833.

29

HANDICAP of 3 sovs. each, with a Purse added, for all horses.—Ten subs.

|                                                                 |   |     |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. Gough's b. g. <i>The Brownie</i> , aged, 9st. (Hardy) ..... | 3 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Gwither's b. m. <i>Lady-day</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. ....          | 1 | 2   | 2 |
| Mr. Bristow's b. f. <i>Pagoda</i> , 3 yrs, 8st. ....            | 2 | dr. |   |

## LEICESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 11.**—The BELVOIR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added by His Grace the Duke of Rutland for hunters:—four-year-olds, 10st. 12lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six and aged, 12st.—A winner in 1833 to carry 5lb. extra.—Heats, twice round.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                                  |      |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|-----|
| Mr. Barton's b. f. <i>The Eaton Ness</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs (carried 5lb. extra) (Darling) ..... | 2    | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Bainbrigg's b. g. <i>Outcast</i> , 4 yrs. ....                                               | 1    | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Wildman's br. g. <i>Swamp</i> , aged, ....                                                   | 3    | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Harrison's b. g. <i>Little Tommy</i> , 5 yrs .....                                           | dis. |   |     |
| Mr. Draper's b. g. <i>Napoleon</i> , 6 yrs .....                                                 | dis. |   |     |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                  |   |     |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|--|
| Mr. Harrison's b. g. <i>Little Tommy</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... | 1 | 1   |  |
| Mr. Arnold's ch. c. by Gambler, 5 yrs, 7st. ....                 | 2 | 2   |  |
| Mr. Burton's b. f. <i>The Eaton Nun</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ....  | 3 | dr. |  |

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Thrice round.

Mr. Sowerby's br. m. *Volage*, by Waverley, 6 yrs. ....walked over.

**THURSDAY, September 12.**—The QUORN PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Gentlemen of the Melton Hunt, for hunters not thorough-bred, ridden by Farmers.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                             |   |   |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|--|
| Mr. Hickling's ch. g. by Negotiator, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... | 1 | 1 |  |
| Mr. Draper's b. g. <i>Napoleon</i> , 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... | 2 | 2 |  |
| Mr. Wildman's br. g. <i>Swamp</i> , aged, 12st. ....        | 3 | 3 |  |

The qualification of the winner is disputed.

The BURGESS'S PLATE of 70 sovs.—Heats, thrice round.

|                                                                           |   |     |  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|--|
| Mr. Sowerby's <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb. (Mann) ..... | 1 | 1   |  |
| Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged, 9st. 12lb. ....         | 3 | 2   |  |
| Mr. Robinson's b. h. Manchester, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 9st. 9lb. ....        | 2 | dr. |  |

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Thrice round.

Mr. Robinson's b. h. *Manchester*, by Whisker, 5 yrs. ....walked over.

## ABINGDON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 11.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added :—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course, about a mile and a quarter.—Ten subs.

|                                                                |   |     |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged (A. Pavis) ..... | 3 | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Tobin's b. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 4 yrs. ....               | 1 | 3   | 3   |
| Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, by Catton, aged .....             | 5 | 2   | 2   |
| Mr. Scotland's Scrub, by Pyramus, 6 yrs .....                  | 4 | 4   | dr. |
| Mr. Trelawny's br. g. Walter, 5 yrs. ....                      | 2 | dr. |     |

The CUP, in specie, a subscription of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                  |   |  |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|--|
| Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Diana</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs (A. Pavis) ..... | 1 |  |  |
| Lord Clarendon's ch. f. <i>Datura</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs ..... | 2 |  |  |
| Mr. Biggs's ch. h. <i>Little Red Rover</i> , 6 yrs. ....         | 3 |  |  |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of two sovs. each, with 50 added by the Noblemen and Gentlemen supporters of Abingdon Races, for horses not thorough-bred, *bona fide* the property of Berkshire Yeomen; 11st. 10lb. each.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.—Nine subs.

|                                                                           |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Bennett's b. m. <i>Village Lass</i> , 6 yrs (Mr. Bennett, jun.) ..... | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Matthew's ch. g. <i>Ace of Diamonds</i> .....                         | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Kennard's b. m. <i>Attempt</i> , aged .....                           | 6 | 6 | 3 |

|                                              |   |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Scarsbrook's ch. g. Trimbush, 3 yrs..... | 3 | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Hewett's b. g. Galen, aged.....          | 2 | 4 | dr. |
| Mr. G. Austin's gr. m. Grey Mantle.....      | 5 | 5 | dr. |
| Mr. Bennett's ch. m. The Sands, aged.....    | 7 | 7 | dr. |

HUNTERS' SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.—Five subs.

Mr. Day's *Little Boy-blue*, by Paulowitz, aged.....walked over.

THURSDAY, September 12.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 100 added—viz. 50 by the Member for the Borough, and 50 by the original subscribers to the Handicap.—Heats, once round and a distance, about a mile and a quarter.—Fifteen subs.

|                                                                                     |   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Pounce</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day, jun.) ..... | 1 | 5 | 1   |
| Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Little Boy-blue</i> , by Paulowitz, aged, 8st. 8lb.....          | 6 | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Sadler's b. m. <i>Delight</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.....               | 3 | 3 | 4   |
| Mr. Haines's b. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.....                 | 5 | 5 | 3   |
| Mr. Thompson's <i>Trouville</i> , 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....                              | 2 | 4 | dr. |
| Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. g. <i>Peregrine Pickle</i> , 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb.....             | 4 | 6 | dr. |

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added by the Town, for all ages.—Heats, about a mile and a half.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                     |   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Tobin's b. f. <i>Kittums</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (S. Day, jun.) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Day's b. f. <i>Milcah</i> , by Middleton, 4 yrs, 7st. ....                      | 1 | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Powell's bl. g. <i>Cantab</i> , by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 8st. ....                   | 3 | 3 | dr. |

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

|                                                                          |   |  |  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|--|
| Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Diana</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb. (Pavis) ..... | 1 |  |  |
| Mr. Sadler's br. m. <i>Euryone</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....  | 2 |  |  |

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred, the *bona fide* property of Gentlemen resident in the County of Berks during the time of qualification, and which had been at the death of twelve foxes:—four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Heats, — Ten subs.

|                                                                                    |   |   |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|--|
| Mr. Bennett's b. g. <i>Fandyke</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Wakefield)..... | 1 | 1 |  |
| Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>Blemish</i> , aged .....                                     | 4 | 2 |  |
| Mr. Pryse's ch. g. <i>Cuckoo</i> , 6 yrs .....                                     | 2 | 3 |  |
| Mr. Goodlake's gr. h. <i>Sandy</i> , by Marshal Blucher, 6 yrs.....                | 3 | 4 |  |

The qualification of the winner is disputed.

SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 50 added by D. and T. Lintall, Esqrs.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                                                             |   |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Pryse's ch. c. <i>Caldicot</i> , by Doctor Eady or Virgilius, out of <i>Atalanta</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (S. Day) ..... | - | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Sadler's br. m. <i>Euryone</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ....                                                    | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Peel's b. g. <i>Lely</i> , by Peter Lely, aged, 8st. 6lb. ....                                                          | 2 | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Scotland's b. h. <i>Scrub</i> , by Pyramus, aged, 9st. 5lb.....                                                         | - | 3 | 4   |
| Mr. Powell's bl. g. <i>Cantab</i> , by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....                                                      | 3 |   | dr. |
| Mr. Taunton's <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, aged, 9st. 7lb. ....                                                              | - |   | dr. |

#### SOUTHWOLD (SUFFOLK) MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 11.—THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, twice round.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                                       |   |   |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|------|
| Mr. Munro's b. f. <i>Lady Charlotte</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (E. Edwards)... | 2 | 1 | 1    |
| Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. ....                                 | 1 | 2 | dis. |

HUNTERS' STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                 |   |     |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|--|
| Mr. Smith's ch. g. <i>Ploughboy</i> , 4 yrs, 9st. 8lb. ....     | 1 | 1   |  |
| Mr. Pierson's b. g. <i>Young Tristram</i> , aged, 11st. ....    | 2 | 2   |  |
| Mr. Blake's b. g. <i>Atlas</i> , by Muley, aged, 11st. 7lb..... | 3 | dr. |  |

#### DOVER MEETING.

THURSDAY, September 12.—THE MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                         |      |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Mr. Brown's br. c. <i>Pumpkin</i> , by Troy, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.....      | 1    | 1   |
| Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb..... | 2    | dr. |
| Mr. Hawkins's b. h. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st.....          | 3    | dr. |
| Mr. Muggeridge's ch. g. <i>King William</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....     | dis. |     |
| Mr. Newman's ch. m. <i>Lady Blanche</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....         | dis. |     |

**THE CORPORATION PLATE of 50l**—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                               |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb.....  | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Back's b. m. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....             | 4 | 2   |
| Mr. Shackel's br. g. <i>Trump</i> , by King of Diamonds, 6 yrs, 9st. 8lb..... | 2 | 3   |
| Mr. Howard's b. m. <i>Norna</i> , by Waterloo, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb.....           | 3 | dr. |

**FRIDAY, September 13.**—The TOWN and VISITORS' PLATE of 50l—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                    |      |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mr. Back's b. m. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....                  | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. Brown's br. c. <i>Pumpkin</i> , by Troy, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.....                 | 2    | 2 |
| Mr. Muggeridge's ch. g. <i>King William</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. (broke down) ..... | dis. |   |

**SWEESTAKES of 3 sovs. each**, with 40 added, for regular hunters.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—The owner of the second horse to receive 5 sovs. out of the Stakes.

|                                                                          |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. W. Howard's b. m. <i>Norna</i> , by Waterloo, 6 yrs, 12st. 2lb.....  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 12st. 3lb..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Sladden's br. g. <i>Balloon</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. ....             | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Wright's b. g. <i>Sober Robin</i> , aged, 12st. 4lb.....             | 4 | 4 |

#### DUMFRIES MEETING.

**THURSDAY, September 12.**—GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.

|                                                                                         |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Lord Elcho's br. h. <i>Philip</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Templeman) ... | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. Ramsay's br. g. <i>XXX</i> , by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.....                   | 0 |   |
| Mr. Marley's br. f. <i>Palmdower</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.....                  | 3 |   |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by Canteen, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.....                 | 4 |   |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. h. <i>Round Robin</i> , by Borodino, aged, 9st. 2lb.....                | 5 |   |

After the dead heat Philip walked over.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Duke of Buccleuch.—Two miles.

|                                                                                           |   |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye) ..... | 1 |  |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. h. <i>Round Robin</i> , by Borodino, aged, 9st. 2lb.....                  | 2 |  |
| Mr. Woolmer's b. f. <i>Lady Louisa</i> , by Corinthian, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.....              | 3 |  |

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Racing Fund.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                                  |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Ramsay's br. g. <i>XXX</i> , by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs, 8st. (J. Robinson) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by Canteen, 4 yrs, 8st.....               | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Ecclefechan</i> , by Waulajah, 4 yrs, 8st.....             | 3 | 3 |

The **SWEESTAKES** for horses, &c. by Caleb Quotem, not thorough-bred, were won by Mr. Commis's ch. f. *Hastwell*, beating four others.

**SWEESTAKES of two sovs. each**, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Farmers in the Scotch district; 13st. each.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                       |      |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|---|-----|
| Mr. Barrie's gr. m. <i>Kitty Fell</i> (Owner) .....   | 1    | 2 | 1   |
| Mr. Cruickshank's br. m. <i>Meg of the Mill</i> ..... | 3    | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Halliday's br. g. <i>Charlie</i> .....            | 2    | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Paterson's ch. g. <i>Corinthian</i> .....         | dis. |   |     |

**FRIDAY, September 13.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Member for the County.—Three miles.

|                                                                               |   |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Lye)..... | 1 |  |
| Lord Elcho's br. h. <i>Philip</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb.....            | 2 |  |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Dawson's ch. g. *Pestilence*, by Cleveland, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; and Mr. Firbank's b. h. *Carolan*, by Catton, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Southern Meeting.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                                                       |   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Dawson's b. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Young Phantom or Jack Spigot, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Lye) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Sir J. Boswell's br. g. <i>Craigmillar</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. ....                                   | 1 | 3 | 3   |
| Mr. Johnstone's br. g. by Fitz-Orville, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....                                         | 2 | 2 | dr. |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of one sova. each, with 30 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred. Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.

|                                              |   |
|----------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Hoggan's ch. g. by Arundel (Owner) ..... | 1 |
|----------------------------------------------|---|

Eight others started.

### NEWPORT PAGNEL MEETING.

**FRIDAY**, September 13.—The **CUP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Winners in the year 1833 of the value of 160l. at any one time (Matches excepted) to carry 8lb., twice 5lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Twice round, about three miles.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                         |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Miles's b. h. <i>Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs (Darling) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Sowerby's ch. h. <i>Vagrant</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs .....             | 2 |
| Mr. Peyton's b. g. <i>Don Juan</i> , by Blucher, aged .....             | 3 |

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Farmers or Tradesmen.—The winner to be sold for 180 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                           |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Price's <i>Nancy Dawson</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 6lb. ....  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Newman's Radical, by Saracen, 5 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ....  | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Pettifer's b. h. <i>Little Will</i> , 11st. 6lb. .... | 3 | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund.—The winner to be sold for 180 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

|                                                                        |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Smith's b. m. <i>Landrail</i> , by Bustard, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb. .... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Newman's Radical, by Saracen, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. ....               | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Peyton's <i>Don Juan</i> , by Blucher, aged, 8st. 13lb. ....       | 3 | dr. |

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—four-year-olds, 10st. 12lb.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six, 12st. 2lb.; and aged, 12st. 4lb.—Winners once in 1833 (Matches excepted) to carry 5lb., twice 7lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                            |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Newman's br. c. <i>Reform</i> , by Don Cossack, 4 yrs, 11st. 5lb. .... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Wealey's b. g. <i>Mantrap</i> , by Spring-gun, aged, 12st. 6lb. ....   | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Broderick's ch. g. <i>Newport</i> , by Nicolo, aged, 12st. 11lb. ....  | 2 | dr. |

The **TOWN PLATE** of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Winners once in 1833 (Matches excepted) to carry 8lb., twice 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 120l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                       |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Smith's b. m. <i>Landrail</i> , by Bustard, 6 yrs (Darling) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs .....            | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Coleman's <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs .....            | 3 | 3 |

**MATCH**.—Mr. Broderick's ch. g. *Newport*, by Nicolo, aged, beat Mr. Hale's ch. g. *Hotspur*, 6 yrs, 11st. 7lb. each, once round, 50.

### DONCASTER MEETING.

**MONDAY**, September 16.—The **FITZWILLIAM STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation:—two-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 6lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—A mile and a half.

|                                                                     |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Orde's b. c. <i>Tomboy</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs (R. Johnson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker out of Alecio, 3 yrs .....            | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Chesterfield's br. h. Colwick, 5 yrs; Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. The Saddler, 5 yrs; and Mr. Powlett's br. f. The Mystery, by Lottery out of Miss Fanny, 5 yrs.—Eleven to 8 on Colwick, 5 to 3 agst The Saddler, 5 to 1 agst the Alecio filly, and 6 to 1 agst Tomboy.

The **CHAMPAGNE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing Club.—Red House in.—Twenty-nine subs.

**Mr. Walker's b. f. Cotillon**, by Partisan (W. Scott) ..... 1  
**Mr. Powlett's br. c. by Figaro** or Lottery out of Miss Fanny's dam ..... 2  
The following also started but were not placed:—**Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Valiant**, by Velocipede out of Charity; **Mr. Heseltine's b. c. Warlaby Baylock**; **Mr. Maxwell's c. Runnymede**, by Lottery out of Esmeralda; **Mr. Armitage's ch. c. by Velocipede** out of Shoe-horn; **Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Wyndham**; **Lord Langford's br. f. Summerhill**, Sister to Sir Hercules; **Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock** out of Mrs. Rye; **Major Yarburgh's b. f. by Velocipede** out of Laurel's dam; and **Lord Kelburne's br. by Jerry** out of Emilia.—Eleven to 8 agst Cotillon, 9 to 2 agst Warlaby Baylock, 10 to 1 agst Valiant, 11 to 2 agst Wyndham, 7 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's colt, and 8 to 1 agst Summer-hill.

**Four-year-old PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Four miles.—Six subs.  
**Mr. Houldsworth's ch. g. Trident**, by Whisker, 8st. 7lb. (S. Darling) ..... 1  
**Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Tuberose**, by St. Patrick out of Trulla, 8st. 4lb. .... 2

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gu. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Four miles.

**Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. Lady Elisabeth**, by Lottery, 6 yrs (T. Robinson) ..... 1  
**Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. David**, by Catton, 4 yrs. .... 2  
**Mr. Mills's b. h. Butcher Boy**, by Catton, 5 yrs ..... 3

**MATCH**—**Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. Pickpocket**, by St. Patrick, rec. ft. from the Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Liverpool, by Tramp, 8st. 7lb. each, St. Leger Course, 300, h. ft.

**MATCH**—**Mr. Eddison's b. m. Adelaide**, by Wallington, 6 yrs, rec. ft. from Mr. Beardshaw's b. h. Tory, by Filho, aged, 10st. each, two miles, 50, h. ft.

**MATCH**—**Lord Kelburne's b. c. Retainer**, by Jerry, received ft. from Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. St. Giles, by Tramp, 8st. 7lb. each, St. Leger Course, 1000, h. ft.

**TUESDAY, September 7**—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red House in.—Nine subs.

**Mr. Walker's b. f. Cotillon**, by Partisan out of Quadrille (Scott) ..... 1  
**Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Valparaiso**, by Velocipede out of Juliana ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on Cotillon.

**The ST. LEGER STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The St. Leger Course.—Seventy-five subs.

**Mr. Watt's b. c. Rockingham**, by Humphrey Clinker out of Medora by Swordsman (S. Darling) ..... 1  
**Mr. Walker's br. c. Mussulman**, by Muley out of Mufti's dam (W. Scott) ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:

**Duke of Leeds's b. c. Lot**, by Lottery out of Rhodocantha by Comus (S. Templeman).  
**Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Moloch**, by Muley out of Nancy by Dick Andrews (J. Day).

**Mr. Orde's ch. c. The Dancing Master**, by Felton out of Emancipation's dam (R. Johnson).

**Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar**, by Blacklock out of Manuella by Dick Andrews (T. Nicholson).

**Mr. W. Watmough's b. c. by Figaro**—Madcap's dam (W. Lear).

**Col. Craufurd's bl. c. The Mole**, by Whalebone out of Miss Emma by Walton (E. Wright).

**Mr. Chifney's br. c. Connosseur**, by Chateau Margaux out of Frailty by Filho (H. Edwards).

**Lord Macdonald's b. c. Carnaby**, by Brutandorf out of Miss Fox by Glow-worm (J. Marson, jun.).

**Mr. Gully's b. c. Deceiver** (late Frankenstein), by Young Phantom out of My Lady by Comus (W. Wheatley).

**Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Forester**, by Gustavus out of Young Pipylina (W. Arnall).

**Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Revenge**, by Fungus out of Ruby's dam (J. Chapple).

**Mr. S. Fox's b. f. Tesane**, by Whisker out of Lady of the Tees by Octavian (P. Conolly).

**Lord Kelburne's br. f. Sister to Retainer**, by Jerry—Georgiana by Gohanna (G. Nelson).

**Mr. Walker's b. f. Anne**, Sister to Tarrare, by Catton (J. Holmes).

**Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Jack Faucet**, by Jack Spigot out of Pickpocket's dam by Hedley (J. Spring).

**Major Yarburgh's br. c. by Lottery** out of Laurel's dam by Prime Minister (T. Robinson).

Mr. Oubaldston's b. c. Tutor, by Lottery out of Governors by Mills (J. Robinson).  
Mr. Riddale's b. c. Glancun, by Partisan out of Nansine by Selim (T. Lye).

Three to 1 agst Muley Moloch, 7 to 2 agst Belshazzar, 6 to 1 agst Mussoulman, 13 to 2 agst Revenge, 7 to 1 agst Rockingham, 13 to 1 agst The Mole, 30 to 1 agst Anna, 25 to 1 agst Connoisseur, 30 to 1 agst Dancing Master, 30 to 1 agst Deceiver, 30 to 1 agst Jack Fancot, 35 to 1 agst The Tutor, 40 to 1 agst Lot, and 100 to 1 agst Carnaby.

The CLEVELAND STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Corporation—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Orde's Tomboy, by Jerry, 4 yrs, 8st. (Johnson) ..... 1  
Duke of Leeds's b. f. Lady Maud, by Jerry, 4 yrs, 7st. .... 2

Second Year of the DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation, for horses the property of the subscriber or his confederate:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. *Civrosian*, by Sultan out of Variety, 5 yrs (Darling) ..... 1  
Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Isabel, by Catton, 4 yrs ..... 2

WEDNESDAY, September 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Townley's b. c. *Algiers*, by Irish Homer, 3 yrs (E. Wright) ..... 1  
Duke of Cleveland's b. g. Brother to Chorister, 4 yrs ..... 2  
Sir R. K. Dick's gr. g. *Allegro*, by Jock, 3 yrs ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Oates's b. f. Venus, by Lottery, 3 yrs; Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Isabel, by Catton, 4 yrs; and Mr. Harrison's b. f. Miss Wilfred, by Lottery, 3 yrs.—Two to 1 agst *Allegro*, 3 to 1 agst *Algiers*, and 3 to 1 agst Isabel.

The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Despot*, by Sultan out of Fanny Davies (S. Darling) ..... 1  
Mr. Gully's b. c. Deceiver, by Young Phantom ..... 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. with 25 added by the Corporation, for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Five subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Birdcatcher*, by St. Patrick (S. Darling) ..... 1  
Mr. Skipsey's b. c. *Physician*, by Brutandorf ..... 2  
Mr. S. Fox's bl. c. *Julius*, by Jerry ..... 3

The CLARENCE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added by the Corporation:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. *Trustee*, by Catton, 4 yrs (J. Day) ..... 1  
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. *Pickpocket*, 5 yrs ..... 2

The CORPORATION PLATE of 60L:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Watt's b. f. *Nitcoris*, by Whisker, 4 yrs (T. Nicholson) ..... 0 1 1  
Mr. Marson's ch. f. *Fanny Horner*, 4 yrs ..... 3 3 2  
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Miss Wilfred, 3 yrs ..... 0 0 2 3  
Mr. Skipsey's bl. f. *Eve*, by Lottery, 3 yrs ..... 4 dr.

THURSDAY, September 19.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes to carry 4lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Five subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. *Belshazzar*, by Blacklock (S. Darling) ..... 1  
Mr. Walker's b. f. *Anne*, by Catton ..... 2  
Seven to 4 on *Belshazzar*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C.—Forty-three subs.

Mr. Heseltine's b. c. *Warlike Baylock*, by Blacklock out of Eliza's dam (Heseltine) 1  
Mr. Watt's b. c. *Bubaster*, by Blacklock ..... 2  
Mr. Riddale's b. f. by Lottery out of Marchesa ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Cradock's br. c. *Paris*, by Whisker; Mr. Powlett's br. c. by *Figaro* or Lottery, out of Miss Fanny's dam; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Forester*, by *Figaro* out of *Fortuna*; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c.

Emigrant, by Figure out of Elephant's dam; Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Mellstein by Corinthian, dam The Smolt by Viscount or Stamford; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye; Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Valparaiso, by Velocipede; Duke of Leeds's br. c. by Blacklock out of Lady of the Vale; Mr. Bell's b. c. by Bratandorf out of Sister to Blucher by Fitz-Tessie; Major Yarbrough's b. f. by Velocipede out of Laurel's dam; Lord Kelburne's br. f. by Jerry out of Emilia; Mr. Shipsey's bl. c. Inheritor, by Lottery; Mr. T. Johnson's b. c. Smedley Lely, by Peter Lely out of Vesta; and Lord Langford's br. f. Summerhill, by Whalebone.—Seven to 4 agst Bubastes, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Powlett's c., 5 to 1 agst the Marchion f., 6 to 1 agst Melberstein, 6 to 1 agst Mr. Bell's c., 8 to 1 agst Inheritor, and 12 to 1 agst Waraby Baylock.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Five subs.

Mr. Walker's br. c. *Boscobel*, by Chateau Margaux—Miss Craigie (Scott) ..... 1  
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus, by Truffle out of Torelli..... 2  
Eleven to 10 on Titus.

**The CUP**, given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—The winner of the St. Leger this year carried 3lb. extra.—To start at the Red House, and run once round to the Ending-post.—About two miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Watt's b. c. *Rockingham*, by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. *Revenge*, by Fungus, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. Walker's br. h. *Consol*, by Lottery, 5 yrs..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. The Sndler, 5 yrs; Mr. Chifney's br. c. *Connoisseur*, 3 yrs; Lord Kelburne's br. f. *Sister to Retainer*, 3 yrs; Mr. Walker's b. f. *Anne*, 3 yrs; and Mr. Mostyn's b. c. *Jack Fanct*, 3 yrs.—Even betting on Rockingham, 5 to 2 agst *Consol*, and 10 to 1 agst *Revenge*.

**FRIDAY, September 20.**—The **SCARBOROUGH STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra.—One mile.—Twenty subs.

Mr. Walker's br. c. *Mussulman*, by Muley (Scott)..... 1  
Col. Cranford's bl. c. *The Mole*, by Whalebone ..... 2  
Duke of Leeds's b. c. *Lot*, by Lottery..... 3  
Three to 1 on Mussulman.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—St. Leger Course.—Nine subs.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. *The Mystery*, by Lottery (Wright) ..... 1  
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. *Tesano*, by Whisker ..... 2  
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. *Katinka*, Sister to Miss Maria ..... 3  
Mr. Houldsworth's b. *Constance*, by Buzzard ..... 4  
Six to 4 on *Tesano*, 3 to 1 agst *The Mystery*, 7 to 2 agst *Constance*, and 8 to 1 agst *Katinka*.

**Second Year of a SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the subscriber or his confederate's property three months before the day of naming:—four-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four-year-old fillies allowed 4lb.—Four miles.—Three subs.

Mr. Walker's br. h. *Conceal*, by Lottery, 5 yrs ..... walked over.

**PLATE** of 100 sovs. for three and four-year-olds:—three, 7st. 5lb.; and four, 8st. 7lb. Maiden colts allowed 3lb., maiden fillies 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—The second received 46gs.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. *Carnaby*, by Bratandorf, 3 yrs (Marson, jun.) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *David*, by Catton, 4 yrs ..... 4 2  
Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker—*Alecto*, 3 yrs ..... 5 3  
Mr. S. Reed's b. c. *Slinker*, 3 yrs ..... 3 4  
Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. *Allegro*, 3 yrs ..... 2 5  
Six to 5 agst *Carnaby*, 3 to 1 agst *David*, 3 to 1 agst the *Alecto* filly, 3 to 1 agst *Allegro*, and 10 to 1 agst *Slinker*.

#### WENLOCK MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 18.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added: for three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st.; and aged,

**9st. 2lb.**—A winner once in 1883 to carry 8lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice or more, 7lb. extra. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round the Course and a distance, about two miles.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                                         |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood, aged (Arthur) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Diana</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs .....                                   | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Painter's br. c. <i>Mezeron</i> , 3 yrs .....                                       | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Featherstonhaugh's b. c. by Champignon out of Rosario's dam, 4 yrs old .....        | 4 | 4 |

**PLATE of 50l.** the gift of B. Thompson, Esq. for horses that never won 50l. at any one time:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                        |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Decoction</i> , by Gulliver, 4 yrs (Lear) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Scamper out of Livonia, 3 yrs .....         | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Wadlow's b. g. <i>Hector</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs .....        | 3 | 3 |

**PLATE of 50l.** the gift of Lord Forester, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Farmers.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                               |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Wood's ch. g. by Bustard, dam by Alligator, 6 yrs (Mr. Sirdesfield) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. P. Bates's br. m. by Champlon, aged .....                                 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Edwards's gr. g. by Vestra, dam by Lutwyche, 4 yrs .....                  | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Giles's gr. h. <i>Sir Edward</i> , by Sir Edward, 5 yrs .....             | 4 | 4 |

### ENFIELD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 18.**—The **TOTTENHAM and EDMONTON PLATE** of 50 sovs. for horses that never won more than 50 sovs. at any one time:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once of a Plate or Sweepstakes value 50l. in the present year, to carry 3lb.; twice 5lb.; thrice 7lb. extra.—The second horse to receive 5 sovs. from the Fund.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                      |   |     |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr. Brown's b. h. <i>Fawn</i> , by Wanderer, 5 yrs (Macdonald) ..... | 1 | 2   | 1   |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , by Tramp, 6 yrs .....    | 6 | 1   | 2   |
| Mr. White's gr. c. <i>The Ghost</i> , by Gustavus, 4 yrs .....       | 2 | 3   | dr. |
| Mr. Sefford's b. g. <i>Potsheen</i> , 4 yrs .....                    | 3 | dr. |     |
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs .....           | 4 | dr. |     |
| Mr. Bishop's b. f. <i>Emma</i> , 3 yrs .....                         | 5 | dr. |     |

**The BEXX and HERTFORDSHIRE HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund, for regular Hunters; 11st. 4lb. each.—Mares and Geldings allowed 4lb.—A winner once in the present year to carry 3lb.; twice 7lb. extra.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                                   |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Delme Radcliffe's br. m. <i>Wilna</i> , by Smolensko, 5 yrs (Wakefield) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. T. Mason's b. g. <i>Conservator</i> , 6 yrs .....                             | 2 | dr. |

**The LEA STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund.—Weights as for the Plate, except that any horse having started three times in the present year, and not won (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to be allowed 7lb.—A horse having won more than 50l. at any one time, to carry 7lb. above the other extra weights.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subs.

|                                                                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Messer's ch. m. <i>Zarina</i> , by Middleton out of Butterfly, 5 yrs (Wakefield) ... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Sefford's b. g. <i>Punctual</i> , by Filho or Magistrate, aged .....                 | - | 2 |
| Mr. Orbell's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , 6 yrs .....                                         | 3 | - |

Three others started.

**THURSDAY, Sept. 19.**—The **WALTHAM ABBEY PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Weights as for the Tottenham and Edmonton Plate.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—The second horse to receive 5 sovs. from the Fund.

|                                                                      |      |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs (S. Mann) ..... | 1    | 1   |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , 5 yrs .....              | 2    | 2   |
| Mr. Bishop's b. f. <i>Emma</i> , 3 yrs .....                         | 3    | dr. |
| Mr. White's gr. c. <i>The Ghost</i> , 4 yrs .....                    | 4    | dr. |
| Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley, 3 yrs (bolted) .....                  | dis. |     |

**The BERKELEY STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, made up 50 from the Fund:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Extra Weights as for the Tottenham and Edmonton Plate.

## THE RACING CALENDAR, 1863.

37

—Heats, twice round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.

|                                                                                       |   |   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Sefford's b. g. <i>Punctual</i> , by Filho or Magistrate, 6 yrs (C. Edwards)..... | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , 5 yrs .....                               | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. White's <i>The Ghost</i> , 4 yrs .....                                            | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 |

Three others started.

### GLOUCESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 18.**—The GLOUCESTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 30 added from the Fund.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs. (six of whom paid 5 sovs. each.)

|                                                                          |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Thorne's b. g. <i>Harry</i> , by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. .... | 1 |
| Mr. I. Day's br. g. <i>Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, aged, 8st. 8lb. .... | 2 |
| Mr. Peel's br. h. <i>Changeling</i> , 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb. ....             | 3 |

The BERKELEY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

|                                                                          |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. I. Day's br. g. <i>Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, aged, 9st. 3lb. .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Crommelin's <i>Sinbad</i> , 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. ....                    | 2 | 2 |

The BEAUFORT STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund.—Heats, once round the Course.

|                                                                  |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 9st. 6lb. .... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Trouville</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 1lb. ....   | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Peel's ch. c. <i>Uncle Toby</i> , 3 yrs. ....                | 2 | dr. |

**THURSDAY, September 19.**—The HARTFURY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's br. g. *Boy Blue*, by Paulowitz, aged, 9st. 6lb. .... walked over.

The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE, value 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                    |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. I. Day's <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 9st. 8lb. ....         | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Thorne's <i>Harry</i> , by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 9st. 8lb. .... | 2 | dr. |

The SEVERN STAKES did not fill.

### WALSALL MEETING.

**THURSDAY, September 19.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Three subs.

|                                                                                    |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Foster's b. f. by Bizarre, dam by Anticipation, 3 yrs, 9st. 10lb. (Spring) ... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. <i>Theodolite</i> , by Bedlamite, 3 yrs, 9st. 12lb. ....        | 2 | dr. |

CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 13lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 1lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Three miles and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Pickernell's ch. f. <i>Repentance</i> , by Reveller, 3 yrs (H. Arthur, jun.) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Robinson's b. h. <i>Manchester</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs. ....                       | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Wolverhampton</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs .....                  | 3 |

**FRIDAY, September 20.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

|                                                                               |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Trepidation</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs (C. Marlow) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Grey out of Mishap, 3 yrs .....                      | 2 | 2 |

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Gentlemen resident in Walsall.—One-mile heats.

|                                                                         |      |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mr. Hawkins's br. h. <i>Jerry</i> , aged, 11st. (Jackson) .....         | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. Farrington's b. h. <i>Mousetrap</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb. ....         | 3    | 2 |
| Mr. Perks's ch. h. <i>Swing</i> , aged, 12st. ....                      | 2    | 3 |
| Mr. Moore's br. f. <i>Donna Maria</i> , 4 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (bolted) ..... | dis. |   |

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.

|                                                                                  |   |     |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Mishap, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (J. Harris) ..... | 2 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Robinson's b. h. <i>Manchester</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs, 9st. 1lb. ....       | 1 | 2   | 2 |
| Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....                    | 3 | dr. |   |

## BROMYARD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 18.**—PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Farmers residing within six miles of the Town of Bromyard, and ridden by Farmers, or Sons of Farmers residing with their Fathers.

|                                                                          |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Patrick's ch. m. <i>Faang</i> , 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Farmer) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Drew's bl. g. <i>Jerry</i> , 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ....                  | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Walker's ch. m. <i>Rosebud</i> , 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb. ....             | 2 | 3 |

Nine started in the first heat and eight in the second.—The qualification of Mr. Patrick's mare being disputed, the third heat was contested by the second and third horses in the first two heats. The Purse is not yet awarded.

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

|                                                                      |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. White's b. g. <i>Charles</i> , 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb. (Walker) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Croucher's b. m. <i>Fanny</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. ....           | 4 | 2 |
| Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>The Ranger</i> , 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb. ....     | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Jenk's ch. g. <i>Peter</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. ....              | 2 | 4 |

|                                                                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Heats, about two miles.        |   |   |
| Mr. Moss's br. f. <i>Eagle</i> , by Lottery out of Elephant's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. .... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. George's ch. m. <i>Echo</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....                                  | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Thorne's b. f. by Bobadil, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ....                                    | 2 | 3 |

## OSWESTRY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 24.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for foals of 1890.—One mile and a half, starting at the winning Chair.—Five subs.

|                                                                                                    |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. <i>La Grace</i> , by Battledore—Maid of Milan, 8st. 3lb. (Templeman) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. <i>Ratcatcher</i> , by Langar out of Rufina, 8st. 4lb. ....                    | 2 |

**The SHROPSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 50 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Seven subs. (3 of whom paid the larger and 2 the smaller ft.)

|                                                                                              |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Traveller</i> , by Tramp out of Tiera, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Lear) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. <i>Puss</i> , by Teniers, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. ....                         | 2 | 2 |

**The North Shropshire County Members' STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st.; and aged, 8st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                                 |      |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mr. Allanson's b. f. <i>Lady Moore Carew</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs (W. Jones) ..... | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. Giffard's b. f. <i>Miss Charlotte</i> , 3 yrs .....                         | 2    | 2 |
| Mr. Richardson's gr. f. <i>Augusta</i> , by Gustavus, 3 yrs (bolted) .....      | dis. |   |

**The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE** of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                           |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Moss's br. f. <i>Eagle</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (Lye) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Nanney's br. c. <i>Captain Wattle</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. ....        | 2 | 2 |

**WEDNESDAY, September 25.**—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—One mile and a half.—Four subs. (one of whom paid the larger and two the smaller ft.)

|                                                                     |              |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Palin's br. g. <i>Pluralist</i> , by Ambo, aged, 8st. 8lb. .... | walked over. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|

**A CUP**, value 50 sovs. in specie, the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.—One mile and a half.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. <i>Ratcatcher</i> , by Langar, 3 yrs, 7st. (H. Arthur) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. <i>Puss</i> , by Teniers, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ....              | 2 |
| Mr. Allanson's b. f. <i>Lady Moore Carew</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....   | 3 |
| Mr. Nanney's br. c. <i>Captain Wattle</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. ....                     | 4 |
| Mr. Richardson's gr. f. <i>Augusta</i> , by Gustavus, 3 yrs, 7st. ....           | 5 |

**GOLD CUP**, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a quarter.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                                      |              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. <i>Puss</i> , by Teniers, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... | walked over. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|

**THE TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                                                                         |   |   |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|------|
| Mr. Nanney's ch. c. <i>Ratcatcher</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (Arthur) ..... | 3 | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Moss's br. f. <i>Eagle</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 7st. ....           | 1 | 2 | 2    |
| Mr. Palin's br. g. <i>Pluralist</i> , by Ambo, aged, 8st. 8lb. ....     | 2 | 3 | dis. |

## LINCOLN MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 24.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100*gs.* for mares:—three-year-olds, 8*st.* 2*lb.*; four, 9*st.* 4*lb.*; five, 9*st.* 11*lb.*; six and aged, 10*st.*—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                         |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Sowerby's br. m. <i>Folage</i> , by Waverley, 6 yrs (S. Mann) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Powlett's br. f. <i>The Mystery</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs .....       | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Voluna</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs .....                | — | 3   |
| Mr. Wilson's gr. f. <i>Vesta</i> , by Arbutus, 3 yrs .....              | — | dr. |

The MACARONI STAKES of 10 *sovs.* each, for regular hunters:—four-year-olds, 10*st.* 11*lb.*; five, 11*st.* 8*lb.*; six and aged, 12*st.*—A winner once to carry 2*lb.*, twice 4*lb.*, thrice 6*lb.* extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

|                                                                            |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Pelham's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , by Catterick, 6 yrs (Mr. Marshall) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Platel's br. g. <i>Ultimus</i> , aged .....                            | 2 | 2   |
| Col. Sibthorpe's b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Filho, aged .....              | 3 | dr. |

**THURSDAY, September 25.**—The CITY PURSE of 50 *sovs.* for horses that never won the value of 100 *sovs.* at any one time:—three-year-olds, 7*st.*; four, 8*st.* 2*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 12*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—The winner of one Plate or Stake to carry 3*lb.*, of two 5*lb.* extra.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                       |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Lacey's br. f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Young Phantom, 3 yrs ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton, 4 yrs .....                          | — | 2   |
| Mr. Dyson's b. c. Lockington, by Young Phantom, 3 yrs .....           | — | —   |
| Mr. Allworthy's b. g. by Don Juan, 5 yrs (broke down) .....           | — | —   |
| Mr. Ellis's b. c. Primendorf, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs .....              | 2 | dr. |

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 *sovs.* each, for horses not thorough-bred; 12*st.* each.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—Ten subs.

Mr. Evans's br. m. *Madam*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs.....walked over.

**FRIDAY, September 27.**—The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 70*gs.*:—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 2*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 4*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 11*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 2*lb.*—A winner of a Cup or Stake above the value of 100 *sovs.* during the year previous to the day of nomination to carry 3*lb.* extra; of two, 5*lb.*; of three or more 7*lb.* extra.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                              |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Lord Macdonald's b. c. <i>Carnaby</i> , by Brutandorf out of Miss Fox, 3 yrs (J. Gray) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Voluna</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs .....                                     | 2 | 2   |
| Dr. Willis's br. g. <i>Monkey</i> , by Filho, aged .....                                     | 3 | dr. |

The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 *sovs.* each, the surplus in specie.—The second horse to receive back his stake:—three-year-olds, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; four, 8*st.*; five, 8*st.* 10*lb.*; six, 9*st.* 4*lb.*; and aged, 9*st.* 7*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—Three miles.—Fourteen subs.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Macdonald's b. c. <i>Carnaby</i> , by Brutandorf, 3 yrs (J. Gray) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Anne</i> (Sister to Tarrare), by Catton, 3 yrs .....   | 2 |
| Dr. Willis's br. g. <i>Monkey</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged .....             | 3 |

## CARLISLE MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 25.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 *sovs.* each, with 20 added, for two-year-olds—colts, 8*st.* 5*lb.*; and fillies, 8*st.* 2*lb.*—About three quarters of a mile.—Six subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. <i>General Chase</i> , by Acton (Johnson) .....       | 1 |
| Mr. Marley's b. f. <i>Mayflower</i> , (Sister to Palmflower), by Jerry .....  | 2 |
| Mr. Atwood's gr. f. <i>Orinda</i> , by his grey Arabian out of Rosalind ..... | 3 |
| Sir R. K. Dick's ch. f. <i>Miss Emily</i> , by Acton—Salvadora .....          | 4 |
| Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>Frank</i> , by Agricola out of Isabella .....           | 5 |

GOLD CUP, or specie (at the option of the winner), by subscription of 10*gs.* each.—Two miles and a quarter.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Moore's ch. h. <i>Revolution</i> , by Oiseau, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> (Shepherd) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Dawson's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , 5 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 8 <i>lb.</i> .....        | 2 |
| Col. Cradock's b. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 11 <i>lb.</i> .....  | 3 |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. <i>Larkspur</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 7 <i>st.</i> .....          | 4 |
| Mr. Richardson's c. by Jerry out of Lady of the Vale's dam, 3 yrs, 7 <i>st.</i> .....  | 5 |

MAIDEN PLATE of 50*l.* given by the City Members.—Heats, two miles.—

|                                                                                         |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Cleveland, dam by Atlas, 3 yrs, 6 <i>st.</i> 8 <i>lb.</i> ..... | 4 | 1 | 1 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|

|                                                              |   |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Whittaker's br. g. Frederick, by Muley, 8 yrs, 6st. 9lb. | 1 | 5 | 2   |
| Mr. Mein's ch. h. Sir James, by Epperstone, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. | 6 | 6 | 2   |
| Mr. Pott's b. c. Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.   | 5 | 2 | 4   |
| Mr. Saunders's b. m. Madge Wildfire, aged, 8st. 11lb.        | 2 | 3 | 5   |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. c. Juha, by Jerry, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.    | 3 | 4 | dr. |

THURSDAY, September 26.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of One Hundred Guinea.—Four miles.

Mr. J. Moore's *Revolution*, 6 yrs, 10st. ....walked over.

PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

|                                                                                                          |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Lockey's b. g. <i>Stenton</i> , by Lottery, dam by Blacklock out of Camerton's dam, 4 yrs, 6st. 7lb. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Dawson's b. g. Brown Stout, 5 yrs, 9st.                                                              | 2 | 2 |
| Col. Cradock's b. f. Fanny, by Jerry, 3 yrs, 7st.                                                        | 3 | 3 |

FRIDAY, September 27.—THE ALL-AGED STAKES of 7 sovs. each, with 20 added.—One mile and a quarter.

|                                                                   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Lockey's b. g. <i>Stenton</i> , by Lottery, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb. | 1 |
| Mr. Nicholson's b. g. by Corrector, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.              | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Hudson's b. c. Frank, 2 yrs, 6st. 2lb.; Mr. Wilkin's b. g. Ecclcfchan, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.; and Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Jerry, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb.

PLATE of 50 sovs.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, 6 yrs .....walked over.

PLATE of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 150ga. if demanded, &c.—Heats, Two miles.

|                                                              |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Dick's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , by Percy, aged, 8st. 10lb. | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Woolmer's b. f. Lady Louisa, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.            | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Cleveland, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.         | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.             | — | dr. |
| Mr. Whittaker's br. g. Frederick, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.          | — | dr. |

#### HEATON PARK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 25.—THE STANLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 10st. 12lb.; six and aged, 11st. 2lb.—A. F.—Eleven subs.

|                                                                            |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Pitsdictor</i> , by Predictor, 3 yrs (Mr. Burton) | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. Circassian, by Sultan, 5 yrs                       | 2 |
| Lord Derby's gr. c. Falconbridge, by Falcon, 4 yrs                         | 3 |
| Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Caractacus, by Conductor, 5 yrs                    | 4 |

Even on Circassian, 3 to 1 agst Falconbridge, and 4 to 1 agst Caractacus.

THE HEATON PARK STAKES (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 W declared, &c.—One mile and a half.—Seventeen subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Townley's b. c. <i>Westport</i> , by Langat, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. (Lord Wilton) | 1 |
| Mr. Robinson's br. h. Windcliffe, by Waverley, aged, 11st. 3lb.                  | 2 |
| Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Isabel, by Catton, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.                    | 3 |

Even betting on Isabel.

THE GRAND JUNCTION STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 10st. 7lb.; fillies, 10st. 4lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

|                                                                                  |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Barrow's b. f. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker out of Alecto (Mr. Osbaldeston) | 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Theodore, by Comus—Cerberus                           | 2 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Ostrich, by Buzzard—Rubens                               | 3 |

Even betting on Theodore.

GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 9st. 3lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of a Cup or King's Plate in 1833 to carry 3lb. extra, of two or more 5lb. extra, and a previous winner of the Heaton Park weight for age Cup to carry 3lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Fifteen subs.

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Wilton's b. h. <i>Chancellor</i> , by Minos out of Angelica, 5 yrs (Lord Wilton) | 1 |
| Mr. Wheelton's br. h. Giovanni, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs                               | 2 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. The Saddler, by Waverley, 5 yrs                              | 3 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery, 5 yrs                             | 4 |

Count Matuschevitz's ch. h. Lawn-sleeves, by Doctor Syntax, aged ..... 5  
 Sir J. Gerard's b. f. Dame Durdan, by Banker, 3 yrs..... 6  
 Even on Chancellor, 3 to 1 agst Lady Elizabeth, and 6 to 1 agst Giovanni.

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Once round.—Eight subs.  
 Mr. F. Ongley's b. h. *Donnington*, by Champion, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Kent)..... 1  
 Mr. Pickernell's b. g. Witley, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Burton's Sister to Admiral, 5 yrs, 10st. 10lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Armitstead's The Guardian, 5 yrs, 11st. 11lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Codrington's br. g. Conservative, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb. .... 5  
 Mr. Jones's Tommy Tickle, by Muley, aged, 13st..... 6

**THURSDAY, September 26.—MATCH.**—Lord Robert Grosvenor's b. c. *Quartetto*, Brother to Chorister, by Lottery, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. White) beat Lord Chesterfield's Isabel, by Catton, 10st., both 4 yrs, one mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.—Six to 4 on Quartetto.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 10 added by the Club, for horses not thorough-bred.—One mile.  
 Mr. Ongley's *Donnington*, by Champion, 5 yrs, 12st. (Mr. Kent) ..... 1  
 Lord Lichfield's Brother to Dunton, by Filho, 5 yrs, 11st. 3lb. .... 2  
 Sir J. Gerard's Protogenes, by Rubens, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb.; Mr. Jones's Tommy Tickle, aged, 12st.; Mr. Burton's *Eaton Nun*, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.; Mr. Pickernell's b. g. Witley, 4 yrs, 10st.; Mr. Armitstead's The Guardian, 5 yrs, 9st. 9lb.; and Mr. Hobson's Theodolite, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb.—Six to 4 agst Donnington, and 3 to 1 agst Protogenes.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.—A. F.—The winner to be sold for 70 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Eight subs.  
 Mr. Burton's *Catlap*, by Catton out of Turnip, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. Burton) ..... 1  
 Sir T. Stanley's Miss Lytham, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Hobson's b. c. by Tinker or Young Phantom, 3 yrs, 10st. 11lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Trafford's b. c. Unit, by Astbury or Sir Oliver, out of Mrs. Clarke by Marmion, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Hobson's b. c. Picturesque, 3 yrs, 9st. 10lb. .... 5  
 Six to 4 agst colt by Tinker, 2 to 1 agst Miss Lytham, and 4 to 1 agst Catlap.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.:—three-year-olds, 9st. 12lb.; four, 10st. 12lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six and aged, 12st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of the Cup or Heaton Park Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—One mile.—Five subs.  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. *Circassian*, by Sultan, 5 yrs.....walked over.

**MANCHESTER STAKES** (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs.  
 Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. *Miniature*, by Teniers, 4 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Mr. Burton)..... 1  
 Lord R. Grosvenor's Quartetto, by Lottery, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Houldsworth's Ostrich, by Buzzard, 3 yrs, 9st. 2lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb. .... 4  
 Two to 1 agst Lady Elizabeth, and 2 to 1 agst Quartetto.

**PLATE** of 50 sovs. for maiden horses:—three-year-olds, 10st. 3lb.; four, 11st. 5lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Once round.  
 Mr. Barrow's b. f. *Catharina*, by Whisker, 3 yrs (Mr. Osbaldeston)..... 1  
 Mr. Trafford's b. c. Unit, 3 yrs..... 2  
 Mr. Hobson's b. c. Picturesque, 3 yrs.....bolted.  
 Four to 1 on Catharina.

**FRIDAY, September 27.—PIECE** of PLATE value 100 sovs. given by the Steward, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Once round and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Wheelodon's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Sirdefield) ..... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, by Sultan, 5 yrs, 12st..... 2  
 Count Matuschevitz's Lawn-sleeves, by Doctor Syntax, aged, 11st. 7lb..... 3  
 Mr. Townley's Westport, by Sligo, 4 yrs, 10st. 12lb..... 4  
 Mr. Thompson's Fitzdictor, by Predictor, 3 yrs, 10st. 4lb..... 5  
 Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb. .... 6

Five to 4 agst Colwick, 3 to 1 agst Circassian, and 5 to 1 agst Giovanni.

**MATCH**—Mr. Coddington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb. (Mr. Kent) beat Lord Chesterfield's Isabel, by Catton, 4 yrs, 11st., three quarters of a mile, 50 sovs.—Two to 1 on Isabel.

**GOLD CUP**, value 200 sovs. given by the Town of Manchester, added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft.—The second horse to receive back his stake.—St. Leger Course.—Twenty-five subs.

Lord Chesterfield's *Theodore*, by Comus, 3 yrs, 10st. (Mr. White) ..... 1  
Lord Wiltton's Chancellor, by Minos, 5 yrs, 12st. 10lb. .... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Osbaldeston's Saddler, 5 yrs, 12st. 3lb.; Count Matuschevitz's Lawn-alceves, aged, 12st.; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. David, 4 yrs, 11st. 3lb.; Mr. Hobson's Ossian, 5 yrs, 11st. 1lb.; Lord R. Grosvenor's Quartetto, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb.; and Sir J. Gerard's b. f. Dame Durdan, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb.—Two to 1 agst Chancellor, 5 to 2 agst Theodore, and 4 to 1 agst David.

**THE CLARET STAKES** (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—One mile.—Eight subs.  
Lord Derby's gr. c. *Falconbridge*, by Falcon, 4 yrs, 10st. 1lb. (Lord Gardiner) ..... 1  
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. Saddler, by Waverley, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. .... 2  
Mr. Townley's Westport, by Langer, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Hobson's Ossian, 5 yrs, 10st. 8lb.; Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. Miniature, 4 yrs, 10st. 4 and Mr. Burton's br. g. Catlap, 4 yrs, 9st. 10lb.—Seven to 4 agst Saddler, and 3 to 1 agst Westport.

**FREE HANDICAP** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Club.—One mile.

Mr. Barrow's *Catharina*, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 10st. (Mr. Osbaldeston) ..... 1  
Mr. Hobson's Ossian, by Catton, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. .... 2  
Lord Derby's *Falconbridge*, by Falcon, 4 yrs, 11st. .... 3  
Sir J. Gerard's Protegees, by Rubens, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. .... 4  
Six to 5 on Falconbridge, and 3 to 1 agst Catharina.

### BRECON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY**, September 25.—The BRECONSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 20 added.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 10st. 5lb. (Hardy) ..... 1  
Mr. Fuller's b. m. Lady Harrington, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. .... 2  
Mr. B. Davies's b. f. Mimic, by Mallard, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 3

Lady Harrington the favorite.

**THE BUCKLAND PLATE**, value 50l. the gift of Major Gwynne Holford, for horses bred in the county, or horses belonging to residents in the county.

Mr. H. Maybery's br. g. *Spree*, by Spectre, aged, 12st. .... 1 1  
Mr. Morgan's gr. m. *Lazy Jane*, 3 yrs, 11st. 10lb. .... 3 2  
Mr. Thomas's b. m. Hit or Miss, 6 yrs, 12st. .... - 3  
Mr. Wilkins's ch. g. The Infant, 6 yrs, 12st. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Sneed's b. g. Sprite, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb. .... - dr.

**THE LADIES' PLATE** of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. (Hardy) ..... 2 1 1  
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .... 1 2 2  
Mr. Muscott's b. g. Cannon Ball, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... 4 - 3  
Mr. Fuller's br. f. Nell Gwynne, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... - 4  
Mr. Pryse's ch. h. Pawnbroker, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb. .... 3 3 dr.  
Mr. Williams's b. m. Clara, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb. .... - - dr.

**THE USK STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.  
Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Price's b. m. *Radnor Lass*, by Master Henry, dam by Spectre, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (Hardy) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina, 6 yrs, 11st. .... 2 2  
Five to 2 on Dandina.

**THE COUNTY STAKES** of 2 sovs. each, with 20l. added.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Seventeen subs.

Mr. H. Maybery's *Spree*, 6 yrs, 12st. (Mr. Powell) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Gwilym's b. g. Bachelor, 5 yrs, 11st. .... 2 2  
Mr. Stretton's gr. m. The Brecon Lass, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. .... 3 -  
Col. Wood's b. m. The Breconshire Lass, aged, 12st. .... - -  
Major Helford's gr. m. *Lazy Jane*, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. .... - -

**THURSDAY, September 26.**—The **MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50*l.*:—three-year-olds, st. 4*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 8*lb.*; five, 9*st.* 2*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.* 7*lb.*: half-bred allowed 0*lb.*—The winner of the Breconshire Stakes to carry 7*lb.* extra.—Heats, one mile and half.

|                                                                                 |   |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr. Fuller's b. m. <i>Lady Harrington</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs (Brown)..... | 1 | — | 1   |
| Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 3 yrs.....                                     | — | 1 | 3   |
| Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina (half-bred), 6 yrs.....                              | 2 | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. B. Davies's b. f. Mimic, 3 yrs.....                                         | — | — | 4   |
| Mr. Pryce's b. m. The Radnor Lass (half-bred), 5 yrs.....                       | — | 2 | —   |
| Mr. Pryce's ch. h. Pawnbroker, by his Duplicate, 6 yrs.....                     | 3 | — | dr. |
| Mr. Thorne's b. f. by Bobadil, 3 yrs.....                                       | — | — | dr. |

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, 12*st.* each.—Four hurdles to be leaped in each heat.—Two miles.—Six subs.

|                                                           |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Wilkin's ch. g. <i>The Infant</i> (Mr. Scroope) ..... | 1 | dr. |
| Mr. C. Stretton's b. g. Sultan (Owner) .....              | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Stretton's br. g. Worcester (Mr. Williams) .....      | 3 | dr. |

This race is undecided.

Neither of the horses having fulfilled the articles of the race, it was agreed, by consent of the parties, that the race should be run over again in six weeks.

The **HANDICAP STAKES** did not fill.

#### HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS MEETING.

**THURSDAY, September 26.**—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 175 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                                       |   |      |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------|-----|
| Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> (C. Hornsby)..... | 1 | 2    | 1   |
| Mr. Theobald's br. f. Gretna Green, 4 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> .....                            | 2 | 1    | 2   |
| Mr. Day's br. h. Donegani, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 8 <i>lb.</i> .....                                     | — | 3    | 3   |
| Mr. Coleman's b. m. Landrail, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> .....                                  | 3 | 4    | dr. |
| Lord Louth's br. h. Barabbas, 5 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> .....                                 | — | dis. |     |

The **LADIES' PLATE** of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 125 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                                        |      |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---|
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> (Hornsby) ... | 1    | 1 |
| Mr. Brown's br. c. Pumpkin, by Troy, 4 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i> .....                           | 3    | 2 |
| Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> .....                                        | 2    | 3 |
| Mr. M. Grey's br. c. by Bizarre out of Sister to Honeysuckle, 3 yrs, 7 <i>st.</i> 3 <i>lb.</i> .....   | 4    | 4 |
| Mr. Day's br. g. Augur, aged, 9 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> (bolted).....                                  | dis. |   |

**FRIDAY, September 27.**—The **ST. LEONARD'S CUP** of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                                  |   |     |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. Brown's br. c. <i>Pumpkin</i> , by Troy, 4 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> (Macdonald) ..... | 5 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr. Coleman's b. m. Landrail, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 11 <i>lb.</i> .....                            | 1 | 2   | 3 |
| Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> .....                                  | 3 | 4   | 2 |
| Mr. Cameron's b. h. Fawn, 5 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i> .....                                 | 2 | 3   | 4 |
| Mr. Day's br. h. Donegani, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> .....                                | 4 | dr. |   |

The **ST. MARY'S CUP** of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 100*l.* if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round and a distance.

|                                                                                                       |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Messer's ch. m. <i>Zarina</i> , by Middleton, 5 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 13 <i>lb.</i> (C. Hornsby)..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Shackel's br. g. Trump, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 11 <i>lb.</i> .....                                   | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Day's br. g. Augur, aged, 9 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> .....                                         | — | —   |
| Mr. M. Grey's br. c. by Bizarre out of Sister to Honeysuckle, 3 yrs, 7 <i>st.</i> 3 <i>lb.</i> ...    | — | —   |
| Mr. Howard's b. m. Norna, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> .....                                      | — | —   |
| Mr. Coleman's b. m. Landrail, 6 yrs, 9 <i>st.</i> 9 <i>lb.</i> .....                                  | — | dr. |

#### RUGELEY MEETING.

**THURSDAY, September 26.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 6 sovs. each, with 30 added.—The winner to be sold for 150*l.* if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

|                                                                                                          |   |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Decoction</i> , by Gulliver, 4 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i> (Lear) .....        | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. E. Peel's b. f. Marianne, by Champion, 3 yrs, 7 <i>st.</i> .....                                     | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Fungus, dam by Bustard, out of Filikins, 3 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 11 <i>lb.</i> ..... | 3 | 3 |

**FRIDAY, September 27.**—The **RUGELEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                                     |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Painter's b. c. by Lottery out of Sarsaparilla, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Marlow)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. E. Peel's gr. m. Sylph, by Swap, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb.....                           | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Derby, by Truant, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.....                     | 3 | 3 |

### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

**MONDAY, September 30.**—The Eleventh Renewal of the **GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES** of 60 sovs. each :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twenty-four subs.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Col. Peel's ch. c. <i>Nonsense</i> , by Bedlamite out of Zora (A. Pavis)..... | 1 |
| Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur—Merlin.....                           | 2 |
| Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge by Waxy.....                | 3 |
| Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan out of Dervise's dam.....            | 4 |
| Lord Exeter's b. c. Brother to Beiram, by Sultan out of Miss Cantley.....     | 5 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Howe's b. c. Sultan by Marinella; Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry; and Duke of Portland's b. c. Brother to Amphiarus.—Two to 1 agst the Pledge colt, 2 to 1 agst Clearwell, 5 to 1 agst Sultan, 7 to 1 agst Divan, and 7 to 1 agst Nonsense.

**TUESDAY, October 1.**—The **HOPEFUL STAKES** of 40 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last half of Ab. M.—The winner of the July Stakes to have carried 6lb., and the second horse in that race, 3lb. extra; the winner of either of the Two-year-old Stakes at Ascot, or of the Levant Stakes at Goodwood, to carry 8lb., and the second horse in any of those Stakes, 2lb. extra; and a winner of any two of the above Stakes to carry 8lb. extra: those got by Arabians, or out of Arabian mares, allowed 5lb.—Fifteen subs.

|                                                                                          |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Nevill's ch. f. <i>Amado</i> , by Sultan out of Mandarine, 8st. 4lb. (Connolly)..... | 1 |
| Gen. Walpole's f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles, 8st. 4lb.....          | 2 |
| Lord Orford's ch. f. by Emilius out of Rachel by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb.....                | 3 |
| Lord Exeter's br. f. Sister to Cactus, 8st. 12lb.....                                    | 4 |
| Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Middleton, dam by Tramp, out of Frue, 8st. 6lb.....                | 5 |
| Mr. T. Wood's ch. f. by Merlin out of Adeline, 8st. 4lb.....                             | 6 |

Three to 1 agst Amado, 5 to 1 agst Adeline, 5 to 1 agst Sister to Cactus, 5 to 1 agst Rachel, and 7 to 1 agst the Merlin filly.

**FIFTY POUNDS** :—four-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—B. C.

|                                                                                    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Ernest</i> , by Paulowits or Bedlamite, 4 yrs (A. Pavis)..... | 1 |
| Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse, 4 yrs.....                       | 2 |
| Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Datura, by Reveller, 4 yrs.....                            | 3 |
| Sir M. Wood's b. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, aged.....                                | 4 |

Six to 4 agst Ernest, 3 to 1 agst Datura, and 4 to 1 agst Lucetta.

**MATCH.**—Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *La Bayadere*, by Leviathan out of Dahlia, rec. ft. from Lord Tavistock's f. (dead), by Royal Oak out of Whisk's dam, T.Y.C., 160, h. ft. (no weights mentioned).

**WEDNESDAY, October 2.**—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

|                                                                                           |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Mills's b. c. <i>Pincher</i> , by Lapdog out of Fancy by Moses, 8st. 11lb. (Nat)..... | 1 |
| Mr. S. Day's f. by Emilius out of Mustard, 8st. 6lb.....                                  | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius out of Sal, 8st. 7lb.; Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Cockatoo, by Stainborough out of T warty, 8st.; Mr. Greville's ch. c. by Bizarre out of Abigail's dam, 7st. 13lb.; and Mr. Grey's Sister to Ales, 7st. 10lb.—Two to 1 agst Mustard, 2 to 1 agst Pincher, and 3 to 1 agst the Bizarre colt.

**The 5t. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Nineteen subs.

|                                                                                          |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Sir Robert</i> , by Sultan out of Emmeline by Waxy (Connolly).... | 1 |
| Col. Peel's b. c. Young Rapid, by Stainborough out of Young Rhoda.....                   | 2 |
| Duke of Rutland's b. c. Shylcock, by Waterloo out of Moses' dam.....                     | 3 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. The Tutor, by Lottery out of Governess.....                      | 4 |
| Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Ægyptus</i> , by Centaur out of Pastille.....                 | 5 |
| Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>Dirce</i> , by Parthian out of Antiope.....                 | 6 |

Lord Exeter's br. c. Cactus, by Sultan ..... 7  
 Mr. Batson's br. c. by Gustavus out of Jessy by Totteridge..... 8  
 Two to 1 agst Cactus, 5 to 2 agt Young Rapid, 6 to 1 agst Shylock, and 10 to 1 agst Sir Robert.

**THURSDAY, October 3.**—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50l. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. I.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. *Chantilly*, by Gustavus (A. Pavis)..... 1  
 Mr. Batson's ch. f. *Revelry*, by Reveller out of Harriet..... 2  
 Duke of Grafton's br. f. *Octave* (Sister to Oxygen), by Emilius ..... 3  
 Mr. Henry's b. c. *Laud*, by Zealot—Canterbury ..... 4  
 Mr. W. Chifney's f. by Emilius out of Shoveler by Scud..... 5

Five to 4 agst *Octave*, 7 to 4 agst *Revelry*, and 20 to 1 agst *Chantilly*.

The **KING'S PLATE** of 100gs.:—four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—R. C.

Col. Peel's b. c. *Ernest*, 4 yrs ..... walked over.

### RICHMOND MEETING.

**TUESDAY, October 1.**—**MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. for maiden horses, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Dundas's ch. g. *Dictator*, by President, dam by Pandolpho, aged, 9st. (Shepherd)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Dawson's b. g. by Canteen—Chromatica, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. Jennings's b. f. *Maid of Oaks*, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 3

**SAPLING STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Untried Stallions or Mares allowed 3lb.—From the Greystone in.—Nine subs.

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. *Medea*, by Whisker, dam by Octavian out of Young Mary by Mowbray (allowed 3lb.)—(Johnson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Jaques's ch. c. by Wanton, dam by Walton ..... 2  
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. by Wanton, dam by Grey Middleham..... 3

**WEDNESDAY, October 2.**—**GOLD CUP** of 100gs. by subscription of 10gs. each.—Once round and a distance.

Sir E. Dodsworth's br. f. *Charmer*, by Swiss, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Lye)..... 1  
 Mr. Moore's ch. h. *Revolution*, by Oiseau, 6 yrs, 9st. .... 2  
 Mr. Dawson's b. f. *Maid of Melrose*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. .... 3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. From the Greystone in.

Mr. Attwood's b. c. *Polander*, by Lottery out of Gin by Juniper (Peirse) ..... 1  
 Mr. Bower's b. c. Mr. Merryman, by Comus out of Chancellor's dam..... 2  
 Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actson..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Wyndham, by Chateau Margaux; Mr. Smith's br. f. Zillah, by Jerry out of Snowball; and Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Monitor, Brother to Mimic.

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. for mares.—Three miles.

Mr. Dawson's b. f. *Maid of Melrose*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Lye)..... 1  
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, 5 yrs, 9st. 1lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. *Tuberoze*, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Healey's br. m. by Jack Spigot, dam by Whisker, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb.; and Mr. Jennings's b. f. *Laurel Leaf*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.—Six to 1 agst the winner.

**THURSDAY, October 3.**—**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each.—Gentlemen riders; 12st. each.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Dundas's ch. g. *Dictator*, by President, aged (Mr. Shafto)..... 1  
 Mr. J. C. Dundas's b. m. *Haldee*, by Don Juan, aged ..... 2  
 Mr. Thompson's ch. h. *The Farrier*, by Bellerophon, aged..... 3

### WREXHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, October 1.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Vittoria*, by Camel out of Archduchess, 8st. 3lb. (Templeman)... 1  
 Lord Westminster's b. c. St. Hilary, by Camel out of Ambuscade, 8st. 5lb. .... 2

The GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the remainder in specie.—Three times round.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Her Highness*, by Moses, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Templeman)... 1  
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged, 9st. 3lb. .... 2  
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 9st. 1lb. .... 3

PLATE of 50 sovs., the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Allanson's b. f. Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. .... 2 1 1  
 (W. Jones) .....  
 Mr. Lucas's b. m. Lady Bee, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. .... 1 3 - 2  
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley's bl. f. Jemima, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... - 1 - 3  
 Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. .... - - 3  
 Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 2 - 3  
 Mr. Richardson's gr. f. Augusta, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. .... 3 - dr.

WEDNESDAY, October 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Twice round.—Four subs.

Mr. Nanney's br. f. *Harriet*, by Filho, 8st. 2lb. (Lear) ..... 1  
 Lord Westminster's br. f. Decoy, by Filho da Puta, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Price's br. c. The Governor, by Filho da Puta, 8st. 4lb. .... 3

The WYNNSTAY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Twice round and a distance.—Thirteen subs. (5 of whom paid the larger and 5 the smaller forfeit.)

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Traveller*, by Tramp out of Tiara, 5 yrs, 8st. (Lear) ..... 1  
 Mr. Yates's b. m. Hope, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Nanney's br. h. Belmont, by Figaro, 5 yrs, 8st. .... 3

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. *Russell*, by Corinthian, aged, 9st. 5lb. (Lear) ..... - 1 1  
 Mr. Nanney's br. c. Captain Wattle, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. .... - 2 2  
 Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. .... 3 3

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Nanney's ch. c. *Ratcatcher*, by Langar, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (M. Jones) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Palin's br. g. Pluralist, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 13lb. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Johnson's b. c. Smedley, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... 3 3

#### INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. with 20l. added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Nicholson's b. g. *Kendal*, by Corrector, 4 yrs, 9st. 1lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Hastewell's b. g. Jack Spigot, 4 yrs, 9st. 1lb. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Edgar's ch. m. Gipsy, 4 yrs, 9st. 1lb. .... 3 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Members.—Heats, two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Hebbon's ch. f. *Jemima*, by Cleveland, dam by Atlas, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. .... 1 1  
 Sir C. J. Musgrave's ch. g. Pestilence, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Woolmer's b. f. Lady Louise, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. .... 3 dr.

#### CHESTERFIELD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Despot*, by Sultan, 3 yrs (R. Saddler) ..... 1  
 Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. Giovanni, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs. .... 2  
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Independence, by Filho or Sherwood, aged. .... 3  
 Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catharina, by Whisker, 3 yrs. .... 4

Independent the favorite: two to 1 agst Despot.

**PLATE of 60gs.** given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for horses that never won the value of 50 sovs. before the day of naming:—three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb. Two-mile heats.

|                                                                               |   |   |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|------|
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. <i>Primendorf</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (J. Spring) ..... | 2 | 1 | 1    |
| Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton out of Camellina, 4 yrs (rec. 10L.) .....     | - | 3 | 2    |
| Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus, by Truffle, 3 yrs .....                       | 1 | 2 | dis. |
| Mr. Marfleet's b. m. Atalanta, by Filho, 6 yrs .....                          | - | 4 | dr.  |
| Mr. Peel's ch. f. Fear, by Phantom or Dunsinane, 3 yrs .....                  | - | 3 | dr.  |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Scamper out of Livonia, 5 yrs .....                | - | - | dr.  |

Titus the favorite: 2 to 1 agst *Primendorf*.

N. B. Titus came in first for the third heat, but having crossed *Primendorf*, was declared distanced.

**THURSDAY, October 3.**—**SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs.** each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Once round and a distance.—The winner of the 10 sovs. Stakes carried 3lb. extra.—Thirteen subs.

|                                                                                    |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Houldsworth's <i>Despot</i> , by Sultan—Fanny Davies, 8 yrs (R. Saddler) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Peel's ch. f. <i>Frenzy</i> , by Bedlamite, 3 yrs .....                        | 2 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Independence, by Filho or Sherwood, aged .....            | 3 |
| Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. <i>Giovanni</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs .....              | 4 |

Despot the favorite: 2 to 1 agst *Frenzy*.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs.** each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.

|                                                                                          |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. E. Peel's b. c. <i>Bardolph</i> , by Blacklock out of Rowton's dam (J. Spring) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Forester, by Figaro out of Fortuna .....                         | 2 |
| Mr. Lacey's ch. f. Frantic, by Bedlamite out of Catharina .....                          | 3 |

Forester the favorite.

**The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PLATE of 60 sovs.**:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Horses not having won a Plate or Sweepstakes this year, and started twice, allowed 3lb.; the winner this year of one Plate or Sweepstakes to carry 3lb. extra; of two, 5lb.; of three, or a King's Plate, 7lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                         |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Barrow's b. f. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs (Hopwood) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton, 4 yrs (rec. 16L.) .....                | - | 2 |
| Mr. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs .....              | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Corset, by Whalebone, 4 yrs .....              | 2 | - |
| Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Wolverhampton, by Abjer, 4 yrs .....           | - | - |

### MARSHFIELD MEETING.

**THURSDAY, October 3.**—The **MARSHFIELD STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—To be ridden by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—Once round.—About two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Codrington's *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs .....

...walked over.

The **YROMANRY CUP** was won by Mr. Dowlan's *Hannibal*, beating several others.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Codrington's *Conservative*, 5 yrs, beat Mr. Powell's Cantab, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 10st. 3lb. each, about a mile and a quarter, 50 sovs.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs.** each, with 10 added, was won by Mr. Scott's *Barney Bodkin*, by Cain, 3 yrs, 10st. (Capt. Pettat), beating Mr. Powell's Cantab, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 11st.

### CALEDONIAN HUNT AND EDINBURGH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, October 8.**—The **CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Hunt, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.

|                                                                  |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Marley's b. f. <i>Palmfower</i> , by Jerry (Lye) .....       | 1 |
| Mr. W. M. Alexander's b. f. Little-go, by Lottery—Hell-cat ..... | 2 |

**MATCH.**—Lord Eglinton's b. g. *Paul Pry*, by Fitz-Orville (Owner), beat Mr. Gil-mour's br. h. Brunswick, by Comus, two miles, 100 sovs.

**THE CALEDONIAN CUP**, value 100*gs.* for Scotch-bred horses :—three-year-olds, 8*st.* 10*lb.*; four, 8*st.*; five, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; six and aged, 8*st.* 10*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 2*lb.*—Three miles.

Lord Elcho's b. h. *Gondolier*, by Fitz-Orville, aged (Templeman) ..... 1  
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cadger, by Canteen, 4 yrs ..... 2

**PURSE** of 50 *sovs.* given by the Caledonian Hunt :—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 4*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 9*lb.*; five, 9*st.*; six and aged, 9*st.* 3*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Crompton's b. c. *Prince*, by Figaro—Grecian Queen, 4 yrs (Lye) ..... 3 1 1  
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, by Canteen, 4 yrs ..... 1 2 2  
Duke of Buccleuch's b. h. Chancellor, by Catton, 6 yrs ..... 2 *dr.*

**WEDNESDAY**, October 9.—**PLATE** of 50 *sovs.*, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 *sovs.* each :—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 10*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 5*lb.*; five, 9*st.*; six and aged, 9*st.* 3*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—Two miles.

Duke of Buccleuch's b. h. *Contest*, by Catton, 5 yrs (Templeman) ..... 1  
Sir J. Boswell's b. m. *Meretrix*, by Filho da Pata, aged ..... 2

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 50 *sovs.* given by the Hunt :—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 5*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 3*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 7*lb.*; six and aged, 8*st.* 10*lb.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3*lb.*—Heats, one mile and a half.

Duke of Buccleuch's ch. h. by Androssan out of Little-go, by Haphazard, 5 yrs (Templeman) ..... 3 1 1  
Mr. Herries's br. f. Ella, by Epperstone out of Bit of Tartan, 4 yrs. .... 1 3 2  
Mr. Alexander's ch. c. Suttler, by Canteen, 3 yrs ..... 2 2 *dr.*

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100*gs.* granted to the City of Edinburgh :—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 5*lb.*; four, 9*st.* 1*lb.*; five, 9*st.* 11*lb.*; six and aged, 10*st.* 2*lb.*—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Alexander's b. f. *Little-go*, by Lottery, 3 yrs (Springate) ..... - 1 1  
Mr. Marley's b. f. Palmflower, by Jerry, 3 yrs ..... 1 2 2  
Mr. Quarton's b. c. by Grey Walton out of Grecian Queen, 3 yrs ..... - - *dr.*  
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cadger, by Canteen, 4 yrs ..... 2 *dr.*

**THURSDAY**, October 10.—**GOLD CUP**, given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 *sovs.* each :—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 2*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 2*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 9*lb.*; six and aged, 8*st.* 13*lb.*—Winners of a Gold Cup or Stake value 100 *sovs.* to carry 3*lb.*, of two 5*lb.* extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2*lb.*—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's b. h. *Gondolier*, by Fitz-Orville, aged (Templeman) ..... 1  
Sir J. Boswell's b. m. *Meretrix*, by Filho, aged ..... 2  
Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, by Jack Spigot ..... 3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 *sovs.* each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8*st.* 3*lb.*; fillies, 8*st.*—Winners before starting to carry 3*lb.* extra.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Sir R. K. Dick's ch. f. *Miss Emily*, by Acton out of Salvadora (Templeman) ..... 1  
The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. White's gr. f. by Malek, dam by Outcry; Mr. Speir's gr. c. by Jock, dam by Governor; and Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Hampton, by Waterloo out of Sister to Romana.

**THE CALEDONIAN COPLOW STAKES** of 20 *sovs.* each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred :—four-year-olds, 10*st.* 9*lb.*; five, 11*st.* 7*lb.*; six, 12*st.*; and aged, 12*st.* 2*lb.*—One mile and a half.—Gentlemen riders, Members of a Racing or Foxhunting Club in Scotland.—Ten subs.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. *Paul Pry*, by Fitz-Orville, aged (Owner) ..... 1  
Duke of Buccleuch's br. g. Crab, by Octavius out of Creeping Jane ..... 2  
Mr. Ramsay's b. g. Albion, by Woldsman ..... 3

**PLATE** of 50 *sovs.* given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses the property of Members of his Grace's Hunt :—four-year-olds, 11*st.* 7*lb.*; five, 12*st.*; six and aged, 12*st.* 4*lb.*—Gentlemen riders, Members of a Racing or Foxhunting Club in Scotland.—Two miles.

Mr. Gilmour's br. h. *Brunswick*, by Comus, aged ..... walked over.

**FRIDAY**, October 11.—**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100*gs.* granted to the Caledonian Hunt :—three-year-olds, 7*st.* 9*lb.*; four, 9*st.*; five, 9*st.* 9*lb.*; six and aged, 10*st.*—Four miles.

Sir J. Boswell's b. m. *Meretrix*, by Filho, aged (Thompson) ..... 1  
Mr. Gilmour's br. h. Brunswick, by Comus, aged ..... 2  
Mr. Bogue's b. c. by Champion ..... 3  
Mr. Herries's br. f. Ella, by Epperstone ..... broke down.

**PLATE** of 50 sovs. given by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses the property of Farmers residing within the limits of his Grace's Hunt, and occupying not less than 100 acres (Scots) of arable land, or of Sons of Farmers so qualified, and following the same profession:—three-year-olds, 10st.; four, 11st. 7lb.; five, 12st.; six and aged, 12st. 4lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Thoroughbred horses to carry 7lb. extra.—Winners of 50 sovs. or upwards (Matches excepted) to carry 7lb.; twice, 12lb.; thrice, 14lb. extra.—To be ridden by Farmers.

|                                                                          |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Laing's b. g. <i>Sir Seriram</i> , by Warkworth, 3 yrs (Owner) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Brodie's b. g. <i>Fungua</i> , aged .....                            | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. G. Ferme's ch. g. <i>The Advocate</i> , 5 yrs .....                  | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Usher's ch. g. <i>Red Rover</i> , aged .....                         | 2 | 2   |
| Mr. Allan's br. m. <i>Mordelia</i> , 5 yrs .....                         | 2 | dr. |

**PLATE** of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the City of Edinburgh:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Ramsay's b. h. <i>Round Robin</i> , by Borodino, aged (Joseph Robinson) ..... | 1 | 1 |
| Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by Canteen, 4 yrs .....                    | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Smith's ch. h. by Ardrossan out of Little-go, 5 yrs .....                     | 3 |   |
| Mr. Peacock's b. m. <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , aged .....                             | 2 | - |

### NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, October 9.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1829:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Walker's br. c. *Boscobel*, by Chateau Margaux, Miss Craigie ....., walked over.

**GOLD CUP** or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two miles and a half.—Twelve subs.

|                                                                                               |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Anne</i> (Sister to Tarrare), by Catton, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Wright) ... | 1 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb. ....                           | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Walker's br. h. *Concol*, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; and Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. *Circassian*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 60 sovs. given by the Town and the Members for the Town of Nottingham.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs.

|                                                                         |     |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|
| Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Blank</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 7st. ....    | 1   | 1   |
| Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton out of Camillina, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. .... | 2   | 2   |
| Mr. Arnold's ch. g. <i>Nottingham</i> , by Gambler, 3 yrs, 7st. ....    | 3   | 3   |
| Dr. Willis's br. g. aged, 9st. ....                                     | 4   | 4   |
| Mr. Clarke's br. m. <i>Matilda</i> , 6 yrs, 8st. ....                   | dr. | dr. |

**THURSDAY, October 10.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1830:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Walker's br. c. *Musculman*, by Muley ....., walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 6st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—About half a mile.

|                                                                               |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Partridge</i> , by Buzzard (S. Darling) .....      | 1 |
| Mr. Bowen's ch. f. <i>Maid of Lune</i> (Sister to Maria), by Whisker .....    | 2 |
| Mr. Bowler's b. f. <i>Charlotte</i> , by Androgenus out of Tranby's dam ..... | 3 |
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Longwaist out of Lucinda .....                     | 4 |

**THE YEOMANRY CAVALRY PLATE** of 50 sovs. given by the Right Hon. Lord Middleton, two-mile-heats, was won, at four heats, by Mr. H. Spinks's b. g. *Rushcliffe*, 6 yrs, 14st. (Owner), beating ten others.

**THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S PLATE** of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs.

|                                                                                         |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Dyson's b. c. <i>Lockington</i> , by Young Phantom, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (H. Wright) .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Lacey's b. f. <i>Moselle</i> , by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. ....            | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Arnold's ch. g. <i>Nottingham</i> , by Gambler, 3 yrs, 7st. ....                    | 3 | 3 |

**FRIDAY, October 11.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1830: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

|                                                                         |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Walker's br. c. <i>Boscobel</i> , by Chateau Margaux (Nelson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Blank</i> , by Lottery out of Auburn .....  | 2 |

PLATE of 60 sovs. given by the Members for the County, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs.

|                                                                         |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. <i>Frensy</i> , by Bedlamite out of Catherina..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Arnold's ch. g. Nottingham.....                                     | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Painter's b. c. Meseroun .....                                      | 3 | - |

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                                                |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood, aged, 10st. (Wright) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. <i>Giovanni</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ....                       | 3 | 2   |
| Mr. Robinson's b. h. Manchester, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ....                            | 4 | 3   |
| Mr. Peel's ch. f. <i>Frensy</i> , by Bedlamite, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ....                          | 2 | dr. |

### EPSOM OCTOBER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 9.—The EPSOM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st. 1lb.—Winners once in the present year to carry 3lb.; twice 5lb.; thrice 9lb. extra.—Horses that have started three times in 1833 and not won, allowed 5lb.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Cup Course.—Two miles.

|                                                                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir J. Dashwood King's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Gaberlunzie, 3 yrs (Twicht) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Sadler's br. f. <i>Euryone</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs .....                         | 2 |
| Mr. J. Lumley's br. c. Denbies, by Filho, 3 yrs .....                                 | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Brown's ch. f. *Wallflower*, 4 yrs; Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. *Trickery*, 3 yrs; Mr. Martyn's ch. c. *Contriver*, 3 yrs; Mr. W. Smith's ch. g. *Trident*, 4 yrs; and Mr. Hodges's ch. f. *Caroline*, by Sligo, 3 yrs.

The DURDANS STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three quarters of a mile.—Winners this year to carry 5lb. extra.—Six subs.

|                                                                       |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Forth's <i>Sister to Echo</i> , by Emilius (Norman).....          | 1 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's Nisus, by Velocipede out of Norna .....            | 2 |
| Mr. Brown's ch. f. <i>Patty</i> , by Whisker out of Miss Patrick..... | 3 |
| Baron Telesar na. ch. f. by Middleton out of Agnes by President.....  | 4 |
| Mr. Ricardo's Ellen, by Peter Lely.....                               | 5 |

The HEADLEY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile.—Ten subs.

|                                                                              |      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| Mr. Munro's b. f. <i>Lady Charlotte</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs (E. Edwards)..... | 1    | 1   |
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, 6 yrs.....                                | -    | 1 2 |
| Mr. Shackell's bl. m. Ida, 5 yrs .....                                       | -    | 2   |
| Mr. Sadler's br. g. Walter, 5 yrs .....                                      | -    | 3   |
| Mr. Johnson's b. c. Wassailer, 6 yrs .....                                   | -    | 4   |
| Mr. Coleman's b. m. Landrail, 6 yrs .....                                    | -    | -   |
| Mr. Tilbury's br. g. Punctual, aged.....                                     | -    | -   |
| Mr. Tobin's br. f. Kittums, 4 yrs .....                                      | 2    | dr. |
| Mr. Balchin's ch. f. Pamela, 4 yrs .....                                     | dis. |     |

THURSDAY, October 10.—The NORK STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 120. sovs. if demanded, &c.—Derby Course.—Five subs.

|                                                                              |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Munro's b. f. <i>Lady Charlotte</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs (E. Edwards)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Shackell's br. g. Trump, 6 yrs .....                                     | 2 |
| Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, 6 yrs .....                               | 3 |

The ASHTAD PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added:—two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; and three, 8st. 10lb.—Fillies allowed 2lb.—The last three quarters of a mile.

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Capt. G. Bulkeley's b. f. <i>Trickery</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs (Chapple)..... | 1 |
| Mr. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, by Partisan, 3 yrs .....                        | 2 |
| Mr. Brown's ch. f. <i>Patty</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs.....                       | 3 |
| Mr. Goodwin's b. f. (Sister to Glaucus), by Partisan, 2 yrs .....              | 4 |

**THE WOODCOT STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 35 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile.—Eleven subs.

|                                                                           |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Johnson's b. h. <i>Wassailer</i> , by Reveller, 6 yrs (Cowley) .....  | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Shackel's bl. m. <i>Ida</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs .....               | 1 | 2   |
| Mr. Tilbury's br. g. <i>Punctual</i> , aged .....                         | 3 | 3   |
| Mr. T. Dockeray's ch. f. by Sultan out of Stays by Whalebone, 3 yrs ..... | 3 | 4   |
| Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. <i>Superb</i> , 3 yrs .....                      | - | 5   |
| Mr. Balchin's br. f. <i>Queen Mab</i> , 3 yrs .....                       | - | 6   |
| Mr. Messer's b. m. <i>Cricket</i> , 6 yrs .....                           | - | -   |
| Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Walter</i> , 5 yrs .....                           | 2 | dr. |
| Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Dryad</i> , 4 yrs .....                            | - | dr. |

**MATCH**—Mr. Wood's ch. g. *Little Driver* (Macdonald), beat Mr. Abbott's b. m. *Henrietta*, aged, 11st. each, two miles, 100, h. ft.

#### NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

**THURSDAY, October 10**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Nine subs.

|                                                                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. J. Smith's br. f. <i>Zillah</i> , by Jerry out of Snowball (Cartwright) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Attwood's b. c. <i>Polander</i> , by Lottery out of Gin by Juniper .....      | 2 |
| Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. <i>Miss Margaret</i> , by Actson out of Bella .....        | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. *Inheritor*, by Lottery, dam by Walton; Mr. S. L. Fox's br. c. *Goldbeater*, by Gaberlunzie; Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Whisker, dam by Selim; Col. Cradock's br. c. by Comus out of Miss Iris; and Mr. Powllett's b. c. *Lambkin*, by Young Phantom out of Jeanne d'Arc.

#### PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                                             |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Heseltine's ch. g. <i>Jerry Hawthorn</i> , by Octavius, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (Heseltine) .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Jaques's ch. f. <i>Pantomime</i> , by Swiss, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ....                      | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Robinson's ch. h. <i>William the Fourth</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb. ....                      | - | - |
| Mr. Jennings's b. g. by Canteen, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ....                                      | - | - |

**FRIDAY, October 11**—**GOLD CUP**, value 100*gs.* by subscription of 10*gs.* each, the surplus in specie.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

|                                                                                         |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. Powllett's br. f. <i>The Mystery</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Marson) ..... | 0 | 1 |
| Sir E. Dodsworth's br. f. <i>Charmer</i> , by Swiss, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ....             | 0 | 2 |
| Mr. Skipsey's b. c. <i>Physician</i> , by Brutendorf, 4 yrs, 8st. ....                  | 0 | 2 |
| Duke of Leeds's b. f. <i>Lady Maud</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ....                         | - | - |
| Mr. J. S. Crompton's b. c. <i>Primendorf</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. ....                         | - | - |

*The Mystery*, *Charmer*, and *Physician* ran a dead heat.

#### PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

|                                                                                        |   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. <i>Revolution</i> , by Oiseau, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (Shepherd) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Watt's b. f. <i>Nitocria</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ....                   | - | 2   |
| Mr. Lacey's b. f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Young Phantom, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ....        | - | -   |
| Mr. Loy's br. c. <i>Lelevo</i> , by Otho, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....                        | - | -   |
| Mr. S. L. Fox's br. c. <i>Julius</i> , by Jerry, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ....                 | - | dr. |

**SATURDAY, October 12**—**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

|                                                                |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Smith's br. f. <i>Zillah</i> , by Jerry (Cartwright) ..... | 1 |
| Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye .....       | 2 |

**SILVER CUP** value 50 sovs. by subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that never won 100*gs.* at any one time before naming:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

|                                                                           |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| Mr. Jaques's ch. f. <i>Pantomime</i> , by Swiss, 3 yrs (Cartwright) ..... | 1 | 1   |
| Mr. Jennings's b. f. <i>Laurel Leaf</i> , 4 yrs .....                     | - | 2   |
| Mr. Heseltine's ch. g. <i>Jerry Hawthorn</i> , 6 yrs .....                | - | 3   |
| Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. <i>Allegro</i> , 3 yrs .....                      | 2 | dr. |

**THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN'S PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 8st. 6lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb. —Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb. —A winner of 50 sovs. once this year, in Plate, Match, or Stake, to carry 3lb. ; if two, or more, 5lb. extra.—A winner of 100 sovs. considered as two victories.—Three-mile heats.

|                                                                             |   |     |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. <i>Revolution</i> , by Oiseau, 5 yrs (Shepherd) ..... | 1 | 2   | 1 |
| Mr. Hestidine's b. g. <i>Flambesa</i> , aged .....                          | - | 1   | 2 |
| Mr. Wilson's b. c. <i>Primendorf</i> , 4 yrs .....                          | 2 | ch. |   |

### NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

**MONDAY, October 14.**—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

|                                                                                            |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Hill na. bl. c. <i>Tourist</i> , by Doctor Syntax, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (E. Edwards) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Gardner's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. ....                     | 2 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Bloss's b. m. *Water Witch*, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ; Mr. Yates's ch. f. *Sensitive*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ; Mr. Cooper's br. c. by Cutton out of Twatty, 3 yrs, 8st. ; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jassen, 3 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Bravo*, 3 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Chifney's br. c. by Swiss out of Galena, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. ; Mr. Forth's br. c. Pagan, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ; Lord Chesterfield's gr. f. *Fanny Grey*, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ; Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. by Bussard out of Minster's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. ; and Mr. Grant's b. f. by Phantom out of Pimlico, 3 yrs, 6st. 16lb. —Colonel Peel's *Lochinvar*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. paid.

Five to 1 agst Jason, 5½ to 1 agst Twatty, 6 to 1 agst Cinderella, 6 to 1 agst Fanny Grey, and 16 to 1 agst Tourist.

**Second Class.**—**DERBY and OAKS CHALLENGE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. 2.—A. F.

|                                                                                             |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Octave</i> , by Emilius out of Whizzig, 7st. 10lb. (Chapple) .. | 1  |
| Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge, 8st. 11lb. ....                          | 2  |
| Sir M. Wood's ch. c. <i>Contriver</i> , 8st. ....                                           | pd |

5½ to 4 on the Pledge colt.

**THE GARDEN STAKES** of 100 sovs. each.—T. M. M.—Eight subs.

|                                                                                         |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Egyptus</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. (S. Rogers) ..... | 0 | 1 |
| Mr. Mills's b. f. <i>Kate</i> , by Lippdog, 4 yrs, 7st. 15lb. ....                      | 0 | 2 |
| Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Whale</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....                 | 3 |   |
| Lord Verulam's ch. c. <i>Basto</i> , by Truffle, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ....                  | 4 |   |
| Mr. Hunter's b. c. <i>Rouncival</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....                | 5 |   |

Five to 2 agst Rouncival, 7 to 2 agst *Egyptus*, *Kate*, and *Basto*.

**MATCH.**—Lord Exeter's br. f. *Galata*, by Sultan, 8st. 11lb. rec. ft. from Mr. W. M. Stanley's *Crutch*, 8st. 8lb., T. Y. C., 200, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Col. Peel's ch. c. *Nonsense*, by Bedlamite, rec. ft. from Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Bravo*, 8st. 7lb. each, A. F., 200, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Vagabond*, by Cain, 7st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Minster*, 7st. 9lb., D. M., 100, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Lord Lichfield's gr. g. *Gab*, 8st. 7lb. rec. 25 sovs. ft. from Lord Tavistock's *Cowdray*, 7st. 2lb., D. M., 100, h. ft.

**TUESDAY, October 15.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

|                                                                                                      |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir M. Wood's ch. c. <i>Charavari</i> , by Reveller out of Aline (Robinson) .....                    | 1 |
| Lord Burlington's b. f. by Bizarre out of Barossa .....                                              | 0 |
| Gen. Walpole's f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles, out of Mary (foaled in 1817) ..... | 0 |

The following also started but were not placed :—Colonel Peel's b. c. *Harum Scaram* ; Mr. Yates's b. f. *Ophelia* ; Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. by Whalebone or Little John, out of Lamia ; Mr. W. Edwards's br. c. by Stainborough out of Maymaker's dam ; Mr. W. Day's gr. c. *Arthingworth* ; Mr. Greville's *Kislar Aga* ; Lord Berners's br. c. by Lamplighter out of Tippetwitchet ; Lord Orford's b. f. by St. Patrick out of Spavina by Orville ; Lord Clarendon's b. c. by Mameluke, dam by Selica, out of Donna Clara ; Mr. Wilson's ch. f. by Middleton out of Arethusa ; and Lord Dartmouth's c. by Belzoni out of an Arabian mare.—Three to 1 agst the Merlin filly, 5 to 1 agst the winner, and 6 to 1 agst Harum Scaram.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Forth's b. f. *Marpessa*, by Muley (Norman), beat Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Vespa*, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M., 300, h. ft.—Six to 4 on *Marpessa*.

**Renewal of the CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:** colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Forty-one subs.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Bentley*, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth (A. Pavis) ..... 1  
Mr. Nevill's ch. f. *Amadou*, by Sultan out of Mandadine ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. *Celeste*, by Lottery out of Columbine by Cervantes; Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Reveller out of Legend; Mr. Forth's b. f. *Louisa*, by Longwaist out of Miss Witch; Gen. Grosvenor's Dick, by Lamplighter; Mr. Dilly's br. c. Freedom, by Sherwood; Mr. Dilly's br. f. *Myrina*, by Whalebone; Lord Exeter's b. f. *Sister to Cactus*; Mr. Shard's b. f. *Mask*, by Phantom out of Caleb's dam; Mr. R. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam; Mr. Mill's br. c. *Old Bill*, by Waxy Pope out of Zoe; and Lord Orford's ch. f. by Emilius out of Rachel.—Three to 1 agst *Louisa*, 5 to 1 agst *Amadou*, 9 to 2 agst *Bentley*, 8 to 1 agst *Dick*, 8 to 1 agst *Freedom*, and 13 to 1 agst *Legend*.

**MATCH.**—Colonel Peel's b. f. *Malibran*, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 7st., rec. ft. from Mr. Hunter's b. c. *Rouncival*, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb., A. F., 100, h. ft.

**WEDNESDAY, October 16.—First Year.**—Renewal of the OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. if declared, &c. for horses of all ages, two-year-olds excepted.—B. M.—Six subs.

Col. Peel's *Malibran*, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb.—Mr. Ridsdale's *Sevillian*, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.

The following paid 10 sovs. forfeit:—Colonel Peel's *Clarion*, 5 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Cosby's *The Copper Captain*, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Sowerby's *Catalonian*, 3 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; and Mr. Cooper's c. by Catton out of Twatty.

Colonel Peel and Mr. Ridsdale divided the forfeits.

**MATCH.**—Lord Wilton's c. by Camel out of *Arachne*, 8st. 8lb. rec. 25 sovs. ft. from Count Matschewitz's f. by *Leviathan* out of a half-bred mare, 8st. 11lb., T. Y. C., 100, half ft.

**THURSDAY, October 17.—HANDICAP PLATE of 100l. for four, five, six-year-old, and aged horses.**—A. F.

Mr. Sowerby's br. m. *Volage*, by Waverley, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (S. Mann) ..... 1  
Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Little Boy Blue*, aged, 7st. 10lb. .... 2  
Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Anne*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. .... 3  
Mr. Gardner's b. c. *Messenger*, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 4

There was a start, when a race was run, and won by *Messenger*, but the Stewards having determined that it was a false start, the race was run again, and decided as above. Mr. Cosby's ch. c. *The Copper Captain*, and Mr. Lucas's *Ambrosio*, ran in the first race, but were drawn before the second.

Before the false start, 5 to 2 agst *Little Boy Blue*, 4 to 1 agst *Messenger*, 5 to 1 agst *Volage*, 6 to 1 agst *The Copper Captain*, and 15 to 2 agst *Ambrosio*—after the false start, 5 to 4 on *Messenger*.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:**—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—First half of Ab. M.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. M. Gray's b. f. *Sister to Alea*, by Whalebone (E. Edwards) ..... 1  
Mr. W. Day's gr. c. *Arthingworth*, by Reveller—Selina ..... 2  
Mr. Greville's bl. g. *Kialar Aga*, by Reveller—Raphael ..... 3  
Mr. Grant's b. f. by *Figaro* out of *Memphis* ..... 4

Six to 4 agst *Kialar Aga*, 2 to 1 agst *Sister to Alea*, and 3 to 1 agst the *Figaro* f.

**MATCH.**—General Grosvenor's ch. c. *Bon Ton*, by Phantom, 7st. 11lb. (A. Pavis), beat Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Stradbally*, 6st. 10lb. (carried 7st.), T. Y. C., 25 sovs.—Six to 4 on *Stradbally*.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.** D. M.—Seven subs.

Colonel Peel's b. h. *Clarion*, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (A. Pavis) ..... 1  
Mr. T. Wood's *Titian*, 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 2  
Sir S. Graham's *Jason*, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. .... 3

The following paid forfeit:—Mr. Forth's *Gratia*, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Cosby's *The Copper Captain*, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Yates's *Sensitive*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; and

Mr. Cooper's br. c. by Catton out of Twatty, 3 yrs, 8st.—Six to 4 on Clarion, and 3 to 2 agst Tidan.

**MATCH.**—Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Keitchup*, by Moses, 8st. (Boyce), beat Mr. Henry's b. f. by Partisan out of Gavotte, 7st., T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

**THE TOWN PLATE** of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Cooper's br. c. by Catton out of Twatty by Whalebone, 3 yrs (Nat) ..... 1  
Mr. Gardnor's b. f. Myrrha, by Whalebone, 3 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Hill na. Tourist, 4 yrs; Lord Verulam's Basto, 4 yrs; Lord Stradbroke's Salute, 4 yrs; Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs; Mr. Riddale's b. g. by Lottery out of Swim's dam, 3 yrs; Mr. Newton's ch. c. Eugene, by Emilius out of Jeannetton, 3 yrs; Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, 3 yrs; and Mr. Munro's Lady Charlotte, 3 yrs.

N. B. The winner was claimed.

Seven to 2 agst Twatty, 4 to 1 agst Divan, 5 to 1 agst the Lottery gelding, and 5 to 1 agst Lady Charlotte.

**FRIDAY, October 18.**—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Lord Lichfield's gr. g. *Gab*, by Swap, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (Arnall) ..... 1  
Mr. Yates's ch. f. Sensitive, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... 2  
Mr. Cosby's br. c. The Bravo, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. .... 3  
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Shylock, by Waterloo, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... 4  
Mr. Grant's b. f. by Phantom out of Pimlico, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. .... 5  
Sir M. Wood's br. f. Vespa, by Muley, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... pd.

Six to 4 on Shylock, and 5 to 2 agst Gab.

**MATCH.**—Colonel Peel's b. c. *Harum Scarum*, by Bedlamite, 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis), beat Lord Exeter's Mimosa, by Sultan, 8st. 2lb., T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.—Seven to 4 on Harum Scarum.

**MATCH.**—Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *La Bayadere*, by Leviathan, 7st. 12lb. (Nat), beat Lord Tavistock's b. f. Sister to Emery, 8st. 7lb., last three quarters of B. M., 56, h. ft.—Six to 4 on La Bayadere.

**Renewal of the PREDEBICAT STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Thirty-two subs.

Colonel Peel's b. f. *Rosalie*, by Whalebone out of Electress (A. Pavis) ..... 1  
Mr. Dilly's br. c. Freedom, by Sherwood—Escape ..... 2  
Mr. Mills's b. c. Pincher, by Lapdog—Fancy ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan out of Dahlia's dam; Lord Orford's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Stays; Sir Mark Wood's b. c. Ludovico, by Reveller out of The Marshal's dam; Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. Skimmer; Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. Zulima; and Mr. Hunter's c. Morocco, by Gustavus out of Marrowfat.—Five to 4 agst Rosalie, 7 to 4 agst Zulima, 7 to 1 agst Pincher, 8 to 1 agst Ludovico, and 100 to 8 agst Lord Orford's colt.

**MATCH.**—Duke of Portland's b. c. *Autocrat*, by Tiresias out of Emily (J. Day), beat Mr. R. Pettit's ch. c. Emperor, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C., 50 sovs.—Two to 1 on Emperor.

**MATCH.**—General Grosvenor's ch. c. *Bon Ton*, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis), beat Lord Chesterfield's b. f. La Bayadere, 8st., T. Y. C., 25 sovs.—Three to 1 on La Bayadere.

**MATCH.**—Mr. W. M. Stanley's *Crutch*, by Little John, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Kent's ch. h. Rubini, 7st. 9lb., T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

#### HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, October 15.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Caliban*, by Camel out of Banshee ..... walked over.

**PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1829:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Those got by untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce never won before the day of naming, to be allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *The Controller*, by Filho out of Etiquette (Calloway) ... 1  
Mr. F. R. Price's b. c. *The Governor*, by Filho, dam by Comus..... 2

**THE CHIEFTAIN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—*The Mostyn Mile*.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. *Bridegroom*, by Filho out of Bombasine (Calloway) ..... 1  
Sir R. Bulkeley's Katinka, by Count Porro out of Midge..... 2

**THE MOSTYN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—*The Mostyn Mile*.—Thirty-two subs.

Mr. Mostyn's *Jack Faucet*, by Jack Spigot, 3 yrs (Lye) ..... 1  
Lord Wilton's b. h. Chancellor, by Minos, 5 yrs ..... 2  
Sir R. Bulkeley's Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs ..... 3  
Mr. Giffard's Perseverance, by Frolic, aged ..... 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Caliban, 3 yrs; Mr. Giffard's Traveller, 5 yrs; and Lord Derby's gr. c. Falconbridge, 4 yrs.

**THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—*The last half mile*.—The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—Nine subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Queen Bess*, by Chateau Margaux out of Princess Royal (Lye) ..... 1  
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. *The Tulip*, by Wamba, dam by Dick Andrews ..... 2  
Lord Westminster's b. c. Touchstone, by Camel out of Banter..... 3  
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, by Bedlamite..... 4

**THE TAFFY STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Mostyn's *Jack Faucet*, by Jack Spigot (Lye) ..... 1  
Lord Westminster's Decoy, by Filho out of Finesse..... 2  
Mr. F. R. Price's *The Governor*, by Filho—Comus ..... 3

**WEDNESDAY, October 16.**—**POST SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's b. f. *Maid of Honor*, by Champion.....walked over.

**SILVER TURFEN**, value 100 sovs. the gift of Sir R. W. Bulkeley, Bart. added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, for horses the property of Members of the Holywell Hunt or their Relations.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Mostyn's *Jack Faucet*, by Jack Spigot, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Lye) ..... 1  
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. .... 2  
Lord Westminster's *Maid of Honor*, by Champion, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb. .... 3

**GOLD CUP** value 100 sovs., the remainder, if any, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Three miles.—Eight subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's *Pickpocket*, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs (Darling)..... 1  
Lord Derby's gr. h. Speculator, by Lottery, 5 yrs ..... 2

**THE PENGWERN STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three and four-year-olds:—three, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Eight subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's *Birdcatcher*, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs.....walked over.

**THURSDAY, October 17.**—**HANDICAP STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two and three-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Five subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. *St. Hilary*, by Camel out of Ambuscade, 2 yrs, 6st. (H. Arthur, jun.)..... 1  
Mr. Price's br. c. Caliban, by Camel, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb. .... 2  
Lord Mostyn's ch. f. by Bravo out of the dam of Puss, 2 yrs, 6st..... 3

**THE ST. WINIFRED STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subs.

Sir T. Stanley's *La Grace*, by Battledore out of Maid of Milan (Templeman) ..... 1  
Lord Westminster's Decoy, by Filho out of Finesse ..... 2

**FREE HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added by the Club, for the horses at Holywell, two-year-olds excepted.—One mile and a half.**

|                                                                                                      |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Treeoller</i> , by Tramp out of Tiara, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ( <i>Lear</i> )..... | 1 |
| Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Falconbridge</i> , by Falcon, 4 yrs, 8st.....                                 | 2 |
| Lord Westminster's Bridgroom, by Filho, 3 yrs, 7st.....                                              | 3 |
| Mr. Price's The Governor, by Filho, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb.....                                             | 4 |

**THE HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, flat 10fb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—The winner of the Montyn Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.—Two miles—Five subs.**

|                                                                                               |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. <i>Pickpocket</i> , by St. Patrick, 5 yrs ( <i>Darling</i> ) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Price's br. c. <i>Caliban</i> , by Camel, 3 yrs.....                                      | 2 |

**THE HOKKEE POKKE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club:—two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The last horse to pay 5 sovs. over and above his Stake to the owner of the second.—T. Y. C.—Nine subs.**

|                                                                                |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Price's b. f. <i>Zorilda</i> , by Truffle, 4 yrs ( <i>Mr. Jones</i> )..... | 1 |
| Sir R. W. Bulkeley's bl. f. <i>Jemima</i> , by Count Posro, 4 yrs.....         | 2 |
| Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>Lady Bee</i> (late Miss Maria), 5 yrs .....               | 3 |
| Mr. Giffard's br. c. by Filho out of Master Watkin's dam, 3 yrs.....           | 4 |

**THE BARON HILL STAKES of 23 sovs. each:—for four-year-olds, 8st.; and five, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—One mile and a half.—The winner of a Mostyn Stake to carry 5lb. extra.—Three subs.**

|                                                                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Sir R. W. Bulkeley's <i>Pickpocket</i> , by St. Patrick, 5 yrs ( <i>Darling</i> )..... | 1 |
| Mr. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Her Highness</i> , by Moses, 5 yrs .....                         | 2 |

### PERTH MEETING.

(Over the North Inch of Perth.)

[Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. for all the Plates, and a winner of a 50, in the present year, to carry 5lb. extra; of two, 6lb.: a Gold Cup or King's Hundred to be considered as two Fifties.]

**THURSDAY, October 17.—GOLD CUP** value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 11lb.—The winner of a Gold Cup or One Hundred Pounds, in the year 1833, before naming, to carry 5lb.; of two or more, 6lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round.—Six subs.

|                                                                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Lord Elcho's b. h. <i>Gondolier</i> , by Fitz-Orville, aged ( <i>J. Holmes</i> ) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. g. XXX, by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs.....                                     | 2 |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, by Borodino, aged.....                                 | 3 |

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Alexander's b. f. *Little-go*, by Lottery, 3 yrs; and Mr. Crompton's b. c. *Prince*, by Figaro, 4 yrs.

**PLATE of 50 sovs.:**—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 7st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 8lb.—Heats, twice round.

|                                                                                                |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Dawson's b. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Young Phantom or Jack Spigot, 5 yrs (Thomson) ..... | 1 |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, by Borodino, aged.....                                         | 2 |
| Mr. Alexander's ch. c. <i>Sutler</i> , by Canteen, 3 yrs .....                                 | 3 |

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses carrying 12st. 7lb. each.—Cocktails allowed 7lb.—Gentlemen riders, Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club in Scotland.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.**

|                                                                               |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho, aged ( <i>Owner</i> )..... | 1   |
| Mr. Peacock's b. m. <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , aged .....                         | 2   |
| Mr. Dundas na. b. g. Albion, by Woldsmen .....                                | 3   |
| Mr. Murray na. Gangaway, by Antonio .....                                     | dr. |
| Duke of Buccleuch's b. h. <i>Chancellor</i> , 6 yrs.....                      | dr. |

**FRIDAY, October 18.—GOLD CUP** of 60 sovs. given by the Earl of Ormelie, M.P. for the County:—three-year-olds, 8st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 9lb.; five, 10st. 2lb.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Scotch-bred horses allowed 3lb., and cocktalls 7lb.—Twice round.

|                                                                                                                                                                               |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Mr J. Boswall's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> (allowed 7lb.) aged (Holmes) .....                                                                                                      | 1     |
| Mr. Marley's b. f. <i>Palmflower</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs.....                                                                                                                   | 2     |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Spider</i> , by Jack Spigot, 3 yrs.....                                                                                                                 | 3     |
| PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Two miles.                |       |
| Mr. Ramsay's b. g. <i>XXX</i> , by Jack Spigot, 4 yrs (Jos. Robinson).....                                                                                                    | 1     |
| Lord Elcho's <i>Gondolier</i> , by Fitz-Orville, aged .....                                                                                                                   | 2     |
| Mr. Crompton's <i>Prince</i> , by Figaro, 4 yrs .....                                                                                                                         | 3     |
| PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Provost and Magistrates of Perth :—three-year-olds, 7st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Heats, twice round. |       |
| Mr. Dawson's b. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , 5 yrs (Thomson) .....                                                                                                                 | 2 1 1 |
| Mr. Gilmour's <i>Brunswick</i> , by Comus, aged .....                                                                                                                         | 1 2 2 |

### UPTON-UPON-SEVERN MEETING.

(The Course is a mile and a half round, and quite flat.)

**WEDNESDAY, October 9.**—The HAM STAKES of 5 sovs. and 20 added, for horses that never won more than one 50l.—Heats, once round.—Seven subs.

|                                                                      |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Phillips's b. c. by Champignon, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Hardy) ..... | 1 1 |
| Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ....               | 2 2 |

Five others started, but were not placed.

**SILVER CUP**, with 20l. added, for horses not thorough-bred, having performed six days' duty in the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry; 12st. 7lb. each.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.

|                                             |     |
|---------------------------------------------|-----|
| Mr. New's b. b. <i>Tasman</i> (Owner) ..... | 1 1 |
| Mr. J. Hill's ch. g. <i>Blucher</i> .....   | 2 2 |

Seven others started.

**The HACK STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, and 10 added.—The winner to be sold for 25l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.

|                                                                  |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Mr. Williams's b. m. <i>Bess Bay</i> , 6 yrs, 12st. (Voyce)..... | 1 1 |
| Mr. Brown's b. f. <i>Attraction</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ....     | 2 2 |

Four others started.

**FREE HANDICAP** of 3 sovs. each, and 20 added.—Heats, once round.—Ten subs.

|                                                                                       |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Mr. Codrington's <i>Conservative</i> , by Y. Phantom, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (Cheswasa)... | 1 1   |
| Mr. George's ch. m. <i>Acco</i> , by Manfred, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ....                  | 3 2   |
| Capt. Phillips's b. c. by Champignon, 4 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ....                          | 2 dr. |

### WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING.

**THURSDAY, October 24.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.

|                                                                                |         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Mr. Painter's ro. g. by Cydnus, 4 yrs, 9st. 8lb. (Lear) .....                  | 5 1 1   |
| Mr. Burton's b. m. <i>Sister to The Admiral</i> , 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb. ....      | 1 2 2   |
| Mr. Price's b. m. <i>Radnor Lass</i> , by Muster Henry, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. .... | 2 3 dr. |
| Mr. Mescott's b. g. <i>Cannon Ball</i> , 4 yrs, 9st. 8lb. ....                 | 3 dr.   |
| Mr. Coventry's b. g. <i>Dorchester</i> , by Smolensko, 5 yrs, 10st. 2lb. ....  | 4 dr.   |

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all denominations.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.

|                                                                 |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Mr. Wood's ch. g. by Bustard, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Calloway)..... | 1 4 3 1 |
| Mr. Burton's b. g. <i>Catlap</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....        | 2 1 4 2 |
| Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ....   | - 1 3   |
| Capt. Phillip's b. c. by Champignon, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ....      | - 2 2   |
| Mr. Beardsworth's <i>Wolverhampton</i> , 4 yrs, 9st. ....       | 3 3 dr. |
| Mr. Bradshaw's br. g. <i>Trouville</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb. ....  | 4 - dr. |

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 sovs. was won by Mr. New's b. h. *Tasman*, beating five others.

### NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

**MONDAY, October 28.**—MATCH.—Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. *Miss Gravity*, by Mameluke (A. Pavia), beat Mr. W. Day's gr. c. *Arthingworth*, by Reveller, 7st. 10lb. each, T. Y. C., 28.—Five to 4 on *Miss Gravity*.

First Class of the DERRY and OAKS CHALLENGE STAKES of 100 each, h. ft.—A. F. Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Egyptus*, by Centaur, 7st. 2lb. (S. Rogers) .....

Mr. S. Stenshewer's ch. f. *Chantilly*, by *Gustava*, 7st. 8lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Beave*, by *Reveller*, 7st. 8lb. .... 3  
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Muley Molech*, 8st. 7lb. .... pd.

**MATCH.**—Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mimosa*, by *Sultan*, 8st. 6lb. (*Arnall*), beat Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. *Cockatoo*, by *Stainborough* out of *Twatty*, 8st. 2lb., R. M., 50, h. ft.

**THE BOUDOIR STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—R. M.

Mrs. Grosvenor's b. f. *Languish*, by *Cash*, 7st. 13lb. (*Connolly*) ..... 1  
 Lady Alice Peel's b. f. *Maffran*, by *Whisker*, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Countess of Chesterfield's gr. f. *Fanny Grey*, 7st. 7lb. .... 3  
 Lord Exeter's b. c. *Iman*, Brother to *Belram*, 8st. 8lb. .... pd.

**THE CRITERION STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—From the Turn of the Lands in.—A winner of the July, Clearwell, or Prendergast Stakes, to carry 7lb., or of any two of those Stakes, 9lb. extra: all other winners previous to the day of running to carry 2lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—Forty-four subs.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Bentley*, by *Burnard*, 8st. 10lb. (*A. Pavis*) ..... I  
 Mr. Forth's b. f. *Louisa*, by *Longwaist*, 8st. 3lb. .... 0  
 Sir M. Wood's gr. f. by *Whalebone* out of *Miss Craven's* dam, 8st. 1lb. .... 0

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Stradbally*, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Nevill's ch. f. *Amadou*, 8st. 3lb.; Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Ulick*, by St. Patrick out of *Turquoise*, 8st. 3lb.; General Grosvenor's br. c. *Dick*, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Dilly's br. c. *Freedom*, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Berners's ch. f. by *Lamplighter* out of *Camarine's* dam, 8st. 1lb.; Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mimosa*, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *La Bayadere*, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Mills's b. c. *Old Bill*, 8st. 3lb.; and Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. *Skimmer*, 8st. 5lb.

As the Judge could not decide which horse came in second the Stewards directed the Stake intended for the second horse, to be divided between Sir M. Wood and Mr. Forth.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, by *Whalebone*, rec. ft. from Lord Verulam's b. c. *Cassino*, 8st. 4lb. each, T. M. M., 200, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Mr. Kent's ro. f. *Balcine*, by *Whalebone*, 8st. 1lb. rec. ft. from Lord Tavistock's b. c. by *Partisan* out of *Rachel*, 8st. 7lb., T. Y. C., 50, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Lord Tavistock's b. f. by *Royal Oak* out of *Whisk's* dam (*dead*) rec. 30 sovs. from Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by *Saracen*, dam by *Juniper*, out of *Caprice*, no weights mentioned, T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

**MATCH.**—Lord Exeter's b. c. *Sir Robert*, by *Sultan*, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Payne's ch. c. by *Wrangler* out of *Whiteboy's* dam, 7st. 7lb., 100, h. ft.—*Off by consent*.

**TUESDAY, October 29.**—**HANDICAP PLATE** of 100l. for four, five, six-year-old, and aged horses.—D. I.

Mr. I. Day's br. g. *Little Boy Blue*, by *Paulowitz*, aged, 8st. 3lb. (*A. Pavis*) ..... 1  
 Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by *Reveller*, 4 yrs, 8st. .... 2  
 Lord Exeter's b. f. *Salute*, by *Muley*, 4 yrs, 7st. 1lb. .... 3  
 Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by *Reveller*, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 4  
 Lord Burlington's br. c. by *Bizarre* out of *Mouse*, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. .... 5  
 Lord Verulam's ch. c. *Basto*, by *Truffie*, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. .... 6  
 Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. *The Saddler*, by *Waverley*, 5 yrs, 9st. .... 7

**SWEETSTAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb., both, 6lb.—Five subs.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Olympio*, by *Reveller* out of *Whigig* (*J. Day*) ..... 1  
 Lord Wilton's b. f. by *Figaro* out of *Jenny Sutton* ..... 2  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Fortunatus*, by *Sultan* out of *Babel* (untried) ..... 3  
 Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by *Reveller* out of *Leila* by *Waterloo* ..... 4

**FIFTY POUNDS**:—two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.—The winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 300gns. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. *Claret*, by *Chateau Margaux*, 3 yrs (*S. Rogers*) ..... 1  
 Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by *Reveller*, 4 yrs ..... 2  
 Mr. Mills's b. f. *Juliana*, by *Waxy Pope* out of *Black Polly*, 2 yrs ..... 3  
 Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. by *Whalebone* or *Little John*, out of *Lamia*, 2 yrs ..... 4  
 Mr. Hart's b. f. by St. Patrick out of *Spavina* by *Orville*, 3 yrs ..... 5  
 Mr. Chifney's b. f. by *Emilius* out of *Shoveler*, 3 yrs ..... 6  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Dirce*, by *Partisan*, 3 yrs ..... 7  
 Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. *Tesane*, by *Whisker* out of *Lady of the Tees*, 3 yrs ..... 8  
 Mr. W. Edwards's br. c. by *Stainborough* out of *Haymaker's* dam, 2 yrs ..... 9  
 Mr. J. Edwards's ch. c. *Tim*, by *Middleton*, dam by *Merlin*, 3 yrs ..... 10

Mr. Forth's ch. c. Robinson Crusoe, by Helenus, 2 yrs ..... 11  
Mr. Gully's b. c. Deceiver (late Frankenstein), 3 yrs ..... 12

MATCH.—Mr. Hunter's gr. c. *Forester*, by Gustavus, 8st. received ft. from General Grosvenor's Hannah, 7st., A. F., 200, h. ft.

MATCH.—Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Minster*, by Catton, 8st. 11lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Cosby's ch. c. Copper Captain, 7st. 12lb., A. F., 150, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, October 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; and three, 9st.—T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 100l. if demanded, &c.  
Mr. Henry's b. f. by Partisan out of Gavotte, 2 yrs (Chapple) ..... 1  
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan, 3 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, 3 yrs; Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. by Lottery out of Swiss's dam, 3 yrs; Mr. Gardnor's Cinderella, 3 yrs; and Mr. Greville's Valet, by Bizarre out of Abigail's dam, 2 yrs.  
—Five to 2 agst the winner, who was claimed.

MATCH.—Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. *Cockatoo*, by Stainborough, 8st. 2lb. (A. Pavia), beat Mr. Henry's Split-peat, 8st. 7lb., from the starting post of the last mile and a distance of B. C. to the Duke's Stand Post, 100, h. ft.—Two to 1 on Cockatoo.

SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l. for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.—T. Y. C.  
Mr. Yates's b. f. *Ophelia*, by Bedlamite (carried 6st. 12lb.), 2 yrs (A. Pavia) ..... 1  
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Ketchup, by Moses, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Mr. R. Prince's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 2 yrs ..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Lord Verulam's b. c. Little Casano, 3 yrs; Mr. T. Wood's ch. c. Titian, 3 yrs; Mr. Shard's b. f. Mask, 2 yrs; Lord Clarendon's b. c. by Mameluka, dam by Selim, out of Donna Clara, 2 yrs; and Lord Orford's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Angelica by Rubens, 2 yrs.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 12lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—F. and G. allowed 8lb.—The winner to be sold for 100, &c.

Mr. Gully's br. f. by Emilius out of Mustard, 2 yrs (Chapple) ..... 1  
Mr. Yates's ch. f. Sensitive, by Cain, 4 yrs ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Lucas's ch. c. Ambrosia, 4 yrs; Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. by Lottery out of Swiss's dam, 3 yrs; Mr. Pigott's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 3 yrs; Mr. Arnold's ch. g. Nottingham, 3 yrs; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius out of Sal, 2 yrs; and Mr. Forth's b. c. Gratts, 4 yrs.—The winner was claimed.

HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. *Revelry*, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Nat) ..... 1  
Col. Peel's Clarion, by Catton, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb. .... 2  
Mr. Gardnor's b. c. Messenger, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 3  
Sir M. Wood's br. f. Vespa, by Muley, 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. .... 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Bloss's b. m. Water Witch, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, aged, 9st. 9lb.; Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Sevilian, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.; and Mr. Sowerby's b. c. Plantagenet, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.

THURSDAY, October 31.—SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Mr. S. Stanchewer's ch. f. *Chantilly*, by Gustavus, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Robinson) ..... 1  
Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. .... 2  
Mr. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius out of Shoveler, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb. .... 3  
Lord Exeter's b. f. Salute, by Muley, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. .... 4  
Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian, by Skiff, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb. .... 5

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Criterion Course.—Four subs.

Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Pussy*, by Pollio, 8st. 4lb. (Robinson) ..... 1  
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick, by Lamplighter, 8st. 7lb. .... 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, 7st., and three, 8st. 12lb.—T. Y. C.  
Fillies allowed 2lb.—The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. &c.—Six subs.

Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Middleton, dam by Tramp, out of Prue, 2 yrs (Chapple) ..... 1  
Mr. R. Stephenson's b. f. Alice, by Truffle—Aline, 3 yrs ..... 2  
Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, by Sultan—Dulcinea, 3 yrs ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Gardnor's Cinderella, 3 yrs; and Mr. M. Gray's b. f. Sister to Alea, 2 yrs.—The winner was claimed.

MATCH.—Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Stradbally*, by Waterloo or Reveller, 7st. (A. Pavia), beat Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge, 9st., T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.—Two to 1 on the loser.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Cosby's *The Bravo*, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (A. Pavia) ..... 1  
Duke of Richmond's Gondolier, by Merlin, 6 yrs, 9st. .... 2  
Duke of Portland's Autocrat, by Tiresias, 5 yrs, 7st. .... 3

**MATCH**.—Mr. Kent's b. f. *Baleine*, by Whalebone, 7st. 12lb. (*Boyce*) beat Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge, 8st. 7lb., T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

**MATCH**.—Mr. Greville's b. c. *Zethus*, by Mameluke, 8st. 7lb. rec. 30 sovs. ft. from Mr. W. M. Stanley's ch. c. The Young Chancellor, by Tiresias out of Quaz, Sister to The Bride (foaled December 1817), 8st. 4lb., D. M., 100, h. ft.

**MATCH**.—Lord Wilton's b. f. by Figaro out of Jenny Sutton, rec. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's b. f. La Bayadere, 8st. 4lb. each, T. Y. C., 200, h. ft.

**MATCH**.—Lord Exeter's ch. c. Beltram, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Greville's b. c. Whale, 7st., T. M. M., 200, h. ft.—*Off by consent*.

**FRIDAY, November 1**.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, 7st. 2lb., and three, 9st.—Last half of Ab. M.—The winner to be sold for 25 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Eight subs.

Mr. R. Stephenson's b. f. *Alice*, by Truffle, 3 yrs (J. Day) ..... 1

Mr. Greville's Valet, 2 yrs ..... 2

Mr. M. Grey's b. f. Sister to Alea, 2 yrs ..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Sowerby's b. c. *Plantagenet*, 2 yrs; Mr. Clover's gr. c. *Arthingworth*, 2 yrs; and Mr. R. Pettit's gr. c. by Maria, dam by Eglinton, out of Bravura, 2 yrs.—The winner was claimed.

**THE NURSERY STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—D. M.—Ten subs.

Gen. Walpole's b. f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, grandam by Pericles out of

Mary (foaled in 1817), 8st. 4lb. (G. Edwards) ..... 1

Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Pussy*, by Pollio out of Valve, 7st. 2lb. .... 2

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Charivari*, by Reveller out of Aline, 8st. 12lb. .... 3

Mr. Hunter's c. *Moretto*, by Gustavus, 7st. 10lb. .... 4

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. La Bayadere, by Leviathan, 6st. 12lb. .... 5

Mr. Taylor's br. f. *Myrina*, by Whalebone, 7st. 11lb. .... 6

The following also started but were not placed:—General Grosvenor's ch. c. *Bon Ton*, 7st. 12lb.; General Grosvenor's br. c. *Cockatoo*, 7st. 5lb.; and General Grosvenor's br. f. *Miss Gravity*, 6st. 12lb.

**THE AUDLEY END STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. if declared, &c. for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—A. E. C.—About a mile and six furlongs.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. *Chantilly*, by Gustavus, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (S. Rogers) ..... 0

Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Shylock*, by Waterloo, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (Chapple) ..... 0

Mr. I. Day's br. g. *Little Boy Blue* (broke a blood vessel), aged, 8st. 7lb. .... 3

After the dead heat *Shylock* walked over, and the Duke of Rutland and Mr. Stonehewer divided the Stake.

The following paid 10 sovs. each:—Lord Exeter's *Galata*, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.; Sir M. Wood's *Vespa*, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.; and Col. Peel's *Malibran*, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.

**MATCH**.—Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Shylock*, 8st. 3lb. rec. ft. from Lord Orford's gr. c. *Clearwell*, 8st. 8lb., Ab. M., 200, h. ft.

### TARPORLEY HUNT.

**THURSDAY, November 7**.—The **GENTEEL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Warburton's ch. m. *Goby*, aged, 12st. .... 1

Lord R. Grosvenor's b. m. *Adelaide*, 6 yrs, 11st. 12lb. .... 2

Sir P. G. Egerton's b. g. *Rubini*, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. .... 3

The Judge had not taken his place when this race was run, and the subscribers all subsequently withdrew their Stakes.

**ALL-AGED STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's *Independence*, by Filho or Sherwood, aged, 8st. 10lb. (Spring) ... 1

Mr. Nanney's *Kitty Fisher*, by Bravo, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. .... 2

Mr. Lucas's *Lady Bee*, by Count Porro, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. .... 3

Mr. Armitstead's *Miniature*, by Teniers, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. .... 4

**THE FIVE SOVS. STAKES** (half-bred), with 20 sovs. added.—Two miles.—16 subs.

Mr. France's br. f. *Brenda*, by Banker, 3 yrs, 9st. 12lb. (*Darling*) ..... 1

Mr. Armitstead's b. f. by Lottery, 3 yrs, 9st. 12lb. .... 2

Mr. Glegg's b. g. *Skipjack*, aged, 11st. 12lb. .... 3

Sir R. Brooke's b. g. by Rancilman, 5 yrs, 11st. 8lb. .... 4

Mr. Warburton's ch. m. *Go-by*, aged, 11st. 2lb. .... 5

**THE FARMERS' SILVER CUP**, with 15 sovs. added, heats, two miles, was won at two heats, by Mr. Taylor's b. g. *Overton*, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb. beating seven others.

# INDEX

TO THE

## HORSES IN THE RACING CALENDAR

IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME—SECOND SERIES.

### A BELARD, 1, 5

Acco, 1, 15, 57  
 Ace of Diamonds, 29  
 Ada, 15, 26, 24  
 Adelaide, 33, 60  
 Advocate, The, 49  
 Egyptus, 44, 52, 57  
 Airy, 54  
 Albion by Woldman, 26, 48, 56  
 Albion by Centaur, 8  
 Algiers, 34  
 Alice, 59, 60  
 Allegro, 34, 35, 51  
 Almaviva, 13  
 Amado, 44, 53, 58  
 Ambrosio, 16, 16, 25, 59  
 Anne, Sister to Tarrare, 33, 34, 35, 39, 49  
 Anne, 5 yrs, 4  
 Anthony, 6  
 Argent, 7  
 Arlington, 13  
 Arthingworth, 17, 52, 53, 57, 60  
 Arthur O'Bradley, 24  
 Astracan, 17  
 Atalanta, 39, 47  
 Atlas, 16, 16, 25, 30  
 Attempt, 29  
 Attraction, 57  
 Augur, 14, 17, 43, 43  
 Augusta, 9, 19, 19, 38, 38, 46  
 Aurora, 12, 13  
 Autocrat, 44, 54, 59

### Bacchanal, 4, 5, 5

Balsme, 58, 60  
 Balloon, 31  
 Banquet, 6  
 Bardolph, 47  
 Barabbas, 48  
 Barney Rodkin, 20, 20, 42, 43, 47, 57  
 Baronet, 26  
 Bashful, 53, 58  
 Basso, 52, 54, 58  
 Betty, 3  
 Bay horse (Mr. Galt), 27  
 Beauty, 6, 27  
 Belram, 69  
 Belmont, 46  
 Belshazzar, 33, 34  
 Bentley, 53, 58  
 Best Hay, 47

Betsy Easy, 18  
 Billings, 22, 22  
 Birdcatcher, 34, 55, 55, 55  
 Blank, 49, 49  
 Blemish, 30  
 Blinker, 36, 36, 36  
 Blucher, 57  
 Bon Ton, 53, 54, 60  
 Boscobel, 35, 49, 49  
 Brampton Junior, 7  
 Bravo, The, 17, 52, 52, 54, 58, 59  
 Brecon Lass, The, 42  
 Breconshire Lass, The, 42  
 Brenda, 69  
 Bridegroom, 55, 56  
 Brigand, 25  
 Brother to Amphiarus, 44  
 Brother to Belram, 44  
 Brother to Chorister, 34  
 Brother to Derby, 10  
 Brother to Duntou, 6, 6, 41  
 Brother to Smuggler, 28, 28  
 Brown gelding (Dr. Willis), 49  
 Brownie, The, 4, 5, 28, 29  
 Brown Stout, 9, 9, 24, 32, 39, 40, 56, 57  
 Brunswick, 47, 48, 48, 57  
 Brush, 26  
 Bryan, 4  
 Bubastes, 34  
 Bury Lass, 10  
 Buaris, 22  
 Butcher Boy, 33  
 Byzantium, 27

### Cactus, 45

Cadger, 48, 48  
 Caldicot, 30  
 Caliban, 6, 54, 55, 55, 56  
 Cannon Ball, 25, 42, 57  
 Cantab, 5, 18, 30, 30, 47, 47  
 Captain Wattle, 1, 1, 38, 38, 46  
 Carnaby, 33, 35, 39, 39  
 Caractacus, 10, 40  
 Cardinal, The, 2, 20, 21, 32  
 Carolan, 27, 27, 31  
 Caroline, ch. f. 6, 14, 19, 23, 50  
 Carwell, 21  
 Casino, 58  
 Catalanian, 21, 23, 53, 59  
 Cataract, 1  
 Catgut, 2

- Catherine, 32, 35, 40, 41, 42, 46, 47  
 Catlap, 5, 18, 22, 41, 42, 57  
 Cecilia, 3, 4, 14, 15, 15, 20, 24, 24, 30  
 Celeste, 53  
 Chancellor, b. h. 6 yrs, by Catton, 48, 49  
 Chancellor, b. h. 5 yrs, 40, 42, 55  
 Changeling, 31, 32, 37  
 Chandilly, 45, 58, 59, 60  
 Charivari, 52, 60  
 Charles, 38  
 Charley, 49  
 Charlie, 31  
 Charlotte, 49  
 Charmer, 45, 51  
 Chatham Lass, 11, 25  
 Chattoma, 11, 12, 12  
 Chester, 5, 21, 32  
 Ch. m. (Mr. Clarke), 13  
 Chilton, 12  
 Cinderella, b. f. 3 yrs, 17, 17, 56, 52, 59, 59  
 Cinderella, b. m. 5 yrs, 9, 12  
 Circassian, 34, 40, 41, 41, 49  
 Clara, b. m. 6 yrs, 42  
 Clara, b. f. 4 yrs, 14, 24, 24  
 Claret, 6, 7, 58  
 Clarion, 10, 53, 53, 59  
 Clearwell, 44, 60  
 Cleopatra, 27  
 Coachy, 10  
 Cockatoo, 44, 58, 59, 60  
 Cock Robin, 9, 9  
 Colwick, 32, 41  
 Comus, 20, 24  
 Connoisseur, 33, 35  
 Conservative, 13, 13, 13, 41, 41, 42, 47,  
 47, 57  
 Conservator, 25, 36  
 Consul, 35, 35, 49  
 Constance, 35  
 Contest, 48  
 Contriver, 17, 54, 54, 52  
 Controller, The, 55  
 Copper Captain, 17, 17, 53, 53, 59  
 Corinthian, 31  
 Coroner, 6, 7  
 Coroner, 9, 12, 12, 24, 29, 30  
 Coroner, gr. g. 24, 25  
 Corset, 47  
 Cotillon, 33, 33  
 Cowdray, 53  
 Crab, 48  
 Craigmillar, 26, 27, 32  
 Creeper, 4, 26  
 Creeping Jane, 13  
 Cricket, 11, 11, 19, 23, 51  
 Crocodile, 10, 11, 23, 23  
 Crutch, 52, 54  
 Cuckoo, 30  
 Damascus, 17  
 Dame Durdan, 5, 10, 27, 41, 42  
 Dancing Master, The, 33  
 Dandina, 5, 5, 20, 28, 28, 42, 43  
 Datura, 20, 21, 23, 23, 44, 58, 58  
 David, 33, 35, 49  
 Deceiver (late Frankenstein), 33, 34, 51  
 Deception, 10, 18, 36, 43  
 Decoy, 46, 55, 55  
 Delight, 30  
 Denbies, 10, 50  
 Derby, 44  
 Despot, 34, 46, 47  
 Deva, 8  
 Diana, 2, 3, 7, 8, 21, 22, 29, 30, 36  
 Dick, 53, 53, 59  
 Dictator, 45, 45  
 Dires, 18, 27, 28, 44, 58  
 Divan, 44, 54, 59  
 Doctor Sewell, 8, 14, 14, 32, 36, 36, 37  
 Dolly, 21  
 Donald, 13, 22  
 Donegan, 43, 43  
 Don Juan, 7, 8, 32, 32  
 Donna Maria, 12, 37  
 Donnington, 6, 18, 41, 41  
 Dorchester, 57  
 Doubtful, b. g. aged, 13, 13  
 Doubtful, ch. m. aged, 7  
 Dryad, 8, 9, 14, 25, 51  
 Duchess, The, 26  
 Dusky, 14, 18, 20, 24  
 Eagle, 13, 18, 18, 38, 38, 38, 46  
 Easton, 3, 3, 4  
 Eaten Nun, The, 18, 22, 20, 29, 41  
 Ecclefechan, 24, 31, 40  
 Echo, 38  
 Eclat, 10  
 Edgar, 12, 12  
 Ella, 48, 48  
 Ellen, 17, 50  
 Elapat, 14, 15, 24  
 Emigrant, 35  
 Emir, 6, 7  
 Emma, 8, 14, 36, 36  
 Emperor, 54  
 Enchantress, 10  
 Encore, 7, 8  
 Englefield, 17  
 Enville, 6  
 Ernest, 44, 45  
 Eugene, 54  
 Euryene, 3, 30, 30, 50  
 Eve, 34  
 Exile, 21  
 Fairy, ch. m. 6 yrs, 14, 25, 26, 26  
 Fairy, b. f. 3 yrs, 4  
 Falconbridge, 40, 42, 42, 55, 56  
 Fanny, br. m. by Master Henry, 5  
 Fanny, ch. m. 5 yrs, 38  
 Fanny, b. m. aged, 28  
 Fanny, b. f. 3 yrs, 39, 40  
 Fanny Grey, 52, 58  
 Fanny Horner, 19, 34  
 Farrier, The, 45  
 Fawn, 8, 14, 19, 36, 43  
 Fear, 23, 47  
 Firman, 9, 12, 12, 12  
 Fitzdictor, 40, 41  
 Fitzwilliam, 7, 21  
 Flambeau, 18, 19, 24, 25, 52  
 Flirt, 18  
 Flora, b. m. aged, 7, 8, 8

Flyer, The, 23  
 Forest Lass, 4, 4, 20, 20  
 Forester, gr. c. by Gustavus, 33, 59  
 Forester, b. c. by Figaro, 34, 47  
 Fortunatus, 58  
 Frank, 15, 39, 40  
 Frantic, 47  
 Frederica, 11, 20, 24  
 Frederick, 9, 40, 40  
 Freedom, 14, 53, 54, 58  
 Frenzy, 47, 54, 59  
 Friar Tuck, 17  
 Fungus, 49  
  
 Gab, 22, 52, 54  
 Galata, 52, 60  
 Galen, 30  
 Gambler, 7  
 Gangway, 27, 27, 56  
 Gazelle, b. m. (Mr. Mott), 2, 2, 2, 18  
 Gazelle, ch. m. aged, 1  
 General Chasse, 28, 39  
 General Wolf, 25  
 Ghost, The, 7, 25, 36, 36, 37  
 Giovanni, 5, 6, 16, 28, 40, 41, 46, 47, 59  
 Gipsy, 27  
 Gipsy, ch. m. 4 yrs, 46  
 Glaucus, 34  
 Glove-cutter, 7, 15  
 Gnostic, 9, 9, 12, 12, 13  
 Go-by, 60, 60  
 Goldbeater, 51  
 Goldfringe, 17  
 Gondolier, 26, 48, 48, 56, 57  
 Gondolier by Merlin, 59  
 Governor, The, 46, 55, 55, 56  
 Graceful, 22  
 Grapehot, 25  
 Grasshopper, 11  
 Gratis, 53, 59  
 Gretna Green, 23, 23, 23, 43  
 Grey Mantle, 30  
 Guardian, 2, 6, 10, 41, 41  
 Guildford, 11, 23, 23  
  
 Hackney, 23  
 Haldée, 45  
 Hampton, 26, 48  
 Hannah, 59  
 Hannibal, 47  
 Harlot, 7  
 Harriet, b. f. by Goldfinder, 22  
 Harriet by Filho, b. f. 3 yrs, 45  
 Harriet, b. m. aged, 7, 14, 19  
 Harry, 2, 3, 13, 13, 13, 22, 22, 37, 37,  
 42, 42  
 Harum Scarum, 52, 54  
 Hastwell, 31  
 Haymaker, 8, 9, 14, 14  
 Heads-or-Tails, 6  
 Hector, 1, 13, 13, 18, 36  
 Henrietta, 51  
 Henry Masterton, 16  
 Her Highness, 1, 5, 6, 45, 56  
 Hermit, The, ch. 3, 9, 12  
 Herrier, 8, 8  
 Hit or Miss, 28, 42

Hodge, 8  
 Hope, 10, 48  
 Hotspur, 32  
  
 Ida, 8, 50, 51  
 Iman, 44, 58  
 Independence, 1, 6, 16, 27, 36, 48, 47, 48,  
 50, 60  
 Infant, The, 42, 43  
 Inheritor, 18, 35, 51  
 Ipsala, 11, 11, 19, 31, 31, 43, 43  
 Isabel, 19, 19, 34, 34, 40, 41, 42  
 Isabella, 16  
 Jack Faucet, 33, 35, 55, 55, 55  
 Jack Spigot, 46  
 Jack Tar, br. c. 4, 4, 5  
 Jack Tar, 27  
 Jason, 44, 52, 53  
 Jemima, ch. f. 3 yrs, 15, 39, 406  
 Jemima, bl. f. 4 yrs, 46, 56  
 Jenny, 16  
 Jerry, br. h. aged, 37  
 Jerry, bl. g. 5 yrs, 38  
 Jerry, b. g. 6 yrs, 39  
 Jerry Hawthorn, 16, 16, 24, 51, 51  
 Jessy, b. f. 3 yrs, 17  
 Jessy, br. m. aged, 10  
 Juba, 40  
 Juliana, 58  
 Julius, 34, 51  
  
 Kalmia, 6  
 Kate, b. f. 4 yrs, 52  
 Kate, ch. m. 16  
 Katinka, 35, 55  
 Kendal, 46  
 Kentish Pippin, 11  
 Ketchup, 54, 59  
 King William, 31, 31  
 Kislar Aga, 52, 53  
 Kittums, 15, 15, 20, 24, 29, 30, 56  
 Kitty Fell, 31  
 Kitty Fisher by Bravo, bl. f. 10, 46, 60  
 Kitty Fisher by Orville Junior, 4  
 Knight, The, 24  
  
 La Bayadere, 44, 54, 54, 58, 60, 60  
 La Grace, 38, 55  
 La Rose, 17  
 Lady Bec, 2, 2, 46, 56, 60  
 Lady Blanche, 31  
 Lady Charlotte, 7, 7, 7, 16, 16, 16, 25, 25,  
 30, 50, 50, 54  
 Lady Day, 4, 4, 5, 28, 29  
 Lady Elizabeth, 3, 3, 4, 9, 9, 12, 12, 12,  
 12, 33, 40, 41, 45  
 Lady Grandison, 1  
 Lady Harrington, 13, 13, 13, 13, 42, 42  
 Lady Lydia (late Georgiana), 2, 9, 12, 12  
 Lady Louisa, 31, 40, 46  
 Lady Maud, 34, 51  
 Lady Moore Carew, 2, 2, 18, 18, 38, 38, 46  
 Lady Stafford, 1, 6  
 Lady Susan, 26  
 Lambkin, 51  
 Landrall, 14, 17, 25, 26, 26, 32, 42, 42,  
 43, 50

- Land's-End, 12, 12, 12, 34  
 Langrish, 58  
 Larkspur, 12, 12, 20, 40, 40  
 Land, 45  
 Laurel Leaf, 24, 25, 45, 51  
 Lavender, 41, 41, 42  
 Lazy Jane, 42, 42, 42  
 Leamster, 16  
 Leander, 9  
 Lelava, 16, 16, 51  
 Lely, 2, 2, 21, 22, 20  
 Levity, 8  
 Linton, 17, 22, 20, 37, 37, 50  
 Little Boy Blue, 2, 21, 20, 20, 37, 37, 37,  
     53, 53, 60  
 Little Casino, 58, 50  
 Little Driver, 51  
 Little-go, 25, 25, 27, 47, 48, 56  
 Little Red Rover, 4, 11, 12, 20, 20  
 Little Tommy, 23, 23  
 Little Will, 32  
 Liverpool, 53  
 Lochinvar, 53  
 Lockington, 20, 49  
 Lofty, 21, 21  
 Lot, 33, 35  
 Louisa by Longwaist, 53, 58  
 Louisa by Teniers, b. f. 4 yrs, 12  
 Lucetta, 8, 11, 23, 44, 58  
 Lucifer, 26, 26  
 Lucy, 21, 22, 27  
 Ludlow, 2, 2, 2, 5, 22  
 Ludovico, 54  
  
 Madam, 20  
 Mad Tom, 5, 22  
 Madge, 40  
 Magma, 20, 20  
 Maid of Honour, 55, 55  
 Maid of Lane, 49  
 Maid of Melrose, 45, 45  
 Maid of Oaks, 15, 15, 45  
 Major, 4, 4, 5, 20, 35  
 Malibran, 53, 53, 58, 60  
 Manchester, 6, 22, 29, 29, 37, 37, 50  
 Mantilla, 6, 59, 59  
 Mantrap, 21, 21, 25, 26, 32  
 March, 11  
 Marianne, 10, 43  
 Marposse, 58  
 Mask, 53, 59  
 Matilda, br. m. 6 yrs, 49  
 Matilda, ch. m. 7, 7  
 Mayflower, 20  
 Meadow-sweet, 8  
 Medea, 45  
 Meg Merrilica, 49, 56  
 Meg of the Mill, 51  
 Mellerstein, 35  
 Meretrix, 26, 27, 31, 31, 48, 48, 49, 56,  
     57  
 Mermaid, 25  
 Mervinia, 20  
 Messenger, 17, 23, 23, 53, 59  
 Methglin, 11, 11, 18, 19, 31, 31, 43  
 Mesereon, 6, 17, 18, 36, 44, 50  
 Mignon, 8  
 Minkah, 2, 2, 30  
 Mink, 20, 42, 43  
 Minerva, 44, 53, 54, 54, 58, 58  
 Minerva, 24  
 Minstrel, 2, 2, 41, 42, 60  
 Minister, 52, 50  
 Mr. Bish, 27  
 Mr. Merryman, 45  
 Miss Bailey, 20  
 Miss Charlotte, 10, 21, 27, 27, 38, 45  
 Miss Eldon, 14, 14  
 Miss Emily, 26, 26, 48  
 Miss Gravely, 57, 60  
 Miss Lytham, 41  
 Miss Margaret, 45, 51  
 Miss Mary Anne, 53  
 Miss Oakley, 2, 2  
 Miss Wilford, 24, 24  
 Mole, The, 33, 35  
 Monitor, 16, 45  
 Monkey, 20, 20  
 Montrose, 53  
 Mordecai, 49  
 Morotto, 54, 60  
 Moccie, 47, 49  
 Mousetrap, 37  
 Muley Molech, 23, 58  
 Musselman, 33, 24, 40  
 Myrina, 53, 60  
 Myrrha, 8, 10, 11, 54  
 Mystery, The, 33, 35, 30, 51  
  
 Nancy Dawson, 22  
 Napoleon, 20, 20  
 Needle, 54  
 Nell Gwynne, 13, 20, 20, 43  
 Newport, 21, 21, 32, 32  
 Nissa, 50  
 Nitocria, 15, 16, 34, 51  
 Non Compos, 17  
 Nonsense, 44, 52  
 Noodle, 22, 26, 55  
 Norma, 11, 22, 31, 31, 43  
 North Star, 26, 27  
 Nottingham, 20, 48, 48, 50, 50  
  
 Octave, 45, 52  
 Off-sho-goes, 4, 4  
 Old Bill, 53, 58  
 Olympic, 58  
 Ophelia, 7, 52, 50  
 Orinda, 30  
 Ossian, 42, 42, 42  
 Ostrich, 46, 41  
 Outcast, 29  
 Overton, 60  
 Oxford, 26, 27  
  
 Pacific, 5  
 Pagan, 52  
 Pagoda, 4, 5, 23, 23, 26, 29  
 Palmflower, 15, 15, 31, 47, 48, 57  
 Pamela, 14, 50  
 Pantomime, 15, 15, 51, 51  
 Paris, 24  
 Parthenon, 2, 22  
 Partiality, 9

- Partridge, 49  
 Patience, 31  
 Patty, 8, 59, 60  
 Paul Pry, 26, 27, 47, 48  
 Pawnbroker, 28, 29, 42, 43  
 Peacock, 9  
 Penrhos, 1, 5  
 Peregrine Pickle, 2, 30  
 Perseverance, 5, 6, 10, 55  
 Pessima, 10  
 Pestilence, 46  
 Peter, 33  
 Philip, 26, 26, 31, 31  
 Philosopher, 5, 18  
 Phoebe, 16  
 Physician, 34, 51  
 Pickle, 44, 59  
 Pickpocket, 33, 34, 46, 55, 56, 56  
 Picturesque, 41, 41  
 Pilot, 24, 25  
 Pilton, 9  
 Pincher, 44, 54  
 Pipkin, 1  
 Plantagenet, 23, 59, 60  
 Ploughboy, br. c. 15  
 Ploughboy, ch. g. 30  
 Plumber, 21  
 Pluralist, 2, 28, 38, 46  
 Polander, 45, 51  
 Potatoes, 25, 36  
 Pounce, 3, 4, 14, 29, 30  
 Pretender, The, 16  
 Primendorf, 10, 30, 47, 51, 52  
 Prince, 9, 48, 56, 57  
 Priscilla, 2, 9  
 Protogenea, 41, 42  
 Pumpkin, 14, 18, 23, 31, 31, 43, 43  
 Punctual (late Brielle), 25, 26, 26, 37, 50, 51  
 Puss, 6, 33, 33, 38  
 Pussy, 59, 60  
 Quartetto, 34, 41, 41, 43  
 Queen Bess, 55  
 Queen Mab, 8, 51  
 Queen of Trumps, 15  
 Radical, 7, 21, 32, 32  
 Radnor Lass, 42, 43, 57  
 Ranger, The, 35  
 Ratcatcher, 2, 2, 36, 36, 36, 46  
 Raven, 9  
 Red Rover, 49  
 Reform, 23, 33  
 Repentance, 3, 3, 18, 22, 37  
 Retainer, 33  
 Revelry, 45, 59  
 Revenge, 23, 35  
 Revolution, 40, 40, 45, 51, 52  
 Rifleman, 19  
 Reamer, 12, 24  
 Robinson Crusoe, 59  
 Rockingham, 33, 35  
 Rokeby, 4  
 Rolla, 9  
 Rosalie, 54  
 Rosebud, ch. m. 6 yrs, 38  
 Roundal, 52, 53  
 Round Robin, 31, 31, 49, 54, 56  
 Rubini, b. g. 8 yrs, 60  
 Rubini, ch. h. 54  
 Runnymede, 33  
 Rushcliffe, 49  
 Russell, 1, 1, 5, 18, 29, 46, 46  
 Rutland, 10  
 Saccharina, 2  
 Saddler, The, 32, 35, 46, 42, 42, 56  
 St. Giles, 53  
 St. Govina, 4, 23, 23, 28  
 St. Hilary, 46, 55  
 Salute, 16, 18, 54, 58, 59  
 Sands, The, 39  
 Sandy, 39  
 Sarah, 2, 2, 2, 9  
 Scipio, 8  
 Scrub, 14, 15, 29, 30  
 Selim, 20, 26  
 Sensitive, 52, 53, 44, 59  
 Sevillian, 53, 59  
 Shamrock, 4  
 Shark, 27  
 Shelah, 6  
 Shepherdesse, 19, 39, 51  
 Shylock, 44, 54, 60, 60  
 Sierra, 7  
 Sinbad, 7, 37  
 Silvertail (late Tom Thumb), 25, 26  
 Sir Bertram, 49  
 Sir Edward, 36  
 Sir James, 28, 40  
 Sir Robert, 21, 44, 51  
 Sister to The Admiral, 41, 57  
 Sister to Ales, 44, 53, 56, 60  
 Sister to Cactus, 44, 58  
 Sister to Colleger, 3  
 Sister to Controller, 2  
 Sister to Echo, 50  
 Sister to Emery, 54  
 Sister to Glancus, 59  
 Sister to Guardian, 60  
 Sister to Ludlow, 19  
 Sister to Retainer, 33, 35  
 Sister to Terry Alt, 6, 14  
 Skimmer, 54, 58  
 Skipjack, 60  
 Slinker, 19, 19, 19, 35  
 Smedley, 46  
 Smedley Lely, 35  
 Snowdrop, 4  
 Sober Robin, 25, 31  
 Soubahdar, 13  
 Spadassin, 27, 27  
 Spaniel, 11  
 Sparrowhawk, 24, 25, 49  
 Speculator, 55  
 Spider, 19, 19, 57  
 Spillpost, 59  
 Spot, 8  
 Spruce, 42, 42  
 Sprig, 20, 24  
 Sprite, 43  
 Stainton, 15, 15, 40, 40  
 Storm, 9, 9

- Stradbally, 53, 53, 56  
 Suffolk Punch, 14, 18, 22, 31, 43, 50, 50  
 Sultan, 43  
 Summerhill, 33, 35  
 Superb, 17, 51  
 Sussex, 12  
 Suttler, 26, 48, 56  
 Swap, 29, 29  
 Swing, br. c. 4 yrs, 21, 23  
 Swing, ch. h. aged, 37  
 Sylph, 66  
 Tagliani, 10  
 Tagliani, gr. m. 27, 27  
 Tallyho, b. h. 6 yrs, 10  
 Tallyho, b. g. aged, 26  
 Tanner, The, 9  
 Tantalus, 26  
 Tarantella, 21, 22  
 Tarick, 5  
 Tartar, 15  
 Taurus, 26, 27  
 Taxman, 57, 57  
 Terror, 4, 4, 14, 15, 24, 24, 24  
 Tesana, 33, 35, 58  
 Theodolite, 3, 6, 18, 37, 41  
 Theodore, 15, 15, 18, 40, 42  
 Thrupton Lane, 13  
 Tim, 58  
 Tiney, 3  
 Tiptoe Older, 13  
 Titian, 53, 59  
 Titus, 35, 47  
 Toad, 13  
 Tomboy, 19, 32, 34  
 Tom Brown, 3, 3  
 Tommy Tickle, 10, 41, 41  
 Tory, 33  
 Touchstone, 27, 55  
 Tourist, 3, 4, 14, 24, 24, 52, 54  
 Traveller, 5, 6, 18, 18, 27, 37, 38, 46, 55, 56  
 Trepidation, 21, 27, 28, 37  
 Trickery, 17, 23, 50, 56  
 Trident, 33, 50  
 Trimbush, 30  
 Tristram, 25  
 Trouville, 8, 8, 39, 57  
 Trump, 8, 11, 11, 23, 31, 43, 50  
 Trustee, 34  
 Tuberosa, 15, 33, 45  
 Tulip, The, 55  
 Tutor, 34, 44  
 Ullick, 58  
 Ultimuz, 39  
 Uncle Toby, 22, 22, 37  
 Unit, 41, 41  
 Vagabond, 52  
 Vagrant, 20, 21, 32  
 Valet, 44, 59, 60  
 Vallant, 33  
 Valparaiso, 33, 35  
 Vampire, 20  
 Vandyke, 30  
 Venus, 9, 34  
 Vespa, 53, 54, 59, 60  
 Vesta, 15, 16, 39  
 Vittoria, 5, 46  
 Volage, 6, 31, 31, 23, 23, 29, 29, 30, 53  
 Voluna, 39, 39  
 Vyvian, 26, 31, 31, 48, 49  
 Wallflower, 11, 12, 12, 12  
 Walter, 29, 50, 51  
 Waraby Baylock, 33, 34  
 Warrenner, 3  
 Warrior, 7  
 Wasseller, 3, 4, 50, 51  
 Water Witch, 7, 52, 59  
 Warwick, 11, 11, 18, 31  
 Westport, 40, 41, 42  
 Whale, 52, 58, 60  
 White-Stockings, 7  
 Why-not, 8, 9  
 William the Fourth, 15, 51  
 Wilna, 23, 23, 36  
 Windcliffe, 21, 22, 40  
 Window Shut, The, 15  
 Witch, The, 11, 11, 11  
 Witley, 3, 23, 41, 41  
 Wolverhampton, 1, 1, 6, 18, 18, 37, 47, 57  
 Worcester, 43  
 Wrangler, 7  
 Wyndham, 16, 33, 45  
 XXX, 27, 31, 31, 48, 56, 57  
 Young Chancellor, The, 60  
 Young Rapid, 44  
 Young Tristram, 30  
 Zarina, 14, 25, 26, 26, 43  
 Zethus, 60  
 Zillab, 45, 51, 51  
 Zorilda, 56  
 Zulima, 25, 26, 54

## COLTS BY

- Bedlamite out of Mischance, 3, 32  
 Belsoni out of an Arabian mare, 52  
 Bizarre out of Abigail's dam, 44  
 Bizarre out of Mouse, 8, 44, 56, 59  
 Bizarre—Sister to Honeysuckle, 11, 23, 43, 43  
 Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye, 33, 35, 51  
 Blacklock out of Lady of the Vale, 35  
 Brutendorf—Sister to Blucher, 35  
 Buzzard out of Mipster's dam, 52  
 Camel out of Arakine, 19, 53  
 Catton out of Twatty, 52, 53, 54, 54  
 Catton out of Camillina, 19, 19, 33, 47, 47, 49  
 Champignon out of Rosaria's dam, 4 yrs, 2, 3, 36, 57, 57  
 Champion (Mr. Bogue), 48  
 Claxton, dam by Orion, 21, 21  
 Comus out of Miss Iris, 51  
 Crowcatcher (Mr. Whitfield), 1  
 Doctor Syntax, dam by Whisker, 15  
 Emilius out of Black Daphne, 17, 17

Epperston out of Maria, 26, 27  
 Figaro or Lottery out of Miss Fanny's dam, 33, 34  
 Figaro out of Madcap's dam, 33  
 Filho out of Master Watkin's dam, 56  
 Gambler—Cole Arabian, 39  
 Grey Walton out of Grecian Queen, 48  
 Gustavus out of Jessy, 45  
 Jerry out of Lady of the Vale's dam, 9, 39, 40  
 Jock, dam by Governor, 48  
 Lamplighter out of Tippettywitchet, 59  
 Longwaist out of Dulcamara, 16  
 Lottery out of Miss Patrick, 5  
 Lottery, dam by Blacklock, 15, 15, 40  
 Lottery out of Saraparilla, 6, 17, 18, 36, 44  
 Lottery out of Laurel's dam, 33  
 Lottery out of Pledge, 44, 52, 59, 60  
 Luzborough out of Miss West, 7  
 Mameinke, dam by Selim, 52, 59  
 Manfred out of Bracelet, 22  
 Merlin, dam by Eglington, 60  
 Middleton, dam by Tramp, 44, 59

Oscar out of Tippettywitchet, 7, 16, 25, 39, 54  
 Partisan out of Rachel, 58  
 Reveller out of Legend, 53  
 Reveller out of Sylph, 13  
 St. Patrick out of Angelica, 59  
 St. Patrick out of Nessus's dam, 53, 59  
 St. Patrick out of Stays, 54  
 Sir Gray out of Miss Hap, 21, 22, 22, 37, 37  
 Stainborough out of Haymaker's dam, 52, 58  
 Sultan out of Marinella, 7, 21, 21, 21, 23, 32, 36  
 Swiss out of Galea, 53  
 Tinker or Young Phantom, dam by Macbeth, 41  
 Velocipede out of Shochorn, 33  
 Wanton, dam by Walton, 45  
 Whalebone or Little John out of Lams, 53, 58  
 Whisker, dam by Selim, 51  
 Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam, 58  
 Young Phantom, dam by Bustard, 37, 67

## FILLIES BY

Bedlamite out of a half-bred mare, 5  
 Bizarro, dam by Anticipation, 6, 37  
 Bizarro out of Barossa, 52  
 Bobadil—King of Diamonds, 8, 13, 13, 38, 43  
 Bravo out of the dam of Puss, 55  
 Catton out of Admiral's dam, 18  
 Cleveland (half-bred), 15, 39, 40  
 Emilius out of Mustard, 44, 59  
 Emilius out of Rachel, 44, 53  
 Emilius out of Sal, 44, 59  
 Emilius out of Shovelers, 45, 53, 59  
 Figaro out of Jenny Sutton, 58, 60  
 Figaro out of Memphis, 53  
 Figaro out of Swiss's dam, 16  
 Filho out of Double Entendre, 22  
 Fungus, dam by Bustard, 10, 43  
 Jerry out of Emilia, 33, 35  
 Lamplighter out of Camarine's dam, 58  
 Leviathan out of a half-bred mare, 53  
 Longwaist out of Lucinda, 49  
 Lottery out of Marchesa, 34  
 Lottery out of Novice, 3  
 Malek, dam by Outcry, 26, 48  
 Merlin, dam by Phantom, 44, 52, 60

Merlin out of Adeline, 44  
 Middleton out of Arethusa, 52  
 Middleton out of Agnes, 59  
 Middleton out of Whisk's dam, 27  
 Muley out of Y. Osprey, 9, 14, 14, 23, 36  
 Orville Junior, dam by Thumper, 4  
 Oscar out of Spotless, 7, 16, 16, 25  
 Partisan out of Gavotte, 7, 54, 59  
 Phantom out of Pimlico, 52, 54  
 Pelygar out of Tranby's dam, 15, 19  
 Reveller out of Lella, 53  
 Royal Oak out of Whisk's dam, 44, 58 (dead)  
 Saracen, dam by Juniper, 58  
 Scamper out of Livonia, 36, 47  
 St. Patrick out of Spavina, 52, 58  
 Sligo out of Tempest's dam, 3  
 Sultan out of Stays, 23, 51  
 Sultan out of Active, 5  
 Tarrare, dam by Richmond, 8  
 Velocipede, dam by Walton, 19  
 Velocipede out of Laurel's dam, 33, 35  
 Wanton, dam by Grey Middleham, 45  
 Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam, 55  
 Whisker out of Alecto, 32, 35

## GELDINGS BY

Arundel (Mr. Hoggan), 32  
 Bustard, dam by Alligator, 36, 57  
 Canteen out of Chromatica, 24, 45, 51  
 Corrector, dam by Newcastle, 16, 40  
 Cydnus (Mr. Painter), 57  
 Don Juan (Mr. Allworthy), 39

Epperston (Mr. W. Alexander), 36  
 Fitz-Orville (Mr. Johnstone), 27, 32  
 Lottery out of Swiss's dam, 54, 52, 59  
 Negotiator (Mr. Hickling), 29  
 Rancilman (Sir R. Brooke), 50  
 Vestris, dam by Lufwyche, 36

## HORSES BY

Androssan out of Little-go, 48, 49

Duplicate (Mr. Price), 4, 5

## MARES BY

Cerberus, dam by Sir Peter, 33  
 Champion (Mr. Bates), 36

Jack Spigot, dam by Whisker, 45  
 Spectre out of Gleaner's dam, 14

## INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.

The following was not received in time to appear in its proper place:—

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, October 3.—PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Dick's b. g. *Charlie*, by Percy, aged, 9st. (Thompson) ..... 1 3 H  
 Mr. Whitaker's br. g. Frederick, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .... 2 1 2H  
 Mr. Potts's b. c. Sparrowhawk, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 3 2 2H

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50s. each, with 20s. added, two-mile heats (six subs.) was won, at two heats, by Mr. Wookmer's b. f. *Lady Louisa*, by Corinthian, 4 yrs, 10st. 11lb. (Thompson) beating Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, and three others.

The SWEEPSTAKES of 50s. each, with 25 added, two-mile heats (six subs.) was won by Mr. Jaques's ch. f. *Jemima*, by Cleveland, 3 yrs, 7st. (Dodgson), beating Mr. Dick's b. g. *Charlie*, by Percy, aged, 9st. 2lb., drawn after the first heat.

### INDEX TO THE RACING MEETINGS IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE SECOND SERIES.

|                       |    |                                |       |
|-----------------------|----|--------------------------------|-------|
| Aberystwith .....     | 20 | Marshfield .....               | 47    |
| Abingdon .....        | 29 | Morpeth .....                  | 24    |
| Ashford .....         | 18 |                                |       |
| Barnet .....          | 35 | Newmarket First October .....  | 44    |
| Beebles .....         | 25 | Newmarket Second October ..... | 22    |
| Bedford .....         | 23 | Newmarket Houghton .....       | 57    |
| Blandford .....       | 14 | Newport Pagnel .....           | 33    |
| Brecon .....          | 43 | Northallerton .....            | 51    |
| Burnley .....         | 9  | Northampton .....              | 30    |
| Burnyard .....        | 58 | Nottingham .....               | 40    |
| Burton-on-Trent ..... | 10 |                                |       |
| Caledonian Hunt ..... | 47 | Oswestry .....                 | 38    |
| Canterbury .....      | 10 | Oxford .....                   | 7     |
| Cardale .....         | 30 |                                |       |
| Cardiff .....         | 28 | Perth .....                    | 56    |
| Chatterfield .....    | 48 | Plymouth, &c. ....             | 11    |
|                       |    | Pontefract .....               | 19    |
| Doncaster .....       | 33 | Pottery .....                  | 1     |
| Dorchester .....      | 34 |                                |       |
| Dover .....           | 30 | Richmond .....                 | 45    |
| Dumfries .....        | 31 | Rochester .....                | 23    |
|                       |    | Rugby .....                    | 43    |
| Edinburgh .....       | 47 |                                |       |
| Egham .....           | 16 | Salisbury .....                | 3     |
| Enfield .....         | 36 | Shrewsbury .....               | 1     |
| Epsom October .....   | 50 | Southwold .....                | 30    |
| Exeter .....          | 9  | Stockton .....                 | 15    |
|                       |    | Stourbridge .....              | 17    |
| Gloucester .....      | 37 |                                |       |
| Hastings .....        | 43 | Terporley Hunt .....           | 60    |
| Haverfordwest .....   | 4  | Tonbridge Wells .....          | 14    |
| Heaton Park .....     | 40 |                                |       |
| Hereford .....        | 13 | Upton .....                    | 57    |
| Holywell .....        | 54 |                                |       |
| Huntingdon .....      | 6  | Walsall .....                  | 37    |
| Inglewood Hunt .....  | 46 | Warwick .....                  | 21    |
|                       |    | Wenlock .....                  | 35    |
| Leicester .....       | 29 | Western Meeting .....          | 26    |
| Leominster .....      | 13 | Weymouth .....                 | 30    |
| Lewes .....           | 8  | Wolverhampton .....            | 3     |
| Lichfield .....       | 27 | Worcester .....                | 3, 57 |
| Lincoln .....         | 30 | Wrexham .....                  | 45    |
|                       |    | Yarmouth .....                 | 16    |









JUN 8 - 1944

